

LITTELL'S  
LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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## HIS LOVE WILL CARRY ME.

THOUGH from my gaze earth's light is fading  
fast,  
Yet from the gathering darkness doth arise  
A land, in solemn beauty unsurpassed,  
Opening before mine eyes.

I see the goodly city clearer grow,  
With jasper walls and pearl gates opening  
wide;  
Lo! from its towers a heavenly strain doth  
flow,  
And over me doth glide.

There dwell the saints of old, who yearned to  
see  
Those tearless mansions! and through fiery  
flame  
Have passed triumphant, bearing willingly  
The cross for His dear name.

And other blessed sights I see, too fair  
For mortal tongue to say: the voice grows  
cold,  
And vainly tries those glories to declare,  
Which now to me unfold!

But fairest, brightest to mine eye doth rise  
The Lamb once slain, in glorious beauty  
crowned;  
Wiping away the tears from weeping eyes,  
Healing His people's wound.

There, O beloved ones, my place shall be,  
Close by His side, in deepest love to sweep  
My golden harp-strings through eternity  
In songs so full and deep!

Say, would ye wish me back again from this  
All-blessed life? nay, let your tears cease;  
He calleth me at last to rest and bliss,  
Let me depart in peace.

Golden Hour.

## THE OLD FRIENDS.

WHERE are they scattered now,  
The old, old friends?  
One made her dwelling where the maples glow,  
And mighty streams through solemn forests  
flow,  
But never, from that pine-crowned land of  
snow,  
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid  
Life's common ways;  
And then, perchance, a word or smile declares  
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of  
cares;  
For love grows on, like wheat among the tares,  
Till harvest days.

"But some are fall'n asleep;"\*

The words are sweet!  
Oh, friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,  
My feet still tread the weary road ye trod  
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God! —  
When shall we meet?

Oh, thou divinest Friend,  
When shall it be  
That I may know them in their garments  
white?  
And see them with a new and clearer sight,  
Mine old familiar friends — made fair and  
bright,  
Like unto Thee!

Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

\* 1 Corinthians xv. 6.

VIOLET delicate, sweet,  
Down in the deep of the wood,  
Hid in thy still retreat,  
Far from the sound of the street,  
Man and his merciless mood: —

Safe from the storm and the heat,  
Breathing of beauty and good  
Fragrantly, under thy hood  
Violet.

Beautiful maid, discreet,  
Where is the mate that is meet,  
Meet for thee — strive as he could —  
Yet will I kneel at thy feet,  
Fearing another one should,

VIOLET!  
Spectator. W. C. MONKHOUSE.

ROSE, in the hedgerow grown,  
Where the scent of the fresh sweet hay  
Comes up from the fields new-mown,  
You know it — you know it — alone,  
So I gather you here to-day!

For here — was it not here, say? —  
That she came by the woodland way,  
And my heart with a hope unknown  
Rose?

Ah, yes! — with her bright hair blown,  
And her eyes like the skies of May,  
And her steps like the rose-leaves strown  
When the winds in the rose-trees play, —  
It was here, — O my love, my own  
ROSE!

Spectator. AUSTIN DOBSON.



From Blackwood's Magazine.  
A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM 1750  
DOWNWARDS.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

THERE is perhaps no task more difficult for an English critic than that of apportioning its just place to the poetry of France. It is a curious fact, that of all the hasty judgments we are so apt to form, and of all the mistakes we are so apt to make in respect to foreign nations, the most hasty judgments and the most inexcusable mistakes are those which we fall into about our nearest neighbours. Though we know her language better than any other foreign language, recognizing it still as the easiest medium of intercourse with the Continent generally — though we see more of France, and are nearer to her than to any other foreign nation — there are no such obstinate fallacies, no such vigorous prejudices among us as those which survive all contradiction in respect to our traditional enemy. It is true, indeed, that almost within our own recollection — and among the ignorant up to the present day — the same national prejudice, touched into sharper life by the spitefulness of near neighbourhood, existed between England and Scotland, and with still stronger force between Ireland and the other members of the Britannic kingdom. Vicinity itself thus confers, instead of greater friendliness, a sharper sense of opposition. We make the defects, real or imaginary, of our neighbour, a foil to our own excellences, and feel it a personal affront done to ourselves, when the delightful darkness of the background upon which our own virtues are so pleasantly relieved, is broken up by embarrassing facts and the charitable light of genuine information. In respect to France, there is in England a very wide-spread feeling, that in every quarrel in which she engages, in every difficulty that hampers her career, she must, as a foregone conclusion, be in the wrong. She is to us, among nations, the dog that has an ill name — the man that cannot look over the fence, though another may steal the horse. Germany, and even Italy (though she, being Latin, is suspicious also), may have a chance of being judged upon the facts of their story;

but France we condemn at once, without the trouble of a trial. Every party effort with her is a conspiracy, every political combination an intrigue. Other nations we cannot pretend to much knowledge of; and perhaps only Mr. Grant Duff, or or some other such omniscient personage, can venture to decide as to what is wise and what unwise in respect to a political move at Vienna, or even in Berlin. But of Paris we all know enough to know that everything is wrong. Even the small but eager class which, with all the fervour of partisanship, maintains even in England the glory of France against all assaults, does so with a violence which betrays its sense of weakness. Its very heat involves a distrust of its cause, and even of its own convictions. Whether France returns this feeling with any special warmth we are doubtful. The English name and fame attracts so little love on the Continent generally, that it is difficult to identify the spot where we are least beloved; and we do not think that we have been able to trace any darker shade of dislike in France than in other places. But to us our nearest neighbour is certainly the most generally disapproved, the least amiably regarded. The prejudice is not amiable, but we suppose it is natural enough.

French literature has in many of its branches entirely triumphed over this prejudice. We cannot refuse to give its due place to one of the richest and most varied developments of national genius which modern times have produced. In the one particular of poetry, however, we have need to divest ourselves as carefully as possible of every shade of prejudice — for the question is sufficiently difficult without any prepossession to fight against. We repeat the sentiment with which we began, that of all literary tasks for an English critic, that of giving to the poetry of France its just place is about the most difficult. Our own indifference to literary law, and the formal correctness both of expression and construction which are so important in France, build barriers between us which it is almost impossible to cross; and those special garments in which the French muse delights to dress herself have no charm for us — rather the

reverse. The monotonous regularity of the Alexandrine verse, the heavy and rigid cadence of the perpetual couplet, have upon ourselves individually a stupefying effect which it is almost impossible to surmount. The ear is so filled with this trick of sound, bewildering, deadening as the hammering of machinery, that it is only with a powerful effort that we are able to rouse ourselves to the sentiment which it conveys. From the beginning we find ourselves involved in a struggle to separate the meaning and poetic soul of the verse from its outward form — a struggle which is as hard as all other struggles to keep body and soul apart, and to understand the heavenly without, or in spite of, the earthly. Something of the same sentiment, in a reverse sense, affects us with some Italian verse, in which we are so apt to be carried away by the melody at once liquid and sonorous of the mere words, that the soul has a tendency to escape us in sheer delight of the ear, as with a piece of music. Some of our own poets — notably, for example, Shelley — have a similar effect upon us, the combination of words being so exquisite as to steal away our interest in the subject. But the effect of French poetical composition is to deaden the mind, not by satisfying, but by irritating the ear. The waves on the seashore are no doubt as regular in their ebb and flow as are all the other processes of nature; but how different from their wild, interrupted, and broken harmonies would be the regular and crisp accentuation of a succession of short waves always the same, balanced to a nicety, and ruled to one correct line by some authority more potent than that of Canute! Poetry, to our thinking, can triumph more easily over an imperfect medium, winning an additional charm from the very simplicity of her tools, than she can overcome the disadvantage of a too perfect tongue, a mode of expression which permits no self-forgetfulness. Thus the very qualities which make French prose so exquisite, and which give to French conversation a brilliancy and grace which no other language approaches, conspire to weaken their poetry, and repress the genius which would naturally express itself in that way.

The French writer who makes *des vers* is at once distinguished, by the very term he employs to identify his work, from the poet in other languages. His lines, according as they approach perfection, become more and more like a succession of crystals, shining each with its own individual and carefully polished facets. They form, if you will, a chaplet, a rosary, a necklace of pearls and diamonds beautifully linked into decorative but artificial unity, yet possessing no common life, forming no "thing of beauty," and capable of dropping into pieces at any moment. The sharp if often sweet, and sometimes resounding and sonorous ring with which one polished bead falls after another, as you drop them through your fingers, is opposed to all passionate expression, and admits of no absolute continuity. No man can be transported out of himself, can be carried away by that divine impulse which transforms language, and rules it with absolute sway, so long as he has to pick his way daintily among the inexorable words which command his attention in the first place, and to which he is compelled to adopt his meaning, not them to it, but it to them. The French poet is thus more or less in the position of a librettist of the opera. Scarcely less tremendous than the bondage of the music to which that humblest of literary functionaries has to supply words of sentiment or passion, is the bondage of the *vers*. If in the fervour of his inspiration he breaks upon the serried lines, ventures a novel phrase, an unreceived metre, the Academy from Olympian heights frowns ruin upon the audacious rebel; and the most curious part of all is that he himself bows to this bondage, and that the laws of literature are perhaps the only laws, and the despotism of the Academy the only monarchy, against which France has never shown any symptoms of rebellious feeling.

There was a time when England also was bound in the terrible fetters of the *vers* — a time to which many still look as the golden age, the Augustan period of literature — and which was no doubt made illustrious by such names as those of Dryden and Pope, though it produced

at the same time how many scrannel pipes once held for divine reeds of the gods and immortal instruments of music, which have long ago ceased to give out the smallest vibration! But against this bondage English genius rebelled conclusively and successfully in an outburst of insurrection which carried all before it. This is the only insurrection which France has never attempted. The restraints which were intolerable to us have agreed with her natural instincts. Except, perhaps, in the person of Alfred de Musset, whom we shall consider hereafter, and whose bolder genius has made for itself a distinct place in French literature, and given to modern French poetry almost its only real grasp upon the contemporary mind of Europe, no Frenchman has lifted any standard of opposition to the prevailing rule. It has suited the national mind, in which there is so curious a mixture of license and submissiveness; and still more it has suited the genius of the language which all Frenchmen have conjoined in elaborating, and of which they have made the most highly cultivated, exact, correct, and brilliant of European tongues. France has pointed and polished her language with the most laborious and the most loving care. Under the vigilant guardianship of her supreme literary authorities, it has grown into almost absolute, if, in the nature of things, somewhat artificial perfection. It is not enough for a French writer to have expressed noble sentiments in a beautiful way—it is not enough for him to convince the intelligence or to touch the heart. The one thing absolutely incumbent upon him, enforced by laws universally accepted, and penalties inexorably exacted, is that he shall be correct. Without this correctness, *point de salut* in art.

From these rules much excellence results, but, we think, little poetry. We have rhetoric, often fine in its way, declamation, eloquence; but poetry has to be the sacrifice, the victim whose immolation secures all this success. She, poor muse, to whom “a sweet neglect” is more essential than to any less ethereal beauty, and whose “robes loosely flowing, hair as free,” should, one would think, be protect-

ed by all the chivalry of the arts, walks humble and confined in the classic robes which are shapen for her by authority; or feebly makes-believe to glory in them as if they were her natural choice, according to a well-established natural instinct. It is hard indeed for the learned and classical not to despise more or less the natural and untrained. Even Milton exhibits a certain half-adoring contempt for Shakespeare when he speaks of the “wood-notes wild” of that perverse and undisciplined writer, whose strains the most self-important of critics would scarcely venture nowadays to commend in such moderate measure. A hundred years ago Shakespeare was a barbarous writer to the French critics, as he was to their *dilettante* contemporaries in England. The latter have happily dropped out of all hearing; and France has learned, superficially at least, to know better, and is even somewhat ashamed now, like all incautious critics, of having thus committed herself. But she has never lost, and probably never will lose, her confidence in the justice of her own system. It suits her and the traditions of her fine language. Sharp-cutting logic, keen and sparkling as diamonds, fine antithesis, brilliant epigram, the keenest powers of reasoning, the warmest flow of eloquence are hers; but the language of epigram and antithesis is not the language of poetry. No country boasts a richer literature, but poetry has never been the field of her greatest triumphs.

It is not necessary to go back to the period of Corneille and Racine, both of whom precede our date; nor even to that of Voltaire and Rousseau, which, though reaching down within its limits, yet are separated from the modern world in which we live by that tremendous barrier of the French Revolution, which changed everything. Notwithstanding the numerous fine *vers* which occurs in his dramas, it is impossible to attribute the title of poet to a spirit so little conformed to all that we identify with the poetic temperament, as Voltaire; and though Rousseau is, on the other hand, in some respects the very exaggeration and extravagance of that temperament, the form of his writings does

not allow us to place him on our list. It becomes, therefore, a somewhat difficult matter to choose from modern Frenchmen a representative of poetry. Alfred de Musset will, we have already said, come later; but he represents rather her unique rebel than the regular school of poetry in France. We should have preferred Victor Hugo, as the greater poet and man of larger genius, to Lamartine; but his career is still unaccomplished, a fact which is more to be regretted than rejoiced over, so far as his literary genius is concerned. And in his sphere Béranger is a greater artist, a truer poet than either; but that sphere is too limited, and his productions often too slight in workmanship and too ephemeral in subject, to give him full rank as the representative of art of the highest order. He is a *chansonnier* pure and simple, not to be elevated to the classic dignity of a lyrical poet; and though he is sometimes almost worthy of a place by the side of Burns, the lower level of emotion, the absence of passion, conspicuous in his charming verses, exclude him, not in degree, but in kind, from the highest sphere. We may pause, however, here to remark that, however deficient in the higher qualities of poetry, France remains absolute mistress of the *chanson*. In England the song (except in some very rare cases) has dwindled downward into such imbecility, that bolder musicians have begun to intimate the possibility of dispensing with "words" altogether, and expressing their sentiments, so far as articulation is necessary, by the inane syllables of the sol-fa system, — a tremendous irony, which, if it were intentional, would do more to demolish our lesser songsters than all the bans of literary criticism. The idea is barbarous; but it is partially justified by the nonsense verses which we constantly hear chanted forth in drawing-rooms, to the confusion of all sense and meaning. But the song in France has never dropped to this miserable level. The crisp, gay, sparkling verses — the graceful sentiment, a little artificial, and reminding the hearer, perhaps, of Watteau's wreathed lyres and quaint garden-groups — the captivating peculiarity of the *refrain* — combine to give a certain identity to these charming trifles. They may have no high title to poetic merit, but still they vindicate the claim of the literary voice to have some share in all expression of feeling. It is impossible to treat them as mere "words for music," or to throw them aside for the barbarous jargon of the sol-fa. But yet,

though so much more perfect than anything we possess, this branch of poetic art does not reach the empyrean heights of poetry; and Béranger, though the finest and most perfect of artists in his way, cannot be accepted as a fit impersonation of the poet. We do not venture, in placing the name of Lamartine at the head of our page, to attempt to confer even upon him an equal rank to that of the great singers we have already discussed. All that we can say is, that he is the best modern representative of the higher art in his country on whom we can lay our hand; dignified by high meaning, at least, and endowed with many of those qualities which bulk most largely in the estimation of his race — graceful versification, correct and fine phraseology, and that curious, vague enthusiasm for nature — different as it is possible to imagine from the enthusiasm, for example, of Wordsworth or of our modern school of poets — which the French imagination loves. His life, too, is one in which it is impossible not to feel interest; and though there is much in it, especially towards the end, to rouse a painful pity, and that unwilling contempt which hurts the sensitive soul, there is also much to call forth our admiration and sympathy. At the greatest and most critical moment of his life the poet bore himself like a man, earning, or at least deserving, the gratitude of his country, and the respect and honour of all lookers-on.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born on the edge of the Revolution, in Mâcon, in the year 1790. Of a noble family, some members of which were touched by the revolutionary ferment of the time — moderately touched — uniting the grace of liberal opinions and patriotic zeal to the many other graces of their patrician state, — a union which, however, did not survive the hot days of the Terror. His grandfather was an old French seigneur, possessing many *terres* and *châteaux* in the regions round, and a family hotel at Mâcon, the metropolis of the district, whither he and many other noble personages of the country repaired in winter, in an age when Paris was not everything in France. M. de Lamartine had six children, equally divided — three sons and three daughters — five of whom, according to the extraordinary custom of the time, were born only to extinguish themselves for the sake of the family. The race, according to all its traditions, was destined to flourish and prolong itself only in the person of the eldest son; and the code of family honour enjoined upon the others a contented

acquiescence in their sequestration from all independent life, unless that which could be found in the priesthood or the cloister. The daughters had all adopted a religious life, one of them, however, occupying the more brilliant position of a *chanoinesse*; but they were all driven back to the paternal roof by the Revolution. The second son became a priest, and eventually bishop, obeying the universal law of self-renunciation so, curiously and without outward murmur accepted by these young aristocrats. The third son, M. le Chevalier, was equally destined to annihilate himself for his race; but here a curious *contretemps* intervened to check the family plans. The eldest son, for whose sake and to keep whose fortune intact all these brothers and sisters had to sacrifice themselves, was himself required to complete the sacrifice by giving up the bride he desired, her *dot* not being considered sufficient for the heir of the Lamartines. But some spark of originality existed in this half-revolutionized fine gentleman. To the consternation of everybody concerned, he declined marrying any one except the woman he loved; and lo! in the rigid house of the Lamartines, where every one up to this moment had obeyed his destiny without a murmur, the object of all these renunciations became the first rebel. "*Il dit à son père, 'Il faut marier le chevalier.'*" But the passage in which this extraordinary revolution within a revolution, this family *coup d'état*, is suggested, affords so perfect a sketch of the singular state of society then existing, that we need not apologize to the reader for quoting it entire:—

My father was the youngest of this numerous family. At the age of sixteen he had entered the regiment in which his father had served before him. He was not intended to marry; it was the rule of the time. His lot was to grow old in the modest position of captain, which he attained at an early age; to pass his few months of leave now and then in his father's house; to gain, in the process of time, the Cross of Saint-Louis, which was the end of all ambitions to the provincial gentleman; then, when he grew old, endowed with a small pension from the State, or a still smaller revenue of his own, to vegetate in one of his brother's old *châteaux*, with rooms in the upper storey; to superintend the garden, to shoot with the *curé*, to look after the horses, to play with the children, to make up a party at whist or *trictrac*, the born servant of everybody—a domestic slave, happy in being so, beloved and neglected by all; and thus to complete his life, unknown, without lands, without wife, without descendants, until the

time when age and infirmities confined him to the bare room, on the walls of which his helmet and his old sword were hung, and that day on which everybody in the *château* should be told—M. le Chevalier is dead.

My father was the Chevalier de Lamartine; and this was the life to which he was destined. No doubt his modest and respectful nature would have accepted it with sorrow, but without complaint. An unexpected circumstance, however, changed all at once these arrangements of fate. The eldest brother became hypochondriac. He said to his father, "You must marry the chevalier." All the feelings of family, and the prejudices of habit, rose up in the heart of the old noble against this suggestion. Chevaliers are not intended for marriage. My father was consigned to his regiment. A step so strange, and which was especially repugnant to my grandmother, was put off from year to year. Marry the chevalier! it was monstrous. On the other hand, to allow the family to die out, and the name to become extinct, was a crime against the race.

The chevalier, however, over whose passive head so many discussions were going on, was not long of feeling the exciting influence of the new idea, and allowed thoughts to enter into his mind which, in other circumstances, he would have thrust away from him. One of his sisters was a member of a chapter of noble *chanoinesses*—a kind of *béguinage*, without labour or austerity, in which a select number of noble ladies, each in her "pretty house, surrounded by a little garden," were collected round the chapel in which they said their daily prayers. In winter these elegant nuns—if nuns they could be called—were allowed to pay visits as they pleased among their relatives and friends, and even when assembled in their chapter had evidently a very pretty society among themselves, many being young, and all *tant soit peu mondaine*, elegant, and fond of society. True, they were debarred all male visitors, but with one remarkable exception. The young *chanoinesses* were allowed to receive visits from their brothers, who were permitted to stay with them for a fixed number of days at each visit, and to be presented to their friends in the chapter. This "conciliated everything," as M. de Lamartine says; and thus in the most natural way a few genuine love-matches, rare enough now, still more rare then, were made up from time to time in the pretty half-monastic retirement where girls of fifteen still unprofessed lived under the genial charge of young women of twenty-five, dignified into "madame," by the vows of the order. M. le Chevalier de Lamartine went very often to visit his

sister; perhaps it was the only way in which the pure romances of honest love could have had any existence in the case of a youth and maiden of rank in the France of that day; and here, accordingly, he found his bride. The little romance is charming; but scarcely less interesting is the arrested love-story of the heir. Long after, when M. le Chevalier was the only one married of his family, and the brothers and sisters had all grown old, the bride whom he found in the Chapter of Salles, makes a note in her diary descriptive of the head of the house, the elder brother, whose determination not to marry had made her own marriage possible.

M. de Lamartine, who was intended before the Revolution to be the sole possessor of all the great wealth of the family, loved Mademoiselle de Saint-Huruge, who was not considered sufficiently rich for him. He preferred to remain a bachelor rather than to have the vexation of marrying another. Mademoiselle de Saint-Huruge is too old now to think of marriage. . . . She is good, gentle, pious, interesting. Her features show traces of past beauty, attractive but obscured by sadness. My brother-in-law and she meet every evening at Mâcon in the *salon* of the family, and appear to retain a pure and constant friendship for each other.

How quaint, how touching is this little picture? The great old room half lighted with blazing logs in the great chimney, faded tapestry, faded gilding, beautiful old politeness and manners that do not fade — and the old lovers, for each other's sake unmarried through half a century, meeting every evening, with who can tell what exquisite old sentiment, gossamer link of tenderness unexpressed between them! The society which made such a state of affairs possible, and the curious subjection of soul to the rules of that society, which made even a wealthy heir helpless under the decision of his family is appalling to contemplate; but we do not know if the picture of an old man and wife snug and comfortable, would ever charm us as does this strange little vignette, so full of delicate suggestiveness. Anyhow, it is clear the second sons and daughters of French noble families, the chevaliers and *chanoinesses* of a former day, have little right to grumble at the Revolution.

There is nothing more attractive in all that Lamartine has left behind him than this record of the ancient world as it appeared across his own cradle. In no way could the curious difference between the old time and the new appear more distinctly. The poet makes himself a link

between the generations by this perhaps too often repeated but always delightful story. His many autobiographical self-revelations — revelations which became not only tiresome but pitiful when they treated of the man in the midst of his career and afforded a medium for the pouring forth of much egotism and vanity — do not affect us at all in the same way when they concern the parents, the uncles and aunts, who formed a kind of family council over all the acts of the one male descendant who was to be their heir. The after-life of the poet contains nothing half so touching or so charming as those pictures of his early days which he delighted to make, and in which he is always so happy. We know no poetical biography more perfect than the chapters which describe his childhood at Milly, the little dreary French country-house, where the family established themselves after the terrors of the Revolution were over. This little *terre*, scarcely sufficient to maintain his family upon, was all that the proud and chivalrous chevalier would accept — the portion given to him on his marriage, according to old rule, instead of the equal share to which he had a right according to the new law. This somewhat quixotic sense of honour, which was not shared by the other members of the family, was, one feels, somewhat hard upon his wife and children, who were thus exposed to the continual interference of his unmarried brothers and sisters, who were much richer than they, and fully disposed to exercise all their powers of animadversion, in self-repayment of the help they sometimes gave. Lamartine is never tired of describing Milly, the home of his youth and of his heart; and never was home painted with a more charming mixture of grace, and sentiment, and perfect homeliness. Happy above the lot of man has been that English Philistine, who first charmed the world by the profound remark that the French were so destitute of all home feeling as not even to possess in their language a word which expressed what we (superior beings as we are) meant by home. How often and with what wearisome repetition has this curious fallacy gone from mouth to mouth, in the face of a nation which never travels, never moves from its *foyer*, its *clocher*, its *chez soi*, when it can help it — whose peasants cling like limpets to their native soil — whose romancists are never tired of the cottage interior, the *vieux manoir délabré* — and whose writers generally never lose an opportunity to commend with more



than patriotic ardour the one beloved local corner which bears to themselves the aspect of paradise on earth!

Lamartine was very vain and very apt to magnify everything connected with himself, but we doubt much whether any English writer would have had the courage to describe with equal frankness the circumstances and scenes of his childhood. The great bare *salon* of Milly, with an alcove at the end containing the bed of the mother and the cradles of the babies; the walls roughly plastered, with here and there a break through which the naked stone was visible; the tiles of the floor cracked in a thousand pieces by the feet of the dancers who, under the Revolution, used the room as a public ball-room; the raftered roof all blackened with smoke; the little garden where squares of vegetables were relieved only by lines of strawberries and pinks, — all these are set before us in the homeliest detail. Nor does the poet hesitate to sketch himself, sallying forth to the mountains in charge of the goats along with the other village boys, just such a little figure as Edouard Frère delights to paint — barefoot, bareheaded, in little coat of coarse blue cloth, with a wallet across his shoulder containing his homely dinner, "*un gros morceau de pain noir mêlé de seigle, un fromage de chèvre, gros et dur comme un caillou.*" Nothing could be more charming than his description of the little goat-herd's day among the mountains, which is full of all those lights and shadows of sentiment, those aerial graces of mist and distance, with which his diffuse poetical narrative is always laden, yet never loses its connection with the central figure, the barefooted boy among his village comrades — patrician-born if almost peasant-bred, with the far-off fragrance of a splendid court hanging about the room to which he returns of nights, though the plaster is here and there broken on the walls, and the cracked tiles are innocent of any carpet. This mixture of poetic grace and romance with many sordid surroundings, the junction of high breeding and ancient race, and that delicate sense of *noblesse* which often gives so much charm to the character, with absolute poverty and privation, endured with smiling content, and even enjoyed, is always delightful to the sympathetic looker-on.

The reader who has followed Lamartine through the "*Confidences*" and "*Nouvelles Confidences*," out of which, unfortunately, he was always attempting to make more books and more money, may

perhaps tire of the often-repeated description, the details so often begun *da capo*, the minute but always most loving touches by which he renews the portraiture of his home. For ourselves, we avow we can swallow a great deal of this without murmur or objection; and we could scarcely suggest a more perfect if tranquil pleasure to those unacquainted with or forgetful of Lamartine's history, than may be found in the handsome and not too long volume — a mere piece of bookmaking, the harsh critic may say, the old recollections served up again — which, under the title of "*Mémoires Inédites*," has been published since his death; — or the companion book which he called "*Le Manuscrit de ma Mère*," and himself published not long before the end of his life. The critic and the social philosopher may judge hardly such revelations to the public of the secrets of family life, but we doubt whether the profanation is in any way sufficient to counterbalance the advantages of so true and close and intimate a history. Whatever degree of genius may be allowed to him in his own field of poetry, no admirer will ever claim for Lamartine the glory of dramatic power. He is religious, descriptive, sentimental, tender, with a fine if vague sense of natural beauty; but he is never in the smallest degree dramatic. What nature, however, has not given him, memory and love have almost supplied; and the picture of Milly, and of the beautiful and tender woman who forms its centre, is such as few poets have been able to invent for us. We speak sometimes with a suppressed sneer of the Frenchman's ideal, the *ma mère* of a sentiment which it is so easy to stigmatize as sentimentality. But such a figure as that of Madame de Lamartine, as exhibited to us in her own journal, as well as through her son's half-adoring sketches, is one which no lover of humanity would be content to let go. Simple but thoughtful — not intellectual, as we use the word; full of prejudices, no doubt — the prejudices of rank, though her actual position was scarcely above that of a farmer's homely wife; beautiful in thought and feeling as well as in person — always refined, yet always natural, — it is more easy to fall into panegyric of such a woman than to judge her coldly. In every scene of her life she is set before us with a tender fulness of detail. We see her thanking God with overflowing heart for the un hoped-for happiness which she enjoys in her rude and poor home, with no society but that of the peasants of the village — she, a great lady,

born in St. Cloud, and brought up the playfellow of princes; getting dejected when the hail dashes down, sweeping the year's revenue of young grapes off the vines, yet blaming herself for her want of trust in Providence; driving back all alone and sad, crying under her veil, when she has taken her boy to school, but glad he had not seen her go to revive his childish trouble; then at a later period lamenting with a real distress which looks whimsical enough to our eyes, and asking herself how, if they retire altogether to Milly as her husband thinks expedient, abandoning the lodging in Mâcon, she is to marry her girls? yet weeping with heart-breaking sympathy over the poor young fellow who loves Suzanne, and whom the uncles and aunts reject as not rich enough. The mother cries over him, though Suzanne does not mind very much. She grows old quietly before us, and plunges into the more serious cares which rise round a mother, after the sweet anxieties of her children's early days are over—and lies awake at nights, wondering with aching heart how her boy is to be extricated from his difficulties, his debts paid, his marriage brought about, and the young Englishwoman secured for him on whom he has set his heart; nay, even with a tender superfluity of love when she has read his verses, this dear lady hurries off to a bit of naked wall somewhere, to plant ivy with her own hands—"pour que mon fils ne mentît pas même dans ses vers, quand il décrirait Milly dans ses harmonies." The last glimpse we have of her is perhaps the most touching of all—when she goes back at sixty to the *allée*, in the homely garden, where it was her daily habit to retire for thought every twilight in the happy days when she was so poor and her children young; and where all alone she can scarcely keep herself from gazing "*la-bas sous les tilleuls pour voir si je n'y apercevrai pas les robes blanches de mes petites.*" This delightful picture, so womanly, so mother-like, so exquisite in all its soft details, is finer than all the many "*Harmonies*" which Lamartine gave to the world,—it is the best poem he has left behind him.

It was thus, among so many homely surroundings, that the little barefooted goat-herd of Milly, proud young Burgundian *gentilhomme*, heir of many substantial *terres*, and much family pride and prestige, grew and matured on his native soil. The contrast and the mixture of lowliness and loftiness is such as we can scarcely conceive of in England, and it is very cap-

tivating to the imagination. During the brief preliminary reign of Louis XVIII., which ended in ignominious flight, when Napoleon escaped from Elba, the young Lamartine was taken by his father to court, like a true young hero of romance, and there presented to the old friends from whom the chevalier would ask nothing for himself, but to whom he commended his son, enrolling him in the king's body-guard. The brilliant and beautiful young *garde du corps* made, according to his own account, a sensation at court, where he shows himself to us, led by his handsome old patrician father, in all the bloom of his youth, and in all the enthusiasm of long-dormant loyalty, exactly as one of our favourite heroes appears in a novel. This did not, however, last long; but, short as was the period of his service, it was too long for the young poet, who mourns piteously over his hard fate in his youthful letters. "*Che crea aveva fatto io al cielo per devenir una macchina militare,*" he cries, with comical despair, to one of his correspondents. But he did not continue a military machine. The return of the Bourbons did not tempt him to resume his musket, and he soon began to fix his hopes upon diplomacy. For a few years afterwards his course was erratic enough. He wandered hither and thither, from Milly to Mâcon, or to one of the houses of his uncles in the neighbourhood, to his friends at Nice, the De Maistre family, or, above all, to Chambéry, where he found his English bride. There were many difficulties in the way of obtaining employment for him, and in arranging his marriage, to which his family, on the one hand, and the lady's mother on the other, had decided objections. Though he speaks throughout his "*Confidences*" of this marriage in very lover-like terms, it is amusing to find the matter-of-fact prudence with which he discusses the subject at the moment when it was for him the most important of businesses. In one of the letters of this period, published since his death, we find him asking the good offices of his correspondent to discover for him, through means of friends she had in London, the particulars of the young Englishwoman's fortune, and verification of her pretensions. It was a good match, and "*en fait de bons partis la célérité est d'une haute importance,*" he says, with comical good faith and seriousness. During the time of his uncertainty, when he waited in expectation of a letter from Paris, announcing an appointment worthy his acceptance on one hand, and for



the consent of the parents on both sides to his marriage on the other, the young poet had his cares and troubles, and suffered much from the doubt, the suspense, and the vague unhappiness which they bring. He kept himself alive and moderately cheerful, however, by "*Méditations*," which passed from one hand to another; and while read by the young men of the day in studios and barracks, and by ladies in many a dainty boudoir, prepared for him a certain melancholy but elevated reputation, for the moment among private friends only, but ready to burst forth in all the explosive enthusiasm of youth, so soon as these delicate and visionary strophes should be given to the world. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of this mode of preparing the public mind for a new fame. We have in our own time seen instances in which it has triumphed over many disadvantages, and secured a most superior and intellectual audience, proud of their own discovery of a man of genius before he manifested himself to the world.

At last fortune favoured the poet, raining all her gifts upon him at once. In the year 1820, when he was nearly thirty, after years of suspense, his friends at Paris procured for him an appointment as secretary to the French embassy at Naples, and at the same moment the obstacles in the way of his marriage were happily overcome, and he left France in haste for his new duties, carrying with him his bride. At precisely the same time, the day before his departure, his first volume of "*Méditations*" saw the light. All the things he had desired were thus showered upon him at once. So far as our purpose is concerned, the publication of his first volume was the most momentous of these three incidents. His diplomatic career lasted only until 1830, and was not of profound importance in his history; and his marriage, though apparently happy and prosperous, calls for no particular notice here; but his poems made the young man, about whom many people were already interested and curious, at once into a notability, and gained him a place in the heart of his nation, then in all the fervour of a new tide of intellectual life. The empire, with all its victories, following close upon the Revolution with all its terrors, had not only diverted the mind, and for the moment arrested the literature of France, but had given that much-tried country so much to do, so many excitements of a more violent kind, that poetry had found little possibility of a quiet hearing. Such

few voices as had pressed through the tumult were not of a kind to make a very profound impression, and they were chiefly listened to at all as expressing the sentiment of the moment. The prison songs of André Chénier, the emigrant's song of Châteaubriand, bring before us rather a painful sense of the circumstances that inspired them than any thrill of poetical enthusiasm; and the one wild utterance of the Revolution age, the fiery strain composed on one fierce note, of Rouget de l'Isle, is still more emphatically the creation, as it became the inspiration, of passionate popular feeling — a war-cry rather than a poem. The Bourbons, however unwelcome their reign or unsatisfactory their principles in a political point of view, did France the good service of bringing back the ordinary after the fiery and long-continued reign of the extraordinary. The natural conditions of life returned, bringing with them the intellectual energy and literary art for which France has always been distinguished. The reader is aware how great an outburst of new life in this channel distinguished the first half of this century. The revival affected not only the producers of literature but its audience. Not only was the voice emancipated and the pen, but the ear of the listener, so long deafened with echoes of battle, grew eager for the softer sounds, the more attractive harmonies, the varied and human voices of peace.

And perhaps the very extravagance and violence of the past age gave a deeper charm to the sentimental sweetness, the tranquil tone of feeling, the woods and hills and valleys, the mists and aerial perspectives of poetry such as Lamartine's. In the reaction from a violently practical influence such as forces the mind to deal with things rather than thoughts, sentiment has perhaps its best opportunity, just as the retired warrior becomes the gentlest of neighbours, the most placid and patient of cultivators, replacing campaigns by cabbages, after the model of Cincinnatus, with an ease and content which is much less easy to attain to after the excitement, the wear and tear of other professions. France, accordingly, always accessible on that side of her mind, so to speak, and weary of excitement, took hold with genuine affection and interest of the young Burgundian. That was one of the moments, so often recurring, when all the world was young, and when the entire generation awoke to a sense of its intellectual privileges and superiority as one man, feeling within itself the power to do some-

thing more than had ever yet been done, and welcoming new poets, new romancists, even new historians and philosophers, as demigods come for the salvation of the world. Perhaps our worst quality now is, not so much that genius is wanting as that we have lost this universal spring of youthfulness, and are, though we suppose there is the same proportion of young minds as usual, a middle-aged period. In England we have had no fit of intellectual youthfulness and eagerness since the days when Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Scott, and Byron were in full song amongst us. Neither has France been young since the period when Victor Hugo and Lamartine began their career. They had this unspeakable advantage in their favour. The enthusiasm of their generation warmed and inspired them; they felt their foreheads strike against the skies, and believed in the aureole of stars which every worshipper attributed to them. It seems very likely, according to all evidence, that poetry requires this sublime self-confidence either supernaturally sustained from within, as in the case of Wordsworth—or fed by enthusiasm from without, as with the Frenchman. Lamartine probably drew this support of the poetic soul from both sources; but that he had the most flattering reception from the public *d'élite* which he specially addressed, there seems to be no manner of doubt.

He left Paris, he tells, on the day after his book was published, partly moved no doubt by necessity, but partly one feels sure by a trick of that amusing and open-hearted vanity which a Frenchman makes no such attempt as an Englishman would do to conceal. "The only tidings," he says, "of my fate which I received was a word from M. Gosselin [his publisher] on the morning of my departure, announcing that his office was thronged by a crowd of the best classes in search of copies; and a note from the oracle the Prince de Talleyrand to his friend the sister of the famous prince Poniatowsky, which she forwarded to me at eight o'clock in the morning, and in which the great diplomatist informed her that he had spent the whole night in reading me, and that at last the soul had its poet." "*L'âme avait enfin son poète!*" what praise more delightful could be breathed into the ear of the young sentimentalist! "*Je n'aspirais pas au génie, l'âme me suffisait:*" he adds, with much *attendrissement* and rapture as may be imagined, "*tous mes pauvres vers n'étaient que des soupirs!*"

The character of these "*Méditations*,"

"*Harmonies*," "*Recueils*," the appropriate names which he gives to his various collections of poems, may be gleaned at once by their titles. It is somewhat difficult to follow through many editions which have changed the arrangement and succession of the different poems, the actual verses which first saw the day; but they are all so similar in character that we cannot do the poet wrong by instancing at hazard the first that catch the eye. "*Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude*," "*Hymne du Soir dans les Temples*," "*Pensée des Morts*," "*L'Infini dans les Cieux*," "*Hymne de la Douleur*," "*Jéhovah; ou l'idée de Dieu*,"—so run the strains. Vague piety of an elevated but very general kind, vague sentiment, melancholy, and sadness; vague descriptions of landscape, of rivers, of the sun, the sky, and the mountains,—are to be found in all, always gracefully, often melodiously expressed—sometimes resounding with the accumulation of epithets which suits declamation better than poetry; sometimes dropping into a murmurous sweet monotony, which, barring that the effort is produced by words instead of notes, resembles more (we are conscious of the apparent bull) a song without words than a succession of articulate verses. It is impossible to discover in them much thought; but they are profoundly and tenderly reflective, and express what is recognized as thought by the majority of ordinary readers. Reflective, retrospective, full of the gentle sadness which is produced by recollections which are melancholy without being bitter—by the memory of the distant dead, whose loss has ceased to be a weighty and present grief—and by that consciousness of the transitory character of life, and peace, and happiness, and everything that man esteems, which is not pressed close by immediate neglect or dismay. They are of the class of poetry which delights youth at that stage when it loves to be made sad, and which affords to women and lonely persons a means of expressing the vague and causeless despondencies of a silent existence.

This is not the highest aim of poetry, but we are not sure that it is not one of its most beneficial uses. The active mind and passionate soul have need of stronger fare; but so long as human nature is framed as it is, the majority must always be subject to the languors and undefined dissatisfactions which result from nothing tangible in our lives, but are the very breath of a higher being—the proofs of

an obscured divinity of origin which interferes with the content and comfort of the race more, perhaps, than they heighten its enjoyments. The "thoughts which lie too deep for tears" of Wordsworth, are too profound, too broad for the musing melancholy which invades so many gentle souls in times of loneliness—in those moments when there is nothing positive to complain of, but life runs low, and everything is obscured with veils and mists of melancholy. To such a mood the poetic strain which breathes softly but sadly the universal despondencies of earth—generalizing its less weighty miseries into one vague plaint, sweet and always soft like the waves on the beach when the sea is calm, and only a reminiscence of past storm is in the measured break and ripple—is beyond description welcome. The surcharged heart, heavy with it knows not what, finds relief. It finds brotherhood, sympathy, comprehension—it even feels in its own languors, its own gentle discontent, a trace of something sublime—a superiority to the common mass which is, in itself, infinitely consoling. We have but little poetry in England which takes the same place with the same dignity. "Pleasures of Memory," and "Pleasures of Hope," and "Pleasures of Imagination," have all dropped out of recollection, though possibly in their day they filled this place, and supplied this perennial want of the mind. But Lamartine does it with more variety, with more dignity, and absolute certainty that this is the true use of poetry. And so far he is right. It is, if not its single and absolute end, at least one of its most serviceable uses. And the audience to which such a poet appeals is more numerous and perhaps more important than any other. He misses the highest and the lowest, whose tastes curiously enough often agree—the lower level requiring for excitement those lofty and primitive passions which the highest finds its enjoyment in, because they are the highest impulses of which humanity is capable. But all the vast mass of the middle, the centre of humanity, the hearts that feel without having any necessity to penetrate to the depths of feeling; the minds which think without being impelled much beyond the surface; the gentle and *sensible* (to use that word in its French, not its English, meaning) intelligences, which are open to all poetic influences not too high for them—taking the highest indeed on trust, because they are told to do so, but finding a real and refined enjoyment in the poetry of reflection and senti-

ment which is in within their personal grasp,—is his natural kingdom. This is the world which Lamartine addressed, and where he was received with cordial yet tearful acclamations; he was "*le poète de l'âme*." Could there be for his audience any description more touching, or more adapted to penetrate directly to the heart? That Talleyrand should be the author of this title is one of the quaintest of circumstances. The reader might perhaps be tempted to ask whether he had a soul at all, that cleverest of all possible diplomatists. But Lamartine does not seem to have been troubled by any such doubt; indeed it is wonderful to see with what ease the mind accepts the oracular sentence of a man who acknowledges its own excellences, and predicts its success. "Call me wise, and I will allow you to be a judge" (of wisdom), says a clever Scotch proverb. The poet, in this instance, seems to have been moved by a very natural feeling to the point of describing his first great applauder as an "oracle."

In all these volumes, however, full as they are of the personality of the writer, and of his private recollections and moods of mind, there is no attempt to embody in any living type of character his theories of existence, or such counsel as he had to bestow upon his poetical audience. So far as he had a hero at all, Lamartine was his own hero. The dramatic faculty is almost altogether wanting in him. Before the period of his first volume, he had attempted a Biblical drama, bearing the title of "Saul," a fragment of which was afterwards published; and so far had he gone in this undertaking that he read the drama to the great actor Talma, hoping no less for it than admission to the classic stage of the Français. "Talma was full of enthusiasm for the poetry, the style, and the fine effects which result from the conception of the piece," he writes. "As I went on he twisted himself about in his easy-chair, and said, 'There is tragedy in this. It is astonishing. I should never have believed it!' He told me—and, better still, he allowed me to see—that the part of Saul tempted him greatly. He repeated to me a score of times that no lines so fine had ever been read to him; that I was a poet, and perhaps the only one existing; that the '*Moïse*' of M. de Châteaubriand was fine, but that mine transcended it." This was very fine talk; but it did not open the difficult doors of the Français; and the young artist seems to have succumbed at once, and to have thought nothing more about it, with that

extraordinary facility of youth which is set upon one thing to-day, and to-morrow has forgotten its very existence. If we may judge of "Saul" from the "*Fragment Biblique*," which we find in Lamartine's later volumes, it will be difficult to believe in Talma's admiration. This, as far as we can judge, was the only time that he attempted the drama. Even earlier, however, than "Saul," the incident which forms the groundwork of the tales of "*Graziella*" and "*Raphael*" had occurred in the young poet's own life; and nothing could have served the occasion better, or called forth his genius so well as the romance which no natural modesty prompted him to keep secret, in all its delightful mixture of reality and fiction — the "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" of which a greater poet and mightier genius did not disdain the charm.

It is only just to Lamartine, however, to say that his graceful but languishing and sentimental tales are more prepossessing to the reader, and call forth in a much lesser degree the natural opposition which is roused in everybody's mind by highly-pitched egotism and vanity, than those of Goethe. "*Graziella*," in particular, is a beautiful little idyl, perfectly pure, picturesque, and touching. The Italian girl herself has something of the charm which we have already remarked in Lamartine's early sketches of his own childhood. She is represented in all the homely circumstances of her lot, without any attempt to make an impossible young lady out of the humble Procitana. This error, which is one into which English romancers continually fall, does not seem to affect the Frenchman, though whether this may be a consequence of the democratical atmosphere of his nation, or arises merely from his higher artistic susceptibility, it is difficult to tell. Whatever the cause may be, however, *Graziella* is as complete a fisher-girl as the little Lamartine was a goat-herd among his native hills. Neither her costume nor her habits of life are sacrificed to the elevation and refinement necessary to a heroine. To be sure, the costume of a fisher-lass from Procida is less objectionable in romance than the homely gown of an English country girl; but the plot ventures almost to the edge of ridicule when he represents his *Graziella* trying on the costume of civilization, and pinching her larger beauty into the French corsets and silk gown, which in her ignorance she thought likely to please him. Altogether this poetic little tale is, we think, the finest thing La-

martine has done. It is a portion of his "*Confidences*;" he is the hero, the god of the little southern world, into which he threw himself with all the enthusiasm of youth. Of all his landscapes, except the home scenery of Milly, there is none of which he has so taken in the peculiar and pervading charm. The sunny yet dangerous sea, the lovely isles, the hill-terraces, with their wonderful Elysian points of vision, the subtle sweetness of the air, the mingling of sky and water, with all their ineffable tones of light and colour, have been nowhere more perfectly represented; and if the passion and despair of the young Neapolitan may be excessive, they are made possible by her country, by the softening effects of that seductive air, and by the extreme youth of the heroine. Very different is the sickly and unnatural effect of the companion story "*Raphael*," the scene of which is laid in the town, and on the lake, of Aix in Savoy, and in which the sentimental passion of the two lovers becomes nauseous to the reader in its very commencement, and is infinitely more objectionable in its ostentatious purity than any ordinary tale of passion. The hero of "*Graziella*" is young and guileless, half unaware of, and more than half partaking the innocent frenzy he awakens; but *Raphael* is a miserable poor creature, good for nothing but to lie at his mistress's feet, to listen to her movements through the door that divides them, to rave about her perfections and his love. The sickly caresses — the long, silent raptures in which the two gaze into each other's eyes — the still more sickly ravings of their love, which has no pleasant beginning, no dramatic working up towards a climax, but jumps into languishing completeness at once, — all breathe an unhealthy, artificial, enervating atmosphere, pernicious to the last degree for any young mind which could be charmed by it, and not far from disgusting to the maturer reader. In both these productions, the poet, as we have said, is his own hero. The incidents are professedly true; and the author gives himself credit throughout his autobiographical works for having passed through all the tumults and agitations of these exhibitions of would-be passion. We say would-be, for there is not in reality any passion in them. Nothing of the fiery directness of overwhelming emotion is in either narrative. "*Raphael*," in particular, is slowly piled up with a leisurely gloating over the mental fondnesses and fine sentiments of the languishing pair, which stops all feeling

of indulgence; and when the sentimental lover, wrapped up in thoughts of his Julia, accepts from his mother the price of her trees, and hurries away, under pretence of sickness, to Aix, to indulge his maudlin passion by another meeting, the reader loses all patience with so miserable a hero. But to the poet it seems quite reasonable and natural, not to say angelic, of the mother to make any sacrifice to satisfy the necessities of her son's heart, and quite consistent with the son's honour and poetic nobility of soul to leave all the duties of life behind him, and moon his life away dancing attendance upon his sickly love, "*collant ses lèvres à ses beaux pieds*," and raving and being raved at with weak and wordy adoration.

In the other narratives of the "*Confidences*," such, for instance, as the tale called "*Fior d' Aliza*," the poet is not the hero but the sympathizing friend of the chief sufferers, with some gain in point of modesty, but not much in point of art. All for love, in a sense which goes altogether beyond our robust meaning, is his perpetual motto. The world appears to him only as a place in which two young persons may bill and coo, turning all its beautiful and noble scenery into a succession of nests for the inevitable turtle-doves. In all this, let us do him justice, there is nothing licentious or immoral. When there may happen to occur a love which cannot end in marriage, it is almost ostentatiously demonstrated to be a union of the heart only; and it is on the whole a pure idyl which Lamartine loves. The most that can be said of him is, that he indulges freely in the amiable indecency, chiefly concerned with babies and their mothers, which Continental manners permit and authorize. He is fond of nursery exhibitions, of sucklings and their play; but only the prudish English taste perhaps will object to this, such improprieties being considered in other regions virtuous, nay, religious. This defect and an undue exhibition of the delights of wedded and lawful love, are almost all the moral sins of which we can accuse him; and there are even among ourselves, no doubt, a host of virtuous critics to whom the fact of wedlock makes everything correct and legitimate. This is not the kind of weakness, however, which we naturally expect from a Frenchman.

The kindred works written in verse instead of in poetical prose, which are of congenial character to the tales of the "*Confidences*," cannot be said to add much to Lamartine's reputation. The

story of "*Jocelyn*," the best known of these larger works, is one prolonged meditation interspersed with a few incidents, rather than a dramatic poem, though the tale it tells has chances strange enough to bring out character, had the vague young hero possessed any. The story is supposed to be taken from a manuscript found in the house of a village *curé* after his death, and was in reality, we are informed, an account of the actual adventures of a parish priest well known to the poet. The habit of founding works of art upon incidents of real life is an almost infallible sign of a second-rate genius, though it is an expedient which all the world loves to attribute to every imaginative writer. Following this very commonplace suggestion, Lamartine constantly takes credit to himself for being merely the narrator of actual events, with what truth we are unable to decide. The very name of the *curé* thus plucked out of his privacy and made into a poem is, we think, indicated in the "*Confidences*." Such an effort, however, to make fact stand in the place of art, is seldom successful; and that man would be wise indeed who could discern any individual features in the colourless apparition of Jocelyn. He is a type of generosity, love, self-sacrifice, and impressionable feeling, but not in the smallest degree a recognizable man. The poet, in a *post-scriptum* which now prefaces the work, denies the imputation of having intended to write "a plea against the celibacy of the clergy, an attack upon religion." The idea of making, as he says, "of a poem a controversy in verse, for or against any question of discipline," had, he declares, never entered his head; though it cannot be denied that the accusation seems justified, at least by the character of the tale. The young Jocelyn, overhearing the lamentations of his mother—such lamentations as no doubt Lamartine heard not unfrequently at home—over the defective *dot* which kept her daughter from marrying, makes an instant sacrifice of his own dawning youth and aspirations, and dedicates himself to the priesthood in order thus to endow his sister with the entire possessions of the family. No idea that this was anything but a perfectly noble and manly act crosses the mind of either poet or hero. We then follow him to the seminary, where, with much painful repression of his feelings, he goes through his preliminary studies. These, however, are interrupted by the Revolution; his home is broken up, and he himself, hunted

to the hills, finds refuge in a cavern from the pursuit of his enemies. Here he ministers to another less happy refugee, who dies in his arms, leaving to his charge a stripling called the son, but in reality the daughter of the dead man, Laurence, who succeeds for a long time in deceiving her sole protector in respect to her sex. From the moment of her appearance thus, his cave becomes dear and beautiful to the young student, who, without knowing why, is immediately transported into the mysterious happiness of a first love. After he discovers her secret, the young man realizes the meaning of this new world in which he feels himself to be living, and for two years the lovers live an idyllic life of purity yet mutual fondness, adoring each other with all the frankness of youth, yet living like a pair of angels in their cave. This happiness is interrupted by a sudden appeal from the peasant who has all along protected Jocelyn, calling him to visit in prison a banished bishop on the very eve of the guillotine. Tearing himself from the side of his love at the bidding of duty, the young man goes reluctantly down the mountain-side to the prison at Grenoble to visit his bishop. Here, however, he meets with a trial so immense that flesh and blood is incapable of supporting it. The bishop, dying, insists on making the unhappy neophyte a priest, in order that he himself may be enabled to confess and to leave the world with all the sacraments of the Church. Jocelyn, remembering his love, resists. He does all that he can to escape from this terrible dilemma, but in vain; and at last finds himself with despair receiving the undesired consecration, which makes Laurence henceforth impossible to him. The tremendous interview they have at the top of their hill and on the threshold of their cave before they part forever, is the climax of the story. Jocelyn returns in moody anguish to his seminary. No consciousness of having done well, no hope of reconciling himself to the dreary future, supports him. In losing Laurence he loses everything. The next and only remaining change in his life is his transfer from the seminary to the mountain parish of Valneige, where he spends the rest of his days in the depths of poverty, goodness, and self-absorption. Here, as in the first awakening of his unsuspected love for Laurence, which he supposes to be affectionate friendship for a boy confided to his care, there are charming touches of natural feeling, and of that rural life which is the truest thing in Lamartine's experi-

ence. But neither the occupations of his profession and the interests of the little rural community round him, nor the calming influences of time, do anything for Jocelyn; and his melancholy existence culminates when he is hastily sent for to see a dying traveller in a neighbouring village, and there finds his lost love, whose confession he receives, and to whom he administers the last sacraments. When he has buried Laurence, he has no more to do in life, and dies in his humble *presbytère*, leaving behind him the sentimental record long drawn out of balked love, and wasted life, and melancholy beyond all hope.

Such is the story, weak, sweet, maudlin, and superhuman. It caught the public attention forcibly, we are told, at the moment of its production, and has attained a more or less secure place among French classics. "'Jocelyn' is the one of my works," Lamartine himself tells us, "which has procured for me the most intimate and numerous communications with unknown persons of all ages and countries." Notwithstanding, however, this popular testimony, it is almost impossible to imagine anything more hectic and unnatural, more opposed to the conditions of practicable existence, than this long monologue, this song upon one note. There have been poetical heroes before now to whom love has been the one thing worth living for; and, indeed, a visionary passion balked of all fulfilment has taken a larger place in poetry than perhaps any other manifestation of human feeling. It is the very soul, for instance, of the noble poetry of Italy; but we need not say how different is the poor and false ideal afforded us in "*Jocelyn*" from anything that could be suggested even by the shadow of that high and inspiring passion. Lamartine's hero is as incapable of thinking of anything else, or of rising above his immediate personal recollections and hankerings for the thing forbidden, as he is of resisting the pressure of circumstances which steal his happiness from him. He has neither manhood enough to face the raving and cursing ecclesiastic in his prison and preserve his liberty, nor, when that liberty is gone, to accept the consequences. Neither the strength to hold fast, nor the strength to give up, is in him. Such a frail and weak character is a favourite of fiction, where all its vacillations do excellent service in bringing out the varying shades of human weakness; but this does not seem to have been in the slightest degree Lamartine's intention. On the contrary, it is an ideal



figure which he means to set before us, a being superior to the common rules of humanity, a saint and martyr, the very emblem and impersonation of poetical self-sacrifice. We cannot find a line to show that the poet himself felt anything to be wanting in the type he chooses of perfect love and suffering; and though the reader is more impatient than sympathetic, the writer has always the air of being perfectly satisfied with his own creation, and convinced that he has set forth in it a high and most attractive ideal. Laurence is still more shadowy than her priest-lover; and but for the intense happiness which we are told she is capable of conferring by her presence, her looks, and her caresses, is the mere symbol of a woman without any character at all. In short, the reader feels that this ideal pair are very badly used by their Maker, who makes them suffer an infinity of vague torture without any compensation for it, any sense of duty to support them, any nobility of resignation to reconcile their lives to ordinary existence. What is called self-renunciation thus becomes a mere forced and involuntary endurance, against which they struggle all their lives: while the happiness to which they aspire is degraded into a monotonous rapture of touch and clasp and caress; not passion, but maudlin fondness; not despair, but maudlin lamentations over what they would but cannot possess.

The second poem which the author, with some vague plan in his head, of which he does not reveal the *fin mot*, meant to form part of a series of which "*Jocelyn*" was the first — also finds its centre of interest in the same blazing, hot love which is the only power worth noticing in the universe, according to Lamartine. We do not pretend to say what the connection between the two may be. At first glance we might suppose that one of them represents that "love which never had an earthly close," which is always so captivating to the imagination — and the other, love satisfied and triumphant forcing its way through all obstacles. This transparent contrast and connection, however, is destroyed by the fact that the "*Chute d'un Ange*" closes in still more dismal despair and misery than anything that happens to *Jocelyn*; and that the muddle of torture, like the muddle of bliss, comes about apparently without any moral cause whatever, from circumstances over which neither the poet nor his hero has any control. What moral meaning there is in it, or rather is intended to be in it, is beyond our power to dis-

cover. It is a puzzle upon which the ingenuity of some critic at leisure might occupy itself, were the question worth the trouble. The story is, however, solemnly introduced to us as coming from the lips of a prophet-hermit of Lebanon, who dies as soon as he has accomplished the recital. The angel whose fall is the subject of the tale belongs to those primitive times when the sons of God made alliances with the daughters of men, at the curious cost, according to Lamartine, of living nine lives (an unlucky number) upon earth before they could once more attain their native heaven. The treatment of the fallen angel is original at least, if nothing more. When he drops suddenly into manhood, moved by the hot and generous purpose of saving his human love (who knows nothing of him) from the hands of giants, he brings with him no reminiscences of his better state, no traditions of heaven or heavenly knowledge, but becomes a salvage man, without even the power of speech, knowing nothing about himself, and unable to communicate with the primitive people about him. This transformation is so complete, that even when taught by *Daïdha*, the object of his affections, to speak, and raised by his love for her to a certain humanity, no sort of recollection ever seems to come back to him; and the only purpose for which he is brought upon this earth seems again to be mere billing and cooing, accomplished under the most tragic risks, and with hideous interruptions of suffering, over which the couple, increased by the addition of twin babies of portentous appetite, have many extraordinary triumphs, emerging again constantly on the other side of the cloud into a sickly paradise of embraces, sucklings, and such-like conjugal and nursery blisses. What is meant by the very earthly Olympus of primeval giant gods into which they are carried, or by the final mysterious conclusion in the desert, when *Daïdha* dies cursing, for the death of her children, the husband who has resigned heaven for her, we are unable to tell; neither can we feel that this climax demonstrates the emptiness of human good as shown in the desolate ending as much of the happy and fortunate as of the disappointed lover, though probably this is what the poet meant. The angel-father breaks into blasphemy when he sees his edifice of happiness fall to pieces around him, and makes a last pyrotechnic effort to consume himself along with his dead wife and children; but even when he comes to this conclusion, nothing beyond

despair at the loss of his happiness seems to enter his mind—he has no consciousness of his voluntary descent into mortality—no apparent knowledge of himself as being more than a man. The whole effect is *manqué* by this curious failure on the part of the poet even to identify his own conception: he would seem either to have forgotten it altogether, or to have felt himself unable to grasp the idea of a loftier nature than that of humanity, or to think of an angel as anything beyond the handsome youth with flowing hair which painters have taken as the type of heavenly existence. Thus, once more, everything that is desirable in life comes to be represented by kisses and languishing looks, by the mutual self-absorption of two beings, who find a somewhat monotonous heaven in each other's arms, and around whom the world may tremble or be convulsed, and all the race of man disappear, without even awakening them from their private raptures. All this, however, let the reader remember, is combined with the most perfect virtue. It is connubiality rendered improper, and domesticity made indecent; but there is no idea of evil in the whole matter; it is virtue, only too sweet, too fond, too loving—maudlin and nasty if you please, but virtue all the same.

We are glad to be able to retire out of this sickly sweetness to the better atmosphere of the fugitive poems, those meditations and harmonies, which, if never reaching the highest level of poetry, are still expressive of many of the gentler feelings of the heart, its languors and sadness, its tender recollections, and that vague melancholy which, there can be little doubt, gives so much of its charm to nature. In this point of view, as a reflective and descriptive poet, giving a harmonious medium of expression to many a gentle, voiceless soul, Lamartine will probably long retain his place in the estimation of his countrymen. His longer poems are, we trust, as dead by this time as they deserve to be, and we feel a personal necessity to remove the sickly odour which they leave behind them by one more return to the native soil which gave him strength, and filled him with an inspiration more wholesome and sweet than sentiment. Here is Milly once more, the beloved home, with all its gentle habits and daily life—but this time in melodious verse, which we venture to put into a very literal English version:—

Then come in turn the many cares of day—  
To reap the fields, the gathered grain to lay

On the heaped carts, before the rain-cloud  
rent

By sudden lightning from its gloom has sent  
Quick-falling floods to swell the ripened ear,  
Or stain with white decay its golden cheer;  
Gather the fruit that falls from trees bereft;  
Call back the bees to homes this morning left;  
The laden branch weighed down with wealth  
sustain;

Clear the choked runlet from its sandy stain.  
Then tend the poor, who, stretching empty  
hands,

Asking for pence or bread in God's name  
stands;

Or widow, who, from souls untouched by  
fears,

Alms of the heart, asks tears to swell her  
tears;

Or hopeful counsel on the unthrifty shed,  
Give orphan work, and to the sick a bed:  
Then 'neath the trees at noon a pause is  
made—

Masters and servants, talking in the shade  
Of wind that rises, of bright skies that pale,  
Of the thick clouds that fall in whitening hail,  
The boughs by caterpillars eaten black,  
The ragged brier that tears the scythe's edge  
back.

Then come the children: 'midst them, in her  
place,

The mother teaches of God's name and grace;  
Or half-spelt words are murmured, homelier  
lore,

Or numbers, finger-counted o'er and o'er;  
Or trains them, thread from lint or wool to  
win,

Or weave their garments from the thread they  
spin.

Thus toil on toil from hour to hour goes on,  
Till gently, lo! the working-time is done:  
The full day softly falls; eve comes, and we  
Beside the door sit on the fallen tree,  
And watch the great wain heaped with odor-  
ous grass,

The gleaners following where its slow wheels  
pass;

The herdsman leading back from field and  
wood

The heavy-uddered goats; in grateful mood,  
Charged with the gifts the kindly vale be-  
stowed,

The beggar passing bowed beneath his load.  
Behind the hill, in mists of gold, the sun  
With love we watch go down, his journey  
done;

And as his great round, dropping, drowned in  
shade,

Broideries of gold or sombre furrows made,  
We fix the fortunes of the coming morn,  
If to dim skies or radiant brightness born.

Thus to the Christian eye life's darkening eve  
Promise of bright days after death can give.

The angelus sounds soft when fails the light,  
Convoking spirits blest to bless the night.

All darkens with the sky: the soul is still,  
The memories of the dead come back at will;



We think of friends whose eyes have long  
foregone  
In the eternal day both moon and sun.  
With sadness in our hearts' still depths we  
trace  
Whence they have gone, the ever-empty place;  
And to fill up the void o'er which we grieve,  
A sigh, a tear, within its depths we leave.

At length when stars are trembling overhead,  
Returning to our hearth we talk, we read, —  
One of those legacies sublime and dear  
By the great dead left to their followers here —  
Men who like lights across the ages shine, —  
Homer or Fénelon; or, more divine,  
That book where secrets all of earth and  
heaven  
In two great words — hope! charity! — are  
given.  
And sometimes, too, to make the night more  
sweet,  
The darkness bright with song, our lips repeat  
Verses of some great singer that could win  
Their charmed tones from lutes of seraphim,  
Decking dear truth with numbers sweet, and  
words  
And image such as nature's self affords.

But slumber, gentle issue of toil's sighs,  
Before the hour weighs down our weary eyes;  
And, as 'twas wont in Rachel's primal days,  
The household gathers for the evening praise.  
To make more pure, more sweet the worship  
given,  
A child's voice rises with our prayers to  
heaven —  
Virginal voice touched to a tenderer tone  
By presence of that God with whom alone  
It pleads, invoking blessing on the night;  
Then in a song of Zion rising light  
To which is choral answer; gentle note  
Of mother — from the father's manly throat  
A deeper sound; old voices shrill and spare,  
And shepherds' rough from strife of wind and  
air,  
With heavy burden hum the chant divine,  
And with the leading voice, clear, infantine,  
Contrast like trouble and serenity —  
An hour of peace within a stormy day —  
Till you would say, as voice on voices broke,  
Mortals who questioned while an angel spoke.

This is finely touched, and with real  
tenderness of feeling. It is part of the  
poem entitled "*Bénédiction de Dieu dans  
la Solitude*," and was suggested, the poet  
tells us, by a pretty group formed of his  
mother, his young wife, *her* mother and  
her child, seated in a summer landscape  
close to the old house which had shel-  
tered his infancy. In this kind of gentle  
strain, whether it be prose or poetry, he is  
beyond rivalry. When all other inspira-  
tion fails, the inspiration of home never  
fails him. Whatever he may be else-  
where, at Milly he is ever a true poet.  
This is the highest praise we can give to

Lamartine. His longer poems are monotonous and cloying; his poetical romances of a mawkish and unwholesome sweetness. But on his native soil, in the homely house of his mother, all objectionable qualities disappear. He loves the skies which overarch that dear bit of country; he loves the hills and the fields because they surround that centre of all associations; and in his companionship with nature he is always tender and natural, seldom exaggerated, and scarcely ever morbid. His shorter strains are full of the fresh atmosphere of the country he loved; and the sentiment of pensive evenings and still nights, soft-breathing, full of stars and darkness, is to be found everywhere in the gentle melodious verse; not lofty or all-absorbing like the nature-worship of Wordsworth, but more within the range of the ordinary mind, and quite as genuine and true. Had he been content with this, and not aspired to represent passion of which he knew nothing, his fame would have been more real and more lasting. He was such a poet as the quieter intellectualist, the pensive thinker loves. He could not touch the greater springs of human feeling; but he could so play upon the milder stops of that great instinct as to fill his audience with a soft enthusiasm. Some of his prose works reach to a profounder influence; and those readers who remember, when it came out, the "*History of the Girondists*," will not refuse to the poet a certain power of moving and exciting the mind: but this work and the many others which preceded and followed it, have little to do with our argument. They are poetical and exaggerated prose, and have no claim to the higher title of poetry.

In the midst of his manifold productions, however, there happened to Lamartine such a chance as befalls few poets. He had it in his power once in his life to do something greater than the greatest lyric, more noble than any *vers*. At the crisis of the Revolution of 1848, chance (to use the word without irreverence) thrust him and no other into the place of master, and held him for one supreme moment alone between France and anarchy — between, we might almost say, the world and a second terrible Revolution. And there the sentimentalist proved himself a man; he confronted raving Paris, and subdued it. The old noble French blood in his veins rose to the greatness of the crisis. With a pardonable thrill of pride in the position, so strange to a writer and man of thought, into which

without any action of his own he found himself forced, he describes how he faced the tremendous mob of Paris for seventy hours, almost without repose, without sleep or food, when there was no other man in France bold enough or wise enough to take that supreme part; and ended by guiding that most aimless of revolutions to a peaceful conclusion, for the moment at least. It was not Lamartine's fault that the empire came after him. Long before the day of the empire had come he had fallen from his momentary elevation, and lost all influence over his country. But his downfall cannot efface the fact that he did actually reign, and reign beneficently, subduing and controlling the excited nation, saving men's lives and the balance of society. We know no other poet who has had such a chance afforded him, and few men who have acquitted themselves so well in one of the most difficult and dangerous positions which it is possible for a man to hold.

The end of his life, which was spent obscurely, faded away amid many clouds; and it is better that we should not attempt to enter into that record of perpetual debt and shifting impecuniosity. The nation itself came, we think more than once, to the rescue of the poet; and he went on until his very end publishing and republishing, following reminiscence with reminiscence, in a feverish strain for money, which it is painful to contemplate. The causes of this we need not enter into; but, well endowed as his family had left him, sole heir of all the uncles and aunts who had sat heavily upon his early life, he died poor and deprived of almost everything. When a man has to come pitifully before the world and explain how, to retain Milly, he sells another bit of himself, another volume of "*Confidences*," to the eager bookseller—making, one feels, capital of the very sympathy excited—the situation is too painful and humbling to be dwelt upon. Lamartine's sun went down amid those clouds. But the man is dead, and his generation are disappearing off the scene, and France has perhaps more debts to him than she has ever been able to pay. He never led her intentionally astray, from one end of his career to the other. If his adoration of love is sometimes sickly, and his sentimentality maudlin, and the ideal world he framed a narrow and poor world, filled with but one monotonous strain of weak passion—it is at the same time a pure love which he idolizes, a virtuous ideal, which, according to his lights, he endeavours to set forth. And

in his fugitive pieces there dwells often the very sweetness of the woods and fields—a homely gentle atmosphere of moral quiet and beauty. It is for these, and not for the exaggerated poetical maundering of his larger poems, that his name will be remembered in the world.

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## LA BELLA SORRENTINA.

### CHAPTER I.

THE district that forms the southern horn of the Bay of Naples, with its orange-groves and vineyards, its aloes, olives and palms, its rocky hills, its white, glittering towns, its deep blue sea, its bare-legged fishermen and graceful, dark-eyed girls, has always been the very paradise of tourists. The faint, heavy scent of the orange-blossoms is wafted to you, as you sit in your balcony above the sea, on warm, moonlight nights; the tinkling of a guitar is heard from the distance, where somebody is singing "*Santa Lucia*" or "*La Bella Sorrentina*" before the door of one of the hotels; a long line of smoke is blown from Vesuvius towards the horizon; the lights of Naples wink and glitter on the other side of the bay; and presently (if you are inclined to pay for it) a little company of young men and maidens will come and dance the tarantella for you, till you are weary of watching so much activity in such a slumberous atmosphere.

There is no disappointment about this part of Italy. Pictures, poetry, books of travel—all that one has heard, seen, or read of this country—cannot have exaggerated its loveliness or idealized its perfection. The sky and sea are as blue and deep, the mountains as softly purple, and the vegetation as luxuriant as the most fervid imagination can have pictured them; the people are laughing, dancing, singing and chattering from morning till night; even when they work they seem to be only playing at toil, dragging up their nets, or tending their vines, as if only to make a pretty foreground to a picture. Life at Sorrento and Castellamare is, to quote the opinion of an enthusiastic French lady, as beautiful as a perpetual scene at the opera, and even more agreeable, as being free from the inconvenience of gas.

Tourists generally are apt to fall in, in some sort, with this way of thinking. Everything in this charming, perfumed, sensuous land is so full of pleasure, so

fairlylike and unreal, that it is difficult to believe that the cares and troubles of the world can have any place there, or that the inhabitants can have anything to do but to look picturesque and dance and sing from the cradle to the grave.

Nevertheless, the Piano di Sorrento is a country in which people love, hate, weep, struggle, pinch, and suffer in the same way as mortals do in other parts of this planet. Here is the history of a man and a woman, born and bred in Sorrento, to both of whom want and suffering were familiar in their earlier years; while one of them, at least, experienced more of the latter sensation than most people would hold to be the fair share of a lifetime.

The name of Annunziata Vannini, the famous *prima donna*, has become well known to the world, while that of Luigi Ratta will convey no idea to the mind of the reader, and would probably, indeed, never have been heard ten miles from his native village of Sorrento but for a circumstance which shall in due course be related. But everybody has seen and heard the Vannini; and even those who cannot claim to be considered as other than nobodies — that is to say, people who look upon a guinea and a half as too long a price to pay for an evening's amusement — must have become familiar with her features from her photographs in the shop-windows, where she has figured in a hundred different costumes and attitudes any time during the last fifteen years. Yet a very small proportion of the admiring and appreciative throngs who have applauded her to the echo while bouquets, laurel wreaths, and even diamond bracelets upon occasion, have been showered down upon her as she stood smiling and curtsying upon the stages of Covent Garden, St. Petersburg, and Paris, is aware that, not so very long ago, she was a bare-footed orphan girl, helping her aunt, old Marta Vannini, at the wash-tub, seldom tasting meat, sometimes getting cuffed for carelessness, and not unfrequently going hungry to bed.

In those old days, from which she has become so widely and utterly removed, Annunziata Vannini was a beautiful, laughing, happy, and good-natured girl, whom everybody was fond of, and whom some (notably Luigi Ratta) loved so much that they would fain have taken her, all poor and dowerless as she was, to gladden their homes permanently with her bright presence. Nowadays her beauty has lost something of its freshness, as is but natural after fifteen years of constant labour

and excitement and contact with the world; her laughter is perhaps neither so frequent nor so hearty as it used to be; and it is proverbial that wealth does not of necessity confer happiness on its possessor. Good-natured the Vannini has always been, and always will be, one may suppose, till the end of the chapter.

The peasants of Sorrento gave her the sobriquet of *la bella Sorrentina*, after the well-known song that bears that title — whether from her remarkable beauty or from the fact that Luigi, who played the guitar a little, was fond of trolling out the air at her garden-gate, I do not know. The name was, at all events, a sufficiently appropriate one.

Lovers, as has been said, were not wanting to her; but at the age of eighteen she had as yet declined to have anything to say to any of them — even to Luigi Ratta, whom perhaps she liked the best of all, and who had been constant to her ever since the time when, as children of ten and eight years old respectively, they had broken a small coin together, each promising to keep a half in sign of eternal fidelity.

Luigi, like herself, was, at the time our story opens, an orphan. His father had died about two years before, leaving him a small sum of money carefully locked up in a cash-box, a share in a good-sized fishing-boat, a couple of nets, and a little cottage just outside Sorrento. With this property Luigi, though not precisely well-to-do, felt himself in a position to support a wife; nor need he have sought long or far to find a willing partner, for he was steady, handsome, hard-working, and as strong as an ox. But there was only one girl in the world that Luigi felt any inclination for; and she, when one spoke to her of love, would only laugh; and if one mentioned marriage, was apt to retire into the house and slam the door in one's face. It was provoking; but Luigi was of a long-suffering and persevering nature; he doubted not but that, in the end, his hopes would be fulfilled, and in the mean time possessed his soul in patience, and got what comfort he could from long interviews with the girl of his heart, on fine nights after work-hours, at the end of old Marta Vannini's garden, which overlooked the sea. He used to take his guitar, on such occasions, and station himself by the low lava-built wall, singing love-songs till such time as it pleased Annunziata to become aware of his presence, and come down and talk to him.

Now it chanced that as he was thus em-

ployed, one fine November evening, a stout, elderly gentlemen came sauntering towards him from the direction of the hotel, smoking his after-dinner cigar, and stopped to listen to the rustic serenade. The air was deliciously soft and warm; there was just enough of gentle southerly wind to set the olives and evergreen oaks sighing; the moon was streaming down full upon the white walls of Marta Vannini's cottage; Luigi, with wide-open jaws and chest well thrown forward, was bawling out "*La Bella Sorrentina*" with all the power of a magnificent pair of lungs; and presently an exquisitely-formed little head was thrust out from Annunziata's window into the moonlight. The elderly gentleman was so pleased with the whole scene that he thought he would sit down on the wall and watch it for a few minutes while he finished his cigar.

"*Che bella ragazza!*" he ejaculated, under his breath, with a fat, approving smile, as Annunziata nodded and waved her hand to her tuneful swain. He sat and looked and listened till the song had been gone through down to the last word of the last stanza, only giving vent to an occasional shuddering "Ah-h-h!" when Luigi sang flat—as, to tell the truth, he pretty frequently did—and then got up to return to his hotel.

But why does that elderly gentleman suddenly whisk round upon his heels with an exclamation of delight? What causes him to tear off his white Leghorn straw hat, as if in a frenzy, and dash it upon the ground? And why does he presently pounce upon it again, and scamper off towards the hotel as fast as his fat little round legs will carry him? It is only that Annunziata, by way of reply to her lover, has begun to sing one of the songs of the country. Everybody in Sorrento has heard her sing; everybody knows that she sings well, and has a sweet voice; but upon no one have her vocal powers produced such an effect as this before.

The old gentleman clatters noisily up the wooden staircase of the Albergo della Sirena, and bounces into the sitting-room, where his wife, who is twice as fat as himself, lies dozing in an arm-chair.

"My dear!" he gasps, "my dear——"

"Well, Sassi, what is it now?" says she, still only half awake.

"My dear, I have heard the voice of an angel!"

"*Che, che!* There would not be room in heaven for all the angels you have heard, Sassi."

"*Carissima mia*, come and hear! You

shall judge for yourself—you who know what a voice is. It is but two steps from here—a little cottage, not a hundred yards off." And the enthusiastic Sassi seized his ponderous partner by the arm, and attempted to drag her to her feet.

"Decidedly," shrieked that lady, struggling violently, "I do not leave this chair till I go to bed! Let me alone, Sassi; you are causing me great pain and discomfort." And, being released, she flopped heavily back into her former position, with a grunt.

Signor Sassi sighed. "Well, well," he said, "I will bring her here in the morning. You will hear her, and be convinced. I will make the fortune of that girl!"

"Bah!" said the signora, shrugging her shoulders and depressing the corners of her mouth. "You are always going to make somebody's fortune—and what is the result? Remember that girl at Venice whom you took to live with us for six months, and who, as I had already prophesied, turned out to have no more power of understanding music than that table. Remember the tenor, as you called him (though he was really nothing but a barytone), who stole my rings and your cash-box at Ancona. But what is the use of wasting breath on those who will not hear? I suppose this new angel will come and stay with us from to-morrow. I only beg you to notice that I prophesy she will prove to be a failure, and that she will run away with all our clothes into the bargain."

"You will see—you will see," replied old Sassi, nodding his head and closing his eyes with an aspect of serene certainty.

The next morning, while old Marta Vannini was hard at work over the washing, by means of which she lived, somebody rapped at the door with the handle of a stick, and on going to admit her visitor she was somewhat surprised to see an elderly stranger of benevolent aspect, who took off his straw hat and bowed down to the ground.

"Signora," said he, "let me, first of all, felicitate you."

"Your Excellency is very good," replied the wondering Marta, "but with times as hard as they are now, I don't know——"

"You possess a treasure, signora."

"*Santa Madonna!* a treasure! I can assure your Excellency that this is the first I have heard of it."

"You possess a treasure, I was about to say, in your niece."

"Oh!" said Marta, with a lengthened

countenance. "Well, yes; she is a good girl — one cannot complain; but she scarcely pays for her keep; and we poor people have to think of that."

"Not pay for her keep! Woman! is not a voice like hers payment enough for the keep of a whole regiment? Does not your heart leap into your mouth when you hear her sing?"

"But, *caro signor mio*," said old Marta, laughing a little (for she began to suspect that her interlocutor was not quite right in his head), "she is one of those who must work and not sing. One may sing all day long, like a cicala, but that will not bring in money."

"That is precisely where you are mistaken, my good madam; singing will sometimes bring in money enough to buy up the whole of Sorrento. Did you never hear of Alboni, and Grisi, and Malibran?"

No; Marta was unacquainted with any of these names.

"Well, they were ladies who made more money by singing one night at the opera than I suppose you would by washing in a couple of years. What do you think of that?"

"It is extraordinary," said Marta, with a sigh; "but surely, *eccellenza*, you do not mean that our Annunziata could do that!"

"Who knows? I should be better able to tell you if you would permit me to see her and hear her sing for a few minutes."

"Annunziata!" shrieked the old woman in her shrill nasal accents, "leave the washing, and come here. Here is a gentleman who wishes to speak to you."

Annunziata made her appearance, smiling and surprised, and was greeted with much cordiality by Signor Sassi. Like the generality of Italians, she was wholly free from shyness, and though somewhat taken aback by the visitor's request, she made no difficulty about obliging him with a specimen of her musical capabilities. She sang him first one song, then another, and finally, repressing a strong inclination to burst out laughing, consented, for the first time in her life, to be put through her scales. Higher and higher rose the clear, full, true notes till Signor Sassi could no longer contain his delight. He seized Annunziata by both hands, and went near to embracing her in his exultation. "Signorina," he exclaimed, "the world is open to you! A little work — a little perseverance — and everything you touch will turn to gold!" Then he twirled round, and faced the older woman — "And now,

signora," he said, "for a few words with you. I am Signor Sassi — you may perhaps have heard me spoken of?"

But Marta was as ignorant of the fame of Signor Sassi as she had admitted herself to be of Grisi and Alboni. "Hum!" grunted the old gentleman; "I am not altogether obscure, for all that. If chance ever takes you to Paris, London, or Vienna, you will find that Alessandro Sassi, the singing-master, is pretty well known in all those places. Not that I am a singing-master now, — I made money enough, years ago, to keep my wife and myself in comfort, and I have no children. Music and art occupy the place of children in my affections," said the little man, drawing himself up and tapping his breast. "Now this is what I propose to you," he continued. "During the present winter, which I intend to pass at Sorrento, the signorina shall come to me for singing-lessons twice a day — two hours in the morning, one in the afternoon. In the spring I take her, under the care of my wife, to Paris, where we reside; I continue her instruction there, and in the autumn I hope to introduce her to the public. In three years or two years perhaps — who can say? — she will be earning, if I am not mistaken, a considerable salary."

"But, signore," gasped Marta, rather bewildered by the rapidity with which this programme was announced, "who is to pay you for all this?"

Sassi reddened a little. "I do not want money," he answered, in a slightly injured tone; "but you may feel at ease about incurring any obligation from me. The signorina shall repay me all I have spent upon her as soon as she is in a position to do so. And there is another thing. You will want some one to replace her in helping you with your work. I will pay what is necessary to secure you an assistant; and that also can be returned to me in due time. Now, what do you say? Are you contented?"

What could Marta say but that she accepted so liberal an offer with willingness and gratitude, and that Annunziata should begin her lessons as soon as the gentleman pleased? "But what if it turns out a mistake, after all," she suggested, "and all this expense leads to nothing?"

"Then there will be no harm done," replied Sassi, who had now quite recovered his good-humour. "I am well enough off to afford myself a caprice — it will not be the first time." And so Annunziata's destiny was settled.

Luigi Ratta, passing down towards the

shore with his oars over his shoulder, caught a glimpse of the group through the open door. He saw the little fat man, in his black alpaca coat and white jean trousers, talking and gesticulating; he saw Annunziata standing leaning against the table, with her beautiful bare arms hanging down and her hands lightly clasped, gazing out into the sunshine with a pleased, dazed look in her eyes; he saw old Marta grinning from ear to ear with satisfaction; and a cold, undefined feeling of dread, which he often afterwards recalled, crept over him. Nobody noticed him, and he went on his way without his usual morning salutation.

The winter that followed was one of almost unalloyed happiness to Annunziata. Every day she spent three hours at the Albergo della Sirena, working hard at the drudgery of learning to get out her voice, under the auspices of Signor Sassi and his wife, the latter of whom, having been completely vanquished by the beauty of the young peasant girl, as well as by the undoubted excellence of her clear soprano, had now taken up her cause with as much enthusiasm as her more easily moved husband had done. Toiling at the wash-tub till one's back was like to break was now a thing of the past; Aunt Marta was always gracious, dinners at the Sirena, accompanied by unheard-of luxuries in the way of strange wines, were of frequent occurrence; good-natured Madame Sassi had gone into Naples, one day, and returned with a present of two beautiful dresses; everybody was complimentary, polite, and kind. Already some foreshadowing of the glory of success was beginning to make the world brilliant for the young aspirant.

Luigi, on the other hand, was cast down almost into the depths of despair by the changed order of things. He seldom saw Annunziata now; she was forever running over, on one pretext or another, to see her new friends; and although she was always kind and pleasant to Luigi, and seemed glad to see him, he could not but feel that a gulf had already begun to open between them. And if this were so thus early in the business, how would it be when she should have visited distant lands, and sung before vast audiences, and become a great lady — as they said she would do? There were times when Luigi felt that if he could induce the fat little singing-master to accompany him on a sail to Capri, and if he could contrive to upset the boat at a reasonable distance from the shore, it would be a satisfactory and an excusable thing.

But Signor Sassi had been to Capri, and had been grievously sick on the way; inso-much that he had sworn by all he held most sacred to tempt the sea no more.

As for speaking of marriage to a young woman who was all exultant at the thought of quitting her native place and seeing the wonders of the great world, that was clearly out of the question. At the bottom of his heart Luigi nourished a faint hope that the cold and misery of these unknown foreign lands might prove insupportable to one who had been brought up in the warmth and colour and sunlight of Sorrento, and that, after a few months of struggling against the burden of cloudy skies and barbarian habits, Annunziata might gladly and repentantly return to her native Italy. In such an event, how willingly would he throw open the door of his cottage to receive her!

It was not much of a hope to build upon; but such as it was, it served to sustain him when, on a bright April morning, he stood sorrowfully watching the departure of the travelling-carriage that bore away Signor and Signora Sassi and Annunziata on the road to Castellamare. The carriage disappeared in a cloud of dust, taking with it Annunziata and her fortunes to Castellamare — to Naples — to the unknown. Would she ever come back again, Luigi wondered sadly, as he turned to go down to his boat on the shore.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Luigi saw the last of Annunziata, on that spring morning, he determined that he would think about her as little as possible throughout the summer, that he would expect to hear nothing of her, and that he would devote all his time and energy to the saving of money and bettering of his position. He knew that there was no probability of the return of the wanderer before the autumn; and indeed it was to the storms and rain of that season that he principally trusted to bring about the fulfilment of his wishes. Even in the south, autumn is often a dreary time; north of the Alps Luigi supposed that the snow and wind began then, and only ceased with the return of spring.

But notwithstanding all his resolutions, he found that he could in no wise succeed in banishing the image of his absent love from his mind. Whether he was fishing, or mending his nets, eating or drinking, sleeping or waking — in every hour of the long blazing days, and throughout the sultry nights, the same sweet, kind face was always before him; and as the reflections



that arose therefrom could scarcely be of a cheerful nature, Luigi became silent and morose, and sometimes even, as his companions remarked with surprise — for that had never been usual with him — a trifle quarrelsome.

Nor could he keep himself from going every now and then to get what news he could from old Marta Vannini, who did not receive his visits with much cordiality. Marta had begun to dream ambitious dreams with regard to her niece's future, and was disposed to look upon the young fisherman as a decided nuisance. She told him, however, pretty nearly all that she heard, not being able to refrain from imparting such good news to all who cared to listen. Annunziata was in Paris — then in London — then in Paris again; she was studying hard, and getting on admirably. Her voice had been heard in several of the great private houses — the *milordi Inglesi* had been enchanted with her — in Paris she had sung before the Princess A., the Duc de B., and many others. Her appearance in public had been postponed, not from any incapacity on her part, but because Signor Sassi had wished to reserve for her a more brilliant triumph by withholding her from the public till the next London season, when she was to make her *début* at the principal opera of that great city.

All this Luigi heard, and went away with a heavy heart. He greatly feared that the society of dukes and princes would turn the head of the simple peasant girl; and in none of her letters, so far as he knew, had she given any hint of a return to her home in the south.

But with November and the arrival of the cool season came great news. Luigi, on entering Marta's cottage on his usual errand, one evening, was as astonished as he was delighted to be met with the intelligence that Annunziata was expected on a visit to her aunt, and that she would actually make her appearance on the following day. Luigi hardly slept a wink that night. He rose early in the morning, scrubbed himself carefully from head to foot — an operation which I am afraid it must be acknowledged that he did not go through every day — arrayed himself in his best clothes, and then sat indoors doing nothing, till the hour which Marta had named as the probable time of her niece's arrival was past. With a great effort of will, he succeeded in keeping within his own house for half an hour longer — for he thought it would not perhaps be quite the thing to pay a lady a visit immediately

on her reaching the end of a long journey. Then he set out on the familiar road, and found, to his surprise, that his heart was beating fast, and that his hands were damp and cold. "I never knew I was a coward before," thought poor Luigi ruefully.

When he entered the well-known room there was such a buzzing in his ears, and such a mist before his eyes that he scarcely knew where he was or what he was doing; nor did he, for a moment or two, recognize in the elegantly dressed young lady who was seated by the window the barefooted companion of his childhood. The young lady, however, recognized him, and as she had no reason to feel embarrassed, was not slow in her greeting. She ran up to him, holding out both her hands, with the bright smile that he remembered so well.

"You dear, good Luigi!" she exclaimed, "I knew you would come as soon as you heard I was here. And how are you? And what have you been doing all these long, weary months? Has the fishing been good? Why have you put on your Sunday clothes, you foolish boy? I like you best in your every-day dress. Do you think I have become such a fine lady that my own best friends must dress up when I come to see them? I have not got the clothes I used to wear, or I would put them on while I am here. *La zia* has killed a fowl, and is gone out to cut salad for my supper — is it not silly of her? Now sit down there, and tell me all the news from the beginning to the end. Where is your guitar? I thought you would bring it, and sing '*La Bella Sorrentina*' as you used to do. But perhaps you have found another *bella Sorrentina* now?"

Luigi was pleased, happy — perhaps, too, a little overpowered. He had hardly expected to be greeted so warmly. But he sat down, as he was bid, and presently began to talk in his deep, soft voice, answering the questions that had been put to him in order.

"There is but one *bella Sorrentina*," he said; "and as for news, I do not think there is any to tell. You will have heard that old Giuseppe is dead of an apoplexy, and that Marco Naldi is betrothed to the daughter of Masucci, the blacksmith at Torre del Greco. For myself, I have done pretty well in the way of business, thanks be to the saints! — and that I think is all; except that the sun ceased to shine the day you left, signorina, and that we have had neither sunshine, nor flow-

ers, nor song of birds since then till now."

Annunziata laughed. "What a pretty compliment!" she said. "No one understands paying compliments as we Italians do. The French are too formal and forced; the Germans are too clumsy; and as for the English, they never pay compliments at all. But you are not to call me 'signorina,' if you please. Have you forgotten my name already?"

"I will call you Annunziata, if I may; I did not know whether you would like it. They paid you many compliments then — those foreign counts and dukes?"

Annunziata burst into one of her old hearty laughs. "An enormous number!" she said. "Luigi, you are a true Italian! It is lucky you were not with me in Paris. If you get jealous when I mention that strangers have made pretty speeches to me, what would you have done if you had heard them made? I believe you would have been capable of thrusting your knife into some of those poor young men."

"That is quite possible," remarked Luigi gloomily. "Annunziata," he resumed abruptly, after a short pause, "I have it on my mind to say something to you, and perhaps it had better be done at once!"

"Oh! no, dear Luigi — not if it is anything disagreeable! Do not say it — do not spoil my first day at home!"

"It is not disagreeable that I know of — only I suppose it will be of no use. I want you to say you will marry me some day — there!"

"Oh, but, Luigi, you know that cannot be."

"Cannot be? I do not know that it cannot be. Why should it not be? Because I am poor, too ignorant, too common for you? You did not always think so. But I suppose nothing less than a duke or a prince will suit you nowadays."

"Ah! now you want to quarrel with me; but I will not quarrel. Listen, Luigi, and try not to be so hard and unjust. My life is no longer my own to dispose of. Signor Sassi has given me money, clothes, teaching — everything; and I must go on the stage, if it were only to repay him. I do not say that I would give up my profession now if I could — I would not. But you must see that I cannot, and that it is cruel and absurd to ask me to do such a thing."

"But I do not ask you to do it now. I only ask you to give me hope. Only say that in two or three years you will be my wife, and I shall be the happiest man in

all Italy. Annunziata, if you will not promise me that, I believe I shall go and drown myself!"

Annunziata burst into tears. "I cannot promise it — I cannot," she sobbed. "How can I tell whether I shall be free in two or three years to leave the stage? Very likely people will only then be beginning to listen to me. I don't want to marry anybody. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish there was no such thing as marrying in the world!"

Luigi was very much moved and humiliated at her distress. He dropped on his knees before her, clasping his hands. "Forgive me, my dear, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I was rough and rude; but you do not know how I have suffered. You may sing at the opera to the day of your death, if you will, if only you will give me the right to go where you go, and live where you live. I need very little to live upon, as you know. I shall always be able to earn my own living, and no one need see me or hear of me but you. I could pass as your servant, if you wished it. God knows you could not have a more devoted one!"

Annunziata looked up, half-smiling through her tears. "As if I could let my husband occupy such a position as that! Believe me, dear Luigi, it is impossible. It is not your fault, nor mine; but our lives must be separate. I cannot come back to the old life here, nor could you be happy among the people I shall have to associate with."

"I know I am not fit to mix with your friends; but I can learn. I will take lessons in reading and writing — I will educate myself. Why should I not learn to be a gentleman, since you have become a lady?"

Annunziata saw a loophole of escape, and rushed at it. "If you really mean that, Luigi," she said — "if you could do that — but it will take a long time, you know — still, if you can learn to talk and behave as gentlemen do, so that you can associate with them without being unhappy — I might, in three years or so — but no! I will make no promises. It would be wrong to promise. Three years is such a long time, and so many things may happen —"

But this encouragement, slight and vague as it was, sufficed to transform the despondent Luigi into a radiant and exultant conqueror. He started to his feet, and paced to and fro in the little room, beaming with happiness. "Now I have something to live for!" he shouted.



"Now I can face the whole world! And I will learn quick enough—oh, I am not such a stupid fellow as I look! Three years! What are three years? I would wait three centuries. Oh, Annunziata, dear Annunziata, what a happy day this is!"

And he stepped towards her, as if he would have taken her in his arms.

But she drew back. "Remember, I have promised nothing," she said. "And, Luigi, I make one condition—you must speak no more of this to me so long as I am here."

Luigi made no protest against the injustice of imposing conditions when no engagement had been entered into. He sighed, and yielded; and so well did he keep his word that no further expression of love escaped his lips during the week that Annunziata spent in her native village. Some eloquent looks he did indulge in; but of these she either was, or affected to be, unconscious.

In spite of the restriction placed upon him, Luigi enjoyed to the full every hour of those glorified, but alas! too swift-footed, seven days. Annunziata was so gracious, so kind, so merry, so like her old self; she seemed to take such pleasure in going over all their old haunts with him, and in sailing in his boat under the shadow of the cliffs that the orange-trees and olives hang over, that the young fisherman felt himself in an earthly paradise, and would gladly have consented to lead the same kind of life forever. Once, by dint of much pressing, he was induced to get his guitar out from its hiding-place, and sing "*La Bella Sorrentina*;" but he would not do so a second time. "You have learnt music now, and know that I have neither ear nor voice," he said. And so the guitar was put away again.

The fatal day of departure came; and Annunziata, as she leant back in the carriage, covering her face with her hands and sobbing as only an Italian woman can, almost wished that she never had been tempted to leave her tranquil home at Sorrento at all. It was a natural feeling; and doubtless it was equally natural that she should overcome it as soon as she was in the train flying northwards towards Signor Sassi, and wealth and distinction, leaving Luigi, poverty, and peace behind.

She spent that winter at Milan, working harder than she had ever done yet, learning, practising, and rehearsing over and over again, with the indefatigable Sassi to encourage her, and a host of critics, professional and amateur, to praise her and

prophecy for her a glorious career. The manager of the English opera came, in the course of the winter, to hear her, and expressed himself very strongly as to her improvement since she had left London. In the spring she was taken to England; and then, at last, the momentous day dawned on which, for the first time, she was to sing before a public audience.

The opera that had been chosen for her was Mozart's "*Flauto Magico*," and her rôle was that of the "Queen of the Night," a part which perhaps was never before selected for a *débutante*. It will be remembered that the "Queen of the Night," though she appears but three times in the course of the whole opera, and remains on the stage only for a few minutes on each occasion, has, during those few minutes, a task to perform of which many of the most famous *prime donne* have been found incapable. The part can only be taken by a pure soprano of almost abnormal compass, and any lady who undertakes to fill it may feel assured that she will produce a sensation—either on account of complete failure, or of equally complete success.

Now Signor Sassi, knowing that his pupil was capable of accomplishing this feat, and knowing also how great would be the fame that would attend her achievement of it, had not been able to resist the temptation of risking much on the hazard of her triumph. She had sung and acted the part over and over again, not only to him but to several other competent judges, and he thought he was justified in the venture. Nevertheless, considering the youth and total inexperience of the performer, it was not surprising that many of Annunziata's friends were terribly nervous when the important evening arrived, and the opera-house began to fill.

Signor Sassi, who was behind the scenes, was very pale, and his hand shook, though he endeavoured to keep up a demeanour of jaunty carelessness; the manager himself looked worried and anxious; Signora Sassi was perspiring in the stalls, fanning herself vigorously with a huge fan, and keeping up her courage by sniffing at a bottle of strong, sweet scent, whereby much ill feeling was engendered amongst her immediate neighbours. The coolest of them all was the principal person concerned, who, oddly enough, was perfectly at her ease, calm and self-confident. She was conscious of no other feeling than an intense desire to succeed, and a strong determination and belief that she would succeed.

The last notes of the overture sounded, the curtain rose, and the opera began. With just a slight and not unpleasant tremor, Annunziata felt that there was now no retreat possible for her. She set her teeth, and her breath came quickly for a moment or two, but she was quite composed again before it became necessary for her to step out and face the audience.

Many people may remember the thrill of surprise that ran through the whole house when the Vannini for the first time appeared upon the boards where she has since become so well known. Her graceful carriage, her self-possession and her marvellous beauty, set off by the diaphanous draperies she wore and the diamond stars that rested, like a coronet, upon her masses of dark hair, filled every one there with amazement. In an unbroken silence she began to sing. Clear, round, and sweet each note rose, filling the vast building without apparently any effort to the singer, and several heads in the stalls began to nod approvingly. But Signora Sassi, who knew that this beginning was mere child's play, was scarlet in the face, and fanned away more violently than ever. Then came rippling runs and trills, and there was a murmur of applause, as will sometimes be the case with English audiences, even in the middle of a solo. The Vannini went on singing like a nightingale; and higher and higher rose her voice, till Signora Sassi dropped her fan and grasped her neighbour's arm with a force that nearly made the poor man cry out. The critical moment had come; the note—the great note—the wonderful, terrible note—was out, and out successfully. The signora, feeling as though she had had an operation performed upon her, sank back with a sigh of relief, and almost immediately the *aria* came to an end.

Then the applause began—a roll and a rattle that swelled and grew till the Vannini was frightened at the thunder she had evoked. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled: applause was intoxicating to her then—it does not occasion her much emotion now.

She had to sing her song twice again, and poor Signor Sassi passed a very agitated quarter of an hour; but all went off well, and then the successful *cantatrice* was free to receive the congratulations of her friends behind the scenes, and to repose herself till her second appearance in the third act. In this also she was triumphant. She left the theatre with the applause still ringing in her ears, followed by Sassi, whose arms were filled with

bouquets; nor was there probably a happier supper-party in all London that evening, than was formed by the good singing-master and his wife and their fortunate pupil.

Such was the opening of the great Signorina Vannini's career. The details of that career cannot here be dwelt upon—space being insufficient; nor indeed did Annunziata's life differ much thenceforward from that usually led by the distinguished members of her profession. In the course of the two following years she sang at all the great capitals of Europe, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. There was much pleasure in her life, plenty of work, some excitement, and also some anxiety. But she made a great deal of money; and we may be sure that one of the first things she did was to place her old aunt, Marta Vannini, in a position of ease and comfort. If amid the din and turmoil of the world she became a little forgetful of some of her old friends at Sorrento, I do not think any one can wonder or blame her much. But she blamed herself when, returning home one evening at Paris, after singing at the Italian Opera, a letter was put into her hand, signed "Luigi Ratta." Alas! had she not almost forgotten Luigi's very existence?

### CHAPTER III.

Now Luigi, mindful of Annunziata's promise—or half-promise—had resolved, immediately upon her departure, that he would henceforward set himself heart and soul to work at the task of learning to be a gentleman. Reading, writing, and a trifle of arithmetic he had already been taught, after a fashion; but something more than this would, he presumed, be necessary before he could be considered fit to associate with foreign dukes and princes. He therefore began by closely observing the manners and demeanour of the rich *forestieri* who frequented Sorrento during the winter months, and who often hired his boat to sail over to Capri and the famous Blue Grotto; but after long and conscientious study, he found himself unable to obtain any hints from them. That there was a difference between his ways and theirs he could easily see, but in what it consisted he could not, for the life of him, discover; nor did he think that he should ever succeed in imitating those gentlemen with any appearance of ease.

In this perplexity he decided on applying to one Antonio Bassano, surnamed

Bottiglia, who in those parts enjoyed a great reputation for sagacity and knowledge of the world, and who, according to his own account, was a man of much culture and refined education. He owed his nickname partly to an alleged penchant for drink and partly to the peculiarity of his figure. He was a wizened, wrinkled old man, who should by rights have been lean, but who, by a freak of nature, had become afflicted with a stomach of the bow-window order; so that, with his long neck and spherical body, he did bear some resemblance to the bottles in which many of the South-Italian wines are kept. He lodged in Sorrento, and lived principally at the expense of his neighbours, contriving to accept favours in such a manner as to convey the impression that the donor was the obliged party.

To this astute person Luigi presented himself abruptly, one evening.

"Bottiglia," said he, "I want you to teach me to behave like a gentleman. How long will it take you, and what will you charge?"

"A gentleman, indeed!" exclaimed Bottiglia, looking up over his horn spectacles with infinite scorn. "Have you come into a fortune, then, Luigi Ratta?"

"What has that to do with it? I tell you what I want, and I offer to pay for it. If you don't like the job, or can't do it, say so, and I will go somewhere else."

"Gently, gently, my dear young friend; do not let us lose our tempers this warm weather. Well, I will do my best with you, and certainly you were right to come to me; perhaps there is no other man within twenty miles who could have helped you as I can. But what in the world you should wish to be like a gentleman for—you who are a simple fisherman, and never will be anything else——"

"Never mind that, Bottiglia. Now what payment will you ask?"

Upon this question there was rather a lengthy discussion, each man trying to get the better of the other, after the time-honoured Italian fashion; but finally it was amicably arranged that Luigi should provide his preceptor with supper three times a week, on which occasions the latter was to give the benefit of his experience in the matter of deportment and polite conversation, while one evening in every week was to be devoted to the study of caligraphy and literature, at an outlay of one *lira* per lesson—the mental strain demanded from the teacher, on such occasions, being, as Bottiglia pointed out, excessive.

The compact was rigorously observed on both sides for a time; but it soon became evident that that part of it which related to the outward appearance and conduct of a gentleman was hardly likely to prove a success. Luigi, after practising bowing, handing a chair, leaving and entering a room, opening the door for a lady, and so forth, during three weeks, was fain to give it up as a bad job. He burst into a roar of laughter one night, when old Antonio was backing and posturing before him, and throwing himself into a chair, declared he would play the fool in this way no longer.

"It is no use, Bottiglia," he said. "You will never make me into a noble signor. I am as God created me, and so I must remain. After all, what does it signify whether a man bows in this way or in that, so that he does what is civil?"

"Alas! yes," sighed Antonio. "You cannot turn a thistle into a rose, or an ass (without meaning to be offensive to you) into an Arab steed. You are a common man, my poor Luigi—a very common man; and I fear that, as you say, there is little use in trying to refine you. Now to me, on the other hand, refinement and elegance are as a second nature; but then, to be sure, I am of noble descent. I could mention names among my relatives that would astonish you, were it not that boasting is a thing foreign to my temperament. But," continued Antonio, having an eye to his suppers, "it is early days to despair yet. Let us continue our course; perhaps in the end, I may yet make you presentable."

"No, no," answered Luigi; "it is a waste of time and trouble. You shall read to me instead, and improve my mind."

Bottiglia did not quite approve of this suggestion, which entailed a greater amount of exertion on his part than he had bargained for; but he gave in at length, in consideration of a somewhat increased allowance of wine, and thenceforth regularly produced, after supper, some greasy dog's-eared volume which he had picked up for a few *soldi*, and read from it, in a monotonous, sing-song voice, till his auditor was fast asleep—a consummation which it seldom took more than a quarter of an hour to effect. Sometimes it was Tasso, sometimes Ariosto, sometimes a novel, and sometimes a newspaper. It did not greatly signify; the result was always the same, and was considered equally satisfactory by both parties concerned.

Thus, in a slow, dogged fashion, Luigi

set about the work of his education, having always before him a dim expectation that Annunziata would one day come back to Sorrento, be satisfied with the progress he had made, and consent to their speedy nuptials. That it might be well for him to seek her out was an idea that had not as yet suggested itself to him. He certainly was a young man of remarkable patience.

From old Marta, who was now in easy circumstances, thanks to the money sent her by her niece, he got occasional news of the triumphs of his beloved. Messages, too, were frequently transmitted to him from her at first; but as time went on these messages became rarer and rarer, and at last ceased altogether.

"She does not mention your name," Marta would say, impatiently, in answer to his repeated inquiries. "What would you have? She has other things and other people to think of now."

And then Luigi would walk sadly away, with his head bent down, and would not unfrequently quarrel with Bottiglia afterwards. He had long since confided his hopes to that worthy, who had laughed them to scorn till he found that by doing so he was in danger of losing his pupil, when he had, of course, adopted a different line of conduct. It was he who suggested that Luigi should write a letter to the absent fair one, and who undertook to compose for him such a one as should at once touch the heart of the recipient, and show her that the writer was a man of education and acquainted with the best literary style.

The letter, as despatched to Annunziata and received by her at Paris, ran as follows:—

"SORRENTO, January 18—.

"MOST ESTEEMED SIGNORINA,

"If the pleasures and gaieties of the fashionable world in which you move pre-eminent, like the moon among the stars, afford you time to cast a momentary glance backward to the rural scenes where your early years were passed, you may, I venture to hope, call to mind the name of the humblest and most devoted of your slaves. But I do not for one moment suppose that you can have forgotten me so soon.

"Fain would I strive to rouse in your bosom some interest in the concerns of the village which has the envied privilege of being your birthplace by recounting to you some matters of local importance; but, alas! signorina, there is but little to tell. Unlike that of the great cities of

which you are the distinguished ornament, life in our sequestered valley (that is only a literary way of speaking—we do not, as you are aware, live in a valley) glides on tranquilly and smoothly, and each day is but the counterpart of that which has preceded it. Rather will I risk the accusation of egotism, and detain your attention for a few moments while I speak to you of myself.

"Following your wise and excellent counsel, signorina, I have of late devoted myself to the study of science and the arts, and I trust you will not accuse me of vanity when I add that I have not laboured altogether in vain. What success I have achieved I must ascribe entirely to the invaluable aid of Signor Antonio Bassano (you remember old Bottiglia), a gentleman in reduced circumstances, but of noble birth. So, at least, he says; but your aunt Marta declares she remembers his father, who kept a small wine-shop at Naples.

"Assisted by his most valuable instruction, I have become acquainted with both ancient and modern literature; and I cannot but think that the present letter—all unpretending as it is—will serve to show you that I am no longer the ignorant fisherman from whom you parted nearly three years ago. I wonder whether you remember that day as well as I do! It is not three years, but only two years and two months; but I did not say so for fear of spoiling the sentence.

"And now, signorina, that I may not weary you with too many words, let me at once approach the subject that is nearest to my heart. You know how passionate, how deep, how unalterable has been the affection that I have borne you ever since the time when, in our happy childhood, we sported together on the sandy shores of the azure Mediterranean. Say, oh say that the hopes which have buoyed me up for so long are not to be ruthlessly dashed to the ground! Break not the faithful heart that beats but for you! And believe that among all the aspiring lovers that doubtless surround you, there breathes none more true—none more impassioned than of your ladyship

"The most obedient, most humble servant,  
LUIGI RATTA.

"*Postscriptum.*—In truth, Annunziata, if you have forgotten your promise to me, my life will be over. The first letter I wrote contained a good deal more than this, but it seemed to me over long, so I have cut it short a little—especially towards the end.—L. R."

It will be seen that Luigi had taken some liberties with Bottiglia's composition.

A week later he received the following reply:—

“PARIS, January 18—.

“DEAREST LUIGI,

“I have received your good, kind letter, and rejoice to hear of your welfare; but if you write to me again, as I hope you will, you must not let your friend, Signor Antonio, compose your letter for you. I like your own style much better than his. I suppose all that nonsense about love and broken hearts was his, was it not?

“I do not quite understand what you mean by the promise you speak of in the postscript, but I hope—oh! dear Luigi, I do hope—that you cannot really think I ever engaged myself to marry you. Such a thing would have been impossible—we never could have been happy as man and wife; and indeed it is wrong of me even to speak of such a thing now; for I am engaged to be married, and the ceremony is to take place very shortly. My future husband is the Comte de Chagny, a French gentleman. I know you will wish me all good fortune in this new state of life, and I shall be so pleased if you will send me a letter—written all by yourself this time—to say so.

“And now, dear Luigi, I must say adieu. I am, and always shall be,

“Your most affectionate friend,

“ANNUNZIATA VANNINI.”

Luigi received this letter at the post-office, and read it in the street. When he had come to the last words he rammed his hat down over his eyes, and set off, with rather an unsteady step, to walk home. At his own door he met old Antonio, who accosted him with a pleasant inquiry as to whether he had heard yet from his lady-love. The next moment Bottiglia found himself lying on his back in the street, and, on picking himself up, with much impiety of language, caught a glimpse of Luigi entering his own house, the door of which he shut and locked behind him.

And that was the last Sorrento ever saw of Luigi Ratta.

#### CHAPTER IV.

As may be supposed, Annunziata got no answer to the rather ill-worded and confused note she had sent to Luigi. Perhaps she had hardly expected to receive any; and yet she was disappointed when none came. She was conscious of

having—however innocently, and with whatever good intentions—behaved ill to her old playmate. She ought, as she now felt, to have been more firm with him during that interview when he had pleaded so hard for impossibilities. She ought not to have allowed him to suppose, for an instant, that she could ever be brought to marry him. But he had looked so unhappy—and so handsome; and it had been so much easier and pleasanter to make a compromise than to quarrel. And then she tried to stifle her qualms of conscience by the reflection that she had expressly and emphatically stated that she would give no promise. Still she could not feel quite happy about Luigi; and there were moments when she almost regretted the last few years of her life, and half doubted whether it might not have been better for her and for everybody if she had lived and died obscure, married the honest fisherman, and never seen more of the world than that loveliest portion of it, the Bay of Naples.

But it was now far too late in the day to indulge in such thoughts as these. She was going to marry the Comte de Chagny, a middle-aged young man of sporting proclivities and diminished fortune, who had lived every year of the twenty that had elapsed since his first introduction to Parisian society. She was going to marry this easy-going, rather broken-down gentleman, who had fallen a little in love with her beautiful face, and very much in love with her money-bags, and with whom she, for her part, was assuredly not in love at all.

There were, however, circumstances which made it almost necessary that Annunziata should marry somebody—and why not this one, who seemed polite and kind-hearted, as well as another? Signor Sassi was getting old, and the signora became more unwieldy every day. It was no longer possible for the worthy couple to rush from Paris to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to Berlin, and from Berlin to London, according to the erratic movements of the young *prima donna*; yet Sassi did not like the idea of her travelling alone, or only with a lady-companion. Marriage seemed the only way out of the difficulty; and so, when the Comte de Chagny placed his title, his debts, and his still handsome person at her feet, the Vannini accepted the whole of this valuable lot, only stipulating that she should be allowed to remain on the stage. M. de Chagny made no objection whatever to this. To have insisted on his wife's re-

tirement would have seemed to him like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The wedding took place in the spring, so as to allow the newly-married couple six weeks or so to themselves between the close of the Paris opera season and the commencement of the London one; and Annunziata, who had of late been possessed by an intense longing to revisit her native place, had little difficulty in persuading her husband to take her, for those few weeks, to Italy. M. de Chagny, always ready to be agreeable to others so long as no inconvenience to himself was entailed thereby, declared that no country could be more charming to him than that to which his wife belonged by birth; and thus it was that, in the month of April, Annunziata found herself once more in Sorrento.

Her first visit was, of course, paid to her aunt Marta, and almost her first inquiry was about Luigi Ratta. Old Marta shook her head and sighed. "Luigi is gone!" she said.

"Gone! What—away from Sorrento?"

"Yes, *carina*, he has gone away from Sorrento. I fear he has not turned out well, that poor Luigi. But *che vuoi?* It is not everybody that can make a fortune, as you have done. Let us talk of something else."

"I can talk of nothing till you tell me what has become of Luigi. Did he go to the coral-fishery?"

"Yes, yes—to the coral-fishery, no doubt. To be sure that was it! He had lost money, *poverino*, and so he went away for a little to try and make some elsewhere. He will be back in good time—never fear."

Marta made this statement seeing tears in her niece's eyes, and not wishing to tell her the truth, lest she should distress her. Annunziata knew that the old woman was lying, but knew also that she would now continue to lie, after the calm and innocent fashion of her nation, and that no amount of questioning would serve to elicit the truth. She did not, therefore, make any further attempt on *la zia*; but she cross-questioned Bottiglia, and many others—without, however, getting much information out of them. There was a mystery about Luigi, which every one was determined to keep from her; and that was all she could discover.

Annunziata and her husband remained ten days at Sorrento, and then left for Amalfi, which place M. de Chagny was

anxious to see. On account of the heat of the weather, it was agreed that the drive should be taken by night. The moon was at the full, so that, as Annunziata said, they would be able to distinguish the scenery as well as in broad daylight. But she had forgotten to notice at what hour the moon set—the consequence of which was that, before half the distance had been accomplished, the travellers were enveloped in murky darkness.

"Your country may be very charming, *ma toute belle*," said the count, "but, for anything we can distinguish of it, we might as well be in the tunnel at Posilipo."

"I am so sorry," said Annunziata laughing, "but presently we shall be on the other side of the mountains, and then we shall have the stars and the sea to look at."

"But I have seen the stars and the sea so many times before!" said the count plaintively. "I think, if you will permit me, I will go to sleep!"

Annunziata readily gave the desired permission, and resting her elbow on the carriage door, and her chin on her hand, gazed out into the soft, warm, southern night. The mountains rose high on either side of the road; the stars were twinkling far overhead; the olives and the stone-pines were whispering to each other, just as they used to do in the old days so long ago, when she and Luigi ran wild over the hills together. Poor Luigi! what had become of him, and why had things gone wrong with him? Ah, she feared she could answer that last question only too easily. She sighed. "Why does he love like that?" she muttered to herself. "It is very foolish; other men never do so. As for my poor dear De Chagny, I suppose he does not even know what love means."

She turned round, with a half smile, to look at poor dear De Chagny, who was stretched, sound asleep, at her side—and that was the last thing she remembered doing till she found herself lying down in the carriage, her maid rubbing her hands and her husband looking anxiously into her face. She jumped up immediately into a sitting posture, and rubbed her eyes. They were driving at a rapid pace down the road leading to Amalfi.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "I am quite well. Did I faint?"

"No," replied her husband, who looked a little pale and disturbed, "not exactly; but we have had an adventure. Perhaps I had better not tell you till we get in."



"No, no; tell me now. I never felt better in my life."

"Well then," said the count, "some of your amiable countrymen have been robbing us. I woke up to find the carriage stopped, and you lying back insensible, your face covered by a handkerchief which I afterwards found to be soaked with chloroform. Half-a-dozen scoundrels were standing round the maid, whom they were about serving in the same manner, and the coachman was on his knees in the road, saying his prayers. I understand that such is the custom of the country."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Annunziata, clasping her hands, "they were banditti!"

"Banditti, my dear, of the purest type. Costumes of the old style — long cloaks, leather thongs round their legs, and steeple-crowned hats. Nothing could have been better put on the stage; but their manners left much to be desired. They gave me to understand that I was to be carried off to the mountains and kept till I was ransomed; and, *ma foi!* I was preparing myself to go — being unarmed and powerless — when a great strapping fellow of six foot three interfered on my behalf, and after a fierce wrangle with his companions, which I had some hope might end in their all stabbing one another, motioned me to get into the carriage again. They then kicked the coachman, and we resumed our journey. But they have carried off every article of luggage we possess. I stand before you the owner of not so much as a toothbrush. Admit that the position is comical!"

"My diamonds!" exclaimed Annunziata, in a voice of poignant anguish — and I am sure every lady will sympathize with her in her bereavement.

"The very first thing they took, my dear," said the count calmly. "Annoying — but inevitable. Perhaps diamonds are not exactly the thing to travel with in your charming country. This, I suppose, is Amalfi. Well, one comfort is that we cannot well be robbed again on our return journey! I wonder whether the landlord here can provide me with a nightshirt and a bit of soap."

Leaving her husband to make investigations on this subject, Annunziata, as soon as she arrived at the inn, went up to her room to have a good cry over the fate of her jewels; for, rich as she was, the loss was a heavy one, and she knew enough of her native land to be aware of the extreme improbability of her ever recovering her property.

After she had bewailed herself for some time, she began to undress, and as she did so, a scrap of folded paper fell out of the front of her dress. She picked it up, and found that it contained these words, hastily scrawled in pencil: "If you want your diamonds, and have the courage to come for them, be at Ravello *alone* tomorrow evening, just after sunset!" Evidently this note must have been thrust into her dress by one of the brigands while she was insensible.

Annunziata never hesitated about keeping the appointment, not supposing that any harm could be intended to her, and being aware that she must be tolerably safe in Ravello, a moderately-sized village, before nightfall. Nevertheless she thought it might be wiser not to let her husband know of this strange communication. He would either forbid her to go, or would insist upon accompanying her; and the paper expressly said that she was to go alone.

On the following day she accordingly feigned to be too ill and upset by the events of the previous evening to undertake a fresh journey for the next twenty-four hours.

"As you will, my dear," said M. de Chagny resignedly; "I only beg you to remember that I am shirtless, brushless, razorless, and cigarless, and that the food in this enchanting spot, with the exception of the macaroni, is of the most execrable."

"We will leave as early as you like tomorrow morning," said Annunziata; and her husband sauntered off to stretch himself full length upon the beach — to see but not to admire the lovely view — to throw stones into the sea and long for the slow hours to pass.

Towards evening Annunziata left her room, locking the door behind her and hoping the count would imagine it to be fastened on the inside, and slipped out of the house unobserved.

Ravello stands on the heights above Amalfi, and the footpath that leads to it lies through a rocky, wooded ravine, lonely enough, but not alarming to a courageous lady in quest of her diamonds in broad daylight. Annunziata climbed the hill with her light, elastic step, determined to reach the rendezvous before sunset. She was already within a short distance of the village when she became aware of a man wrapped in a long cloak, who was sitting on a rock by the wayside with his back turned towards her. She was tripping quickly past him; but he rose,

placed himself full in her path, and removed his hat.

"Luigi!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"Here are your diamonds!" said he; and he held out the morocco case which contained those jewels, as he spoke. Annunziata grasped it involuntarily, but almost immediately let it fall to the ground.

"Oh, Luigi!" she exclaimed, "what has made you do this?"

"It is scarcely you, *signora contessa*, who should put that question to me," he replied quietly.

"Oh, what a miserable woman I am!" she burst out, throwing herself down on the bank and beginning to cry bitterly. "I meant to do what was best — I did indeed! How could I know you would take things so to heart? I told you I could promise nothing — you must remember that. Oh, why should you have cared for me so much! There are so many others whom you might have married, and who would have made you far happier than I could. I meant to do what was kindest — and this is how it has ended!" And the tears poured down her cheeks.

Luigi looked at her sadly and calmly, and with just a faint touch of contempt, she thought.

"I have thought over that, and over many things lately," he said; "and I do not blame you. You intended to be kind — only you did not understand. I suppose you could not understand. I was in a hell of despair for a long time; but that is all over now, and I see that you are right, and that we never could have been happy together. Our robbing you was an accident. I had no notion that you were in these parts, or I might have prevented it. As it is, I have been able to restore you your diamonds under pretence of going down to Naples to dispose of them; but the rest of your property I am afraid you will have to lose. And now, signora, I must bid you good-bye."

"Oh, no, Luigi — not like this! Can I do nothing for you? Can I not save you from this dreadful life? See — here are my diamonds; take them — they are worth a great deal of money — enough to enable you to begin again in some other part of the country, and live honestly and happily."

Luigi shook his head with a smile. "I am greatly obliged to you, signora," he said, "but I am in no need of money; and as for 'this dreadful life,' I mean to abandon it to-morrow. Do you love your husband?"

"Of course," replied she, a little confused by this abrupt change of topic.

"I thought he looked a little old for you; but he seemed a good-natured fellow. Now you must go; it is getting too dark for you to be out alone. Good-bye, Annunziata — God bless you! Don't think of me any more."

"But Luigi," she pleaded through her tears, "you will let me hear from you?"

"No, signora; it will be better not. You understand that I must conceal myself for some time to come."

He turned to go, but suddenly faced about again, took her in his arms, and kissed her gently on the forehead. Then without another word, he walked quickly away up the hill.

Annunziata watched his tall figure striding away in the twilight till he was out of sight; and then she picked up her diamonds, and ran back to Amalfi. Luigi had not told her that escape from the mountains for so well-known a criminal as he had become was almost an impossibility, nor had he mentioned that his comrades, on his return to them without diamonds or money, would most assuredly put him to death as a traitor. But he was himself well aware of both facts, and was glad that it should be so — the world having now no attraction left in it strong enough to make him wish for life. His body was found, stabbed to the heart, in a wood near Ravello, a few days later; by which time the Comte and Comtesse de Chagny had, fortunately, left that part of the country.

The discovery of a murdered man more or less is not, or was not at any rate in those days, so unusual an incident in the neighbourhood of Amalfi as to create much stir beyond the immediate vicinity; and it was long before Annunziata became aware that when she had parted from her former lover on the hillside, he had left her only to go to his death.

M. de Chagny still relates the story of his adventure with the brigands of Amalfi, and the romantic generosity with which one of these rascals, dazzled by the beauty of the celebrated Vannini, made an appointment with her for the purpose of restoring her her diamonds. "It was a veritable Claude Duval affair," says the count, "and is one of the most amusing reminiscences of our delightful Italian journey; but we have not been back there since; and as for my wife, she seems to have taken the country in horror."



From Fraser's Magazine.  
THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

IN no region close to civilization can the enthusiastic sportsman find more varied and noble game than in that large extent of country belonging to the North-Western Provinces of our Indian Empire which lies between the Ganges and the Soane in the district of Mirzapore. This may be roughly described as a table-land of old red sandstone rising on the north-west towards the slopes of the Vindhya range, and on the south often falling abruptly some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet from the crests of the Kaimore Mountains to the valley of the Soane. Ghazepore, Benares, and Allahabad fringe the northern skirts of this territory, connected for greater convenience by railway communication, so that the *shikarri* may here shoot tigers in a jungle till towards noon, and repose at night amidst all the comforts of Indian station-life. If he would extend the range of his operations, let him seek the central highlands south of the Nerbudda, with the Taptee and Mahanuddy rivers respectively on the west and east, comprising a wonderfully diversified country extending over the Meykul range, the Mahadéo and the Satpura Mountains. The Great Indian Peninsula railway has a branch to Nagpore, which runs along the south of this district. In these two territories tigers, bears, wild buffaloes, swine, deer, antelopes, panthers, may be procured in abundance. Our sportsman might easily secure greater slaughter among the countless herds of bison on the head-waters of the Arkansas or Nebraska rivers; he might slay larger and more powerful game amongst the lions, elephants, and hippopotami of the Zambesi, or in the swamps round Lake Tanganyika; but he will nowhere meet a fiercer antagonist than the royal Bengal tiger, and he will perhaps nowhere obtain more abundant and diversified bags than in the districts named.

In their rough rocky solitudes he may expect bears, which, as a rule, are not partial to jungle. Here too, if fortunate, he may light upon a leopard surprised outside its favourite cavern or stony fastness. The wild dogs hunt in packs through the forests. In October and November multitudes of snipe and wildfowl arrive from the frozen wilds of Central Asia upon the *jheels* and swamps, to say nothing of the ordinary game-birds of India which abound in the autumnal stubble-fields, in

the vicinity of villages and the hillsides. Among the cultivated lands after nightfall, and in the tracts of grazing-ground by day, that noble quarry the black antelope (*Antelope cervicapra*), the well-known "black buck" of Indian sportsmen, is abundant. On wooded slopes the nilgae (*Portax pictus*) is commonly met, together with the chikara or Indian gazelle (*Gazella Bennettii*), the spotted deer, the sambur, the four-horned antelope, the hog-deer, the barking-deer, and others of the cervine race. Then wolves, wild pigs, porcupines, wood and green pigeons, ortolans, the broad-snouted *magar* (or crocodile of the Central Provinces), the mighty bison, and many others offer endless excitement to the hunter. What more could the most ardent sportsman desire? Monarch over every description of locality in these two districts, however, and only fearing the bison, roams the Bengal tiger, of which so many sporting-anecdotes are told. We purpose, after giving a general account of his habits and life-history, to follow the footsteps of some renowned shikarries in search of him through the Mirzapore and Satpura districts.

In the same way as the Crusades introduced the marvels of oriental civilization to Europe, the expedition of Alexander the Great first revealed to the ancients the existence of elephants and tigers.

Amongst the earliest classical allusions to the tiger must be reckoned the fiery burst of indignation which flashes from the injured Phœnician queen as our old friend Pius Æneas calmly avows his perfidy —

duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres !  
Æn. iv. 366.

In the same way Shakespeare has not forgotten to introduce York upbraiding Queen Margaret (Henry VI. pt. iii. i, 4):

O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide,  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the  
child ?

And soon after —

You are more inhuman, more inexorable —  
Oh, ten times more — than tigers of Hyrcania !

Hyrcania is indeed all but the western boundary of the tiger's range, where it would most naturally fall within the Roman's ken. Silius also knows the tiger in this locality, the modern Elburz Mountains; he describes a horse —

Caucasiam lustratus virgato corpore tigrim.  
v. 148.

The two Latin poets exactly seize the two qualities which give pre-eminence to the *Felis regalis*, his ferocity and his beauty. The first tame tiger seen in Rome was shown by Augustus at the dedication of the theatre of Marcellus. Afterwards Claudius exhibited four. If Voss's theory that the Daphnis of Virgil's fifth Eclogue is intended for Julius Cæsar be accepted, and the verse —

Daphnis et Armenias curru subjungere tigres  
Instituit,

is to be taken literally, the introduction of tigers to the imperial city must be antedated.

For a full account of the tiger's anatomy, geographical range, and habits, the Indian sportsman may turn with confidence to Dr. Fayrer.\* From his researches into the thanatophidia of India, which he has given to the world in a sumptuous and gorgeously illustrated folio, to the little handbook which appears to have been compiled for the prince's instruction, whom he is now attending on his Eastern progress, is a great descent in point of bulk, if we measure Dr. Fayrer's book after the ludicrous manner in which Lord Macaulay estimated the dimensions of Dr. Nares' memoirs. Appraising the Bengal tiger's life and death, however, by the practical value of the treatise, and the amount of information it contains, it is sufficiently weighty.

The *Tigris regalis* is the only species of the kind, and obtains the appellation of "Bengal" because its beauty and ferocity are there most developed. It has a wide geographical range, though it is limited entirely to Asia. From Ararat and the Caucasus on the west, it extends to the island of Saghalien, and, with the exception of the central table-land of Thibet, extends through the length and breadth of India and round by China and Mongolia into Persia. It is found at considerable elevations on the Himalayas (Dr. Fayrer gives an instance of one which was shot last year eight thousand feet above the level of the sea), and penetrates through Siam into the Malayan Archipelago, being found in Java and Sumatra. As might be expected, it varies greatly in colour, thickness of hair, etc., according to its *habitat*, the fur growing longer and thicker in colder localities. None of the *felidæ* have as yet been found in Australia or Madagascar. Recently

Captain Lawson, however, has astonished the scientific world by his discovery of the "moolah;" which was in shape and size, he tells us, like a Bengal tiger, but much handsomer, the skin being a white ground with black and chestnut stripes. One which he shot was seven feet eight inches from the nose to the tail; larger than any tiger he had seen in India. Ill-natured persons on reading these details may be tempted to fancy that the gallant captain had served with the marines. In Ceylon, too, it is unknown.

The special points in the anatomy of a tiger which call for mention are the enormous developments of muscle in neck, chin, and fore-arms, and his formidable canine teeth. The digitigrade feet are armed with cruel retractile claws and cushioned with soft pads, which aid his stealthy advance. In man, and many other creatures, the partition which separates cerebrum and cerebellum is membranous; in the tiger it is bony, which lends additional strength to the skull. The senses are acute, though that of smell is less developed than the others. The skeleton is strongly compacted; the frame being especially adapted to the requirements of strength, speed, and agility. The curious little clavicles are deeply sunk in muscle, and if not carefully sought for are liable to be passed over; the natives esteem them highly as amulets and charms. Digestion of the flesh which forms the tiger's food is speedy, owing to its simple stomach and short intestine. Lightness of foot and extreme facility in executing those bounds which are characteristic of the *felidæ* generally are noticeable points in the tiger. In fact, he is nothing more nor less than a huge cat, with power and ferocity excessively developed; a very "king of cats." Travellers sleeping in their tents may hear one calling to its mate in the neighbouring jungles, till night is made hideous by their amatory growls and roarings, just as their diminutive congeners on European housetops serenade the moon, and provoke the exasperated sleeper to dislodge them with a hair-brush, a lump of coal, or whatever comes first to hand. The crowning point of a cat's ferocity, stealthiness, and delight in bloodshed is arrived at in the royal tiger. Those who have seen him after he has been shot and his skin stripped off have noticed his singular resemblance to the frame and fore-arm of an athlete. The muscles of his arm and shoulder are but modifications of those seen in man and other mammals adapted

\* The Royal Tiger of Bengal: his Life and Death.  
By J. Fayrer, M.D., F.Z.S. London: Churchill.  
1875.

to the requirements of the animal's predatory life. A curious arrangement of elastic ligaments and muscles provides for the withdrawal of the claws during ordinary progression, so that they are not worn or blunted by contact with the ground. The tiger takes particular care of these terrible weapons. Trees are frequently seen in the jungles scored with long vertical fissures to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground, where tigers have cleansed and sharpened their claws. Some trees are greater favourites than others, and the peepul, or Indian fig, is often disfigured in this manner. All sportsmen know how difficult it is to preserve either claws or whiskers on a tiger's skin. The natives deem them powerful love-charms, and cut them out the instant they dare to approach the prostrate tiger. It requires peculiar watchfulness to prevent this; and Dr. Fayrer tells us that natives who are perfectly honest in all other respects are utterly unable to resist these tempting treasures.

The exact period of the tiger's gestation is unknown, but is put down at fourteen or fifteen weeks. There is no particular season for breeding. Captain Forsyth believed that owing to her cubs remaining with her till nearly full-grown, a tigress has but one litter of cubs in three years. A preponderance of female over male cubs is usually observed, owing, the natives say, to the old male tiger killing all the young males he can find when they are young. The cubs are frequently deposited in long grass, especially the *nul*. They are generally from two to five in number, and follow their mother, who takes the most anxious care of them, until nearly full-grown; say, to about their second year. At this time the tigress is particularly savage; defends them with the greatest courage, and when robbed of them is terrible in her fury. Pliny tells us that, when wanted, they are stolen by a man on a very swift horse; he sets spurs to his steed, and makes good his escape, till he descries the tigress behind, when he drops one; she halts to fondle and to carry it to her den, during which time he makes renewed exertions to escape, dropping a second on her reappearance, which is also carried to its home. The process is repeated, until either he has no more cubs or gains his ship with what he has managed to secure, when (adds the naturalist) the tiger spends her wrath on the shore.\* But tigers, he did not know, are

very fond of water, and are frequently found in swamps and by the edge of streams. They swim to and from one island to another in the Sunderbunds; and ere now the captain of a trader on coming up from his cabin has found a tiger in possession of the deck and his men in the rigging. The best way now to procure cubs is to shoot the mother. As soon as they can digest flesh the mother-tigress kills for them, teaching them to do so for themselves by practising on deer or pigs; then she is wanton and bloodthirsty, killing often for the pleasure of knocking down and destroying life. With all her affection for them, however, she has been known to desert and even to devour them when hard pressed with hunger. When the young ones have left their parent, they are far more destructive than grown-up tigers, often killing three or four cows at a time, while the adult rarely kills more than one, and that, for the most part, only once every three or four days. It has often been doubted whether tigers will feed on carrion, but Col. Wilkinson wrote to the *Field* paper\* to say that on a mule falling lately down a steep bank on the new road which was being constructed for the Prince of Wales to go up to the Annamullee Hills, in search of game, the body was poisoned with strychnine, and a tiger was very soon found dead, after feeding on it, some half-mile from the mule. This animal decided another controversy. Endless have been the wranglings over the length of tigers when measured after being slain. Dr. Fayrer points out that errors are apt to arise from the measurement being taken when the skin is removed, in which case, owing to its stretching, it may be ten or twelve inches longer than before it was stripped off. The tiger above-mentioned measured, it was found, nine feet six inches, before being skinned, from nose to tip of tail, and, after being stretched out, the skin was eleven feet five inches. Measuring in every case from the nose to the tip of the tail before the skin is taken off, a tiger of ten feet is large; this may be taken as the extreme size of the full-grown male, though many Indian sportsmen have asserted that they have seen and killed tigers of twelve feet in length, and perhaps, in some special cases, the report may be correct. The tigress runs from eight to ten or, in very rare instances, eleven feet in length, the height being from three to three and one-half feet at

\* Natural History, viii. 28.

\* Published in the *Field*, Nov. 13, 1875.

the shoulder. An Indian sportsman informs us that ten feet may be taken as the usual length of a tiger, certainly not twelve feet, or twelve feet two inches, as Dr. Fayrer asserts.

In the "Mammals of India," Jerdon gives the average size of a full-grown male tiger at nine to nine and one-half feet; adding, "Occasionally tigers are killed ten feet in length, and perhaps a few inches over, but the stories of tigers eleven and twelve feet in length which are so often heard certainly require confirmation;" and again, "I have not myself seen an authentic account of a tiger that measured more than ten feet and two or three inches." Forsyth corroborates Jerdon, calling ten feet one inch, the size of an unusually large tiger.

The prey of the tiger is multifarious, but cattle, deer, and wild hogs form its staple. It steals at night to the neighbourhood of a village, or *gowrie*, where cattle feed, and springs upon some unfortunate bullock, which it drags into a secluded place, and, having satisfied its appetite, withdraws from the *murrie*, or kill, to some *beithuck*, or lair, in the thick grass or jungle hard by, where it sleeps off its debauch. The same sportsman states that, except in the very hottest weather, when water is scarce, a tiger will not remain by its kill for more than twelve hours. Frequently, however, it will return and consume other parts of the victim, once more retiring to sleep till decomposition sets in, and the crowds of jackals, vultures, and birds of prey which are thereby attracted to the locality warn him to seek fresh game. In north and central India his practice is to drag the creature on which he has pounced to the nearest stream, lie down all night by it devouring it, sleep during the following day, and then quit the place when evening falls. He rarely travels less than fifteen miles, and often twice that distance, in a night. Indeed, our friend knew of one which was shot at, and had its fore-arm broken, one afternoon, and yet possessed such vitality that, even in that condition, he travelled thirteen miles and killed again the same evening. The attack consists of a stealthy advance till within short springing distance. Then, with a quick rush and a roar, he dashes his prey to the ground with his powerful arm, and seizes it at once by the throat with his formidable fangs, holding it down till nearly or quite dead, and then dragging it away. Milton has caught the growl or roar of the

springing tiger in his expression "howling like tigers at the prey." ("Comus.")

In the monsoon, when food is scarce, the Bheels in Khandeish affirm that the tiger condescends to feed on frogs, which reminds us of the story told of the lion deigning to turn mouser in extreme old age.

One of the most curious and, at the same time, well-attested peculiarities of the tiger is that he does not naturally possess, but easily acquires, a love of human flesh. At first, tigers appear to bow to that instinctive dread of man which is natural to all animals. The natives are aware of this habit, and carry on their usual avocations, as grass-cutters, fruit-gatherers, herdsmen, etc., close to a thicket where a tiger is known to be lying. It is not merely fatalism, as might be supposed, that renders them thus apathetic, but the knowledge that as long as tigers can procure other food they will not injure man. Even when one of their cattle is struck down, they run up and often frighten the tiger from the body of his victim by shouting and beating sticks on the ground. These *aheers*, or herdsmen, too, armed with what Aristotle calls the courage derived from experience, will conduct the sportsman up to the kill with fearless confidence. Like the cobra, they hold the tiger in superstitious reverence. In many parts, says Dr. Fayrer, the natives will avoid mentioning his name, save by a variety of periphrases or euphemisms, and will not kill him even when they have a fair opportunity to do so, for fear that his spirit will haunt them, or do them mischief after death. But, when the tiger has once tasted human flesh, the spell of man's supremacy is broken, and ever after that, it is said, he prefers it to any other. Confirmed man-eaters are frequently, we believe, old tigers; with failing activity and decaying teeth, they find the easiest mode of procuring a meal is to knock down some defenceless villager or incautious postman. Haunting one road or district, after several murders of this kind have been perpetrated, the tiger actually scares away the natives, and depopulates the locality. In 1869, one tigress was reported to have killed one hundred and twenty-seven people, and stopped a public road for many weeks. In another case in the Central Provinces, a single tigress caused the desertion of thirteen villages, and two hundred and fifty square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation. Similarly, in

1868, the magistrate of Godavery reported "that part of the country was overrun with tigers, every village having suffered from the ravages of man-eaters. No road was safe, and, a few days before his arrival at Kondola, a tiger charged a large body of villagers within a few hundred yards of the civil station." No wonder that the advent of an English sportsman is hailed with joy in such districts. He becomes another St. George to deliver them from their great scourge.

Few people have any idea of the large numbers of human beings annually killed by tigers in India. Jerdon\* says that in the Mundlah districts, from Jubbulpur, in 1856 and previous years, on an average, between two and three hundred villagers were killed each year. The reports of the Central Provinces show that in 1866-67, three hundred and seventy-two persons were killed by tigers, in 1867-68, two hundred and eighty-nine, and 1868-69 two hundred and eighty-five. In lower Bengal it appears by government reports that during the six years ending with 1866, 4,218 persons were killed by tigers, while the grand total of 13,400 people altogether were killed by wild animals, chiefly leopards and wolves.

One gentleman, writing from Nayadunka in July 1869, says: "Cattle killed in my district are numberless; as regards human beings, one tiger in 1867-68 killed respectively twenty-seven, thirty-four, and forty-seven people. I have known it attack a party and kill four or five at a time. Once it killed a father, mother, and three children; and the week before it was shot it killed seven people. It wandered over a track of twenty miles, never remaining in the same spot two consecutive days, and at last was destroyed by a bullet from a spring gun when returning to feed at the body of one of its victims — a woman.†

Very fitly therefore does government, in Bengal, offer rewards for the destruction of tigers. Thus, a race of hardy native shikarries is encouraged, and many tigers are either shot or poisoned with strychnine for the sake of the reward. Their extinction is viewed with regret by many an English officer, but such checks to civilization cannot be tolerated. As a matter of fact, however, the tiger has increased in late years, owing perhaps in great measure to the disarming of the people consequent on the great mutiny. Dr. Fayrer calls attention to the remarkable fact that many persons escape after

having been wounded by tigers. They seldom kill on the spot (unless, indeed, the massive fore-paw has fractured the skull), and save in the case of a man-eater do not drag the body very far, if at all, from the spot where it has been struck down. Many officers are living who have thus received bites and scratches from tigers. The action usually is to give a bite or two on the shoulder or head, two or three shakes, and then to drag the unfortunate man a few yards and so drop him, it may be having crushed the shoulder or limb, and scored the body with the terrible claws. It seems a mistake to suppose that the wounds inflicted by a tiger's claws or teeth are necessarily poisonous, and therefore difficult to heal, though the climate probably intensifies their danger. From a collection of cases we cull the following: \* —

Baldeo Singh, rajput, aged thirty, on the evening of September 22 was brought in mauled by a wounded tiger. On the front of the left shoulder was a deep flesh-wound, and on the back of the shoulder a superficial lacerated wound, two and a half inches by one inch. There were three fang-wounds in the left flank; one in front large enough to have admitted two fingers at least, penetrating into the abdomen; two wounds behind led down to the abdominal cavity, but did not injure the bowel. He had also one or two slight wounds over the ribs. Under cotton-wool dipped in carbolic oil, the wounds rapidly healed; the man is now able to walk about, and there only remains a superficial wound, which is healing.

Some years ago, however, in the Madras presidency, Captain H — was not so fortunate. He went out on foot, and beating up a tiger, wounded it more than once.

It charged and seized him by the loins on one side, gave him a fierce shake or two, dropped him, and then seizing him on the other side repeated the shaking, and again dropping him, left him and disappeared. His beaters had escaped up trees or elsewhere meanwhile, but when the tiger departed they came to his aid, and carried him into the station. He suffered no pain, and described how the tiger had seized and worried him. He sank from the shock and exhaustion within a few hours.†

Any one who has examined a tiger's skull, and noticed its formidable canine teeth, must wonder how a man ever escapes who has once been gripped in their savage vice. Very seldom does a season pass without the death of some gallant sportsman being reported from a tiger's charge.

\* Mammals of India. London: 1874.

† Fayrer, p. 41.

\* Fayrer, p. 70.

† Ibid. p. 73.

Tigers have been kept in cages, and formed part of oriental splendour from time immemorial. Sometimes they are tamed, and led about by a chain, or compelled to fight in the arena with buffaloes, elephants, and the like. Dr. Fayrer has witnessed several tiger-fights at Lucknow in the days of Wajid Ally. A fearful testimony to their use as executioners may be seen in the India Museum, where the toy-tiger of Tippoo Sahib tearing a British soldier to pieces is still visible. A friend saw a tiger confined in a cage at the entrance of the fort of Benares during the hot weather of 1875. It belonged to the rajah, and in its rage at being confined had eaten away the whole of its paws. These were full of vermin, and the stench was awful. Tigers, when shot, frequently tear themselves after this manner in their agony. A curious instance of a tiger's being utterly dispirited, either by the unaccustomed locality or from illness, occurred in March 1874. The creature had been caught and placed in a cage, which was conveyed to Chunar on the Ganges, to be ferried across to the other side, on its way to Benares. Being too late, however, to cross that day, the keepers left it on the sand at the river's side till next day. It escaped during the night, and was found to have proceeded towards the cantonments. The commandant immediately ordered women and children to remain indoors, and mustering the pensioners, with their antiquated weapons, started in search of it. It was found behind a cemetery, was fired at and wounded. Seemingly daunted by its confinement, it never attempted to charge, but slinking into a neighbouring field, was followed and again fired at and killed.

Occasionally tigers are found in very unusual localities. One was shot, for instance, at the time of the assassination of Lord Mayo, in the streets of Benares. How it got there remains a mystery. It was thought by government to be connected with sedition, as an old legend told that a great convulsion would take place when a tiger should be killed in the streets of Benares. In the spring of this year (1875) another was killed in the heart of the city of Gorakhpore. This was a wild one; and on word of its appearance being sent to the magistrate, who happened to be a great sportsman, he, thinking it only a leopard, took his rifle, and joined by the head of the city police and others, went out after it. He fired, and the tiger at once charged; stepping quickly on one side, the tiger struck down the head of

the police, who stood behind; and killed him on the spot. The poor fellow had only just recovered from wounds enough to kill an ordinary man, inflicted by Da-coits.

Leaving the habits and curiosities of tigers, we next approach the subject of hunting them, a sport which is of entrancing interest to our military and civil officers in India. There are three modes of shooting them in vogue, among Europeans, according to the locality. In central India the sport is usually pursued on elephants, which, if well-trained, will stand a charge with tolerable coolness. In southern India, where, according to Jerdon, but few elephants are kept, tigers are generally shot on foot, a most reprehensible mode of destroying them, rightly condemned by almost all sportsmen, as the hunter takes his life in his hand, and often has to trust his all on a shot. In the North-West Provinces tigers are usually shot from *machauns*, or platforms erected for this purpose, amongst the boughs of trees. Tigers are also poisoned (as has been already remarked), by the native shikarries, with strychnine, in order to obtain the government reward, while \* Jerdon states that in the Wynaad one class of Hindoos assembles in large numbers, and driving the tiger into a net, spears him while so entangled. In spite of all these murderous proceedings, adds the same writer, "in many districts its numbers appear to be only slightly diminished."

It often falls to the lot of Europeans and natives, who are obliged by their occupation to frequent jungles, when least expecting it, to confront a tiger. On almost all such occasions a bold front and a shout generally cause the animal to turn away, unless of course it has already tasted human flesh, or is in a vicious mood; for tigers, like their arch-destroyer, man, are not always of an equable disposition. It is the greatest folly in such a *rencontre* to flee, as the tiger then loses his instinctive dread of man, and with a few bounds and one blow of its paw probably fractures the runaway's skull. At other times the circumstances under which the creature is met preclude any other action than an immediate shot. A case was related to us (and reference to almost any book on tiger-hunting would confirm such a piece of good luck) when a sportsman was seated on the ground behind the usual screen of leaves (*pattooah*), on the look-out for deer which were being driven towards him,

\* Mammals of India.



when, to his surprise, two tiger-cubs came out gambolling before him, and went by into the jungle. A few seconds afterwards the tigress appeared, listening to the shouts of the beaters, and looking out for her cubs. A slight noise was made by one of the shikarries who were with him, and in a moment the tigress stared him in the face. He saw there was no help for it, and deliberately fired at her with a smooth-bore gun (the only weapon he had with him), at the same time leaping aside as quickly as he could. To his great delight he found he had slain the animal outright. This recital, and the many similar ones on record, ought not to encourage sportsmen facing tigers on foot. To do so in an emergency is one thing, designedly to seek them is quite another, and a hazardous, foolhardy feat.

As the tiger roams far and wide during the cold and rainy season, it is during the hot months of March, April, and May, in Bengal, Oude, and north India, that, as a general rule, he is hunted. He is found with greater ease at that time, as he frequents for the most part the patches of long grass (*nurkool* or *nul*) which remains green near pools or swamps, and the country is then more open, the wide plains of coarse grass and much of the scrub and underwood being at that season burnt by the natives to promote the growth of next year's crops. From a batch of the best books recently published on Indian sport, the reader will be able to form a tolerable idea of the pleasures, dangers, and excitements of tiger-shooting. The first of these we select gives an admirable conspectus of the shooting and sport to be enjoyed in the region described at the beginning of this paper. Pig-sticking, elephant-hunting, and detailed accounts of fishing, are omitted, as being outside the sport usually obtained in the North-Western Provinces; but, with these exceptions, the fulness of information which the author supplies leaves nothing to be desired.\* Being simply a book of sport and adventures, political or philosophical views must not be expected; anything very profound on natural history or the social condition of the natives would have jarred with the free open-air holidays of sport to which we are introduced. A party of friends — Jones, Brown, Robinson, & Co. — are conducted by a president they have chosen on a shooting-tour in the Soane Valley.

\* Past Days in India; or, Sporting Reminiscences of the Valley of the Soane and the Basin of Singrowlee. By a Late Customs Officer. Chapman & Hall. 1874.

Their head is vastly wise, and experienced in the ways of natives, the habits of wild beasts, and last, though certainly not least, in the estimation of a party of hungry hunters, a *chef* as full of culinary experiences as Brillat-Savarin. After the usual fashion of Indian camp-life, the party live under canvas, with a large retinue of servants and beasts of burden, establishing friendly relations with the native shikaries of every village near their line of route, and managing, together with abundance of sport, to live daily on the fat of the land. This plan, it will be observed, admits of the different kinds of shooting to be found in central India being brought day after day before the reader, while the constant change of scene prevents weariness; and the after-dinner narratives of the president on adventure and travel, the habits and instincts of the game shot during the day, the superstitions of the native tribes, and the like, add variety to the charm of interest. Without any of the intolerable slang and hackneyed quotations which disfigure so many sporting-books, and with a plentiful amount of humour, a home-keeping reader, who has no intention of ever making a campaign in the jungle, can yet peruse the book with great profit, while those who possess a liking for sport and outdoor excitement will read it with positive delight. Its simple and unaffected style is of itself a strong point in its favour, for it is quite possible to relish leopard-shooting and the excitement of a course with the cheetah, and at the same time retain a love of the muses. Those who, like the late customs officer, endeavour to rescue narratives of sporting life and adventure from the hands of men incompetent, in a literary point of view, to do them justice, deserve a meed of praise from all who love country sports.

We gain several interesting facts with regard to tigers from this book. They are not always, for instance, undisputed lords of the country:—

Some time ago a large dead bear and also a dead tiger were found in the jungle close to each other, exhibiting plain enough signs of the battle having been *à outrance*, both being so mauled by each other that the natives who found them did not consider their skins worth the trouble of stripping off. (P. 188.)

A dead tiger and an enormous dead wild boar are also said to have been found a few feet distant from each other. An instance again is given of a tiger being seen in hot flight from a pack of wild dogs; and the wonder is that these creatures do not

speedily depopulate the country. They are small, and do not give tongue, but are very bold and determined : —

When once a pack of them put up any animal, no matter whether deer or tiger, that animal's doom is sealed ; they never leave it. They will dog their prey for days, if need be, and run it down exhausted, and if it turns to fight, they go in fearlessly and by their numbers win. All animals dread the wild dog ; others they may elude by speed, artifice, or battle, but their instinct tells them that there is no escaping the wild dog, as it hunts in packs by scent as well as by sight, and is as brave as it is persevering. (P. 164.)

The agility of the tiger is exemplified by an incident which took place at the Jherria, when one escaped by springing up the precipitous side of the hill there, which is sixteen to twenty feet high.

The usual mode of killing tigers in the Mirzapore district is well described by the customs officer. On word being brought into camp that a tiger has been tracked in the neighbourhood, the native shikarri of the district is sent for, and ordered to choose a suitable place for the *hankwa* (tiger-drive), and to procure a victim. This invariably consists of a young buffalo bull, as a smaller animal would be taken by a leopard, while a tiger would decline a larger buffalo. It is securely fastened to a stake in the supposed track of the tiger, while two or three villagers who have accompanied the shikarri ply their axes in fixing *charpoys* (or bedsteads) in trees around the points where it is supposed the tiger will make his exit. Poles are also cut and tied along the front of these *machauns* (or shooting-platforms), which are further masked with screens of leaves. The little band then hurries out of the jungle, as wild beasts begin to move at dusk, and sends word to the neighbouring villages that men and lads are wanted for a beating party next day. Early next morning the shikarri, with one or two crafty companions, proceeds cautiously into the jungle to see whether the victim has been killed. If on his return he reports "a kill," the sportsmen, who have been anxiously waiting, immediately start for the machauns, and ascend with as much speed and as little noise as possible. These charpoys are fixed about ten feet from the ground, so as to be just out of the reach of a tiger were he to stand on his hind legs and try to get in. Baffled in this attempt he might spring up, but then he would most likely bound over, harming no one ; whereas, were the machaun higher in the tree, he might land

among their occupants, which would prove as "awkward" to them as would meeting a train to Stephenson's hypothetical "coo." Some eight or ten of the bravest villagers post themselves in trees to the right and left of the sportsmen. These are the *rokhs*, or stoppers, whose duty it is to turn back a tiger attempting to force his way past them instead of facing the path leading to the machauns. The least noise will do this ; a "Hish !" or a single knock on the tree with an axe ; even a leaf dropped before him is quite enough to turn a tiger, unless he be more than usually resolute. Meanwhile the shikarri has taken the fifty, sixty (or more) men and lads who have volunteered as beaters to the back of the spot where he supposes the tiger to be resting. Spreading out in a semicircle, these men advance with loud shouts and beating of tomtoms, effectually scaring out all the game which that patch of jungle contains. First will rush out, it may be, a wild boar, then a hyena, then a bear, but all must be permitted to pass on. A shot would effectually deter the tiger from approaching the machauns, and would cause him to rush past the stoppers, or double or charge the line of beaters, when a grievous accident, or even death, would probably ensue. If all goes well, a tiger, or it may be two, trot past the machauns and are saluted by a salvo from their occupants. The circumstances attending the slaying of each tiger differ but little save in exceptional cases ; like the slaughter in an Homeric battle-piece, only the actors can remember the exact mode in which they slew their foemen. Finally, the beaters come up, the sportsmen descend, the tiger is hung on bamboos and escorted to the encampment with the sound of tomtoms and general merriment.

The beaters are then mustered and paid off by the paymaster personally, boys getting two, three, or four pice (3-4*d.* to 1 1-2*d.*) each, men five pice (1 3-4*d.*), the *rokhs* two annas (3*d.*), and the shikarri two or three rupees (4*s.* to 6*s.*)\*

Occasionally a sportsman has a carcass dragged under some convenient tree in a locality where a tiger is known to be hid, and then ascending to a good height in the branches waits through the night to shoot the tiger when it appears.

This mode, however, is precarious and demands much patience, though the customs officer tells some good tales of such sport. The natives in the Mirzapore dis-

\* Past Days in India, p. 35.



strict erect curious conical mounds of earth, about one and a half or two feet in diameter at the base and tapering to about six inches at the apex, over the spot where any one has been killed by a tiger. These mounds are carefully whitewashed and garnished with flowers, coloured wash, and singularly-shaped earthen vessels. It is considered sacrilege of a deep dye to touch these mounds, and on a certain day annually the people of the neighbouring villages go to one of the most tragic of these memorials and worship before it to appease the soul of the departed and prevent his haunting them in the form of another tiger; for their dread of the tiger by no means ends with his death.

Is any one desirous of reading particular accounts of the diverse modes in which the victims of many a tiger-beat yielded up their lives before the prowess of sportsmen armed with rifles, and seated aloft in machauns—how, in the Mirzapore district, tigers have been shot through the chest, the head, the flanks, the body, the paws—how they charged, sulked, walked, trotted, reared, or rolled convulsively, on receiving the different shots—how they tore themselves in blind rage, or attacked the beaters or stoppers, or slunk into dense covert, or “made tracks” over hill and plain to a safer district—all this, and much more, appropriately garnished with tigers’ barks, growls, and roars, he may read in a sporting narrative recently issued from the Orphan School press, Mirzapore.\* But one or two curious facts may be culled from it, notably the circumstance of a white tiger with brown stripes being shot in the district of Mirzapore, which looked exactly like the ghost of a tiger. We should suggest it might have been an extremely old specimen, if not one of nature’s tricks to produce an albino. The cat-like character of the tiger is conspicuous in the following extract:—

It is sometimes an interesting sight to witness the demeanour of a tiger towards his terrified prey—

(i.e., when a victim is tied up for him, and the sportsman waits to shoot him in the tree above it).

When not raging with hunger he appears to derive the same pleasure from playing with his victim as a cat in tormenting a mouse. He gambols around the buffalo as if enjoying his alarm; and when the affrighted animal in mad despair feebly attempts to butt at his re-

morseless foe, the tiger bounds lightly over his head, and recommences his gambols at the other side. At last, as if he had succeeded in creating an appetite for dinner, he crushes the skull of his victim with one blow of his powerful fore-paw, and soon commences his bloody meal.\*

Even more satisfactory glimpses of a tiger, however, may be obtained, say our authors, from the machauns when the animal is driven below. Sometimes he will burst out of the neighbouring cover and charge with never a swerve, his tail on end, his ears laid back, and every feature of his face distorted with diabolical rage; but oftener

you will see him steadily bearing down upon you four hundred or five hundred yards right in the open, stopping every twenty yards or so, and putting his head half over his shoulder, to listen to the noise behind him; and a most magnificent animal he looks then, his head erect, his tail drooping, and the sun glancing merrily from his beautiful skin.†

Next moment he is biting the ground in his death-agony. The skull may be destined to grace the sportsman’s study, far away in old England; the skin to be spread on his mother’s hearth, and the claws set in gold, as a brooch, to adorn his sweetheart’s neck. For the tiger’s beauty long outlasts death.

At magni cum terga sonent et pectora ferro,  
Permansisse decus sacræ venerabile formæ,  
Irataque deis faciem, nihil ultima mortis.  
Ex habitu vultuque viri mutasse fatentur.

Lucan, Phars. viii. 663.

The last of recent tiger-books which we shall notice is a great contrast to these two sportsmen’s annals of shooting tigers.‡ Captain Forsyth died in May 1871, at the untimely age of thirty-three, before the delightful volume he had written was entirely through the press. Every reader must regret that he was not spared to relate more adventures, and charm English naturalists with further researches into the wild life of the Indian jungles. As acting conservator of forests in the Central Provinces, paying special attention to the growth and preservation of the valuable teak-tree, he enjoyed rare facilities for observation; while a clear style, abundant enthusiasm for sport, love of the habits of the wild creatures, and a large knowledge of the jungle trees and

\* P. 25.

† P. 55.

\* “Rambles in the Mirzapore District,” by the late Major W. M. Seward; and “Machaun-Shooting,” by Sir J. Wemyss, Bart. Mirzapore: 1872.

‡ The Highlands of Central India. By Captain J. Forsyth, Bengal Staff Corps. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

flowers, enables him to produce a thoroughly interesting narrative of the natives and animals of the Central Provinces. By means of an ethnological introduction, and an exhaustive account of the physical geography of this district, he succeeds to an eminent degree in enabling a western reader to realize the strange scenes through which he wandered, and the savage life which peoples them. Scattered here and there, too, are suggestions on the government of India; hints for better organization on divers points, and wide views on economical subjects, which prove him to have possessed that constructive and, at the same time, that versatile character which belongs to most men who leave their mark on our Indian empire. Premising then that his book cannot be opened by a lover of natural history without finding an interesting fact or a thrilling narrative of sport, we shall confine our notice of it to the tiger-lore which it contains.

By way of introduction, let the reader fancy himself camping out with Captain Forsyth, near Mátn, in the forests of the far east. The grateful silence of night is all at once broken by a serenade, which must sound anything but pleasant to the wakeful traveller in a frail tent.

A peculiar long wail, like the drawn-out mew of a huge cat, first rose from a river-course a few hundred yards below my tent. Presently from a mile or so higher up the river came a deep tremendous roar, which had scarcely died away ere it was answered from behind the camp by another pitched in a yet deeper tone, startling us from its suddenness and proximity. All three were repeated at short intervals, as the three tigers approached each other along the bottoms of the deep dry watercourses, between and above which the camp had been pitched. As they drew together the noises ceased for about a quarter of an hour; and I was dozing off to sleep again, when suddenly arose the most fearful din near to where the tigress had first sounded the love-note to her rival lovers, a din like the caterwauling of midnight cats magnified a hundredfold. Intervals of silence, broken by outbursts of this infernal shrieking and moaning, disturbed our rest for the next hour, dying away gradually as the tigers retired along the bed of the river. In the morning I found all the incidents of a three-volume novel in feline life imprinted on the sand; and marks of blood showed how genuine the combat part of the performance had been.\*

Captain Forsyth does not believe that the wild dogs, in however large a pack

they might run, could overcome a tiger in fair fight; but he thinks it quite possible that they might stick to him and wear him out by depriving him of the chance of obtaining his ordinary food. Many stories are related, he says, of tigers climbing trees (which of course is quite contrary to their usual habits), in order to escape them; and he once saw the bones of a tiger whitening on a rocky ledge, where more than one person assured him they had seen him lying surrounded by a large pack of wild dogs. A curious instance of a tiger shot during the cold season occurred at Jubbulpúr, in 1861, when the governor-general paid his first visit to central India.

Our author says:—

I mounted sentry over that beast for nearly a week, girding him in a little hill with a belt of fires, and feeding him with nightly kine, till half a hundred elephants, carrying the cream of a vice-regal camp, swept him out into the plain, where he fell riddled by a storm of bullets from several hundred virgin rifles. He had the honour of being painted by a Landseer, by the blaze of torch-light, under the shadow of the British standard; and my howdah bore witness for many a day, in a bullet-hole through both sides of it, to the accuracy of aim of some gallant member of the staff! (P. 262.)

Something must now be said of man-eaters, and it is a comfort to find Captain Forsyth's pages herein precise and matter-of-fact, after inspecting the highly imaginative halo of myths which in so many books of adventure and sporting surround the subject. Tigers may be roughly divided into three groups, those which lead a perfectly wild, retired life in the jungles, feeding only on game, and often proving positively beneficial to man by keeping down the herds of deer and nilgae that prey upon his crops. Secondly come those which may be termed cattle-lifters; they are large and bulky in contradistinction to the little, agile jungle tiger, and locate themselves near pastures and water frequented by oxen. Disregarding the *ahcers*, these animals consume an ox in about five days, but if fired at when returning to their kill, they will generally strike down a fresh victim, while a tigress and her cubs demand at least an ox a night. Last are the morose brutes which, having once tasted man, turn cannibals, and sometimes spread terror through a whole district before they are destroyed by some European sportsman, for these tigers are too cunning and dangerous to be frequently shot by native

\* P. 391.

shikarries, though they may occasionally be destroyed by strychnine. Wolves and panthers, like tigers, have a tendency to turn man-eaters in India, and the panther, when once he has established a character for cannibalism, is far more fell and dangerous than a man-eating tiger. He is more agile, more ferocious, and more courageous when attacked; is more difficult to hit, as he is smaller, and can climb trees, which the tiger, save in the case of a sloping trunk, cannot do. In 1858 one of these creatures devastated the northern part of the Seouí district, killing nearly a hundred persons before he was shot. He never eat their bodies, but merely lapped the blood from the throat, and his plan of attack was to steal into a house at night and strangle some sleeper, or he would climb the platforms from which the villagers guard their fields at night, and drag down a watcher. The tiger lies in ambush, as a rule, and strikes down the unsuspecting wretch as he passes by. Then after a little time some such tragic relics, as in a similar case met Captain Forsyth's eye, are all that remain to tell the sad story.

At a place called Motínálá, where a deep branching watercourse crosses the pathway several times, I was walking ahead of my followers, when I came on the remains of a poor wanderer who had evidently not long before been killed by a tiger. He was a religious mendicant; and his long iron tongs, begging-bowl hollowed from a skull, and cocoa-nut hookah were scattered about in the bottom of the dry bed, where he had been resting on his weary march, together with tresses of his long matted hair, and a shred or two of cloth. The bones were all broken to pieces, and many of them were missing altogether. A drover had been taken off near the same spot about a week before, so that it was not without some misgivings that I wandered off the road through the long grass to look for red deer.\*

In the sea of tall grass where this occurred, it would have been hopeless to have hunted for this tiger. Occasionally Captain Forsyth was more fortunate, as when he was engaged in tracking wild animals one morning by the edge of a stream, whither in hot weather all the creatures in the locality were obliged nightly to resort. His attention was called to the excited demeanour, the rage and "swearing," of the Hanuman monkeys (*Presbyter entellus*). This betokened a tiger passing under the trees on which they gesticulated, pouring forth a volley

of abuse that could be heard a mile away; and as on one group of monkeys leaving off their clamours and descending to the ground to obtain berries, the outcry was taken up by another farther up the watercourse, the sportsman gathered that the obnoxious tiger was slowly travelling up its windings.

After thus following up the creature by means of these monkey allies for several miles, reaching a narrow neck of land round which the stream circled, and dashing across it, he managed to arrive very much out of breath in front of the tiger, and to hide himself behind the thick stem of a tree until he should come up. Our readers must pardon one more quotation, as they could not be better introduced to the Bengal tiger at home than in Captain Forsyth's graphic recital, which is sufficiently vivid (we have ourselves suffered from a similar picture) to produce a nightmare of the most terrific potency. It is easy to fancy the grey dawn with the first beams of morning quivering through the tree-tops as the tiger approached the intrepid sportsman.

He came on in a long, slouching walk, with his tail tucked down and looking exactly like the guilty midnight murderer he is. His misdeeds evidently sat heavily on his conscience, for as he went he looked fearfully behind him, and up at the monkeys in a beseeching sort of way, as if asking them not to betray where he was going. He was travelling under the opposite bank to where I was, in the deep shadow of the overhanging trees; but when nearly opposite me, he came out into the middle, in the faint yellow light of the just risen sun, and then he looked such a picture of fearful beauty — with his velvety step and undulating movements, the firm muscles working through his loose glossy skin, and the cruel yellow eyes blinking in the sun over a row of ivory teeth as he licked his lips and whiskers after his night's feed. He passed within about twenty yards of me, making for a small ravine that here joined the river from the hills. I let him get to the mouth of this before I fired; and on receiving the shot he bounded forward into its cover — a very different picture from the placid creature I had just been looking at, and with a roar that silenced the chattering of every monkey on the trees. I knew he was hit to death, but waited till the shikarries came up before proceeding to see; and we then went round a good way to where a high bank overlooked the ravine in which he had disappeared. Here we cautiously peeped over, but seeing nothing, came farther down towards the river, and within fifty yards of where I had fired at him I saw a solitary crow sitting in a tree, and cawing down at an indistinct yellow object extended below. It seemed like the tiger, and sitting down I fired another

shot at it ; but it never stirred to the thud of the ball, while the crow, after flying up a few feet, perched again and cawed away more lustily than before. We now went down and found the tiger lying stone dead, shot very near the heart.\*

We are not told whether this was a man-eater, but in the spring of 1862 the captain spent nearly a week in the destruction of a famous man-eater, which had completely closed several roads and was supposed to have devoured over a hundred human beings. He occupied a large triangle of country between the rivers Mórán and Ganjál, stopping the work of the sleeper-contractors on the railroad in course of construction in the Narbadá valley, and striking terror into a breadth of not less than thirty to forty miles. Having pitched his camp in this pleasant country under a splendid mango-grove, the captain was laid up for some days by a sprained tendon, during which time sensational news was brought in of whole families of tigers waiting in the river-beds to be killed, and at length that the man-eater had struck down a man and a boy on the high-road about ten miles away. He now resorted to severe remedies, which after a few more days permitted him once more to resume his quest ; but in the mean time numberless stories were told him of the fearful size and appearance of the man-eater, of its belly pendent to the ground, and the white moon it bore in the centre of its forehead — of the pork-butcher-like mode in which it would detain a party of travellers while it rolled in the sand, and at length having inspected them all round, select the fattest — of his power of transforming himself into an innocent-looking woodcutter, and calling or whistling through the woods till an unsuspecting victim approached ; and how the spirits of all his victims rode with him on his head, warning him of every danger and guiding him to the suitable ambush by which a traveller would pass. It is worth while noticing the despairing terror of the people which such superstitious and imaginary details evince. No clearer proof could be laid before a western reader of the paralyzing effect which a man-eater's ravages appear to produce, when no man's life is safe for a moment, and the whirr of every quail or peacock which springs up near him seems the bound of the fell animal which will strike him down. All the best shikarries of the country, together with the landowners and

many of the ryots, besieged the camp daily. Many villages were utterly deserted ; men lived in barricaded houses, and only left them when compelled by necessity, and then in large bodies, shouting and beating drums as they passed along the roads. This had gone on for a year, and the country was slowly being depopulated. Through this desert then the sportsman rode on his trained elephant, preceded and followed by baggage-elephants, and protected by a guard of police with muskets and shikarries with their matchlocks. Traces of the brute were seen here and there, but no recent ones, while heaps of stones at intervals showed where a traveller had been struck down. At length he reached a spot where one of a party of pilgrims had been carried off the day before, and discovered the sad relics and blood-stained grass which yet told of the tragedy, and pointed out where the man-eater had dragged the corpse into a watercourse in which its remains were left. It was of no use waiting for the tiger to return to its horrid feast, as this one had learnt caution and never ventured back to its "kill." All the rest of that day in extreme heat the party beat the jungles of the Mórán River, the trackers working in fear and trembling under the trunk of the sahib's elephant and covered by his rifle at full cock. Returning to camp at night, one of the men spied the great square footprint of the creature they were searching. Early next day the captain carefully beat the neighbouring watercourse, but without avail. As he was sitting down to breakfast, however, some men brought in word that about a mile and a half from camp the tiger had that very morning taken away one of them out of the midst of their drove of bullocks as they were starting from their night's encampment. Instantly securing some food and a bottle of claret, the captain mounted the elephant, and pursued. Soon he startled the monster from the lair where he was devouring the unfortunate victim, but the grass was so thick he could not obtain a shot. All that day, however, he held on after him, carefully tracking the footprints through a difficult country, and allowing him no rest. At night the captain slept in a tent he had ordered on to the other river, the Ganjál. Next morning the trail was renewed, until at length the tiger was fairly ringed in a dense cover of tamarisk and jaman, surrounded by the river. After a short rest this cover was beaten out, and the indefatigable captain obtained two shots,

which told on the tiger. Immediately the brute turned, and with loud roars charged him, being again dropped into the water-course by a shot fired within twenty yards. Once more, but more slowly, he picked himself up, when the sportsman's elephant, being badly handled, spun round, and, with a loud, worrying noise, the tiger sprang on to its back and began clawing its quarters. At length, the elephant stopping its frantic career for a moment, the captain turned round in the howdah and, seizing the opportunity, put the muzzle of his rifle to the skull of the tiger and blew it into fifty pieces with the large shell it carried. Then the elephant executed a kind of Pyrrhic dance over the prostrate form of its foe, and the man-eater of the Mórán was at last destroyed.

It would be easy to extract many a pleasant anecdote of the fauna of Bengal from Captain Forsyth's pages; but a little consideration is due to the readers, and, probably, all who are fond of hunting-craft, though their quarry need not be as formidable as the royal tiger, will now find their way to this book. Having tracked our own tiger from his birthplace in the *nul* to the vengeance which has appropriately overtaken his deeds of blood, a few words only require to be added. It will, probably, be long ere the tiger (said now to be on the increase) will be extirpated from his native jungles, but it is manifestly the duty of government to encourage its extinction. In the case of an animal so destructive to human life, to say nothing of cattle, neither half-measures nor allowances on the score of its existence being conducive to cherish a manly and exciting sport are admissible. Of course, a wealthy rajah might here and there preserve the tiger in what the Orientals of old termed a paradise, and there will be certain localities where the race may, in a wild state, maintain a precarious vitality, but the country would be much more prosperous were the wild stock utterly rooted out. England has not suffered in manly vigour and daring courage since Edgar tried to extirpate its wolves, and it has prospered indefinitely. When a wild animal, owing to mischievous and predatory habits, comes into collision with civilization it must be swept away. We may regret the hard necessity, but, if man is to replenish and subdue the earth, he must likewise have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon it. The present age wastes no regrets upon the gigantic reptiles of the oolite; that brilliant future which, we trust, awaits British India will

assuredly never deplore the disappearance of the royal tiger.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

# AN UNIMPORTANT PERSON.

## I.

CLODTHORPE is a town of Rip Van Winkles. If one of them were to go away into a cleft of the swelling hills, and come back no more, there would be but one pipe less by the inn fire. If he returned after some twenty years, there would be but one pipe more. Of course this is not true. The town is not very far from London, and the railway passes within four miles. But when you look down on Clodthorpe from some neighbouring hill, or catch a glimpse of it from the Thames, it seems so sleepy that it can hardly puff away its own blue smoke, so sleepy that you yawn pleasantly as you gaze, so sleepy that Sleep himself girdled and crowned with poppies might be sleeping there. Go into the town at noon, and lo! it is a bustling place and a growing. It has been growing for ages with the growth of the English people. When a Plantagenet wanted a bowman, he sent to Clodthorpe. Had a Tudor wanted another playwright, he might have dug up a Shakespeare hereabouts. One townsman of this goodly place would drink you three of Boreham or six of Blockley through happiness into oblivion. Of late it has grown more quickly, creeping along the country roads, rooting up hedges and pushing down elms, and so has come to Colthurst farm, and swallowed it. The meadows of deep grass, which stretch to the river-bank, are still country; but the barn is a school under clerical control; the yard, once full of straw and the smell of kine, has been swept and gravelled into a playground; and the farmhouse, which stands at right angles to the barn, and likewise opens into the yard, is the suburban residence of William Whiteham, grocer, whose shop in the High Street has plate-glass windows, and whose daughter copies the London copy of the Paris fashions. Now William Whiteham is a prudent citizen. As his new house was roomy, and his family small, he looked about for a lodger. At the same time the gentle Christopher was looking about for a lodging. Thus it came to pass that Clodthorpe, which already possessed a M.P. and a fire-engine, each of the newest fashion, became the home of a student. The town was not moved from its accustomed

calm by the coming of this contemplative person. Even the grocer's household were but slightly ruffled. All the attention which the father of the family could spare from his cheeses was given to his duty as a volunteer. The daughter scarcely looked up from her music when the young man went by. The mother, who spoke much of the increase of work, which she thoroughly enjoyed, soon absorbed her new charge, cooked for him, washed for him, mended for him, and did for him in every way. It was her care to see that he ate his meals and kept his health; and the manner of his life was the result of a compromise between his tastes and her theories. This manner of life, when it was wholly formed, was as follows: At half-past seven, Jemima, maid of all work which her mistress would resign, knocked at the student's door. At eight the attentive ear might hear him in his bath. Half an hour later he went down-stairs from his little bedroom to his little sitting-room, which was directly beneath it, and on the ground-floor. Both rooms looked into the yard. After a short pause the lady of the house bustled across the passage with a tray, and asked after his health, while she arranged the coffee and the dish of bacon on a spotless cloth. She believed in coffee, and he could not breakfast without bacon. At half-past nine he was seated by his open window, and smoking a mild pipe. Very soon an exciting incident occurred. It happened every morning, but was always the event of the day. First one of those wide green gates, which in former days let in the cows, returning heavy from pasture, was opened a little way, and a little girl slipped through. She was sent forth by a most careful mother with a little slip of something neatly bound about her shoulders, and her hair hanging in stiff curls; but when she met the student's eye, she had shaken her light locks into a tangle, held her hat by one string, and the nameless fragment by one corner. She was the naughty girl of the school; and the virtue of punctuality, which she had unexpectedly developed, had no surer foundation than a fancy for white sugar. Every morning, when she saw Christopher smoking blandly at his window, she made a face, then giggled, then went up sideways towards him, ever and anon veiling her modesty behind a grimace. He on his side was very calm and still, and spake never a word. Only, when after many pauses and contortions she had drawn near, and the little hand came pushing out

sideways in a furtive manner, he placed in it the largest lump and smiled. They understood each other, and there was no need for words. When she had hold of the reward of virtue the naughty girl vanished with a directness of movement wholly unlike the previous gyrations; and presently all her small schoolfellows poured into the yard, good, bad, and indifferent, prim, slipshod, or gaudy. Small bits of cheap ribbon and skimp capes, suggestive of the previous existence of much larger garments, were so common as to be scarcely worthy the observation of an intellectual gentleman. And yet morning after morning, the student whose ability was undoubted, gazed on that irregular procession with unflagging interest. When the stream of girls had been some time in motion, the green gate opened wider, and a young lady walked through the yard, and entered the schoolroom. When she had passed, Christopher left his chair, and put away his pipe. He took down books and papers, and began to read. At twelve he was interrupted. The schoolgirls were turned out for ten minutes, and their favourite pastime, which had been invented by the naughty girl, was to peep round the edge of the lodger's window, until they met his eye, when they hopped off with shrieks of laughter. Such was the sport of the younger children. The elders danced stiffly in a ring, or tossed a ball, which was never caught. The naughty one abandoned herself to riot with a reckless disregard of appearances; but for the most part the children hopped or tossed with a painfully evident regard for their silk scraps and bobtails. The play of even the smallest girls is too often constrained by a premature self-respect. Such thoughts as these often passed through the mind of the profound observer of these harmless games; but nevertheless he smiled on all alike. Sometimes the schoolmistress stood in the doorway, by which a jasmine grew, and watched the children for a few minutes before she called them to work. On these occasions the student peeped at her very cautiously, lest he should drive her in. After this interruption he was apt to be restless over his book. He fingered the paper-knife, and even bit the end. He stared at the ceiling. Sometimes he rose and paced the apartment, which was perhaps twelve feet square. Seldom had one o'clock sounded from the old church-tower, ere he had pulled out a heap of papers of divers shapes and colours, and sharpened his pencil. This was the great unpub-



lished tragedy: this was the student's secret. To the outer world, including the junior partner in an ambitious firm of publishers, he was a graceful scholar, and an able philologist. He and he alone knew that he was a dramatist. He and he alone might view with tender eye the child of his imagination, the drama eminently Shakespearian, which he read and recited to himself, which he altered and loved. In what gorgeous scenes he moved! With what cloth-of-gold and blare of trumpets did he adorn his phantom folk! His narrow walls expanded, his low ceiling rose, until he stood by the king's chair, or mingled with courtiers prepared to chase the deer. Ladies grave and gay passed through the ancient hall, or sat in bower at the tamber-frame. Here was a cavalier of more than Spanish gravity, there a first lord, witty and foppish as a Frenchman. Comic retainers, full of quaint conceits and quips exceeding whimsical, carried aloft the boar's head or the peacock. Passion, pride, revenge, gaiety, extravagance, and love, breathed in the measured line. An amount of labour was expended in the effort to make this drama truly Shakespearian, which would have vastly amazed the simple actor, who charmed his jolly townsmen at the Globe. As the author pored over the pages, touching and re-touching, polishing or roughening, the cat Hobbes, curled in her favourite chair, smiled on him with affection and contempt. When Mrs. Whiteham, followed by the faithful Jemima, descended on the apartment at two o'clock, bearing the dramatist's simple dinner, the peacock and boar hurried out by the window. Princes, conspirators, and prelates, men-at-arms, servitors, and knaves, fled from the shrunken room. So may Sir Walter Raleigh be driven out by his own potato. Christopher dined at two, partly because his landlady approved of an early dinner, partly because he liked to spend the long summer evenings in the air. At half-past three the student returned from a stroll in the yard, or down the shady road which leads riverward, and went again to his books. Some two hours later he meditated over a tea-pot and loaf, while the cat Hobbes, with an ecstatic quiver of the tail, enjoyed a saucer of milk. Then he prepared for action. Sometimes he took a long walk among the fertile hills, following the narrow path through the wheat, listening to the mower in the grass, crossing the tiny brook by the plank. More often he sculled against the pleasant Thames. That most winsome river runs

not half a mile from the good town of Clodthorpe, and the road which leads thereto from Colthurst farm is still lined by splendid elms. If he felt that he had done something in the day the student, sweeping with long strokes up the stream, enjoyed a profound content, which Hobbes herself, dozing at home and dreaming of the morrow's milk, might envy. From hay harvest to wheat harvest the days slip by, and the river is always friendly, always harmless, fresh for the early bather, and cool for the legs of heated cattle. Sometimes, as the sculler passed in the evening, a little breeze, waking after the slumber of the long hot day, made the wheat murmur and the stream ripple against the boat's side. When he had enough of steady journeying, Christopher used to lie in some shy back-water, where the rare kingfisher may still be seen, a flash of blended colours; or tied his boat to some dwarf shrub at the pasture's edge, and watched the river swell across the weir. As the sun moved down the sky, shadows of the wooded slopes lay across the rich land, the babble of the river grew more drowsy, and a hum of voices came harmonized from some far-off village, as of a simple people chanting together their evening hymn. Thus, on some Saturday night, did distance and the power of the time transform the rare remarks of happy husbandmen swilling thick beer at the pot-house into part of the chorus of praise. O fortunate labourers, if they did but know their own advantages! The season of harvest wages is at hand, of more plentiful liquor; and the winter and the workhouse are alike far off. Moreover, they swell the pleasant sound in the ears of one gentle creature, whose ale is of the mildest. The student with beatified countenance lets slip his boat, and floating down the darkening stream, gives himself to tender thoughts. The great folk of his tragedy do not intrude upon that quiet hour; but sometimes two grey eyes look from the shadows, and the lisp of the waters is lost in the low voice which calls the children from their play. A light supper is the last event of the day. After that meal the book and easy-chair detain their master until Mrs. Whiteham at last succeeds in sending him to bed. Thus the days go by, like a procession of sisters bearing summer gifts to Demeter. Each, as she passes, lays a cool hand on the student's brow, and smooths the sleek fur on the back of the cat Hobbes. But alas! what quiet is secure for cat or man? One evening as

Christopher sipped his tea, and his companion lapped her milk, the green gates were burst open, quick steps scrunched the gravel of the yard, and there appeared at the window the animated and half-defiant countenance of Martin Carter.

## II.

WHERE Martin Carter was there might be pleasure, there could not be rest. He had been visiting that college of Oxford, where he had but lately lived as an undergraduate; and in the common-room of dons, whom he had favoured with information on subjects ranging from the Aryan worship of our ancestors to the art of ratting, there was an universal though unacknowledged feeling of relief at his abrupt departure. Yet they all liked him, save only when he had roused the spirit of opposition latent even in young dons. Calm and cultured as they were, and supremely cautious in advancing the least deniable statements, there was not one of them who had not contradicted Martin Carter directly and even rudely. Now rudeness is the one sin not to be pardoned by intellectual Oxford, and the presence of this terrible temptation was the cause of great uneasiness, while the remorse after an ebullition was almost too poignant to be borne. These collegians felt the pricking of their hair shirts, when their friend passed by. They had seen Christopher drift away from the classic air with affection and pity: they shook off Martin with affection and relief.

The student welcomed his friend with a smile of pleasure and a sigh for his lost solitude. When Mr. Carter had enlarged upon the true method of making tea, and had finished the bread and butter, he suddenly grew hot at the thought of the river, swept Christopher to the bank, chose a boat and the stroke seat therein, and set to work with such zeal that in a moment they were hard aground. The evening's row was terrific, for the student, ever anxious to please, laboured like a slave at the oar, and the small craft flashed up the stream until it was time to dash down again. Nothing worthy of note occurred during supper-time. Afterwards, when Christopher felt more calm and had recovered his breath, he was entertained by many observations on things in general, and by some scathing criticisms on Oxford characters. "I can't stand those young dons," said Martin; "they all talk like a literary newspaper." When he had wished his friend good-night, he came

back for a last remark. "Look here," he said; "I came off in such a hurry that I brought nothing but a toothbrush. I suppose you can lend me some things." Christopher sleepily consented, and Martin, sweeping up an armful of clothes, retired to that repose which his friends believed impossible.

The next day was full of events. After breakfast, during which meal the newcomer, arrayed in borrowed plumes, had conducted a fiery attack on modern liberalism and the policy of *laissez faire*, Christopher went up-stairs to find a new pipe for his friend's use, and during a somewhat long search in the bed-room, a revolution was effected in the parlour. He paused in the doorway very shy and open-mouthed in amazement. On the hearthrug supremely happy sat the naughty girl. Her left hand grasped firmly a large slice of bread and jam, her right a cup of milk, while a saucer of the same harmless liquid solaced the cat Hobbes, who sat smiling at her side. Opposite to the forward child, astride on his chair and very straight in the back, sat Martin Carter. He was asking short questions and making long comments on the answers. The student, after an awkward pause of doubt, advanced into the room, and gravely touched the little hand which held the cup. Then without a word he turned to the window and began to collect his thoughts. The infant stream was flowing by, and long before he had recovered his wonted calm he was disturbed again by the consciousness of his unusual prominence. His friend saw him blush, and jumped up just in time to see a young lady of much sweetness and simplicity pass into the schoolroom. "By George, sir," he cried, "that is the most charming girl I ever saw in my life!" "That is our schoolmistress," observed the naughty girl, peeping between the men, and with her mouth full of the last piece of bread and jam. "You be off!" cried Martin, and hustled her out. But the child would not allow a good custom to be destroyed by a chance windfall. Careful to prevent a precedent of omission, she appeared at the window as soon as she was thrust from the door. She looked at her old friend with a roguish eye, and held out a hand yet sticky with his favourite jam. On this adhesive palm the student, who was also fond of habits, placed a lump of sugar. "That is the most extraordinary child I ever saw," said Martin. "She explained the whole school system of this town to me in two



words. I never knew anything like it,—never!”

It was very hard for the gentle scholar to settle down to his work that morning. Martin pulled out half-a-dozen of his books and read discursively. Snorts of protest broke the silence of the room, contemptuous whistles, occasional exclamations of rage and hate. At last, roused to uncontrollable fury by the pompous decasyllables under which a modern philosopher veiled the plainest statement from the vulgar, he flung down the book and jumped through the window. Christopher looked up with mild surprise, and Hobbes sprang astonished on to the bookcase. During the stay of so uncertain a visitor the great drama remained under lock and key, and Martin returning found his friend still occupied with the pedigree of that important word to which he had devoted the morning. Provoked by this fact, the impulsive youth turned his back and drummed on the window-frame. At two the school-mistress passed on her way home. Martin looked at her with respectful but undisguised admiration; Christopher peeped furtively round him.

“Do you know her?” asked the former suddenly.

“No,” answered the other doubtfully. “I suppose I don’t.” He felt uneasy, and wondered why. His friend had brought the morning paper, and finding that the Commons were on the point of passing a paternal act, he improved the hour of dinner by a bitter onslaught on government interference with the liberty of the subject. Christopher, who was thinking of other things, said but little, and so increased his reputation with the ingenious Mr. Carter, who, in London, had been often heard to declare that he knew a man at Clodthorpe who was undoubtedly the first scholar and most promising philologist in the world. Nevertheless, during his visit to this prodigy, he showed no unconquerable desire for instruction.

That evening, when the two young men were on their way to the river, a strange thing happened. As they drew near to the great green gates, one of them was pushed lightly open, and the young school-mistress appeared. Perhaps it was embarrassment which caused her to stumble on the threshold. Christopher blushed, swaying forward with the desire of help and backward with the fear of offence, but, while he swung like a disconcerted pendulum, Mr. Carter darted forward with a somewhat excessive show of alarm, and caught the little hand in the neat worn

glove. “I hope you are not hurt,” he said anxiously: then, as she smiled her thanks, he went on boldly — “I did not know that we might have the pleasure of meeting you at this time.”

“I had forgotten something,” said the little lady with a little blush.

“Can I be of any service?” asked he.

“Oh, no, thank you; I won’t trouble you,” answered she.

And so these young folk became known to each other. Then a brilliant idea occurred to the impulsive youth. “I wanted to ask you a favour,” he said. “The fact is that I am vastly interested in education. Might I see the working of your school, and—in fact ask the girls a few questions?” He saw her hesitate, and stepped lightly from imposture to falsehood. “I have heard of your school from my friend here, and came down on purpose to see it.” Christopher turned scarlet, as the young lady looked at him. He gasped in the presence of this tremendous statement. “I—I”—he began. “Precisely,” continued Martin: “he has not seen it himself, but has heard much of it from Mrs. Whitewhatshername—his landlady, you know.” Now this small teacher was not free from pride; she believed in her system, and thought it possible that the great minds of the metropolis were occupied among graver matters with the consideration of her school. She therefore informed the volunteer inspector with infinite condescension, that she would be happy to receive him on the morrow at noon.

“How could you say that you came to see her school?” asked Christopher, as they went down the shady road. “Diplomacy!” cried the other curtly. “It is very like lying,” muttered the student. Martin was terribly vigorous on the river, perhaps doing penance. There was an absence of dash about Christopher.

### III.

THE next morning at breakfast Mr. Carter entertained his friend by a passionate eulogy on the English Church. “By George, sir!” he exclaimed, in the course of his remarks, “we call ourselves enlightened, and talk rational religion, like the wretched prigs we are. Why, there is not a fellow going about in a high waistcoat who is not worth the whole pack of us. Look at their charity and their energy!” The cat Hobbes, who hated enthusiasm, turned on the rug and looked the other way. Christopher made no defence. Indeed, he spoke but little, having an uneasy

feeling that his friend was watching him, even when he expressed agreement, eager as a terrier and ready to be at him again, when his last word was half-uttered. Martin had a look which said as plainly as speech, "Yes, yes, precisely; only do let me go on." But if the student was silent on this occasion, he thought the more, and it did not escape him that he was confronted by his own best suit of clothes. For some reason it was annoying that his new waistcoat should assist at the examination of the schoolgirls. His guest had abandoned all hope of his portmanteau, boldly expressing his belief that the venerable and benevolent head of his college, who was suspected of a well-regulated sympathy with communism, had appropriated the garments. The student's work was much interrupted on this eventful morning — partly by his own perverse imagination, which pictured to him the scene so soon to be enacted in the school-room; partly by the growing uneasiness of the examiner, who, as the hour approached, lashed himself into a fever of excitement, until he ramped round the room like a caged lion. At last the dreaded moment arrived. The playful children after their brief holiday had been again gathered into the room. Martin, with an air of defiance almost piratical, but with heart beating under Christopher's waistcoat twice as fast as heart had ever beaten there before, crossed the yard to the doorway, where the little teacher awaited him with admirable self-control. The student, peeping shyly from the window, saw a pretty picture framed in oak. In honour of the occasion, or on account of the heat, the young lady, in whose face primness was made pleasant by humour, had donned a white gown, which fell in unadorned purity from her firm round chin to her small feet. The sun, pushing lazily through a neighbouring elm, relieved this almost affected simplicity by a fanciful pattern of light shadows. Her wide hat, which for all its Quaker-like demureness was not unbecoming, had been laid aside, and the brown hair which rippled in defiance of a puritanical brush was touched by the broken light to gold. Prim but pretty, shy but confident in herself, a little angel of Fra Angelico made woman by the pencil of Raphael, a kitten who would wet her feet on a charitable errand, she was careful to keep her petticoats from mud and her soul from sin. With a respect for the Church of England before the Reformation, and a taste for pretty symbols as an aid to devotion,

she combined the personal simplicity of a Quaker, and such breadth of religious sympathy, that she could discern the germs of faith in the quaint observances of a cannibal. Had there been more to know, there had been more to praise her. Yet to paint such a lily were to spoil her: the violet has its own sweet perfume, and some gold is refined though far away from London. She was a good girl, as all men and many women would allow. She was not occupied with these thoughts of herself, as she greeted the examiner with a frank smile, which raised his courage, and a keen glance, which sent it into his boots and made his feet waver. Mr. Carter was surprised and maddened by his own cowardice. In the effort to subdue his panic he glared upon the assembled girls with a glare so awful, that the smallest one burst into loud lamentations and had to be walked about outside by her sister. The examiner, who was not encouraged by this success, grew pale as he found himself confronted by a long row of the older pupils, who were ready to answer historical questions. The difficult thing was to ask them. A young man may be bold, but a new experience combined with a consciousness of imposture will loosen the stiffest knees. Fragments of botany, geology, geography, philology, physiology, psychology, and several sciences of more recent date, crowded confusedly into the mind of the adventurous youth. As for history, the only thing he could think of was the statement of some bold thinker, that it was better to know the history of a piece of chalk than that of the entire human race. Ages seemed to elapse, and then, painfully conscious of the eyes of the schoolmistress, he gasped out the question, "Who was Alexander?" "Please, sir, a coppersmith," said the first girl. "Oh no, he was not," cried the examiner, much elated. "She means Alexander the coppersmith," whispered the young lady, and added hastily, "They don't do ancient history." "Oh! ah! exactly," assented the unhappy youth, and on the inspiration of the moment blurted out, "Who was Magna Charta?" There was a titter from the three head girls, which set the whole school laughing. Martin shuddered. It seemed to him that no event worthy of note had happened since the battle of Arbela. He derived a dismal consolation from the thought that his shame would be probably forgotten some time in the next century. The schoolmistress looked at him strangely. This girl, who had seemed so slight a thing

when she stumbled in the yard, was truly awful in her own demesne. His eye wandered down the row of girls, as he strove to shape a question, and wondered how it would sound. Then an awful thing happened. As his glance rested on the last girl of the line, and he was about to speak, a voice proceeding from a distant corner broke the stillness of the room. Fearfully distinct, uttered in his own tone and with his own manner, these words sounded in his ear,—“By George, sir, that is the most charming girl I ever saw in my life!” A pause of astonishment was followed by a burst of laughter from the whole school. Quick as lightning the teacher summoned the delinquent, who even from the corner of punishment had committed a new offence. But Martin dared not face the naughty one. If she should explain her words! He muttered something about the heat, pardon, sunstroke, and dashed at the door. But his agony was not yet at an end. On the threshold he ran against the tall figure of a man, who was stooping in the doorway, and fell feebly against the wall. “I beg ten thousand pardons,” said the new comer with a courteous motion of the hands, and a voice soft but studiously distinct. It spoke with a careful pronunciation of each syllable like an accomplished foreigner. Indeed the Rev. Giles Warner prided himself on his resemblance to a French priest of the best type, and his incisive speech was not only effective in the pulpit, but in admirable harmony with his dark thin face and the deep blue of his shorn cheek and chin. In spite of his extreme urbanity, there was a twinkle in his deep-set eye, as he looked at the embarrassed youth, and quickly suppressed admonition in the glance which he turned on the young teacher. That lady caught the fleeting expression, and resented it. She therefore advanced with surprising friendliness to the baffled examiner, and astonished him by her thanks for his good intentions, and her hopes for his speedy recovery. He replied by a look sufficiently comical, which was meant to express abject humility and boundless gratitude. Then he got out of the place, and did not pause until he was under lock and key in his own bedroom. For half an hour he gave himself up to sorrow and shame. Then other thoughts gradually crept in, each link of the chain brighter than the last. Perhaps the naughty girl would not be questioned about her mysterious observation. If she were questioned, she would not be believed. If she were believed—why (here he took a

bold leap), so much the better! No woman could be really angry with a man for saying that she was charming. She would blush, declare to herself that she was furious, and smile. He could see her smile. (Here he lapsed into a dream of her excellence.) She had been kind to him. She certainly liked him. Perhaps she would learn to love him. She loved him. Here Christopher called him to dinner, and he descended full of confidence. Indeed, he strutted before his friend like a victorious bantam, or a heroic tenor who has donned the basso's gown to gain admittance to the light soprano. He did not describe the examination in detail, but talked fluently on subjects of more general interest. Only when Christopher spoke of the appearance of the High-Church parson in their quiet yard, did he show signs of care. He could not disguise from himself the danger which threatened not only Clodthorpe, but England, he might say Europe, nay, the world. Every part of the Continent was undermined by Jesuit plots, and the High-Church party in this country were ignorantly and pitifully playing the game of Rome. “Don't talk to me, sir,” he cried to the student, whose mouth was full of mutton, “about the progress of liberal ideas. We shall talk our twopenny toleration until we wake up in the Vatican. Before the end of the century every government in both hemispheres will be but viceroys of the pope, and we, whom the sea might keep apart, will be drawn to his chair at the skirts of these long-coated ritualists.” If Martin took a melancholy view of the prospects of mankind at dinner-time, it was bright to the doom which he foresaw a few hours later. He declined to go on the water, and Christopher, floating on the stream, surrendered himself to meditation, which was melancholy but not unpleasant. When his slow feet brought him back though the deepening gloom to the green gates, he found his friend nursing a fury by the wayside. Seized by the coat and dragged into the yard, he was confronted by this wild young man, who hissed in his ear, “What do you think? That girl—that charming girl—is a member of a sisterhood!” The rage and scorn with which he emphasized the obnoxious word were awful.

“I knew it,” said Christopher, meekly.

“Then I give you up,” cried Martin, and, suiting the action to the word, he dashed into his friend's room, flung himself into his chair, and sat on his cat. The cat Hobbes, who was awakened from a

delicious dream of cream, dashed out with an amazing splutter. During the sojourn of this excited stranger her life was a series of rude shocks. She was partly consoled by the appearance of supper. It was a supper good for cats and men. Under its benign influence the world grew brighter. When it had vanished, and the drowsy perfume of fresh tobacco was stealing through the room, the troubled spirit of Mr. Carter was soothed. After much silent smoking, he broke the meditation of his friend by observing that after all there was something beautiful in the association of gentle women for good works. This led to some remarks on the religion of women, and its excellence when it nourished a wide human sympathy instead of an unnatural celibacy.

"It is," he said, "in a Protestant nunnery that a sufferer may find the kindest sister, a worker the most helpful wife."

As the two young men were going upstairs to bed, Martin suddenly grasped Christopher by the hand, wrung it to the verge of pain, and cried, "My dear fellow, you don't know what I owe you!"

"No, I don't," said the other, almost moodily.

"I feel as if it would be all right," proclaimed the enthusiast, with flashing eyes; "I can't tell why. I felt almost melancholy this afternoon. It is rather inconsistent."

This was one of his rare moments of illumination. When this impatient spirit had long been lulled to rest, Christopher still sat by his window looking at the stars.

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From All The Year Round.  
OLD Q.

FACING the Green Park, and only a few doors from Park-lane, is to be seen a remarkable porch, consisting of two tall pillars, without the usual steps, perched upon what looks like a small coach-house, or the entrance to a wine-vault. This mansion belongs to a well-known nobleman, and the arrangement was made about seventy years ago, to suit the infirmities of a disreputable old patrician, who, seated in his chair, was let down by machinery from the high level of his parlour to the street. It was, in fact, "old Q." himself, whom some London old gentlemen may still recollect.

"Old Q." was the last Duke of Queensberry, and, it may be added, the last of the frightful old *roués*, whose aim seemed

to be to scandalize both heaven and earth by their excesses — the coterie that enjoyed "Hellfire Clubs" and "Medmenham Abbeys," that "had to go to Paris" to get a waistcoat fit to put on, and who brought back a couple of dozen copies of Crébillon's newest romance for sale among friends. He was of the set that included Wilkes, Sandwich, Hall Stevenson, Gilly Williams, Hanger, Barrymore, and a host of others.

It is recorded that even when a school-boy (he was born in 1725) he was "distinguished by his escapades in the capital," such was the pleasant newspaper phrase. Lord March, the title "old Q." then bore, soon became conspicuous in the town. He was a spirited, clever young man, with an extraordinary store of vivacity; and certainly it must be said that in writing a letter the *roués* of his times excelled. The letters of the fast young men of our day are conspicuous for a halting, feeble style, and the roundabout "flabbiness" that is found in such documents contrasts unfavourably with the good English, straightforwardness, liveliness, and even wit, of the epistles of Lord March, Williams, Storer, and Lord Carlisle. Such, however, does not compensate for the scandal these gentry occasioned, but which were thus extenuated by the prints of the day. "The situation of a young nobleman, when he first starts in life, may be said to be peculiarly painful, for being brought up to no useful or honourable profession, occupations of a more gay and volatile nature frequently engross his attention." Of such a kind were these fantastic wagers, which made us doubt whether the wagers were so much "volatile" as weak in their heads. One of these made quite a reputation for his lordship, on account of the energy and anxiety he brought to bear on the result. He made a bet with an Irish gentleman that he would drive a carriage nineteen miles in an hour. The Irish gentleman, we are told, "was usually known by the appellation of Count O'Taaffe," in which, considering that he had no other name, there was nothing unusual. The wager arose out of a discussion at a sporting-meeting; and the question was thrown out as a sort of speculation by his lordship. As, however, he was considered one of the most knowing persons on the turf, and placed no reliance whatever upon jockeys, but trusted all to himself, it is probable that this was in the nature of what is called "a put-up thing." Preparations were accordingly made. Mr.

Wright, "that ingenious coach-maker" of Long-acre, was employed to construct a vehicle of extraordinary lightness; this he secured by making it of wood and whale-bone. The harness was formed of silk, instead of leather. The noble bettor practised for long before, four blood-horses being driven at this terrific speed; and during the process no fewer than seven horses fell victims to the severity of the training. During the practice, however, his lordship had the satisfaction of discovering that the feat was to be done.

On the 29th of August, 1750, the "event" came off, and having secured what was considered difficult enough in those days—two grooms who would not play booty, this curious match against time was run and won. In the window of that curious old print-shop, which is close to "Evans's" in Covent-garden, was lately hanging a contemporary print, representing the performance of the match. The carriage is there shown as a sort of "spider" arrangement, consisting of little more than a pole and the wheels. These last would have made an American manufacturer smile. Another memorable achievement was his match, in 1756, with a Scotch nobleman, when his lordship, "properly accoutred" in his velvet cap, red silken jacket, buck-skin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his horse, but actually, to the apparent astonishment of the reporters, rode him.

Another of his wagers, which led to a suit at law, is often quoted in the courts. He had made a bet of five hundred guineas with a gentleman, as to whether a Mr. Pigot or Sir W. Codrington would die first. One of the lives having expired on the very morning of the wager, a nice point arose, which came before the courts, and was regularly tried. His opponent was a Mr. Pigot, probably the son or nephew of the subject of the wager; for these were the days when gentlemen of *ton* were "really obliged to cut their own fathers." Counsel for one side urged that, if it were the case of two horses, the death of one of the animals, before the event, vitiated the transaction. But the court and jury decided for Lord March.

His lordship was conspicuous for the number and success of his attachments, or, as the newspaper of his day stated it, "was not insensible, if we are to credit report, to female charms." The objects of his devotion were usually selected from the opera, and "the Zamperini" and "the Rena" contended for his patronage. A

more selfish, stingy, uninteresting fellow never existed than this "old Q." As he grew old and older, he grew more and more selfish, economized his pleasures warily, and became self-denying, so as to have more enjoyment, and not draw too extensively on his store of health and satisfaction, and thus succeeded in feaching a fine span of life.

The drollest thing in the world is that this proper nobleman should have kept a chaplain, who ventured to attack Mr. Wilkes for his irregularities; but, as might be expected, drew on himself a rough but very natural retort: "Many of the darts shot at the black gown of the priest glanced against the ermined robes of his noble patron."

After this episode, "old Q." comes on the scene again. His pleasures beginning somewhat to pall on him, when near seventy, he "ratted" on the first regency question, deserting his old master as though he wished to secure the favour of the young prince. On the sudden recovery of the king, he was dismissed from his office with ignominy, to the amusement and satisfaction of the court. There was, with all his faults, a thorough genuineness about this disreputable nobleman. He was perfectly candid. An old Lord Essex used to tell a story of his coming home betimes from a ball with the duke—both arrayed in their stars and decorations—and of some rustics bursting into a sort of horse-laugh at the sight. The duke said, simply, to his friend, at the same time tapping his stars, "What! have they found out this humbug at last?" He had magnificent seats in the country, which he never cared to visit, and a pretty villa at Richmond, to which the pious Mr. Wilberforce was once invited, and where he heard his host exclaim with an admirable candour—"I can't see what they admire in this river. There it goes, flow, flow, all day long." This Richmond house was fitted up "in a style of superb elegance." He was willing to occupy it, and occasionally give the favour of his countenance and patronage to the place; but his connection with it was severed, owing to a reason which is thus gravely unfolded. He lived there "till the folly of the inhabitants, by making a vexatious claim to a few yards of ground, which, unconscious of any fraudulent right, he had taken into his enclosure," determined him to quit a place where he considered himself grossly insulted. These are literally the terms in which the papers speak of this cool proceeding of the man who had taken ground

that did not belong to him, and of whom the inhabitants were, no doubt, glad to be rid. The predominant feature of his character was "to do what he liked without caring who was pleased or displeased with it" — a simple and agreeable rule of life.

As years passed on, and the sight of one eye gone, there was left to him the pastime of sitting in a cane chair, in his balcony, a parasol held over his head, in his bow-window at Piccadilly, "an emaciated libel on manhood," says one, who had seen him there, ogling the ladies of all degrees who passed by, and a groom ready mounted, "Jack Radford" by name, waiting below to ride after such friend or acquaintance as the duke recognized. In the afternoon, he was to be seen tottering down the little iron staircase to his *vis-à-vis* — a dark green vehicle, with long-tailed, black horses. During winter he carried a muff; two servants sat in the rumble; while the indispensable Jack Radford rode behind. A buck of fifty years ago recalled him as "a little sharp-looking man, very irritable, who swore like ten thousand troopers." There was indeed a suggestion of Voltaire's face. Still, we are told that "viewed from behind," he appeared surprisingly youthful — a rather ambiguous compliment.

There was a strange mystery connected with the arts employed by the old sybarite to detain life within that shrivelled case. A physician enjoyed an annuity of five hundred a year for the duke's life, with the understanding that nothing was to be expected after death, — a truly artful arrangement. But he did not rest on the arts of legitimate pharmacy. A French quack, named Père Elisée, was in his grace's service, whose duty it was to compound strange drugs, supposed to have an elixir-like virtue, and to supply the vital power that was departing. At one time a rumour was rife in London that the aged duke was in the habit of taking milk baths!

Thus the old fellow wagged on, now becoming deaf of one ear, now blind of an eye, now supplying its place with a glass one: a perfect ruin, but still preserving what were called his "elegant manners." At last, when eighty-five years old, and in the year 1810, this selfish and uninteresting specimen of an old epicurean was to be called away from his three superb "places," his hoarded wealth, and his pleasures, having, as his friend Sir Nathaniel declared, determined to enjoy the remnant of his life, "being as ardent for pleasure at eighty as he was at twenty:"

in which laudable frame of mind death overtook him.

His testament was found to be a curious document, consisting of a will formally executed, and no fewer than twenty-five codicils, more irregularly drawn. His ready money was found to amount to nearly a million sterling, and the disposition of it caused a universal flutter. Lord and Lady Yarmouth inherited all the estates by his will — a disposition revoked in the codicils, and reduced to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in cash. Lord Yarmouth, a friend of the Prince of Wales, was known to his friends, from the peculiar tint of his whiskers, as "Red Herrings;" while his wife was the well-known heroine of George Selwyn's insane devotion.

This would open up one of the most curious histories. Uninteresting himself, "old Q." had become associated with a curious and interesting little episode, which formed at one time amusement and speculation for the fashionable London coteries. An Italian marchioness, of good family and connections, Madame Fagniani, had come to London about the year 1770, and had gone out in society. Among her friends and admirers were Lord March and Mr. George Selwyn. The whole is one of the absurd chapters in the history of human folly; but her little girl became, first, heiress to Mr. Selwyn, and then, as Lady Yarmouth, became legatee of "old Q."

A vast number of his friends were left either ten thousand or five hundred a year. Three French ladies received a thousand pounds apiece, with which they were, no doubt, but ill-contented. Some of the other legacies were marked by a strange oddity: a Mrs. Brown was allotted an annuity of only five guineas a year; while Jack Radford, his well-known groom, received an annuity of two hundred pounds, together with all his horses and carriages. His steward, confectioner, and other important attendants, had each the same; the female servants were nearly all passed over. The wretched French compounder of mysterious drugs had five thousand pounds. The legacy duty on the whole was calculated at about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. But, strange to say, this old epicurean, who had been so profuse in his dispositions, passed over the apothecary who attended him until he was himself brought to the verge of the grave. He had attended him for seven weary years, had paid nine thousand three hundred and forty visits, besides sitting



up some seventeen hundred nights ! Here was an amazing apothecary's bill ; and such attendance on a millionaire merited reward. He claimed ten thousand pounds. The Yarmouths were just enough to admit it, and came forward at the trial to support him : and though the judge declared that an apothecary had no right to recover fees, the jury found for him to the amount of nearly eight thousand pounds. Unfortunately, all these splendid legacies belonged to the twenty-five codicils, written on sheets of note-paper and improperly prepared. This was to the advantage of the Yarmouths, who, indeed, would lose a legacy in specie, but received a vast estate. The only resource was chancery, and for six years the Jack Radfords and other humble annuitants were tortured with suspense, until at last the Yarmouths consented, on some certain shape of indemnity, that the legacies should be paid.

He was interred, rather inappropriately, under the communion-table of St. James's church. He was attended to the grave by his male servants only ; the unremembered female servants, probably, not caring to attend. The heiress, who had been George Selwyn's pet and had sat on his knee, now more than a hundred years ago, lived until the year 1859, dying when nearly ninety years old.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
ROOKS.

OUR attention was first attracted to these birds on a bright sunny morning in the month of February, when they came by hundreds, and set up such an outbreak of "caws," that the most indifferent persons could not be unaware of their presence. The severe weather of winter had prevailed but a few days before, and I considered it was somewhat strange at the time that these birds could be looking for the spring season on so short a notice, so I watched their doings very attentively. It certainly appeared to me, after a while, that there was much more noise than work amongst our neighbours. Indeed, I could not discover that they did any work at all. Each rook shouted as loud as it could, and every shout awoke a hundred reverberations. Sometimes a large number would simultaneously set out on the wing, and make a flight of considerable circuit, and then return, and set up as loud a cawing as ever. Though, of course,

I knew that rooks are gregarious, I observed that there existed a statute of limitations amongst them. If some of the nests were built very near to each other, I saw, in other instances, that the sanctity of home was strictly guarded, and that only the proprietors themselves were allowed to come within what I judged to be a restricted number of feet. It struck me that all the hubbub that was made had reference to a settlement of old sites and new ones ; some stood in their nests, and proclaimed as from so many rostrums, probably the continuous rights of property. It might be to save themselves the labour of building, that they pleaded the necessity of the first-comers being first served, though others who had no nests were equally uproarious. Be that as it may, such a maxim was not favoured by the republican law of rooks, for if ever a bold and rebellious young couple sought to take possession of a nest by force — it might be the one in which they themselves were reared, and therefore the property of their own parents — they were invariably overpowered by numbers, and ignominiously expelled. Neither are any of the community allowed to become separatists, for if, in a sulky mood, these youngsters shewed signs of such intention, punishment would follow. It may therefore be readily imagined that the building-stances are regulated by fixed principles.

We all know that bright February days are generally followed by north-easterly blasts, of which there is an old adage that "they are good for neither man nor beast," and, most certainly, they are not calculated to excite any merriment in the rookery. The birds sit in silence on the branches, swayed by the force of the wind, and have the appearance of being uncomfortable to the last degree. I have occasionally thought that they felt ashamed of being deceived by the treachery of the weather. In a few hours they look as if they had grown prematurely old, and could never again take any interest in sublimary affairs.

About the first of March, however, if the weather be dry, and the wind not too boisterous, the work of building begins in earnest. The older birds have only to effect a few repairs, but the young ones have to begin from the foundation. On the sixth of that month, I observed a couple just making a start, and though there was a great deal of noise, the tone and manner of the birds were different. They did not appear to be shouting one to another, as before, but seemed to caw for

their own delectation and encouragement. At the end of the first day but little progress was made. No form of a nest was indicated by the few sticks that might have been carelessly thrown together. On the two following days the wind blew very hard, and all hands struck work. None was so adventurous as to attempt to carry on business. The day following, however, the storm subsided; and though the weather continued cold, the colony once more became the scene of noise and activity.

In the first stage of building, and even until the nest begins to assume a finished form, it is found necessary that one bird should remain on guard, whilst the other goes forth in search of building-materials. From very careful watching I have come to the conclusion that this is not done alternately by the male and female birds. The former does the work, not only of bringing home the sticks, twigs, and other requisites, but also of arranging them in order; whilst the lady's duty is to take care of the property already acquired. Occasionally, as if to assert her independence and equality with her husband, she will take to flight, either for food or exercise, or perhaps in her anxiety to hasten the progress of the building. It is during her absence that most of the depredations are committed. Such pilferings are managed in the most stealthy manner possible; the thief, which is generally a near neighbour, pretends to be very busy, and when she imagines that no one is looking on, will nip up a twig and apply it, as well as any other portion of the unprotected property, to her own purposes. I have never seen a theft committed openly, probably from the fear of exciting popular indignation.

The breaking off of twigs and sticks from the branches of trees must be very hard work. A rook may be often seen tugging away for half an hour before its purpose can be accomplished. During the two days' storm to which I alluded just now, a great quantity of what might appear, at first sight, to be useful material, was strewn on the ground, but the rooks never attempted to make any use of it. Probably they knew by instinct that what they gathered, themselves, from off the living trees was more sound and durable than such as was brought down by the wind. When carrying home the larger sticks, the birds often appear to be much exhausted with the labour, and in attempting to wend a somewhat intricate way amongst the branches, they not unfre-

quently lose their prize when within a few yards, or even feet, of their destination; still I could not make out that under such circumstances a rook ever descended for the purpose of recovering what it had lost. They seemed to bear their misfortunes in a philosophical manner, and set to forage again without delay. At the end of a week's work the nest I was especially watching began to assume its veritable form, the female was able to sit in it, but would hop out on the return of her partner, in order that he might the more conveniently continue the building or lining process. At a certain point the nest is supposed to have attained a legal settlement, after which both birds may leave home with impunity. In about a fortnight the dwelling is complete.

Up to this time, the entire colony leave the building-places at night and proceed to their roosting-quarters in a body, which are frequently some miles away, generally in an extensive wood, which affords shelter from the wind. It is interesting to observe that in their course the number of the flock is frequently increased, being joined by parties coming from different quarters, and falling in amicably together. A short time since I witnessed quite a different movement. A large company was flying in one direction, when suddenly they wheeled round, and went through what reminded me of a series of military evolutions. Presently, they divided into two bodies, and set off in different directions, the stragglers on both sides making all speed to join their own relatives. Had this happened at break of day, I could have accounted for the circumstance, seeing that the rooks — which of all birds are amongst the earliest astir — quit their night-quarters in large flocks, some of which diverge at certain points for the purpose of repairing to their several building-stations. As it took place in the evening, I looked upon it as somewhat peculiar, but I have since frequently seen the same thing.

As soon as the period of building is over, and the time for laying their eggs has come, the rooks take up their permanent quarters beside their nests. And now the female begins to display all the blandishments of coquetry, ruffling her feathers on her partner's approach, cawing at him fondly with outstretched neck, then striking him playfully with the tips of her extended wings. All this is followed by what many have mistaken for a battle-royal, when in reality it is quite the reverse. Though rooks do quarrel and fight occa-



sionally, their general disposition is more peaceful and amiable than they receive credit for. Their fighting propensities have been grossly exaggerated.

In a week or ten days they usually have four or five eggs in the nest, and then the process of incubation begins. During this time the male bird is most assiduous in the discharge of his domestic duties. He brings home abundant food for the use of his sitting mate, and occasionally takes her place in the nest, whilst she goes abroad, it may be for an airing. About the middle of April, the young birds may be heard giving utterance to a squeaking note, whilst the parents send forth a kind of gobbling sound. Their labours in bringing food for their young are unwearied, commencing with the first streak of dawn for the "early worm," and finishing only at nightfall. Sometimes they return from the fields singly, sometimes together, to their clamorous brood. And so the daily round of labour goes on until the young birds are "branchers," and the branchers have flown.

Rooks have their partiality and their aversion to certain classes of other birds. Jackdaws and starlings are free to visit the colony without fear of molestation, but not to build there. If a magpie, however, should put in an appearance, a great commotion would be the immediate consequence. I have seen the latter bird compelled to beat a retreat when followed by several black gentry, who assumed a very threatening attitude. On such occasions the pie is wont to give vent to what I interpreted to be very much like a torrent of abuse rebutted in a decidedly cursory manner. On one occasion in particular, my attention was attracted by this kind of controversy, so much so that my curiosity was aroused to discover, if possible, the cause. I soon found that an unfledged rook had accidentally, as I suppose, dropped from its nest, and was lying dead on the ground. This the magpie desired to remove, but however good its intention might be in a sanitary point of view, the strong prejudice of its opponents would not permit the thing to be done.

Rooks have frequently taken up their quarters amidst the bustle and constant traffic of public thoroughfares, apparently unconcerned about the passing and re-passing of the crowd; but when their abode is situated in a remote district, they are extremely susceptible of the approach of strangers. Even the appearance of a

strange dog or cat is, in some cases, a sufficient cause for exciting a great noise and commotion; whilst those which belong to the place would attract no attention whatever.

In common with other kinds of birds, rooks will sometimes help themselves to fruit, newly sown corn, and the young tubers of potatoes; still the incalculable good they do in clearing the earth of grubs, so destructive to crops, is surely more than a compensation for such depredations.

The second or third week in May is usually considered the season for rook-shooting. At the first discharge of a gun, the old birds make off, or soar so high as to be beyond the reach of the shot. The young birds only remain, and aim should never be taken at them except when they are on the wing. It is not considered fair to bring down branchers, unless it be imperatively necessary to greatly thin their numbers; but the practice sometimes resorted to of killing them in the nest is one that deserves the utmost reprobation.

It is a mistake to suppose, as some have asserted, that when the young broods are reared, and are able to take care of themselves, the nests and rookery are deserted until the following year. It is true the whole company of birds do not constantly remain there, and some days, or even a week or two, may elapse without any such visitors being observed. At the same time, they may be seen in the neighbouring fields plying their beaks in the soil in comparative silence, or following the plough at a later period, for the purpose of picking up the grubs which have been turned up from their subterranean hiding-places. This desertion is not continued for a long period. A sudden visitation may take place at any time, and judging from the noise that is often made, the rooks on such occasions transact important business. At other times, and especially in the winter season, about a dozen birds may be seen busily occupied in the work of inspection; and I have been led to imagine they were a deputation of surveyors, authorized to look after and report on the condition of the general property. That they have any extraordinary prescience concerning the decay of trees, there is considerable reason for doubt; and that they have been so far affected by the removal of a family as to desert the locality, must be traced to the lively imagination of the poet.

From The Contemporary Review.  
A SERMON OF BUDDHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PALI VERSION OF THE SUTRA  
PITAKA.

THUS I have heard. On a certain day Buddha dwelt at Rājagaha in a grove called Veluvana. And the same day the young house-holder Sigāla rose early in the morning, and went forth from Rājagaha, and standing with wet hair and streaming garments, and clasped hands uplifted, worshipped the various quarters, the east, the south, the west, the north, the nadir, and the zenith. And Buddha rose early in the morning and put on his raiment, and taking his bowl and robe went to Rājagaha to seek alms. And the Blessed One beheld the young house-holder, as with streaming hair and garments and clasped hands uplifted he worshipped the various quarters, and beholding he thus addressed him:—

Wherefore, young man, dost thou rise betimes, and leaving Rājagaha, with wet hair and streaming garments dost worship the various quarters—the east quarter, the south, the west, and the north, the nadir and the zenith?

Master, my father when he lay on his death-bed said to me, My son, do thou worship the quarters. Honouring therefore my father's words, reverencing, revering, and holding them sacred, I rise early in the morning, and going forth from Rājagaha, with wet hair and streaming garments, and clasped hands uplifted, I worship the various quarters—the east, the south, the west, and the north, the nadir and the zenith.

Not thus, young man, should the six quarters be worshipped according to the teaching of holy sages.

How then, Master, should the six quarters be worshipped? May it please thee, Master, so to teach me thy truth that I may know how the six quarters should be worshipped according to the teaching of the holy sages.

Hear then, young man, give heed to my words and I will speak.

And the young householder Sigāla answered, Even so, Lord; and thus the Buddha spoke—

Young man, inasmuch as the holy disciple has forsaken the four polluting actions, inasmuch as he is uninfluenced by four evil states to commit sin, inasmuch as he eschews the six means of dissipating wealth, therefore freed from fourteen evils, and guarding the six quarters, he walks victorious over both worlds; for him this world is blest and the next also, and on

the dissolution of the body after death he is reborn in heavenly mansions.

What are the four polluting actions forsaken by him? The destruction of life is a polluting act, theft is a polluting act, impurity is a polluting act, lying is a polluting act—these four polluting actions are forsaken by him.

And what are the four evil states that tempt men to sin? Through partiality men commit sin, through anger men commit sin, through ignorance men commit sin, through fear men commit sin. But inasmuch as the holy disciple lives uninfluenced by partiality, or wrath, or folly, or fear, therefore these four evil states tempt him not to sin. Whoso from partiality, wrath, folly, or fear is tempted to pervert justice, his glory shall fade like the waning moon. But whoso untempted by these refrains from perverting justice, his glory shall be made full, like the glory of the increasing moon.

And what are the six means of dissipating wealth? Strong drink, young man, and theatre-going, and evil companions, and dicing, and wandering about the streets at night, and idleness—these six bring a man to poverty.

There are six evils, young man, in being addicted to strong drink—poverty, strife, disease, loss of character, shameless exposure of the person, and impaired faculties.

Six evils attend on him who wanders about the streets at night. His life is in danger, his wife and children are uncared for, his property is unguarded, he falls under the suspicion of frequenting places of evil resort, false rumours circulate concerning him, and sorrow and remorse follow in his train.

Six evils wait upon him who thirsts after worldly amusements. He is ever crying, Where is there dancing? where is there singing? where is there music? where recitation, where conjuring, where public shows?

Six evils wait upon the gambler. If he win, he begets hatred; if he lose, his heart is sorrowful. His substance is wasted, his word has no weight in a court of justice, his friends and his kinsmen despise him, and he is looked upon as ineligible for marriage—for men say, A gambler is unfit to support a wife.

Six evils attend on him who associates with bad companions. Every gambler, every libertine, every cheat, every rogue, every outlaw is his friend and companion.

Six evils attend upon the sluggard. He says it is too cold, and does not work; he

says it is too hot, and does not work; he says it is too early, and does not work; he says it is too late, and does not work; he says, I am hungry, and does not work; he says, I am full, and does not work; and while he thus lives ever neglecting his duties, he both fails to acquire new property, and that which he possesses dwindles away.

Some friends are only boon companions, some are hollow friends; the true friend is the friend in need.

Sleeping after the sun has risen, adultery, revenge, malevolence, evil communications, and avarice — these six things bring a man to ruin.

He who has sinful friends and sinful companions, who is devoted to sinful practices, the same is ruined in this world and the next.

Gambling, debauchery, dancing and singing, sleeping by day and wandering about at night, bad companions, and avarice — these six things bring a man to ruin.

Woe to the dicers, to them that drink strong drink, that go in unto their neighbour's wife: whoso follows wickedness and honours not the wise, he shall fade like the waning moon.

He that drinks strong drink is needy and destitute, ever thirsting with unquenchable thirst; he plunges into debt as one plunges into water, and will quickly bring his family to nothing.

He who sleeps by day and rises at night, who is ever full of whoredoms, is unfit to maintain a family.

Poverty overtakes him who says, 'Tis too cold, 'tis too hot, 'tis too late, and neglects his daily work; but he who, performing his manly duties, recks not a straw for heat or cold, his happiness shall not decay.

There are four, young man, who, seeming to be friends, are enemies in disguise — the rapacious friend, the man of much profession, the flatterer, and the dissolute companion.

In four ways the rapacious man may be known to be a false friend: he enriches himself at your expense; he expects much in return for little; he does what is right only under the impulse of fear; and he serves you from self-interested motives.

In four ways the man of much profession may be known to be a false friend: he boasts of what he meant to have done for you; he boasts of what he means to do for you; he is profuse in unprofitable compliments, but in the hour of need he protests his inability to serve you.

In four ways the flatterer may be known to be a false friend: he assents when you do wrong; he assents when you do right; he praises you to your face, and speaks ill of you behind your back.

In four ways the dissolute companion may be known to be a false friend: he is your friend if you follow after strong drink, if you wander about the streets at night; he is your companion in theatre-going, he is your companion in dicing.

The rapacious friend, the insincere friend, the friend who speaks only to please, and he who is a companion in vicious pleasures — recognizing these four to be false friends, the wise man flies far from them as he would from a road beset with danger.

These four, young man, are true friends — the watchful friend, the friend who is the same in prosperity and adversity, the friend who gives good advice, and the sympathizing friend.

In four ways the watchful friend may be known to be a true friend: he protects you when you are off your guard; he watches over your property when you are careless; he offers you an asylum in time of danger; and when work has to be done, he gives you the means of doubling your wealth.

In four ways the friend who is the same in prosperity and adversity may be known to be a true friend: he confides to you his own secrets; he faithfully keeps yours; he forsakes you not in trouble; and he will lay down his life for your sake.

In four ways the good counsellor may be known to be a true friend: he restrains you from vice; he exhorts you to virtue; he imparts instruction, and points the way to heaven.

In four ways the sympathizing friend may be known to be a true friend: he grieves over your misfortunes; he rejoices in your happiness; he restrains those who speak ill of you; he applauds those who speak well of you.

The watchful friend, the steadfast friend, the good counsellor, and the sympathizing friend — recognizing these four to be true friends, the wise man cleaves to them as the mother cleaves to her infant son.

The wise man, endowed with righteousness, shines like a flaming fire. He who gathers wealth as the bee gathers honey, his wealth shall accumulate as the ant's nest is built up; and with wealth thus acquired, he will bring no dishonour upon his family. Let him apportion his property into four, and so let him cement friendships. With one portion let him

maintain himself; with two let him carry on his business; the fourth let him treasure up; it will serve him in time of trouble.

But in what way does the disciple of holy sages guard the six quarters? Know, young man, that these are the six quarters. Parents are the east quarter, teachers are the south quarter, wife and children are the west quarter, friends and companions are the north quarter, spiritual pastors are the zenith, and servants and dependents are the nadir.

In five ways, young man, a son should minister to his parents, who are the east quarter. He should say, I will support them who have supported me, I will perform their duties, I will guard their possessions, I will make myself worthy to be their heir, and when they are gone I will pay honour to their memory. And in five ways the parents show their affection for their son. They keep him from vice, they train him in virtue, they provide him with a good education, they unite him to a suitable wife, and in due time make over to him the family heritage. And thus is the east quarter guarded and free from danger.

In five ways the pupil should honour his teachers, who are the south quarter. By rising in their presence, by ministering to them, by obeying them, by supplying their wants, and by attentively receiving their instruction. And in five ways the teachers show their affection for their pupil. They train him up in all that is good, they teach him to hold fast knowledge, they instruct him in science and lore, they speak well of him to his friends and companions, and protect him from danger in every quarter.

In five ways should the wife, who is the west quarter, be cherished by her husband. By treating her with respect, by treating her with kindness, by being faithful to her, by causing her to be honoured by others, and by furnishing her with suitable apparel. And in five ways the wife shows her affection for her husband. She orders her household aright, she is hospitable to kinsmen and friends, she is a chaste wife, a thrifty housekeeper, and skilful and diligent in all her duties.

In five ways should the honourable man minister to his friends and companions, who are in the north quarter. By liberality, courtesy, and benevolence, by doing to them as he would be done by, and by sharing with them his prosperity. And in five ways do they in their turn show their attachment for their friend. They

watch over him when he is off his guard, they watch over his property when he is careless, they offer him a refuge in danger, they forsake him not in misfortune, and show kindness to his family.

In five ways the master should provide for the welfare of his servants and dependents, who are the nadir. By apportioning work to them according to their powers, by supplying them with food and wages, by tending them in sickness, by sharing with them unusual delicacies, and by granting them occasional relaxation. And in five ways do they in return testify their affection for their master. They rise before him, and retire to rest after him, they are content with what is given them, they do their work thoroughly, and they speak well of their master.

In five ways should the honourable man minister to his spiritual masters who are the zenith. By friendly acts, by friendly words, by friendly thoughts, by giving them a ready welcome, and by supplying their temporal wants. And in six ways do they show their affection in return. They restrain him from vice, they exhort him to virtue, they are kindly affectioned towards him, they instruct him in religious truth, clear up his doubts, and point the way to heaven.

Parents are the east quarter, teachers are the south, wife and children are the west, friends and companions the north, servants and dependents are the nadir, the zenith are spiritual pastors; let a man worship these quarters, and he will bring no dishonour upon his family.

The wise man who loves a virtuous life, gentle and prudent, lowly and teachable — such a one shall be exalted. If he be resolute and diligent, unshaken in misfortune, persevering and wise, such a one shall be exalted. Benevolent, friendly, grateful, liberal, a guide, instructor, and trainer of men — such a one shall attain honour.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and towards all men — these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot. And when these qualities are wanting, neither father nor mother will receive honour and support from a son. And because wise men foster these qualities, therefore do they prosper and receive praise.

When Buddha had thus spoken the young householder Sigâla addressed him as follows: — It is wonderful, Master! it is wonderful, Master! 'Tis as if one should set up again that which is overthrown, or should reveal that which is

hidden, or should direct the wanderer into the right path, or hold out a lamp in the darkness—so that they that have eyes to see shall see. Yea, even thus has the Blessed Lord made known the truth to me in many a figure. And I, even I, do put my trust in thee, and in thy law and in thy church—receive me, Lord, as thy disciple and true believer from this time forth as long as life endures.

ROBERT C. CHILDERS.

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From The National Food and Fuel Reformer.  
FOOD IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

"DR. JOHNSON, the professor of medicine at King's College, in the course of a series of lectures, now being published in the *Lancet*, upon nervous disorders, recommends as an efficacious method of treatment, a total change of diet without the aid of medicine. No doubt there may be much favour in this mode of cure when the disordered condition of the nerves springs from purely physical causes; but where overwork, mental strain, grief, religious despondency, or *ennui* are concerned in the matter—where, in fact, the mind has acted on the body, not the body on the mind—there can be nothing like a total change of scene and surroundings. The nervous excitement from which the speculator suffers may occur from very opposite causes in the office-clerk. Half the nervous disorders of middle-class women are due to the monotony of their lives. It is obvious that without a change in the manner of living, both of the speculator and the clerk, no good could come of a change of diet. In cases of disordered nerves, arising from grief or a severe mental shock, the diet-cure would be of but slight avail; and in the saddest of all forms of nervous disorders, religious despondency, it would be useless. Grief, anxiety, and religious despondency, are best treated by change of scene, and by a total separation of the patient from all former surroundings. Grief and anxiety wear themselves out in course of time, and as they lessen so does the nervous condition improve. Religious despondency, on the other hand, is far less hopeful. One thing, however, must be remarked, that the persons most subject to religious despondency are idle, with little or no occupation for mind or body. In these good steady work would be of great service. Nervous disorders are of so many kinds, spring from so many causes,

and possess such an infinity of complications, that to lay down a uniform system of cure would be out of the question; but in any case, change of scene and surroundings, and change of occupation, are, doubtless, far more valuable aids than medicine."

The above paragraph appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Saturday, the 10th of February, and gives vivid evidence that scientific men are now becoming aware of the influence food has on human development. We have not yet read Professor Johnson's lectures, but the corroboration of an eminent medical man to our own views enhances their value. If a change of diet can cure nervous disorders, diet itself must have great influence on nervous development, and consequently on the mind. The article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* denies this, but the denial merely proceeds from an incomplete understanding of nervous action. The mind, as it is called, and the body are one, and can only act by the same laws; whether action proceeds from the nervous centres and is invisible, or from the muscular system, and is visible—it is the action produced by force generated within.

The German professor, Helmholtz, has lately brought the calculations of the force that has to be engendered within to our comprehension, and if such a force has to be maintained, it can only be done by nourishment or food. Food consists not only of organic vegetable and animal matter, but also of air and water, and therefore a change of air is often invigorating to the nervous system. Our ideas of the mind's work are still very confused, for all nervous action is produced by exertion or waste of force. Grief is nervous exertion; joy is nervous exertion; despondency is nervous exertion; every thought is nervous exertion, and all this exertion wants maintaining and feeding. Whenever exhaustion appears, or so-called nervous disorder, it is nothing else but the consequence of want of nourishment. Grief makes a greater claim on the nervous centres than joy, and it is exceedingly wrong to avoid food in grief. Despondency is nothing but the result of incomplete nutrition of the nerves, which give way under outward pressure; it is only necessary to be judicious and give good nourishment to desponding persons, such as will invigorate and prove of tonic value, and the nervous system will return to its natural elasticity. Despondency exhausts the nervous system greatly, for all thought is action, and desponding thought wastes

more force than joyous thought. Nervous diseases are the consequence of continued waste of nervous action and incomplete nutrition, and require nothing but judicious dietetic treatment. We have, at the outset of our movement, always maintained that all nervous disorders and so-called lunacy can be greatly affected by diet, and we maintain this now; healthy and judicious food moulds the character, and nourishes the brain.

But not only do we say that diets can relieve nervous disorders, but that the way in which we either strengthen or weaken our nervous system will largely influence the next generation, and on this point there can be no doubt we err greatly. Our social life, our industries, arts, sciences, our very instruction to our children, are daily becoming more absorbent of brain-power and exhaustive of the nervous system, and our food is, on the contrary, becoming poorer and less able to help us to maintain the strain. Nervous disorders and lunacy are increasing, and we are leaving to posterity a legacy for which it will not thank us; in fact, we have commenced an enfeebling process of the whole human system. We are shortening and vitiating that portion of food which consists in air; our water-supply is no longer of the healthiest and purest, and

our organic food-supply from vegetable and animal matter is being lessened, and by heat-processes impoverished to a remarkable degree. Culture of organic food-substances is not carried out for usefulness, but for size and show, it appears, and though something like a consciousness of the importance of food is dawning upon us in the cooking, the real bearings of the case — its scientific substratum and the all-powerful influence food has on bodily and mental development — are as yet little understood. Mind is separated from body in our ideas, when it is impossible to separate them, and when the mind must be fed as well as the body; of the two mental exertion exhausts the frame more than bodily, and if nervous exertion of whatever kind exceeds the limits of the strength at its disposal, it naturally affects also the health of the whole system. Nervous disorders can only proceed from one cause, exhaustion of the nervous system showing itself in various ways, and we are now on the highroad to their increase; this is perhaps the saddest phase in that disregard for the nourishing process of the human frame, in which we have allowed the decking out of our persons with finery to take precedence over the healthy maintenance of both mental and bodily power and strength.

THE DATE OF EASTER. — We revert to this subject with the view to reproduce the arithmetical rule to find Easter Sunday in the Gregorian calendar, which was first given by the eminent German mathematician and astronomer Gauss, in *Zach's Monatliche Correspondenz*, 1800.

1. From 1800 to 1899 put  $m = 23$ ,  $n = 4$ .  
" 1900 to 2099 "  $m = 24$ ,  $n = 5$ .
2. Divide the given year by 19, and call the remainder . . . . .  $a$ .
3. Divide the given year by 4, and call the remainder . . . . .  $b$ .
4. Divide the given year by 7, and call the remainder . . . . .  $c$ .
5. Add  $m$  to 19 times  $a$ , divide the sum by 30, and call the remainder . . . . .  $d$ .
6. Add together  $n$ , twice  $b$ , four times  $c$ , and six times  $d$ , divide the sum by 7, and call the remainder . . . . .  $e$ .

Then Easter Sunday is March  $22 + d + e$ , or  $d + e - 9$  of April.

To apply this rule to the present year, we have —

1.  $m = 23$ ;  $n = 4$ .

2. For  $\frac{1876}{19}$  remainder is 14 . . . . .  $a$ .
3. For  $\frac{1876}{4}$  remainder is 0 . . . . .  $b$ .
4. For  $\frac{1876}{7}$  remainder is 0 . . . . .  $c$ .
5. For  $\frac{23 + 19 \times 14}{30}$  remainder is 19 . . . . .  $d$ .
6. For  $\frac{4 + 0 + 0 + 6 \times 19}{7}$  remainder is 6 . . . . .  $e$ .

And Easter Sunday is March  $22 + 19 + 6 =$  March 47 or April 16; or  $19 + 6 - 9$  of April = April 16.

NOTE. — The following are the two exceptions to the above rule: —

1. If Easter Sunday is brought out April 26, we must take April 19.

2. If Easter Sunday results on April 25 by the rule, the 18th must be substituted when the given year, increased by one, and then divided by 19, leaves a remainder greater than 11.

Nature.

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## REST IN THE GRAVE.

REST in the grave! — but rest is for the weary,  
And her slight limbs were hardly girt for  
toil;  
Rest is for lives worn out, deserted, dreary,  
Which have no brightness left for death to  
spoil.

We yearn for rest, when power and passion  
wasted  
Have left to memory nothing but regret:  
She sleeps, while life's best pleasures, all un-  
tasted,  
Had scarce approached her rosy lips as yet.

Her childlike eyes still lacked their crowning  
sweetness,  
Her form was ripening to more perfect  
grace.  
She died, with the pathetic incompleteness  
Of beauty's promise on her pallid face.

What undeveloped gifts, what powers un-  
tested,  
Perchance with her have passed away from  
earth;  
What germs of thought in that young brain  
arrested  
May never grow and quicken and have birth!

She knew not love who might have loved so  
truly,  
Though love-dreams stirred her fancy, faint  
and fleet;  
Her soul's ethereal wings were budding newly,  
Her woman's heart had scarce begun to beat.

We drank the sweets of life, we drink the  
bitter,  
And death to us would almost seem a  
boon;  
But why, to her, for whom glad life were  
fitter,  
Should darkness come ere day had reached  
its noon?

No answer, — save the echo of our weeping  
Which from the woodland and the moor is  
heard,  
Where, in the springtime, ruthless storm-  
winds sweeping  
Have slain the unborn flower and new-  
fledged bird.

Temple Bar.

## EDELWEISS.

## FROM THE GERMAN.

WHAT is the sweetest little flower  
In all the leaf-green wild?  
O that must be the violet  
The spring's own foster child.  
O no, not hers the sweetest dower,  
I know a fairer little flower!

What is the sweetest little flower  
In all the leaf-green wild?  
Then it must be the red, red rose  
On which the sunbeam smiled.  
O no, not hers the fairest dower,  
I know a fairer little flower.

The rose and violet fade and die  
Amid the leaf-green wood  
I know a flower that never fades  
In silent solitude.  
Then name to me this forest child,  
The sweetest flower of all the wild.

When gentle spring the violet wakes  
And wood-birds sing and brood,  
Then waits my wondrous little flower  
In patient solitude.  
No breath of perfume hour by hour —  
Yet still the sweetest little flower.

When all the flowers go to sleep  
When leaf and blossom fall,  
When shrub and tree all mourning stand  
And birds no longer call,  
From ice and snow then blooms to light  
My little flower so silver white.

Of love within the heart that glows  
Undying, ever new,  
This flower that from the silence grows  
Is semblance fair and true.  
Free from its thrall of snow and ice  
Dear little blossom — Edelweiss.  
Good Samaritan. HATTIE A. FEULING.

THE FACE OF MY MISTRESS,  
WHICH LEONARDO DA VINCI SHALL DRAW  
FOR ME.

IN poring o'er her face, which is not fair  
To casual eyes as it is fair in mine,  
I ponder oft what painter-hand divine  
Had surest caught the soul of beauty there;

And for the task, in wayward fancy, dare  
Evoke some sturdy truth-teller — Holbein  
Or Dürer — or anon some Florentine,  
Of grace more delicate and dainty-rare.

But most to thee, great master, most to thee,  
O Leonardo, do I turn, whose gaze  
Through swirl of change and time's slow-gath-  
ering haze  
Pierced radiant, and who thus did'st strangely  
see  
The high-soul'd cultured lady of our days.

Master, the face I love, draw it for me!  
Examiner. FRANK T. MARZIALS.



From The Contemporary Review.  
BISHOP BUTLER AND THE ZEIT-GEIST.\*

## I.

IN Scotland, I imagine, you have in your philosophical studies small experience of the reverent devotion formerly, at any rate, paid at Oxford to text-books in philosophy, such as the sermons of Bishop Butler, or the Ethics of Aristotle. Your students in philosophy have always read pretty widely, and have not concentrated themselves, as we at Oxford used to concentrate ourselves, upon one or two great books. However, in your study of the Bible you got abundant experience of our attitude of mind towards our two philosophers. Your text-book was right; there were no mistakes *there*. If there was anything obscure, anything hard to be comprehended, it was your ignorance which was in fault, your failure of comprehension. Just such was our mode of dealing with Butler's sermons and Aristotle's Ethics. Whatever was hard, whatever was obscure, the text-book was all right, and our understandings were to conform themselves to it. What agonies of puzzle has Butler's account of self-love, or Aristotle's of the intellectual virtues, caused to clever undergraduates and to clever tutors; and by what feats of astonishing explanation, astonishingly acquiesced in, were those agonies calmed! Yet the true solution of the difficulty was in some cases, undoubtedly, that our author, as he stood, was not right, not satisfactory. As to secular authors, at any rate, it is indisputable that their works are to be regarded as contributions to human knowledge, and not more. It is only experience which assures us that even the poetry and artistic form of certain epochs has not, in fact, been improved upon, and is, therefore, classical. But the same experience assures us that in all matters of knowledge properly so called, above all, of such difficult knowledge as are questions of mind and of moral philosophy, any writer in past times must be on many points capable of correction, much of what he

says must be capable of being put more truly, put clearer. Yet we at Oxford used to read our Aristotle or our Butler with the same absolute faith in the classicality of their matter as in the classicality of Homer's form.

The time inevitably arrives, to people who think at all seriously, when, as their experience widens, they ask themselves what they are really to conclude about the masters and the works thus authoritatively imposed upon them in their youth. Above all, of a man like Butler one is sure to ask oneself this — an Englishman, a Christian, a modern, whose circumstances and point of view we can come pretty well to know and to understand, and whose works we can be sure of possessing just as he published them and meant them to stand before us. And Butler deserves that one should regard him very attentively, both on his own account, and also because of the immense and confident laudation bestowed upon his writings. Whether he completely satisfies us or no, a man so profoundly convinced that "virtue — the law of virtue written on our hearts — is the law we are born under;" a man so staunch in his respectful allegiance to reason, a man who says: "I express myself with caution, lest I should be mistaken to vilify reason, which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself;" a man, finally, so deeply and evidently in earnest, filled with so awful a sense of the reality of things and of the madness of self-deception: "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?" — such a man, even if he was somewhat despotically imposed upon our youth, may yet well challenge the most grave consideration from our mature manhood. And even did we fail to give it willingly, the strong consenting eulogy upon his achievements would extort it from us. It is asserted that his three sermons on "Human Nature" are, in the department of moral philosophy, "perhaps the three most valuable essays that were ever published." They are this because they contain his famous doctrine of conscience — a doctrine which,

\* The following discourse, and a second which will succeed it, were two lectures given at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. They had the form, therefore, of an address to hearers, not readers; and they are printed in that form in which they were delivered.

being, in those sermons, "explained according to the strict truth of our mental constitution, is irresistible." Butler is therefore said, in the words of one of his admirers, "by pursuing precisely the same mode of reasoning in the science of morals as his great predecessor Newton had done in the system of nature, to have formed and concluded a happy alliance between faith and philosophy." And again: "Metaphysic, which till then had nothing to support it but mere abstraction or shadowy speculation, Butler placed on the firm basis of observation and experiment." Sir James Mackintosh says of the sermons: "In these sermons Butler has taught truths more capable of being exactly distinguished from the doctrines of his predecessors, more satisfactorily established by him, more comprehensively applied to particulars, more rationally connected with each other, and therefore more worthy of the name of *discovery*, than any with which we are acquainted, if we ought not, with some hesitation, to except the first steps of the Grecian philosophers towards a theory of morals." The "Analogy" Mackintosh calls "the most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion." Such are Butler's claims upon our attention.

It is true, there are moments when the philosophy of religion and the theory of morals are not popular subjects, when men seem disposed to put them out of their minds, to shelve them as sterile, to try whether they cannot get on without them. Mr. John Morley, in that interesting series of articles on Diderot which he is publishing in the *Fortnightly Review*, points out how characteristic and popular in the French Encyclopædia was its authors' "earnest enthusiasm for all the purposes, intents, and details of productive industry, for physical science and the practical arts;" how this was felt to be a welcome relief to people tired of metaphysical and religious discussions. "Intellectually," says he, "it was the substitution of interest in things for interest in words." And undoubtedly there are times when a reaction of this sort sets in, when an interest in the processes of productive in-

dustry, in physical science and the practical arts, is called *an interest in things*, and an interest in morals and religion is called *an interest in words*. People really do seem to imagine that in seeing and learning how buttons are made, or *papier mâché*, they shall find some new and untried vital resource; that our prospects from this sort of study have something peculiarly hopeful and animating about them, and that the positive and practical thing to do is to give up religion and turn to them. However, as Butler says in his sermon on "Self-Deceit," "Religion is true, or it is not. If it be not, there is no reason for any concern about it." If, however, it be true, it is important, and then it requires attention; as in the same sermon Butler says, in his serious way: "We cannot be acquainted with, nor in any propriety of speech be said to know, anything but what we attend to." And he speaks of the disregard of men for what he calls "the reproofs and instructions" that they meet with in religion and morals, as a disregard of what is "exactly suitable to the state of their own mind and the course of their behaviour;" more suitable, he would certainly have thought, than being instructed how buttons are made, or *papier mâché*. I am entirely of Butler's opinion. And though the posture of mind of a good many clever persons at the present day is that of the French Encyclopædists, yet here in the capital of Scotland, that country which has been such a stronghold of what I call "Hebraism," of deep and ardent occupation with righteousness and religion, you will not complain of my taking for my subject so eminent a doctor in the science of these important matters as Butler, and one who is said to have established his doctrine so firmly and impregably. I can conceive no claim more great to advance on a man's behalf, and none which it more behoves us to test accurately. Let us attempt to satisfy ourselves how far, in Butler's case, it is solid.

But first we should have before our minds a notion of the life and circumstances of the man with whose works we are going to deal. Joseph Butler was

born on the 18th of May, 1692, at Wantage, in Berkshire. His father was a retired tradesman, a Dissenter, and the son was sent to a Dissenting school. Before he left school, he had his first correspondence with Dr. Samuel Clarke, on certain points in Clarke's "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God;" and he wrote to a friend that he "designed to make truth the business of his life." Dissent did not satisfy him; he left the Presbyterian body, to which his father belonged, and was entered, in 1714, at Oxford, at Oriel College. There he formed a friendship with Edward Talbot, a fellow of Oriel, son of Bishop Talbot, and brother to the future lord chancellor Talbot; and this friendship determined the outward course of his life. It led to his being appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, in 1719, the year after his ordination as priest, and when he was only twenty-six years old. There the famous sermons were preached, between 1719 and 1726. Bishop Talbot appointed him, in 1722, to the living of Haughton, in the diocese of Durham, and, in 1725, transferred him to the rich living of Stanhope, in the same diocese. After obtaining Stanhope, Butler resigned, in 1726, his preachingship at the Rolls, and published his fifteen sermons. They made no noise, and it was four years before a second edition of them was required. But he had friends who knew his worth, and in 1733 he was made chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot, in 1736 clerk of the closet to Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second. In this year he published the "Analogy." Queen Caroline died the year afterwards, and Butler returned to Stanhope. The queen, however, had, before her death, strongly recommended him to her husband; and George the Second, in 1738, made him bishop of Bristol, then the poorest of sees, with an income of but some £400 a year. About eighteen months afterwards, he was appointed to the deanery of St. Paul's, when he resigned Stanhope, and passed his time between Bristol and London, acquiring a house at Hampstead. He attended the House of Lords regularly, but took no part, so far as is known, in the debates.

In 1746 he was made clerk of the closet to the king, and in 1750 he was translated to the great and rich see of Durham. His health had by this time given way. In 1751 he delivered his first and only charge to the clergy of Durham, the famous charge upon the "Use and Importance of External Religion." But in June, 1752, he was taken, in a state of extreme weakness, to Bath, died there on June 16th, and was buried in his old cathedral of Bristol. When he died he was just sixty years of age. He was never married.

Such are, in outline, the external facts of Butler's life and history. To fill up the outline for us there remain a very few anecdotes, and one or two letters. Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, who afterwards followed him in the living of Stanhope, sought eagerly at Stanhope for some traditions of his great predecessor; all he could gather was, that Butler had been much beloved, that he rode about on a black pony, and rode very fast, and that he was greatly pestered by beggars, because of his known easiness. But there has been preserved Butler's letter to Sir Robert Walpole on accepting the see of Bristol, and a passage in this letter is curious, as coming from such a man. He expresses his gratitude to the king, and then proceeds thus:—

I know no greater obligation than to find the queen's condescending goodness and kind intentions towards me transferred to his Majesty. Nor is it possible, while I live, to be without the most grateful sense of his favour to me, whether the effects of it be greater or less; for this must, in some measure, depend upon accident. Indeed, the bishopric of Bristol is not very suitable either to the condition of my fortune or the circumstances, nor, as I should have thought, answerable to the recommendation with which I was honoured. But you will excuse me, sir, if I think of this last with greater sensibility than the conduct of affairs will admit of. But without entering further into detail, I desire, sir, you will please let his Majesty know that I humbly accept this instance of his favour with the utmost possible gratitude.

As one reads that passage, it is impossible not to have the feeling that we are

in the somewhat arid air of the eighteenth century. Ken or Leighton, in the seventeenth century, could not have written it; and in Butler's own century that survivor of the saints, Wilson of Sodor and Man, could not have written it. And indeed the peculiar delicacy and loveliness which attaches to our idea of a saint does not belong to Butler. Nobly severe with himself he was, his eye was single; austere just, he follows, with awe-filled observance, the way of duty: this is his stamp of character. And his liberality and his treatment of patronage, even though we may not find in him the delicacy of the saint, are yet thorough and admirable, because they are determined by his character. He said to his secretary: "I should be ashamed of myself if I could leave ten thousand pounds behind me." There is a story of a person coming to him at Durham with the plan for some good work. The plan struck Butler's mind; he sent for his house-steward, and asked how much money there was in his hands. The steward answered that he had £500. "Five hundred pounds!" said Butler, "what a shame for a bishop to have so much money! Give it away, give it all to this gentleman for his charitable plan." Open house and plain living were his rule at Durham; he had long been disgusted, he said, with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, and was determined it should receive no countenance from his example. He writes to one who congratulated him on his translation to Durham: "If one is enabled to do a little good, and to prefer worthy men, this indeed is a valuable of life, and will afford satisfaction at the close of it; but the station of itself will in no wise answer the trouble of it, and of getting into new forms of living; I mean in respect to the peace and happiness of one's own mind, for in fortune to be sure it will." Again one has a sense, from something in the phraseology and mode of expression, that one is in the eighteenth century; but at the same time what a perfect impression of integrity and simplicity do Butler's words leave! To another congratulator he writes:—

I thank you for your kind congratulations, though I am not without my doubts and fears how far the occasion of them is a real subject of congratulation to me. Increase of fortune is insignificant to one who thought he had enough before; and I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and

whether this be an advantage depends entirely on the use one shall make of it; I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing, in the close of life, to have no reflections to entertain oneself with but that one had spent the revenues of the bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set oneself to do good, and promote worthy men; yet this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon oneself, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations, greater (I wish I may not find it) than I am master of.

There are not a half-a-dozen of Butler's private letters preserved. It was worth while, therefore, to quote his letter to Walpole, and it was but just, after quoting that, to quote these to his congratulators.

Like Bishop Philpotts, one may well be tantalized at not knowing more of a man so full of purpose, and who has made his mark so deeply. Butler himself, however, helped to baffle us. The codicil to his will, made in 1752, not two months before his death, concludes thus:—"It is my positive and express will, that all my sermons, letters, and papers whatever, which are in a deal box, locked, directed to Dr. Forster, and now standing in the little room within my library at Hampstead, be burnt without being read by any one, as soon as may be after my decease." His silent, inward, concentrated nature pondered well and decided what it meant to give to the world; gave it, and would give no more. A characteristic habit is mentioned of him, that he loved to walk alone, and to walk at night. He was an immense reader; it is said of him that he read every book he could lay his hands upon; but it was all digested silently, not exhibited in the way of extract and citation. Unlike the seventeenth-century divines, he hardly ever quotes. As to his tastes and habits, we are informed, further, that he was fond of religious music, and took for his under-secretary an ex-chorister of St. Paul's, that he might play to him upon the organ. He liked building and planting, and one of his few letters preserved bears witness to these tastes, and is altogether so characteristic, and, in the paucity of records concerning Butler, so valuable, that I will quote it. It is to the Duchess of Somerset, and written in 1751, just after he had taken possession of the see of Durham:—

I had a mind to see Auckland before I wrote to your Grace; and as you take so kind a part

in everything which contributes to my satisfaction, I am sure you will be pleased to hear that the place is a very agreeable one, and fully answering expectations, except that one of the chief prospects, which is very pretty (the river Wear, with hills much diversified rising above it), is too bare of wood; the park, not much amiss as to that, but I am obliged to pale it anew all round, the old pale being quite decayed. This will give an opportunity, with which I am much pleased, to take in forty or fifty acres completely wooded, though with that enlargement it will scarce be sufficient for the hospitality of the country. These, with some little improvements and very great repairs, take up my leisure time.

Thus, madam, I seem to have laid out a very long life for myself; yet, in reality, everything I see puts me in mind of the shortness and uncertainty of it: the arms and inscriptions of my predecessors, what they did and what they neglected, and (from accidental circumstances) the very place itself, and the rooms I walk through and sit in. And when I consider, in one view, the many things, of the kind I have just mentioned, which I have upon my hands, I feel the burlesque of being employed in this manner at my time of life. But in another view, and taking in all circumstances, these things, as trifling as they may appear, no less than things of greater importance, seem to be put upon me to do, or at least to begin; whether I am to live to complete any or all of them, is not my concern.

With Butler's taste for building and improving is connected a notable incident. While at Bristol he restored the episcopal palace and chapel, and in the chapel he put up an altar-piece, which is described as "of black marble, inlaid with a milk-white cross of white marble, which is plain, and has a good effect." For those bare Hanoverian times this was a reredos case. Butler's cross excited astonishment and gave offence, and Lord Chancellor Hardwick begged a subsequent bishop of Bristol, Dr. Young, to have it taken down. Young made the excellent answer, that it should never be said that Bishop Young had pulled down what Bishop Butler had set up; and the cross remained until the palace was burnt and the marble altar-piece destroyed in the Bristol riots in 1831. But the erection of this cross was connected with his remarks, in his Durham charge, on the use and importance of external religion, and caused it to be reported that Butler had died in the communion of the Church of Rome. Pamphleteers and newspaper-writers handled the topic in the style we know so well. Archbishop Secker thought it necessary to write in denial of his friend's perversion, owning, as he did

so, that for himself he wished the cross had not been put up; and Butler's accuser replied, as "Phileleutheros," to Secker, that "such anecdote had been given him, and that he was yet of opinion there is not anything improbable in it, when it is considered that the same prelate put up the popish insignia of the cross in his chapel, when at Bristol; and in his last episcopal charge has squinted very much towards that superstition." Another writer not only maintained that the cross and the charge together amounted to full proof of a strong attachment to the idolatrous communion of the Church of Rome, but volunteered to account for Butler's "tendency this way," as he called it. This he did "from the natural melancholy and gloominess of Dr. Butler's disposition, from his great fondness for the lives of Romish saints, and their books of mystic piety; from his drawing his notions of teaching men religion, not from the New Testament, but from philosophical and political opinions of his own; and, above all, from his transition from a strict Dissenter amongst the Presbyterians to a rigid Churchman, and his sudden and unexpected elevation to great wealth and dignity in the Church." It was impossible that Butler should be understood by the ordinary religious world of his own day. But no intelligent man can now read the Durham charge without feeling that its utterer lives in a higher world than that in which disputes between Catholicism and Protestantism, and questions of going over to Rome, or at any rate, "squinting very much towards that superstition," have their being. Butler speaks as a man with an awful sense of religion, yet plainly seeing, as he says, "the deplorable distinction" of his own age to be "an avowed scorn of religion in some, and a growing disregard to it in the generality." He speaks with "the immoral thoughtlessness," as he calls it, of the bulk of mankind astounding and grieving his soul; and with the single desire "to beget a practical sense of religion upon their hearts." "The form of religion," he says, with his invincible sense for reality, "may indeed be where there is little of the thing itself; but the thing itself cannot be preserved among mankind without the form." And the form he exhorts to is no more than what nowadays all religious people would think matter of course to be practised, and where not practised, to be enjoined: family prayer, grace at meals, that the clergy should visit their parishioners, and should

lay hold of natural opportunities, such as confirmation or sickness, for serious conversation with them, and for turning their thoughts towards religion.

Butler met John Wesley, and one would like to have a full record of what passed at such a meeting. But all that we know is, that when Butler was at Bristol, Wesley, who admired the "Analogy," and who was then preaching to the Kingswood miners, had an interview with him; that Butler "expressed his pleasure at the seriousness which Wesley's preaching awakened, but blamed him for sanctioning that violent physical excitement which was considered almost a necessary part of the so-called new birth."

I have kept for the last the description we have from Surtees, the historian of Durham, of Butler's person and manners:—

During the short time that he held the see [says Surtees] he conciliated all hearts. In advanced years, and on the episcopal throne, he retained the same genuine modesty and native sweetness of disposition which had distinguished him in youth and in retirement. During the ministerial performance of the sacred office, a divine animation seemed to pervade his whole manner, and lighted up his pale, wan countenance, already marked with the progress of disease.

From another source we hear:—

He was of a most reverend aspect—his face thin and pale; but there was a divine placidness in his countenance, which inspired veneration, and expressed the most benevolent mind. His white hair hung gracefully on his shoulders, and his whole figure was patriarchal.

This description would not ill suit Wesley himself, and it may be thought, perhaps, that here at any rate, if not in the letter to Sir Robert Walpole, we find the saint. And doubtless, where the eye is so single and the thoughts are so chastened as they were with Butler, the saintly character will never be far off; but still the total impression left by Butler is not exactly, I repeat, that of a saint.

Butler stood alone in his time and amongst his generation. Yet the most cursory reader can perceive that, in his writings, there is constant reference to the controversies of his time, and to the men of his generation. He himself has pointed this out as a possible cause of obscurity. In the preface to the second edition of his sermons he says:—

A subject may be treated in a manner which all along supposes the reader acquainted with

what has been said upon it both by ancient and modern writers, and with what is the present state of opinion in the world concerning such subject. This will create a difficulty of a very peculiar kind, and even throw an obscurity over the whole before those who are not thus informed; but those who are, will be disposed to excuse such a manner, and other things of the like kind, as a saving of their patience.

This reference to contemporary opinion, if it sometimes occasions difficulty in following him, makes his treatment of his subject more real and earnest. When he recurs so persistently to self-love, he is thinking of the "strange affectation in many people of explaining away all particular affections, and representing the whole of life as nothing but one continual exercise of self-love," by which he had so often been made impatient. One of the signal merits of Mr. Pattison's admirable sketch, in "Essays and Reviews," of the course of religious ideas in England from the Revolution to the middle of the eighteenth century, is that it so clearly marks this correspondence, at the time when Butler wrote, between what English society argued and what English theology answered. Society was full of discussions about religion, of objections to eternal punishment as inconsistent with the divine goodness, and to a system of future rewards as subversive of a disinterested love of virtue:—

The deistical writers [says Mr. Pattison] formed the atmosphere which educated people breathed. The objections the "Analogy" meets are not new and unreasoned objections, but such as had worn well, and had borne the rub of controversy, because they were genuine. It was in society, and not in his study, that Butler had learned the weight of the deistical arguments.

And in a further sentence Mr. Pattison, in my opinion, has almost certainly put his finger on the determining cause of the "Analogy's" existence:—

At the queen's philosophical parties, where these topics were canvassed with earnestness and freedom, Butler must often have felt the impotence of reply in detail, and seen, as he says, "how impossible it must be, in a cursory conversation, to unite all into one argument, and represent it as it ought to be."

That connection of the "Analogy" with the queen's philosophical parties seems to me an idea inspired by true critical genius. These parties given by Queen Caroline, a clever and strong-minded woman, the recluse and grave Butler had, as her clerk of the closet, to attend regularly. Discus-



sion was free at them, and there Butler no doubt heard in abundance the talk of what is well described as the "loose kind of deism which was the then tone of fashionable circles." The "Analogy," with its peculiar strain and temper, is the result. "Cavilling and objecting upon any subject is much easier than clearing up difficulties; and this last part will always be put upon the defenders of religion." Surely that must be a reminiscence of the "loose kind of deism" and of its maintainers! And then comes the very sentence which Mr. Pattison has in part quoted, and which is worth quoting entire:—

Then, again, the general evidence of religion is complex and various. It consists of a long series of things, one preparatory and confirming another, from the very beginning of the world to the present time. And 'tis easy to see how impossible it must be, in a cursory conversation, to unite all this into one argument and represent it as it ought; and, could it be done, how utterly indisposed people would be to attend to it. I say in a cursory conversation, whereas unconnected objections are thrown out in a few words and are easily apprehended, without more attention than is usual in common talk. So that notwithstanding we have the best cause in the world, and though a man were very capable of defending it, yet I know not why he should be forward to undertake it upon so great a disadvantage and to so little good effect, as it must be done amidst the gaiety and carelessness of common conversation.

In those remarks to the Durham clergy Butler, I say again, was surely thinking of difficulties with which he had himself wrestled, and of which the remembrance made the strenuous tone of his "Analogy," as he labored at it, yet more strenuous. What a *sæva indignatio* burns in the following passage from the conclusion to that work:—

Let us suppose that the evidence of religion in general, and of Christianity, has been seriously inquired into by all reasonable men among us. Yet we find many professedly to reject both, upon speculative principles of infidelity. And all of them do not content themselves with a bare neglect of religion, and enjoying their imaginary freedom from its restraints. Some go much beyond this. They deride God's moral government over the world. They renounce his protection and defy his justice. They ridicule and vilify Christianity, and blaspheme the author of it; and take all occasions to manifest a scorn and contempt of revelation. This amounts to an active setting themselves against religion, to what may be considered as a positive principle of irreligion, which they cultivate within themselves, and, whether they intend this effect or not, render

habitual, as a good man does the contrary principle. And others, who are not chargeable with all this profligateness, yet are in avowed opposition to religion, as if discovered to be groundless.

And with the same penetrating tone of one who has seen with his own eyes that of which he complains, has heard it with his own ears, suffered from it in his own person, Butler, in 1740, talks of "the dark prospects before us from that profligateness of manners and scorn of religion which so generally abound;" and in 1751, speaking in the last year but one of his life, thus begins his charge to the clergy of Durham:—

It is impossible for me, my brethren, upon our first meeting of this kind, to forbear lamenting with you the general decay of religion in this nation, which is now observed by every one, and has been for some time the complaint of all serious persons. The influence of it is more and more wearing out of the minds of men, even of those who do not pretend to enter into speculations upon the subject. But the number of those who do, and who profess themselves unbelievers, increases, and with their numbers their zeal.

One cannot but ask oneself, when one considers the steadiness of our country through the French Revolution, when one considers the power and prevalence of religion, even after every deduction has been made for what impairs its strength, the power and prevalence, I say, of religion in our country at this day, one cannot but ask oneself whether Butler was not over-desponding, whether he saw the whole real state of things, whether he did not attach over-importance to certain workings which he did see. Granted that he himself did something to cure the evil which he describes; granted that others did something; yet, had the evil existed fully as he describes it, I doubt whether he, and Wesley, and all the other physicians, could have cured it. I doubt, even, whether their effort would itself have been possible. Look at a contemporary of Butler in France—a man who, more than any one else, reminds me of Butler—the great French statesman, the greatest, in my opinion, that France has ever had—Turgot. Turgot was like Butler in his mental energy, his deep moral and intellectual ardour, his strenuousness. "Every science, every language, every literature, every business," says Michelet, "interested Turgot." But that in which Turgot most resembled Butler was what Michelet calls his *ferocity*—what I should rather call his *sæva indignatio*. Like Butler, Tur-



got was filled with an astonished, awful, oppressive sense of "the immoral thoughtlessness" of men; of the heedless, hazardous way in which they deal with things of the greatest moment to them; of the immense, incalculable misery which is due to this cause. "The greatest evils in life," Turgot held, just as Butler did, "have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to." And for these serious natures religion, one would think, is the line of labour which would naturally first suggest itself. And Turgot was destined for the Church; he prepared to take orders, like Butler. But, in 1752, when Butler lay dying at Bath, Turgot — the true spiritual yoke-fellow of Butler, with Butler's sacred horror at men's frivolity, with Butler's sacred ardour for rescuing them from the consequences of it — Turgot, at the age of twenty-five, could stand religion, as in France it then presented itself to him, no longer. "*Il jeta ce masque*," says Michelet, adopting an expression of Turgot's own; "he flung away that mask." He took to the work of civil government; in what spirit we many of us know, and whoever of us does not know should make it his business to learn. Nine years afterwards began his glorious administration as intendant of the Limousin, in which for thirteen years he showed what manner of spirit he was of. When, in 1774, he became minister and controller-general, he showed the same thing on a more conspicuous stage. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are nobly serious, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report" — that is the history of Turgot's administration. He was a Joseph Butler in government. True, his work, though done as secular administration, has in fact and reality a religious character; all work like his has a religious character. But the point to seize is here: that in our country, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a man like Butler is still possible in religion; in France he is only possible in civil government. And that is what I call a true "decay of religion, the influence of it more and more wearing out of the minds of men." The very existence and work of Butler proves, in spite of his own desponding words, that matters had not in his time gone so far as this in England.

But indeed Mr. Pattison, in the admirable essay which I have mentioned, supplies us with almost positive evidence that it had not. Amongst a number of in-

structive quotations to show the state of religion in England between 1700 and 1750, Mr. Pattison gives an extract from a violent newspaper, the *Independent Whig*, which had been attacking the clergy for their many and great offences, and counselling them to mend their ways. And then it goes on: —

The High-Church Popish clergy will laugh in their sleeves at this advice, and think there is folly enough yet left among the laity to support their authority; and will hug themselves, and rejoice over the ignorance of the universities, the stupidity of the drunken squires, the *panic of the tender sex*, and the *never-to-be-shaken constancy of the multitude*.

The date of that extract is 1720. The language is the well-known language of Liberal friends of progress when they speak of persons and institutions which are inconvenient to them. But it proves, to my mind — and there is plenty of other evidence to prove the same thing — that religion, whatever may have been the deficiencies of itself and of its friends, was nevertheless, in 1720, still a very great and serious power in this country. And certainly it did not suddenly cease to be so between 1720 and 1750.

No, Butler's mournful language has, it is almost certain, something of exaggeration in it. To a man of Butler's seriousness the world will always afford plenty of matter for apprehension and sorrow. And to add to this were the circumstances of his time, especially trying to an earnest dealer, such as he was, with great thoughts and great interests. There was his bitter personal experience of "the loose kind of deism which was the tone of fashionable circles." There was his impatience — half contemptuous, half indignant — of a state of things where, as Mr. Pattison says, "the religious writer had now to appear at the bar of criticism," but of *such* criticism! "If ever there was a time," says Mr. Pattison, again, "when abstract speculation was brought down from inaccessible heights and compelled to be intelligible, it was the period from the Revolution to 1750." This in itself was all very good, and Butler would have been the last man to wish it otherwise. But to whom was abstract speculation required thus to make itself intelligible? To the "fashionable circles," to the whole multitude of loose thinkers and loose livers, who might choose to lend half an ear for half an hour to the great argument. "It must gain," we are told, "the wits and the town." Hence the *sæva indignatio*.

And therefore Butler, when he gets

into the pulpit, or when he sits down at his writing-table, will have the thing out with his adversaries. He will "unite it all into one argument and represent it as it ought," and he will fairly argue his objectors down. He will place himself on their own ground, take their own admissions, and will prove to them, in a manner irresistible to any fair thinker, that they are all wrong, and that they are bound to make their life and practice, what it is not, religious.

There is a word which I have often used, and with my use of which some of those who hear me may possibly be familiar; the Greek words *epieikes* or *epieikeia*, meaning that which is sweetly reasonable, or sweet reasonableness. But the more original meaning of *epieikes*, *epieikeia*, is that which has an air of consummate truth and likelihood, the prepossessingness of that which has this air; and *epieikeia* is to be rendered "sweet reasonableness," because that which above all things has an air of truth and likelihood, that which, therefore, above all things is prepossessing, is whatever is sweetly reasonable. You know what a power was this quality in the talkings and dealings of Jesus Christ; *epieikeia* is the very word to characterize true Christianity. And this Christianity wins, not by an argumentative victory, not by going through a long debate with a person, examining the arguments for his case from beginning to end, and making him confess that, whether he feels disposed to yield or no, yet in fair logic and fair reason he ought to yield. But it puts something that tends to transform him and his practice, it puts this particular thing in such a way that he feels disposed and eager to lay hold of it; and he does lay hold of it, though without at all perceiving, very often, the whole scheme to which it belongs; and thus his practice gets changed. This, I think, every one will admit to be Christianity's characteristic way of getting people to embrace religion. Now, it is to be observed how totally unlike a way it is to Butler's, although Butler's object is the same as Christianity's—to get people to embrace religion. And the object being the same, it must strike every one that the way followed by Christianity has the advantage of a far greater effectualness than Butler's way; since people are much more easily attracted into making a change than argued into it. However, Butler seems to think that enough has been done if it has been proved to people, in such a way as to silence their arguments on the other

side, that they *ought* to make a change. For he says expressly:—

There being, as I have shown, such evidence for religion as is sufficient in reason to influence men to embrace it, to object that it is not to be imagined mankind *will* be influenced by such evidence is nothing to the purpose of the foregoing treatise (his "Analogy"). For the purpose of it is not to inquire what sort of creatures mankind are, but what the light and knowledge which is afforded them requires they should be; to show how in reason they ought to behave, not how in fact they will behave. This depends upon themselves and is their own concern—the personal concern of each man in particular. And how little regard the generality have to it, experience indeed does too fully show. But religion, considered as a probation, has had its end upon all persons to whom it has been proposed with evidence sufficient in reason to influence their practice; for by this means they have been put into a state of probation, let them behave as they will in it.

So that, in short, Butler's notion of converting the loose deists of fashionable circles comes to this: by being plied with evidence sufficient *in reason* to influence their practice, they are to be put into a state of probation; let them behave as they will in it. Probably no one can hear such language without a secret dissatisfaction. For after all, if religion is your object, and to change people's behaviour, what is the use of saying that you will inquire not what they *are*, but how in reason they *ought to behave*? Why, it is what they *are* which determines their sense of how they ought to behave. Make them, therefore, so to feel what they are, as to get a fruitful sense of how they ought to behave. The founder of Christianity did so; and whatever success Christianity has had, has been gained by this method.

However, Butler's line is what it is. We are concerned with what we can use of it. With his argumentative triumph over the loose thinkers and talkers of his day, so far as it is a triumph won by taking their own data and using their own admissions, we are not concerned unless their admissions and their data are ours too; and they are not. But it is affirmed, not only that the loose deist of fashionable circles could not answer the "Analogy," it is affirmed that the "Analogy" is unanswerable. It is asserted not only that Hobbes or Shaftesbury delivered an unsatisfactory theory of morals, and that Butler in his sermons disputed their reasonings with success; but it is asserted that Butler, on his side, "pursued precisely the same mode of reasoning in the

science of morals as his great predecessor, Newton, had done in the system of nature," and that by so doing Butler has "formed and concluded a happy alliance between faith and philosophy." Achievement of this kind is what the "time-spirit," or *Zeit-Geist*, which sweeps away so much that is local and personal, will certainly respect; achievement of this sort deeply concerns us. An unanswerable work on the evidence of religion, a science of human nature and of morals reached by a method as sure as Newton's, a happy alliance between faith and philosophy — what can concern us so deeply? If Butler accomplished all this, he does indeed give us what we can use; he is indeed great. But supposing he turns out not to have accomplished all this, what then? Does he vanish away? Does he give us nothing which we can use? And if he does give us something which we can use, what is it; and if he remains a great man to us still, why does he?

Let us begin with the sermons at the Rolls, Butler's first publication. You have heard, for I have quoted it, the unbounded praise which has been given to the three sermons on "Human Nature." And they do indeed lay the foundation for the whole doctrine of the sermons at the Rolls, the body of sermons wherein is given Butler's system of moral philosophy. Their argument is familiar, probably, to many of us. Let me recite it briefly by abridging the best of all possible accounts of it — Butler's own in his preface: —

Mankind has various instincts and principles of action. The generality of mankind obey their instincts and principles, all of them, those propensities we call good as well as the bad, according to the constitution of their body and the external circumstances which they are in. They are not wholly governed by self-love, the love of power, and sensual appetites; they are frequently influenced by friendship, compassion, gratitude; and even a general abhorrence of what is base, and liking of what is fair and just, take their turn amongst the other motives of action. This is the partial inadequate notion of human nature treated of in the first discourse, and it is by this nature, if one may speak so, that the world is in fact influenced and kept in that tolerable order in which it is.

Mankind in thus acting would act suitably to their whole nature, if no more were to be said of man's nature than what has been now said. But that is not a complete account of man's nature. Somewhat further must be brought in to give us an adequate notion of it — namely, that one of those principles of action — *conscience* or *reflection* — compared

with the rest as they all stand together in the nature of man, plainly bears upon it marks of authority over all the rest, and claims the absolute direction of them all, to allow or forbid their gratification; a disapprobation of reflection being in itself a principle manifestly superior to a mere propension. And the conclusion is, that to allow no more, to this superior principle or part of our nature than to other parts, to let it govern and guide only occasionally in common with the rest, as its turn happens to come, from the temper and circumstances one happens to be in — this is not to act conformably to the constitution of man, neither can any human creature be said to act conformably to his constitution and nature unless he allows to that superior principle the absolute authority which is due to it. And this conclusion is abundantly confirmed from hence — that one may determine what course of action the economy of man's nature requires, without so much as learning in what degrees of *strength* the several principles prevail, or which of them have *actually* the greatest influence.

And the whole scope and subject of the three sermons on "Human Nature," Butler describes thus: —

They were intended to explain what is meant by the nature of man, when it is said that virtue consists in following, and vice in deviating from it; and by explaining to show that the assertion is true.

Now, it may be at once allowed that Butler's notion of human nature as consisting of a number of instincts and principles of action, with conscience as a superior principle presiding over them, corresponds in a general way with facts of which we are all conscious, and if practically acted upon would be found to work satisfactorily. When Butler says, "Let any plain honest man before he engages in any course of action, ask himself 'Is this I am going about right, or is it wrong? is it good or is it evil?'" and I do not in the least doubt but that this question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue by almost any fair man in almost any circumstance," — when Butler says this he is on solid ground, and his whole scheme has its rise, indeed, in the sense that this ground *is* solid. When he calls our nature "the voice of God within us," when he suggests that there may be, "distinct from the reflection of reason, a mutual *sympathy* between each particular of the species, a fellow *feeling* common to mankind," when he finely says of conscience, "Had it strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world," — in all this Butler is in contact with the most precious truth

and reality, and so far as this truth and reality inform the scheme which he has drawn out for human nature, his scheme has life in it.

Equally may it be allowed that the errors which his scheme is designed to correct, are errors indeed. If the Epicureans, or Hobbes, or any one else, "explain the desire of praise and of being beloved, as no other than desire of safety; regard to our country, even in the most virtuous character, as nothing but regard to ourselves; curiosity as proceeding from interest or pride; as if there were no such passions in mankind as desire of esteem, or of being beloved, or of knowledge,"—these delineators of human nature represent it fantastically. If Shaftesbury, laying it down that virtue is the happiness of man, and encountered by the objection that one may be not convinced of this happy tendency of virtue, or may be of a contrary opinion, meets the objection by determining that the case is without remedy, this noble moralist moralizes ill. If Butler found some persons (probably the loose deists of fashionable circles) "who, upon principle, set up for suppressing the affection of compassion as a weakness, so that there is I know not what of fashion on this side, and by some means or other the whole world, almost, is run into the extremes of insensibility towards the distresses of their fellow creatures,"—if this was so, then the fashionable theory of human nature was vicious and false, and Butler, in seeking to substitute a better for it, was quite right.

But Butler himself brings in somebody as asking: "Allowing that mankind hath the rule of right within itself, what obligations are we under to attend to and follow it?" And he answers this question quite fairly: "Your obligation to obey this law, is its being the law of your nature." But let us vary the question a little, and ask Butler: "Suppose your scheme of human nature to correspond in a general way, but not more, with facts of which we are conscious, and to promise to work practically well enough, what obligations are we under to attend to and follow it?" Butler cannot now answer us: "Your obligation to obey this law, is its being the law of your nature." For this is just what is not yet made out. All that we suppose to be yet made out about Butler's scheme of human nature, its array of instincts and principles with the superior principle of conscience presiding, is that the scheme has a general correspondence with facts of human nature whereof we are conscious. But the

time comes, sooner or later the time comes, to individuals and even to societies, when the foundations of the great deep are broken up and everything is in question, and people want surer holding-ground than a sense of general correspondence, in any scheme and rule of human nature proposed to them, with facts whereof they are conscious. They ask themselves what this sense of general correspondence is worth, they sift the facts of which they are conscious, and their consciousness of which seemed to lend a credibility to the scheme; they insist on strict verification of whatever is to be admitted, and the authority of the scheme with them stands or falls according as it does or does not come out undamaged after all this process has been gone through. If Butler's scheme of human nature comes out undamaged after being submitted to a process of this kind, then it is indeed, as its admirers call it, a Newtonian work; it is a work "placed on the firm basis of observation and experiment;" it is a true work of *discovery*. His doctrine may, with justice, be then called "an irresistible doctrine made out according to the strict truth of our mental constitution."

Let us take Butler's natural history of what he calls our instincts and principles of action. It is this. They have been implanted in us; put into us ready-made, to serve certain ends intended by the author of our nature. When we see what each of them "is in itself, as placed in our nature by its author, it will plainly appear for what ends it was placed there." "Perfect goodness in the Deity," says Butler, "is the principle from whence the universe was brought into being, and by which it is preserved; and general benevolence is the great law of the moral creation." But some of our passions and possessions seem to go against goodness and benevolence. However, we could not do without our stock of natural affections, because "that would leave us without a sufficient principle of action." "Reason alone," argues Butler—

Reason alone, whatever any one may wish, is not in reality a sufficient motive of virtue in such a creature as man; but this reason, joined with those affections which God has impressed upon his heart; and when these are allowed scope to exercise themselves, but under strict government and direction of reason, then it is we act suitably to our nature, and to the circumstances God has placed us in.

And even those affections which seem to create difficulties for us are purposely given, he says—

Some of them as a guard against the violent assaults of others, and in our own defence; some in behalf of others, and all of them to put us upon, and help to carry us through, a course of behaviour suitable to our condition.

For —

As God Almighty foresaw the irregularities and disorders, both natural and moral, which would happen in this state of things, he hath graciously made some provision against them, by giving us several passions and affections, which arise from, or whose objects are, those disorders. Of this sort are fear, resentment, compassion, and others, of which there could be no occasion or use in a perfect state, but in the present we should be exposed to greater inconveniences without them, though there are very considerable ones which they themselves are the occasion of.

This is Butler's natural history of the origin of our principles of action. I take leave to say that it is *not* based on observation and experiment. It is not physiology, but fanciful hypothesis. Therefore it is not Newtonian, for Newton said, "*Hypotheses non fingo*." And a man, in a time of great doubt and unsettlement, finding many things fail him which have been confidently pressed on his acceptance, looking earnestly for something which he feels he can really go upon, and which will prove to him a sure stay, and coming to Butler because he hears that in the ethical discussions of his sermons Butler supplies, as Mackintosh says, "truths more satisfactorily established by him, and more worthy of the name of *discovery*, than perhaps any with which we are acquainted," such a man, I think, cannot but be disconcerted and impatient to find that Butler's ethics involve an immense hypothesis to start with, as to the origin and final causes of all our passions and affections.

And disconcerted and impatient, I am afraid, we must for the present leave him.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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THE DILEMMA.

#### CHAPTER L.

FRED'S visit to "The Beeches" came to an end next day. Yorke went with him as far as London, to look out for a second horse, it being arranged that he should return the following morning in time to accompany Miss Cathy to the meet. Even if he could not procure a horse in the

time, Jumping Joseph at any rate would be available, that useful animal having had but an easy day's work on the last occasion. Yorke wanted to find a groom also, for although there were plenty of spare men in Mr. Peevor's stables, the horses there never got thoroughly groomed; but as regards feeding, that gentleman had so frequently adverted to the fact of there being plenty of forage available, that Yorke felt that there would be no chance of being allowed to pay his own corn-bill. In truth he was now established on the footing of a family friend. Mr. Peevor enlarged on the obligation conferred on them by his stay, and on his kindness in accompanying Miss Cathy out hunting; with such an escort he no longer felt nervous about his daughter going out, Mr. Peevor being apparently under the impression that the proximity of another rider was a guarantee against falls. Yorke, for his part, felt that his visit, if prolonged much longer, must needs have a critical issue; but although his pulse did not rise higher at the prospect, he was nothing loath to let matters take their course as chance might dictate. He felt more interested in Lucy than a few days ago he could have believed it possible to be about any woman again, although not clear as yet whether he was in love with her; and he was still in doubt about the state of her feelings for him, and whether the little demonstrations in his favour which he could not but observe were spontaneous tributes to his effect on her, or parts of a design. This doubt perhaps rendered him less eager than he might otherwise have been; but if he could be sure that she really cared for him, why then —

The first-class passengers in the down train on the morning of Yorke's return to "The Beeches" were for the most part hunting men, bound to the next station beyond Hamwell, several horse-boxes bringing up the rear; but one occupant of Yorke's compartment was evidently not bent on the chase — a middle-aged man with square face and figure and short stubby hair, who wore black trousers and a white waistcoat, notwithstanding the season of the year. This traveller was attended to his carriage by a gentlemanly-looking person, bearing a basket, which the latter handed to him before himself retiring to a second-class compartment. The stranger, depositing the basket carefully by his side, sat bolt upright all the way down, as if it might injure the sit of his clothes to lean back, with a gloved hand holding the other glove (of lavender

colour) and resting on his knee, and Yorke noticed that the fingers of the ungloved hand were short and stumpy and not over clean. This gentleman, with reference to Yorke's costume, ventured on the remark that he concluded Yorke was going 'unting — hunting, he added, correcting himself; observing further that it seemed to be a fine 'unting morning, a fine morning for hunting, — that is, if the night's rain had not made the ground too 'eavy — what one might call too heavy. The conversation dropped at this point, Yorke taking refuge in his paper, while the gentleman occupied himself with looking at the cushions on the opposite side of the carriage, occasionally lifting the cover of the basket beside him to peep at the contents. At Hamwell station he got out after Yorke, the gentlemanly-looking person coming up to relieve him of the basket. Passing through the station to the road outside, Yorke saw that the only carriage waiting there was Mr. Peevor's landau. The stranger stepped towards it, the coachman touching his hat. The gentlemanly-looking person opened the door, for there was no footman, and the stranger was about to step in, when Yorke said, "We are apparently bound for the same destination; I presume," he continued with happy divination, "I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Hanckes?" "'Anckes is my name, sir," replied the other; "my name is Hanckes: after you, sir, if you please." When they were seated, the gentlemanly-looking person handed the basket in, and mounted on the vacant seat by the coachman.

"Staying in the house, are you, sir," said Mr. Hanckes, as they drove along, "and going out 'unting with Miss Catherine? She is wonderful fond of hunting is Miss Catherine, and a beautiful 'orsewoman — a beautiful horsewoman, as one may say, and a wonderful 'ard rider for a young lady — wonderful hard." In such conversation the drive was passed, Mr. Hanckes dropping his h's freely by the way, but always making a more or less successful cast to recover them. Arrived at "The Beeches," they meet the two younger ladies in the hall; and Mr. Hanckes, taking the basket from the gentlemanly-looking person, presents each of them with a splendid bouquet of hothouse flowers, keeping two more in reserve for Mrs. and Miss Peevor, when they should be found. Mr. Hanckes made his offerings with considerable nervousness of manner, especially, so it seemed to Yorke, when approaching Lucy; and he noticed

also that while Cathy, who was dressed for riding, received her gift without any embarrassment — merely saying, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Hanckes; what lovely flowers! I must take them up-stairs and put them in water; I can't wear them out hunting, you know" — Lucy blushed a little, and stood holding the flowers in her hand as if not knowing exactly what to do with them. But Yorke could not wait to see the issue; for it was time to start for the meet, and the pony-carriage in which he was to drive Miss Cathy there was standing ready at the door. Indeed the little incident did not make much impression at the time; but it flashed upon him as he was driving along that this delicate attention to the four ladies was in fact intended solely for Lucy. Something in Mr. Hanckes's manner when presenting his offering, coupled with the young lady's embarrassment at receiving it, created the suspicion; and thinking over what had passed during that brief space, the conviction suddenly possessed him — derived, perhaps, from his own unfortunate experiences — that Mr. Hanckes was Lucy's avowed suitor. And somehow after arriving at this conclusion he no longer looked forward with the same eagerness to the business of the day, but found himself several times wondering how the inmates of "The Beeches" were occupying themselves during his absence. And such is the pettiness of human nature, that while ashamed of himself for harbouring the notion, the rivalry of even Mr. Hanckes seemed to heighten the interest with which he regarded the young lady.

And yet the occasion was one when a sportsman might well be absorbed in his pursuit. For although the afternoon turned out wet, the scent was good, and two foxes were found, each giving a capital run over a good line of country, which, however, did not cross Upper Shoalbrook Moor as on the last occasion, or anything too formidable for his companion, who acquitted herself admirably throughout the day. Yorke could not help observing, when he appeared at the cover-side with Miss Cathy, that some of the people cast significant glances in his direction; William the groom, however, was also in close attendance up to that point, although he was lost to view immediately on the first fox being found. But Miss Cathy herself was at any rate under no delusion in the matter; for on Yorke remarking as they rode home together what a pity it was her sister could not join in their sport, she replied, "Do you really



think so? Don't you think gentlemen like girls best not to hunt? To be sure, I don't know many gentlemen; but it always seemed to me as if they didn't half approve of my riding to hounds. I am sure if I were a man, I should not like my wife to do so." "Can she be in the plot too," thought Yorke, "and playing up for her sister?" But the young lady's manner was perfectly unaffected, and free from all appearance of guile.

That afternoon there was no early tea in the children's room, as Yorke had been looking forward to, thinking that Mr. Hanckes could not follow them to that retreat, and that he should have the young ladies to himself. It was late when they got back; and, heavy rain having come on, both riders were wet through and had to seek their rooms, and the members of the household did not meet till just before dinner, which was earlier than usual this evening, as Mr. Hanckes had to return by the ten o'clock train. But it was a satisfaction to learn incidentally, as they sat down to dinner, that this gentleman had passed the morning in business and in walking about the grounds with Mr. Peevor, Lucy being with them during only a part of the time.

The conversation at that meal took more than ever the price-current form, Mr. Peevor making constant references to the new house at Norwood which Mr. Hanckes had just finished building; while the latter, nothing loath, detailed to the company the various arrangements in progress for completing his little place, as he called it. As for example, Mr. Peevor would say,—“So you have quite settled to give the furnishing to Spruce and Garnish, Hanckes?” to which Mr. Hanckes replies that Spruce and Garnish were rather expensive, but that, on the whole, he had thought it would be better to have the thing done properly while he was about it. “And the decorations for the hall, Hanckes, tell us what you have arranged about them. Are you going to give the job to Stipple?” And Mr. Hanckes explained that Stipple had already got the job on hand. And then how about the pictures? Our excellent Hanckes must lay in some pictures, of course; and Mr. Peevor looked round to the company while putting the question, as if wishing them to listen to the announcement which our excellent Hanckes made in reply, that he had given a commission to Mount and Gilp, the dealers in Pall Mall, for pictures to the tune of five thousand pounds to start with—two thou-

sand water-colour and three thousand hoil, that is, oil paintings. “I don't know a great deal about art myself,” added Mr. Hanckes, modestly, “never having had over-much time to learn about such things; but I like to see pictures on the walls; they make a man's 'ome look snug—they give an air of comfort to one's home, if I may say so; and old Mount has promised to look after the order himself, and I can trust *him*.” Upon which Mr. Peevor made the remark to Yorke that they must not take our good Hanckes's account of himself for granted on this head, for that he had a really very good taste in pictures. Indeed it was amusing to notice the mild swagger which the worthy gentleman adopted towards his partner; whatever might be his business relations with Mr. Peevor, in presence of his daughters and in that gentleman's house, Mr. Hanckes was meek, not to say sheepish in manner, perhaps from an inward sense of his imperfect command over the letter “h,” affording to the other the evident gratification of patronizing the one person with whom he could venture to take this liberty; for Mr. Peevor held his butler in manifest awe, and indeed every servant in the establishment stood punctiliously upon his rights, and knew better than to do anything beyond the strict line of his own particular duty.

“Well, if you *must* go, Hanckes,” said Mr. Peevor, when the carriage was announced at a little before ten o'clock, “the brougham is waiting;” and indeed, as Mr. Hanckes had not brought anything for the night, except the gentlemanly-looking person who was being regaled in the servants' hall, it was not apparent how he could stay. Mr. Hanckes, however, did not give this excuse, but pleaded that he must positively be at the counting-house next morning at nine.

“And when may I hope to have the honour of showing you young ladies over my little place?” said Mr. Hanckes to Lucy, advancing towards her to take leave—“for an honour I should feel it. We are still in a bit of a mess down there, but you can see what the place is going to be like now, and I think you would be pleased with the garden and 'othouses; hothouse plants have been my 'obby, you know, ever since I could afford 'em; and I think you would like to look round my orchids.”

Lucy blushed a little, and said she supposed papa would soon name a day for going down. “Ah, if you would only name a day,” replied Mr. Hanckes; and the hon-



est fellow spoke so earnestly, with a sort of sigh, and, although in a low voice, so plainly as to be heard by every one in the room, which made Lucy blush still more.

"A perfect palace my worthy friend Hanckes is building down at Norwood," said the host afterwards to Yorke, when they were alone together; "all the newest improvements, and everything in the greatest taste; and, between ourselves, my Lucy might be mistress of it to-morrow—she has only to say the word; but the girl does not fancy the idea somehow; and certainly there is a good deal of difference in age." Mr. Peevor, it may be mentioned, was about twice as old as his present wife. And although not sure whether this piece of information was divulged as part of a general scheme, or simply out of pure leakiness, and while secretly ashamed of allowing himself to be affected by it, Yorke could not help being possessed in consequence with a growing sense of the obligation incumbent on him to save Lucy from so dreadful a fate. Acting under the influence of this feeling, before going to bed he made a definitive engagement to stay another week. There would be four meets of the hounds during this time within practicable distance, to two of which Miss Cathy would go, leaving him to take the other two alone. Accordingly, his previous expedition having been unsuccessful, he went up to town again next morning to find a partner to share the duty with Jumping Joseph, still billeted in the roomy stables of "The Beeches," where, although there were twice as many servants as were needed, and it seemed to be everybody's business to be looking after somebody else, there was at any rate no lack of oats, and the horses got themselves groomed somehow or other.

In this week, reflected Yorke, as he travelled up to town, there would surely be opportunity for gaining some clue to Lucy's feelings; and if he could discover that she really cared for him, and that he was not the victim of self-deception, played on by Lucy herself as well as the rest of the family, why then—truly a romantic ending of the absorbing passion of his life. For although Yorke was every hour beginning to think more of Lucy, and only wanted the encouragement of certainty to fall really in love, suspicion for the time held his feelings under restraint, and he was still able to compare her dispassionately with his ideal of what a wife should be, noting with critical eye her little imperfections. Brought up in a hotbed of lux-

ury; to possess just such a smattering of accomplishments as serves to mark the want of better training; to get up each day to live a purposeless, dull routine, made up of changing dresses and idling about the grounds, perhaps receiving a stray visitor or two—certainly sitting down to twice as many wasteful meals as can be eaten; to have no duties, no interests, no cares; never to be of the smallest use to any living creature,—what a training for a wife and mother! And yet how many hundred girls in England were spending just the same dawdling, useless, unprofitable lives, who would never be missed outside the home circle, and hardly within it! But after all they could not well lead a more useless life than that of the ordinary English lady in India. And it is not Lucy's fault that her home surroundings are commonplace and dull. It is not she who is stupid, but the people about her. There cannot but be talent, and humour too, in the shapely little head that bears those sparkling eyes. They only want the opportunity to be brought out. Besides, it is not those most used to comfort and luxury who care most about them. The thing stales with use. Rather would those women be greedy of such things who have known the want of them, and look to marriage as a deliverance from the cares of poverty. No, there need be no fear that Lucy would shrink from the roughing of a soldier's life, if that became her lot, any more than that she has not a real woman's heart to give, if only one could be sure that it is really given.

People would say, no doubt, that he was a fortune-hunter, but he could afford to disregard such calumny—all he wanted was to find some one who really cared for him a little for his own sake. Others, again, might think he was making a misalliance, and would say spiteful things about Lucy's family; but so pretty and graceful and gentle as she was herself, she would surely outlive that. And, after all, in India nobody ever inquired who any one's father was.

#### CHAPTER LI.

THE opportunity soon came. That day when Yorke went up to town, the wind had set in from the east with a sharp frost; it was still colder when he returned to Hamwell in the evening; and next morning the look of the weather was more suggestive of skating than any other amusement. Miss Cathy, too, came downstairs with a heavy cold—she always got a cold with these horrid east winds, she

said — and was house-bound for the day. Mrs. Peevor also was laid up, and did not appear at breakfast; and Miss Maria, as a matter of course, could not think of going out in such weather.

"I am so sorry for your disappointment," said Lucy to Yorke archly, as they stood at the window after breakfast watching the frosty landscape, while Mr. Peevor had gone out of the room on a summons from the bailiff; "what can we do to amuse you? I can't offer to drive you anywhere, because papa would not let the ponies go out this morning without being rough-shod. There is not a bit of danger, of course, but he would be miserable all the time I was away."

"Let us take a walk together," replied Yorke, "and see how the ice looks about bearing; that will be much pleasanter than driving on such a day as this. I am sure you skate like a sylph. Then you have still got to show me the river, although I have been here all these days. A walk to-day will be delightful."

Lucy's eyes brightened at the idea, but there followed a look of hesitation as she turned them away.

Yorke understood the difficulty. "May not the children come with us, and do propriety?" he asked. "I am sure a walk won't do them any harm on such a day as this. The poor little things have hardly been outside the door since I came here. They can bring their hoops to keep themselves warm."

Lucy blushed and laughed and ran off to the nursery; and soon returning in walking-dress with the children, wrapped up in furs so that they could hardly move their limbs, the party started off, first going to the kennels to set Lucy's dog free, which seldom got such a chance of a run. In the avenue they were joined by Mr. Peevor, who said he would accompany them part of the way, although he seemed astonished at their mamma having allowed the children to go out on such a cold morning, and left word at the lodge that the carriage should be sent to meet them as soon as the horses were roughed. Mr. Peevor was in good spirits, for notwithstanding the sudden change of the weather, the temperature of the house had been maintained at 60°; and he remarked more than once that although the heating apparatus had cost a trifle, it was worth any amount of money to keep the house always at the same point of warmth. On reaching the top of the steep hill which led to the river, however, he left them. He did not mind going any distance down-

hill, he said, but the doctor had advised him to avoid walking up-hill, so he would take his walk before luncheon on the level. So saying, he pursued his way along the highroad, shuffling along staff in hand, the collar of his greatcoat turned up, and an enormous comforter round his neck.

The others turned off towards the river. The children ran on in front after their hoops, which bounded along the hillside over the frost-bound road, and for the first time Yorke found himself alone with Lucy.

For a short space they walked on in silence. Although Lucy stepped briskly, with a light elastic tread and upright carriage, she took little short steps, which made the pace a mere lounge for her companion; and wearing a sealskin jacket trimmed with fur, she did not feel the cold. Yorke, misled by the warmth of the house, had provided himself with only a light overcoat; and on this his first introduction to an English winter, he shivered under the penetrating wind. Truly this was an untimely occasion for love-making, when his teeth were ready to chatter and his fingers were numb with cold.

Presently they met a peasant-woman coming slowly up the hill, carrying a bundle of sticks on her shoulder, and leading a child with one hand. Both were miserably clad; and the child's face and legs were blue with cold.

By comparison Yorke was warmly dressed; and on seeing what others had to suffer, he was ashamed of his own impatience of the discomfort which he felt.

"Poverty is harder to bear in this country than in India," he observed; "this cold must make an awful addition to the burden."

His companion looked up as if surprised at the remark; she had been expecting him to say something different. He went on — "The poverty in England is dreadful to witness; the tremendous wealth at the other end of the scale makes the contrast all the greater."

"The poor in this parish are all very well cared for, I believe," said Lucy. "I know papa gives away a great deal in coals and blankets every winter; and I believe all our neighbours subscribe too."

"Coals won't keep you warm if you have to crawl about on a day like this without any clothes on, like that poor child," retorted Yorke, feeling for the moment quite angry with his companion. "Yet, after all," he thought, "what else is to be expected? To be shut up in a hot-house all your life, every want supplied, guarded from every discomfort, never to do

anything useful from one year's end to the other, to see the table spread ever so many times a day with ten times as much food as can be eaten, every want ministered to by a pack of lazy servants, themselves as pampered as their masters — what can be expected from a thoroughly immoral life of this sort but indifference to the needs of others?" Yorke, however, forgot that the senses of others might be dulled by familiarity with the social aspect of England, which struck him so forcibly on seeing it for the first time.

"Are there no poor in India?" asked Lucy, with some hesitation, disconcerted at the sudden change in his manner.

"Plenty," he replied, "including the poor British soldier. We have enough to eat and drink," he added, "and can manage to find ourselves in such light clothing as is needed in that climate; but it is a rough sort of life compared with what some of the good people at home are accustomed to, with their comforts and coddling and luxury."

"I should think a rough life must be very pleasant," said Lucy, after a pause.

"How can you tell what you think, when you have never tried it, accustomed as you are to have every want supplied, and everything done for you? You would always rather ring the bell for the servant to poke the fire, than do it yourself, I'll be bound. And I don't suppose you can remember having ever in your lifetime done your own hair."

"Oh yes, I can," said Lucy, laughing and blushing; "I can do my own hair well enough when I like; but what is the good, if your maid is there to do it for you? But you don't understand what I mean. It is so tiresome having everything done for one, and being of no use to others. Even the children never want to be looked after by us elder ones. You gentlemen go about, and hunt and shoot and travel, just when you please, and can afford to make fun of us girls who stay at home and do nothing."

"No, no, I am not making fun at all. There is nothing for us men to assume superiority about, because we amuse ourselves in our way, while you stay at home and amuse yourselves in yours."

"Amuse ourselves! what amusements have we? You little know how dull we always find it. I don't mean always; of course it is different when you — when we have visitors staying in the house. But you don't know how dull it is when we are alone. One gets up in the morning, really not knowing how the day is to be got

through. One can't be always working or reading, you know."

"Then you do read sometimes?"

"You are very sarcastic; because we don't take up books when we have company, we may read a little at other times, I suppose? I don't pretend to be very fond of books, and I hate dry ones, and I daresay you have found out how ignorant I am; but one gets so tired of being of no use to anybody. I often think I should like to be a governess or a needlewoman, or something of that sort, and earn my living."

"So luxury has its pains as well as its pleasures," said Yorke, delighted at this confession, yet still keeping Lucy on the defensive. "Charity begins at home; why not teach your little sisters?"

"Papa would not let me, even if I knew enough to do so. He means to have a French governess for them, and a German one too, as soon as Minnie is eight. He talks of adding schoolrooms to the house after Christmas. We never can do anything for the children except play with them. When they were ill last year, papa got down a couple of nurses from town, one for the day and one for the night, and we were not allowed to go near them for fear of infection, although I believe there was no danger really."

"I am afraid your papa would hardly agree to the governess plan for yourself, laudable though it be. How would you like a life of adventure and travel?"

"Ah, travelling would be delightful. We have often wanted papa to take us for a foreign tour, but I don't think he would like it, and then Mrs. Peevor is so delicate."

"But it is not necessary to travel with one's papa always. You might join a party of friends, for example." Then — after a pause — "Is Mr. Hanckes much of a traveller?"

"How can you be so absurd?" replied Lucy, laughing and blushing, as she turned her head away from her companion's searching gaze. "No, Mr. Hanckes would not leave London and his beloved counting-house for the world. But I should think a life of foreign adventure would be much pleasanter than living in England. England is so stupid and dull — don't you think so?"

"I can't say that I have found it so — especially of late; but still, life in India may have its charms too — don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lucy, eagerly, and then looking up and meeting his eyes fixed

on her, she saw the trap which had been laid, and she added in some confusion, "or any other country too."

"Italy, for example?"

"Oh yes, I should think it would be delightful to travel in Italy; I do long to see Rome." Little Lucy was trembling with excitement and nervousness combined, and hardly knew what she was saying.

Here a shabby idea possessed Yorke. He saw his power over the poor girl, but still played with her feelings. So he went on: "Was your last visitor from Italy, or going there?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose you have had visitors staying in the house before now, and that then perhaps some other country had the preference over the land of my adoption."

"How can you be so cruel!" she replied, turning her face away indignantly, and then, after a moment's struggle between distress and pride, bursting into tears, stopping short as she did so to cover her face.

"Miss Peevor — Lucy — my dearest Lucy!" cried Yorke, also stopping, and then, after a moment's hesitation, encircling her waist with one arm, while with the other he sought to detach her hands, and make her look up at him. "Lucy, my love, don't cry. I have behaved like a brute; but you will show your forgiveness by looking up at me with your sweet eyes."

Lucy did as she was bid, thereby no doubt deserving the reprobation of every right-thinking young lady; she looked up, smiling through her tears, and Yorke, strengthening the embrace of his engaged arm, and holding her two little struggling hands in one of his, imprinted a kiss on her pretty little mouth. He no longer thought about the cold.

Just then they were interrupted. The children, unnoticed by them, had run back to where they were standing, and were looking up in consternation.

"Why are you crying, Lucy?" said Minnie, almost ready to cry herself from sympathy.

"'Oocie trying 'cause it so told," said Lottie by way of explanation, catching hold of her elder sister's dress with her disengaged hand, while holding her little hoop with the other.

"Yes, dear," said Lucy, stooping down to kiss her little sister, by way of hiding her confusion, "it's very cold, isn't it? let us take a run together;" and holding Lottie by the hand she pressed forward by way of hiding her confusion; while Yorke,

giving a hand to little Minnie, and pushing on to keep his place beside her, could see that her face, as she looked downwards with averted glance, expressed mingled confusion and happiness.

A few steps made in silence brought them to the foot of the hill, and with an abrupt turn in the road the river came suddenly open to view, running at their feet. The road here branched right and left to Shoalbrook and Castleroyal. No longer the clear placid stream which, shaded by leafy banks, yielded a constant summer delight to denizen of town and country for miles around; yet still the leafless bushes and trees glowing rich red under the winter sun, sparkling with frosty spiracles, and set off by the deep blue background tints, formed a scene full of beauty of its own kind.

On their right, a short distance down the stream, separated from the bank by the towing-path and a little garden, was a wayside inn. A place, no doubt, of much resort in summer; but now the harbour in front was bare and naked; the little tables and forms on each side of the garden-path were tenantless; and except that a column of smoke rose from the chimney into the still air, the house itself looked to be empty.

On the left the road to Castleroyal receded somewhat from the river, the space between the two being occupied as garden-grounds, the houses standing in which, secluded in summer, could now be distinguished through the leafless branches, some small, some large, till the view was bounded by a bend in the river, just where the spire of a country church appeared amidst a grove of venerable elms.

The children began throwing bits of stick into the water, watching them float down the stream.

"That is our boat-house," said Lucy at last, by way of breaking the awkward silence, "on the other side. Papa had it put there to be out of the way of the towing-path."

"It looks a big place to keep a boat in," replied her companion, glad for the moment to pursue indifferent subjects. Must he tell Lucy at once what a mere remnant of a heart he had to offer her? Somehow the fraction seemed just then a good deal larger than he had been accustomed to deem it.

"There are several boats kept there," she rejoined; "the big boat, and the little boat, and Fred's wherry, and Cathy's and my canoes — it is such fun canoing, but

we are never allowed to use them except when Fred is here; and then there is the sailing-boat, and the steam-barge."

"A steam-barge? What is that used for?"

"Papa thought it would be very nice to have a steamer for picnic parties, and it was great fun at first steaming up ever so fast against stream; but one soon got tired of sitting in it doing nothing, and I don't think we had it out once all last summer. Papa keeps a man to look after the engine, and lends it to any one who wants it." Lucy rattled on in this way, trying to recover her composure, which was in danger of giving way whenever, glancing up, she caught Yorke's face looking at her with an expression she had never seen it wear before. There was no guile in little Lucy's heart, nor any cause for suspicion in her lover's. Her father, no doubt, wanted her to find a mate of some sort, but no pressure had been needed in this case. Surrounded by almost boundless wealth, these girls had yet led a thoroughly secluded life; this hero, who had appeared like a star among the humdrum people who made up her father's visiting acquaintance, seemed to be the first gentleman, except Fred, whom she had ever known. The noble creature had won her simple little heart at first sight; and now the hopes she had hardly dared form were realized. He had called her his dearest Lucy, and kissed her, and was now looking down fondly on her face. This hero and petted man of fashion, who might no doubt have had his choice of damsels moving in fashionable circles of which she had never stepped on even the outer edge, had deigned to smile on her and was really hers! and to think that only a few weeks ago she had been nearly prevailed on for very pity to accept Mr. Hanckes, when he asked her for the fourth time!

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NATURAL RELIGION.

#### VI.

THOSE ancient words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and those other, "Thou art careful and cumbered about many things; but one thing is needful," seem now to many among us not as once, solemnly and surely true, but either true no longer, or monuments of what was from the beginning but a melancholy delusion. There is no such "one thing need-

ful," these will tell you, any more than there is a universal panacea; and the true rule of life is to give your attention wholly, and without reserve, to each thing as it comes. As for the enterprise of saving your soul many have set forth on that quest; much experience has been gathered by this time of that system of life. And what conclusion does the evidence lead us to? Is there a more miserable creature than he who makes it his sole concern to save his soul? Is he not, for practical purposes, a person of diseased mind? Does he not too often in the end sink into actual madness? What more wretched chapter in human history than that which records the more conspicuous examples of men plagued with this fixed idea — kings trembling before their confessors, and Pretenders such as Bolingbroke describes, actuated ever by fear of "the horns of the devil and of the flames of hell!"

But such arguments do not quite succeed in robbing the old maxims of their impressiveness. The majestic sounds overawe us in spite of our scepticism. They may, we feel, have been misinterpreted so as to lead to lamentable results, and be true for all that. It happens here, as in most of the passionate attacks made in these days upon Christianity, that when all is said, only the ecclesiastical gloss upon the maxim has been shaken, not the maxim itself, and there remains a shrewd suspicion that this would prove true after all, if we could discover the original sense of it, or hit upon the modern application.

After all, the doctrine that man has a soul which can be saved or lost is not to be exploded by any change either in religious or philosophical belief. The doctrine that there is one thing needful, and that one thing religion, may, it seems to me, be propounded with as much confidence now as in the most orthodox ages. And indeed such notions are not peculiar to Christianity; peculiar to Christianity is only the skill that brings them home to all mankind alike, and the world-redeeming faith which resolves to make common to all what seems by its nature only accessible to the few; no doubt an enterprise involving the necessary risk of giving rise to monstrous perversions and delusions, which an exclusive philosophy is exempt from.

Mr. Carlyle, with many of the Germans whom he has followed, and of the English who follow him, has always insisted much upon this point. He dislikes all ecclesiastical systems, almost as much as

Voltaire or his own Frederick could do; but religion and Christianity — these he declares to be eternally true, and the particular Christian oracles we have singled out he redelivers with all their old solemnity. He understands what is meant by losing or saving the soul. It means, he says, that "the difference between right and wrong is strictly infinite;" and that without exactly picturing to ourselves a Dantesque Inferno, still less a Mahometan Paradise, we still cannot say truer than that the man who chooses right saves his soul, and he who chooses wrong loses it eternally. And on this ground for a long time, both in Germany and here, there maintained itself outside of churches and priesthods a kind of prophetic Christianity without dogma, which was certainly far more Biblical than orthodoxy in the fire and elevation of its eloquence.

But it is not to preach a sermon in the vein, now somewhat exhausted, of Mr. Carlyle, any more than to preach an ordinary revival sermon, that we bring up again here these well-worn texts. Rather do we wish to remark that the emphatic school of moralists finds the world almost as sceptical nowadays as the preachers of religion and theology. Mr. Carlyle is, we fear, almost as much offended by the latest fashion in thought as any divine can be; the deductions drawn in journalism and conversation from the system of evolution are very different from the severely moral utterances of its responsible teachers; and it seems at present just as likely that morality will be subverted as that it will be reinvigorated by the revolution in thought now proclaimed.

Is it true then, after all, that it is so necessary to save your soul even in this moral sense? On one side we find the artist raising the question; he has long cherished a secret grudge against morality. He finds the prudery of virtue his great hindrance. He believes that it is our morality which prevents the modern world from rivalling the arts of Greece. He finds that even the individual artist seems corrupted and spoiled for his business if he allows morality to get too much control over him. The great masters, he notices, show a certain indifference, a certain superiority to it; often they audaciously defy it. Those artists who are loyal to it, may occasionally reach a high rank, but seldom the highest; criticism treats them with a respect that has something of pity in it. They are like the good boys in a school, whom the master makes a point of praising, though he much pre-

fers the clever ones. Looking at morality mainly from his professional point of view, the artist becomes most seriously and unaffectedly sceptical about the supremacy it claims for itself. He sees that it interferes with art, and he does not in his soul believe that such interference is compensated by any good done to society. Right may be a grand thing, but so is beauty, and for his part he understands beauty better. If the interests of the two should conflict, he would like to see morals go down. He sides with the Medicean world against Savonarola, with the theatre against the Puritans or Jeremy Collier. He does not in any sense admit the current platitudes, and he would rather on his deathbed have it to reflect that he had painted a really good picture, or written a really good poem, than that he had done his duty under great temptations, and at great sacrifices. He had rather leave the world enriched and embellished, than do some dismal deed of virtue which perhaps, like the majority of really virtuous deeds, would not even prove a good subject for a poem or a novel.

There is another class which looks on the life of virtue with cold dissatisfaction. How much better, the scientific investigator often thinks, to have advanced our knowledge of the laws of the universe only by a step than to have lived the most virtuous life or died the most self-sacrificing death! The struggles of virtuous men in nine cases out of ten are thrown away; their active heroism or active philanthropy is only far too active. If they could only curb this restlessness and be content to "sit still in a room," how much better it would be! As he looks at it from the opposite point of view to the artist, the man of science may think the career of virtue attractive enough indeed, for it has more variety and incident than his own uniform labour in the study or the laboratory, but he despises it as popular, and distrusts its results. All such action strikes him as premature, the convictions on which it is based as unscientific. We must understand more than we do about sociology before we can sacrifice either ourselves or our time to the reform or to the conservation of any existing system, political or social. In the present state of our knowledge it is mere charlatanry to take a part; it is a proof of philosophic incapacity to allow our judgment to incline to one side rather than to the other. The laws of the universe can actually be, to an indefinite extent, unveiled; the process is going on



rapidly, and infinitely more labourers are wanted to gather in the harvest. In these circumstances it is a kind of sin (if the expression is scientific) to occupy oneself in any other task. We have nothing to do but think, observe, and write. And thus we enter upon a life to which the platitudes current about virtue have no application. To the student consumed by the passion of research, right and wrong become to a great extent meaningless words. He has little time for any tasks into which morality could possibly enter. Instead of "conduct" making up, as Mr. Arnold says, four-fifths or five-sixths of life, to such a person it makes a most inconsiderable fraction of life. He has his occupation, which consumes his time and his powers. There may be virtue in the choice of such a life at the first in preference to one more worldly or selfish. But when once he has made the choice, the activity of virtue in his daily life is reduced to a minimum. His pursuit stands to him in the place of friends, so that he has but few and slight ties to society. And the pursuit itself may be a solitary one, not leading him to have associates in his working-hours. But though so solitary, such a life may be to him, if not satisfying, yet preferable beyond comparison, and on the most solid grounds, to any other life he knows of. It may be full of an occupation for the thoughts, so inexhaustibly interesting as to make *ennui*, in such a man's life, an extinct and almost fabulous form of evil; at the same time it may be full of the sense of progress made both by the individual himself and by the race through his labours. And yet, though so peaceful and, compared with most lives, so happy, such a life may be almost entirely out of relation alike to virtue and to vice. Instead of that painful conflict with temptation which moralists describe, there may be an almost unbroken peace arising from the absence of temptation; instead of the gradual formation of virtuous habits, there may be the gradual disuse of all habits except the habit of thought and study; there may be perpetual self-absorption without what is commonly called selfishness, total disregard of other people, together with an unceasing labour for the human race; a life in short like that of the vestal, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," yet without any love or heavenly communion.

I have described two classes of people from whom the Christian doctrine of "saving the soul," whether in the orthodox sense or in that larger sense given it by

Mr. Carlyle, runs off like water. In these sceptical days they are likely to reject the first as untrue, and that distinction of right and wrong, proclaimed by moralists with such unbounded emphasis, leaves them unconvinced and uninterested. The one class reserve all their enthusiasm for beauty, while the other can see indeed an infinite difference between truth and error, and astonish the moralist himself by the emphasis with which they denounce what is unscientific or unverified; but as to right and wrong it is a distinction they very seldom have occasion for, and which seems to them, to say the least, scarcely to deserve the solemnity with which moralists invest it.

And thus in these days, those who preach religion as the one thing needful, however boldly they strip religion of its husk of dogma, and reduce it to the simple and severe notion of duty, meet with much opposition, and that of a firm, assured, deliberate kind. The artist and the man of science insist that they each know of something in its way as good as religion — that dignity, fulness, and nobleness can be given to human life as much by the worship of beauty, or the pursuit of truth, as by devotion to duty.

Now it is not our object here to combat these heresies. We are not about to undertake to show that after all the moral principle is that which is highest in man, or point out what bad effects follow in communities when either art or science usurp the honours which belong to virtuous action. Much might be said on these topics, but what we remark here is that such heresies, so far from implying any depreciation of religion as such, tacitly presuppose its unique importance, and so far from tending to show that religion is after all not the one thing needful, derive all their plausibility from the assumption that it is. For what is it that is alleged in behalf of art and science by those who take such high views of them? Is it alleged that they are sufficient for human life in spite of having no affinity with religion? Or is it not rather for the contrary reason that they are themselves of the nature of religion! The artist does not say to the moralist, "I am as good as you, though you worship and I do not:" but he says, "It is because you are so narrow-minded that you charge me with having no religion. I do not admit the charge; and it is just because I feel that I have a religion as truly as you, though of a different kind, that I question your superiority. Yours is the religion of right,



mine is the religion of beauty; they differ, no doubt, as their objects differ, but they agree in having the nature of religion. Elevated feelings, feelings that lift man above himself, admiration become habitual, and raised into a principle of life, a lively sensitiveness when disrespect or indifference are shown towards the object of our worship, these are common to both." Not less does the man of science value himself on having a religion; it is the religion of law and of truth. Nay, he for his part is often disposed to regard himself as not only more religious, but actually more virtuous than the moralist. For he believes that his love of truth is more simple, more unreserved, and more entirely self-sacrificing than that of the moralist, whom he suspects occasionally of suppressing or disguising truth for fear of hurting people's habits by shaking their opinions or of offending weak brethren. It is evident then that if the same men say at other times that they care nothing for religion, or that they disbelieve religion, they are not to be taken as speaking of religion as such, but of the particular religion which prevails in their neighbourhood. The popular Christianity of the day, in short, is for the artist too melancholy and sedate, and for the man of science too sentimental and superficial; in short it is too melancholy for the one and not melancholy enough for the other. They become, therefore, dissenters from the existing religion; sympathizing too little with the popular worship, they worship by themselves and without outward form. But they protest at the same time that in strictness they separate from the religious bodies around them only because they themselves know of a purer or a happier religion.

And so after all the old maxim stands fast, and man has a soul, which if he lose it will be of small profit to him to gain the whole world. For say to the artist, "Never mind the moralists who affront you so much by their solemn airs; what do you think of the man who neither worships with them nor yet with you, who is insensible to beauty as well as to right?" In a moment he who but now was quarrelling with your language will turn round and borrow it. "The man," he will say, "whose heart never goes forth in yearnings or in blessings towards beautiful things, before whom all forms pass and leave him as cold as before, who simply labels things or prices them for the market, but never worships or loves, of such a man we may say that he has *no soul*; and however for-

tunate he may be esteemed, or may esteem himself, he remains always essentially poor and miserable." More sublime still is and always has been the contempt of philosophy, which now we call science, for those who merely live from hand to mouth without an object or a plan, the "*curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes*." Neither school yield in any degree to the moralist in the emphasis with which they brand the mere worldling, or by whatever name they distinguish the man who is devoted to nothing, who has no religion and no soul, Philistine or hireling or dilettante. Only in the tone of their censure is there a certain difference; the artist, except when he rises to the height of a Blake, does not get beyond irritation and annoyance; the philosopher smites them with cold sarcasm; the moralist, or he whom in the narrower sense we call religious, assails them by turns with solemn denunciation and pathetic entreaty. This last alone, when it crosses his mind, and he realizes for a moment what is to him so incredible, that there are those who "mind earthly things," says it "*even weeping*."

Surely it would clear our vision very much, and help us to see our way in the intricate controversy of our time if we recognized that Christianity struggles not merely, as we commonly say, with irreligion and scepticism, which, by-the-by, we think of as different forms of the same thing, but with irreligion on the one hand and with rival religions on the other. Irreligion is only another name for sloth, brutality, and stupidity; it is an enemy hard to beat, and takes as much killing as the hydra, but aggressively it is not formidable. The really formidable antagonists are the rival religions whose true nature we misunderstand because we describe them by the negative name of scepticism or unbelief. They would not be formidable if they were mere negations, for a negation inspires no enthusiasm and makes no missionaries. It is not because they think Christianity untrue that these schools attack it, but because they think it obscures the true religion in which mankind should seek its salvation. Now what are these rival religions which attack Christianity, not out of mere wickedness or dulness, but with enthusiasm and confidence? We have spoken of them in this paper under the names of art and science, but those who have read the earlier papers of this series will remember that we thought we could discern in the whole religious history of mankind the conflict of three forms of religion. There was the re-

ligion of visible things, or paganism, which though generally a low type of religion, yet in its classical form became the nursing mother of art; there was the religion of humanity in its various forms, of which the principal is Christianity; lastly, there was the religion of God, which worships a unity conceived in one way or another as holding the universe together. We found that these forms of religion, though theoretically distinguishable, seldom appear in their distinctness, and that in particular Christianity, pre-eminently the religion of humanity, is yet also a religion of Deity. Now if we apply these categories to the controversies of our own time, we shall say that we see the ancient religion of humanity, which has so long reigned among us under the name of Christianity, assailed on the one side by the higher paganism, under the name of art, and on the other side by a peculiarly severe and stern form of theism, under the name of science. And when we look back over the history of the Church we see that it has always been struggling with these two rival religions, and that the only peculiarity of our own age is the confident and triumphant manner in which the two enemies advance to the attack from opposite sides.

But now upon this conflict there are two remarks to be made. The first is, that it is not in any way an internecine conflict, but rather a struggle for independence and for a frontier. Christianity, so long the reigning religion, has been intolerant and exclusive, and so the other religions have been driven to take up a position of hostility; but a quarrel like this is capable of arrangement. Christianity has never denied the right of the other two worships to a certain position, though she has striven to make it a dependent one. She has been somewhat too puritanical and somewhat unkind to art; but she has not attempted to turn all men into monks, and she has actually employed Angelo and Raffaele to build and to paint for her, Dante and Milton to make her poetry, Handel and Haydn to compose her music. She has behaved towards science jealously and suspiciously; yet she herself had her Aquinas in one age and her Pascal in another. On the other hand, both artists and philosophers have done homage to her, nor can any successful attack upon her be made from either side without provoking an earnest and eager reaction in her favour; as we see now arising in the very midst of the scientific school those who proclaim a new religion of humanity and organize it as much as

possible in accordance with the traditions of the old.

The other remark to be made is, that however these religions may jangle among themselves, they are, or should be, united against the common foe, which is irreligion. Those fundamental oracles of Christianity with which I began this paper belong to all religions alike, and are pretty well beyond the reach of controversy. It is not true that the controversies of the age must end in paralyzing action, or that plain men must remain without a religion till they are settled. Whatever may be the case with religions, religion remains fixed. Whatever may be true or false, there is in any case the world to be renounced and the soul to be saved.

We seem to have become incapable of conceiving that there can be any religion in a serious sense except Christianity, and still more incapable of imagining that other religions may not only exist, but may have in their own place their truth and value. And hence we have ceased to attach its proper meaning to the word irreligion, and have grown accustomed to confuse it with opposition, theoretical or practical, to Christianity. But in truth, religion that is false or crude and inadequate, has no more resemblance to irreligion than religion that is true. It may indeed be no less formidable an evil; nay, at times it may be more formidable, as in the religious wars of the sixteenth century the cynic who cared for neither party, even though his indifference sprang from mere sordidness of nature, may at times have been less mischievous than the enthusiast. But whether worse or better, irreligion is always essentially and entirely unlike religion, while false and true religions are always like each other just so far as they are religions. Without some ardent condition of the feelings religion is not to be conceived; we have defined religion as habitual and regulated admiration; if the object of such admiration be unworthy we have a religion positively bad and false; if it be not the highest object we have an imperfect and inadequate religion; but irreligion consists in the absence of all such objects, and in a state of the feelings not ardent, but cold and torpid.

It is most easy to illustrate this distinction by referring to the early history of Christianity itself. Christianity, we know, subdued in succession the paganisms, the false or inadequate religions of Europe; it suppressed first the classical, then the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Slavonic superstitions. But in the New Testament

for the most part, and particularly in the Gospels, we do not find it opposed to enemies of this kind. Christ opposes no form of false religion, but a different thing, which answers to what we have called irreligion. Before that giant Pagan, which in Bunyan's days had been dead so many a long year, Christianity had fought with another giant, World. I suppose it is one of the most original achievements of the New Testament to have brought home to men this conception of the world. A kind of conspiracy of irreligion, or union of all that is stagnant, inert, mechanical, and automatic into a coherent tyrannous power and jealous consentient opinion, this is what the New Testament puts before us as the world; and it represents religion as consisting in renunciation of it and separation from it. *Conventionalism*, indeed, is the modern expression by which we call that which stands here for the opposite of religion; and we can judge from this in what way religion itself was conceived, for the opposite of conventionalism is freshness of feeling, enthusiasm.

Everything akin to vital energy is inconsistent with the world as it is painted in the Gospels. Christianity there is never brought into contact with anything vigorous or enthusiastic. No artist lost in the worship of sensual beauty crosses the stage, no philosopher consumed with the thirst for truth. How such characters would have been treated by Christianity in its earliest days we cannot tell, perhaps with something of repugnance or hostility. But they could never have been classed with those whom Christianity actually attacked, the demure slaves of fashion and convention. They might be thought to be addicted to a false or dangerous religion, but they could not be called worldlings. Probably they would have been judged with favour, for it accords with the fundamental characteristic of the gospel to extol vitality at the expense of propriety — those who love much, Magdalens, publicans, prodigals, at the expense of those most honoured by public opinion.

Irreligion, then, is life without worship, and the world is the collective character of those who do not worship. When worship is eliminated from life, what remains? There are animal wants to be satisfied, a number of dull cravings to be indulged, and paltry fears to be appeased; moreover, because worship is never really quite dead, but only feeble, there is some poor convention in place of an ideal, and a few prudish crotchets in place of virtues. Yet

a society may live on in this condition, if political or physical conditions are favourable, without falling into any enormous corruptions, and may often in its moral statistics contrast favourably with one which some great but perverted enthusiasm has hurried into evil. • Its fault is simply that it has no soul, or to use the old Biblical phrase, has no salt in itself; or again, to use the modern German paraphrase which Mr. Carlyle is so fond of, has no soul to save the expense of salt. Now it is against this condition, we say, against irreligion pure and simple as distinguished from any forms of false religion, that there always has been, and is, particularly in our own time, a remarkable agreement of authorities.

It may, indeed, often appear that the disregard of animal wants and the renunciation of the world preached in the New Testament, are exaggerated. Animal wants in our northern climates and since slavery was disused have become more imperious than they were in ancient times, and the education of recent centuries has led us to approve a certain kind and degree of worldliness. Even prejudices, social conventions, and decorums may no doubt be condemned too unreservedly. But granting all this by way of abatement, the general truth of the New-Testament doctrine is clearer now than it has been in many ages (so called) of religious agreement. There has never been a time when the necessity of religion, in the broad sense of the word, has been so clear, as there has never been a time when its value in the narrow sense has been so much disputed. If, now that art and science have attained complete independence of the Church, and the monopoly even of moral influence is withdrawn from her by systems of independent morality, secular education and the like, we give the name of religion to that confined domain which is still left to the Church, it will seem as insignificant as the States of the Church have been in our time compared to the dominion held by Hildebrand or Innocent. But if we understand that all culture alike rests upon religion, religion being not simple, but threefold, and consisting of that worship of visible things which leads to art, that worship of humanity which leads to all moral disciplines, and principally the Christian, and that worship of God which is the soul of all philosophy and science; if we recognize, on the other hand, that the absence of religion is the absence not of one of these kinds of worship, but of all — in other words, that it is the paralysis

of the power of admiration, and as a consequence, the predominance of the animal wants and the substitution of automatic custom for living morality; then we shall recognize, on the one hand, that never was religion so much wanted among us, and on the other hand, that there was never so much agreement about it among thinkers.

It was never so much wanted, because of all nations our own best understands what may be made of the world, and best knows how to make life tolerable without religion. We of all nations most thoroughly see through that false unworldliness which begins in the want of self-respect and ends in mendicancy; it is we who have placed among the virtues our national "self-help," which so absolutely confounds well-being with wealth, and makes the highest object of life to be a livelihood. Providence in these later centuries at least seems to have indulged us in this safe and low view of life; for our insular position has allowed to sleep in us all those high thoughts which have been aroused in other nations by pressing national danger, while our close connection with the New World infects us somewhat with the commonness of colonial thought, and our good fortune in political institutions helps us to keep up a good appearance before the world. Hence we are able with greater complacency than almost any society to indulge in a view of life not so much unchristian as irreligious, a life not so much of perverted ideals and worships, as devoid of ideals and worships. Other nations follow after false gods, and tear each other to pieces out of some mistaken devotion; how long is it since *we* did anything of the kind? Our temptation is not to false religion, but to irreligion. It is not the Christian alone who complains that Englishmen can only understand their creed when they have translated it into the language of the counting-house, but the other religions complain of us just as much. The higher paganism makes few converts among us, so that artists complain that in England all art is turned into a business, while science, on the other hand, can only make way by disguising itself under the name of technical education, and pleading that it alone can save our manufacturers from being beaten out of the market by foreign competition.

Of all those acts of religious self-sacrifice, monastic vows, etc., of which former ages were so full, the true counterpart or equivalent in these days is that a man should not for mere wealth submit him-

self to a course of life which to him has no spiritual value, and that when any religious vocation, whether to art or to science, or to Christian duty and philanthropy, is strong in him, a man should abandon meaner pleasures to follow such a vocation. Judged by this test, ours surely is the least religious of all countries; for it is the country where the largest number of people lead, for mere superfluous wealth, a life that they themselves despise; the country where vocations are oftenest deliberately disobeyed or trifled with, where artists oftenest paint falsely, and literary men write hastily for money, and where men born to be philosophers, or scientific discoverers, or moral reformers, oftenest end ignominiously in large practice at the bar.

Or take another test. Would you know whether a man has an ideal? Look what he does with his children, for he will try to fulfil it in them. Themselves, for the most part, men feel to be failures; necessarily, for we carve ourselves while we are learning the art of sculpture. Children are, as it were, fresh blocks of marble in which if we have any ideal we have a new and better chance of realizing it, because we may work on them as mature artists. Look, then, how the English people treat their children. Try and discover from the way they train them, from the education they give them, what they wish them to be. You will find that they have ceased, almost consciously ceased, to have any ideal at all. Traces may still be observed of an old ideal not quite forgotten: here and there a vague notion of instilling hardihood, a really decided wish to teach frankness and honesty, and, in a large class, also good manners; but these after all are negative virtues. What do they wish their children to aim at? What pursuits do they desire for them? Except that when they grow up they are to make or have a livelihood, and take a satisfactory position in society, and in the mean while that it would be hard for them not to enjoy themselves heartily, most parents would be puzzled to say what they wish for their children. And, whatever they wish, they wish so languidly that they entrust the realization of it almost entirely to strangers, being themselves, so they say — and indeed the Philistine or irreligious person always is — much engaged. The parent, from sheer embarrassment and want of an ideal, has in a manner abdicated, and it has become necessary to set apart a special class for the cultivation of parental feelings and duties. The mod-

ern schoolmaster should change his name, for he has become a kind of standing or professional parent.

All this, perhaps, is generally allowed, and by most it is vaguely regretted; though some think it has been made out by political economy that no man need, or indeed ought, to engage in any occupation which will not bring him in at least two or three thousand a year. And yet our first economist is precisely the writer who has most emphatically denounced this view of life. What Mill calls liberty, or individuality, is precisely what other moralists call soul; it is, indeed, looked at from the scientific side, what we have here argued to be the essence of religion. To have an individuality, is the same thing as to have an ideal; and to have an ideal, is to have an object of worship—it is to have a religion. To a philosopher like Mill this ideal presents itself in the form of a system of well-reasoned opinions; to the artist it presents itself otherwise, and to the Christian again otherwise. And, as has been said, much depends upon the form the ideal takes; there are great differences between the worship of beauty, duty, and reason. But against those who have no ideal, and who live wholly without worship, against that sect, which numbers so many followers amongst ourselves, who recognize no intrinsic values but only value in exchange, all these worshippers are at one. And they include all who are supposed to have anything to say about the ends of life. What Mill says in the name of philosophy is echoed by Ruskin—however much they may differ on economical questions—in the name of art; both have the same enemy in the commonness, the worldliness they see threatening to overwhelm us; and both again are in accord with the voices that are raised in the name of morality, from Carlyle denouncing shams, or Thackeray working out the old Christian conception of the world with inexhaustible detail in “Vanity Fair,” to the humblest novelist who could never make out his three volumes without the eternal contrast between conventionalism and genuine feeling—or, in other words, life without worship and life with it; and all alike do but repeat, in these days when it is said there is no agreement about religion, those maxims which have always made the basis of the religion of Christendom—that “there is one thing needful,” and that “it shall profit a man nothing, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.”

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### AN UNIMPORTANT PERSON.

#### IV.

So the summer days went slowly by like bees laden with sweetness. Of many such days no record will be given. If anybody should read the previous chapters, he or she will be glad to pass lightly on from bath and bacon to supper and sleep, and again from supper and sleep, through star-gazing watches, to bath and bacon. Clodthorpe is a very dull town, and hundreds of less eventful histories might be written of its inhabitants. It is a solemn thought. The time, over which we pass, was a time of rare beauty. It was warm summer, but not parched and bare; for still rain fell in the nights, and lo! in the morning the country had renewed her spring. But melancholy comes with the riches of the year, and together they had come to Christopher. His life was no longer solitary, nor spent among the splendours and intrigues of a phantom and highly artificial society. In the place of daring page and scheming prelate, were Martin Carter and the Rev. Giles Warner: for court-ladies, schoolgirls gathered round Hermione Dale, before whose eyes the proud princess was fading. There was also a duenna. Miss Anne Winch was that sister of the sisterhood whose mission was the repulse of the other sex. When sister Hermione became acquainted with two young men, sister Anne rose between her and danger, as in obedience to natural laws, soft and strong as a sand-bank, against which the light artillery of dashing Mr. Carter might thunder in vain. Meanwhile the little schoolmistress, though she resented the presence of her placid dragon as wholly unnecessary, was very happy. Perhaps from her knowledge of the character of the naughty girl, aided by her feminine intuition of such matters, she had inferred Martin's admiration of herself. It is certain that his ardour and his ready talk were to her a new and delightful experience. Brought up between four walls, and among women more or less weak, she had long felt herself immeasurably wiser than her acquaintances. She knew as well what Susan or Tabitha would do at each slight variation of circumstances, as if one were an acid and the other an alkali. If the one always took cream before sugar, was not the other equally consistent in taking sugar before cream? Even in dull Clodthorpe could be found no duller folk than Tabitha and Susan. Debarred from the noblest

study of mankind, Hermione took to theology, and made her books an excuse for solitude. She worked archaic samplers also, and strange garments for singers. She loitered among the flowers, making a pretty picture, and fancying herself a scientific gardener. Had she not gained a real interest in her small scholars, she would have led a sham life, playing the nun, musing over her religious emotions, and believing, except in some painful moments of self-knowledge, that she was a very superior woman. In fact this charming girl was half a prig, when she was affected by the new influence of her erratic adorer. For adorer he was, as Christopher knew. If the ardent and sometimes brilliant talk of the young man was pleasant to the thirsty mind of the young woman, her cool judgment and intuition of right and wrong was inexpressibly delightful to his wayward character. After the first week of their acquaintance he was as ready to accept her decision on all practical matters, as she was to give it; and it is worthy of remark that having once accepted it he very rarely maintained the opposite. Christopher confessed to himself that his friend became more steady. Even his vague religiosity was being concentrated by Miss Dale's occasional precepts into a qualified support of the church of the Rev. Giles Warner. As to the priest himself, Martin soon maintained that his influence with the poor was greater than that of any man since Wesley. There was a strange combination of Ritualist and Methodist in the man who was the theological adviser of sister Hermione. He was fond of colour and processions, but somewhat lax as to forms. He had barely escaped persecution for his love of the illegal candle: he had roused the envy of a travelling revivalist by capping his most popular prayer with a better. He was very attentive to Mr. Carter, combating his opinions as if they were vastly important. Now flattery cannot be administered by an older to a younger man in a more delicate and effective form; and in this case it extracted from the youth his views on all subjects divine and human. The priest in return made himself agreeable by small favours. Now he displayed an interesting family of the poor and honest; now he dropped an exquisite fragment of mediæval legend. Now he showed the open working of a stimulating charity; and anon suggested the existence of a proselytizing society. It was strange that a man so full of good works

should give so much time to an impulsive and erratic young man, though Martin did not think so. Yet he was mightily pleased by this clerical condescension, and when he found himself at the hour of evensong in his friend's company and close to St. Polycarp's, he seldom refused to enter. The church was brilliantly lighted to attract the class to whom light is a luxury, and warmly coloured for the pleasure of uneducated senses. There Martin Carter would stand amid the natives of the surrounding slums, and at the end of the service thunder out hymn after hymn, while the congregation were roused to fresh exertions by their friendly pastor. Martin had a big bass voice, and liked to hear it.

So the friendship between the clergyman and the layman grew side by side with the love of the youth for the maiden, until one day a remarkable conversation took place. The Rev. Giles Warner invited his friend to walk, and the two set forth together. It was evening, but still hot, and they chose the shady hollows of the easy hills. At the first pause in Martin's talk the priest made a remark. "What a charming young lady Miss Dale is!" he said. This set the other off again. When he had exhausted all the terms of praise in the English language, Mr. Warner quietly expressed his agreement. "Quite so," he said, and added, in a meditative manner, "it is very unfortunate that she should be alone in the world, and so poor in worldly wealth. She is well fitted for the command of money."

"Why?" asked his companion, sharply.

"She has so much sense and so much goodness. She might be of infinite service."

Upon this the younger man burst forth in indignant comment, maintaining, with much passion and volubility, that a woman's sense and virtue are the very qualities which make her a good wife for a poor man. When he paused for breath, the priest, smiling gently, and shaking his head, observed, "Very true; but if the good and wise woman be rich also, she may benefit not one man, but a thousand. There is great power in money."

This talk was as the converse of whip and top. The whip gave a cut, and off went the top for a long spin. It spun buzzing against riches. Rich men care for nothing but to grow more rich. Their charity is ostentation, and generally harmful. It is the poor who help the poor. So may these buzzings be compressed.



The youth was by this time too excited to remark that his companion was watching him narrowly, almost eagerly.

"Why," he cried, presently, yielding half-consciously to his tendency to present himself as an illustration, "I might be a rich man if I chose."

"Indeed!" questioned the priest, with a smile, in which there was just enough of doubt to goad the young man into further revelations.

"I suppose I may say so. I am the only near relative of my uncle, who made a pile of money, and owns a big place in Hampshire."

"Is it possible," asked the other, seemingly much surprised, "that you are related to the great Sir Abraham Carter?"

"Ex-mayor, inventor and patentee of the Cantharic stain-eradicator, at 6d. the stick, J.P., country gentleman, and Tory M.P.," cried Martin, laughing bitterly, and emphasizing each title with his stick.

"And you are not on good terms?" asked the other, in a tone of real concern. "Pardon me," he added, quickly, "if I overstep —"

"Oh, not at all," said Martin. "If to be turned out of the house is a sign of displeasure and a cause of annoyance, I may say that we are not on good terms. He disapproved of my advising the application of the patent eradicator to his own reputation."

"How very unfortunate! But the place? Perhaps the place is entailed upon you?"

"No; he has everything in his own hands. You see I was not wrong in saying that I might be rich. I have but to go humbly to my uncle the eradicator, and I am heir to his ill-gotten gains."

"Wealth ill-gained may be sanctified by its use," suggested the priest.

"That is a damnable doctrine," cried the layman, hotly; "I beg your pardon, but it is."

"Well, well," said the other, soothingly; "then there is no hope of Sir Abraham pardoning you?"

"None. The truth is that I incidentally showed him up in print. I referred to him as an example of successful fraud, and he did not like it."

"Not unnaturally. You write for the press? How did he know that it was your article?"

"I signed it. It was in the *Bi-monthly*," said Martin, naming a periodical famous for plain speaking. One of his friends asserted that Martin wrote for the *Bi-monthly* because he could pour out

as much abuse as he chose, and sign his name in full at the bottom of it. One of his enemies refused to answer an attack on the ground that Martin Carter would any day rather be kicked downstairs than not noticed.

"The *Bi-monthly*," repeated the Rev. Giles Warner, musing; "a very interesting periodical—very; but not, I fear, a mine of wealth for the contributors."

"I have something of my own," said the young man, carelessly; "four or five hundred a year."

"And you have attacked your rich uncle in the *Bi-monthly*? Well, well, you young men are very bold. I fear we must part here, and, by-the-by, perhaps for some time. I start for another conference this evening."

"A conference? Where? What about?" asked the youth, who was interested in everything.

"On ecclesiastical affairs. Good-bye, till we meet again. Good-bye, good-bye." With an affectionate pressure of the hand, and some contempt and pity in his heart, the Rev. Giles Warner left his friend, and passed quickly into St. Polycarp's.

Martin went home feeling rather cross. He wondered why he had been so egotistical. A man always feels the vanity of the world when he has talked more than is his wont about himself. He had an uneasy impression that he had been posturing before his friend.

The next morning Mr. Carter, having recovered from his unusual fit of self-distrust, was watching the customary stream of small folk who passed the window. Presently the green gate opened in a manner which showed the decision of an adult. The young man turned quickly, and with a bright smile of welcome. This pleasant expression yielded to a look of profound dismay, as the gate was sharply closed, and he found himself confronted by the inexpressive countenance of Miss Anne Winch.

## V.

Now were the summer days most waspish, and each in passing left her sting in Martin Carter. He could hear nothing of Hermione Dale. At first he was energetic and confident. He dashed from place to place asking questions. At the clergy-house he learned that the Rev. Giles Warner was exercising his persuasive faculty at a congress in Germany, and was too busy for private correspondence. To the dwelling of the sisterhood, which he



haunted, he could never gain admittance. He lay in wait for the sisters, and captured in succession the prudent Tabitha and the homely Susan. From the former he extracted the information that Hermione was with friends in London; from the latter, that there was no particular address. He made a sudden onslaught on Miss Anne Winch; but that least impressionable of women listened patiently for half an hour, and said nothing but good-bye. Then energy and confidence gave way to irritability and hope, and these in turn yielded to despair and loss of appetite. One morning, as Christopher watched his friend sitting moody before his coffee, and playing with his bacon, he was attacked by a most disturbing thought. It flashed across him that perhaps he might do something to help the sufferer. Now a mood of passive pity was not unpleasant to the student, but the idea of active help in this matter was singularly distasteful. He put it away from him, and buried himself in his books; but to no purpose. That thought was everywhere. When he looked down, he read it between the lines; when he looked up, he saw it on the wall. Instead of a profound work on particles, his book might have been an essay on the duties of friendship. By dinner-time he had almost yielded, and had hit upon the secondary and more comfortable consideration that he should certainly fail. During the meal his friend's silence seemed portentous. It was as if the mill-stream had ceased to turn the wheel, and the waking miller heard for the first time silence. When dinner was over, the student, as he was wont to do, strolled into the shady road; but at the hour of return to study he had his hand on the bell of the tall house, where the sisters lived. So he stood for a minute, then took his hand away, and went towards the river. He walked slowly to the bank, and turned up stream. The river with its great gentleness and little changes was always a good friend to the student. It soothed him in his hours of leisure, and helped him when he wished to think. It seemed as if under the pleasant tone of the water his scattered thoughts and feelings drew together without his effort and formed a purpose for him. The Thames was ever ready to tell him the right thing to do. When he had been walking for some time, he flung himself, face downwards, where the grass was cool, about an old tree and a tangled hedge, and lay thinking. He thought of many things more or less irrelevant, such as his earliest recollections of his mother,

Rosalind in the forest of Ardennes, a beetle all in green and gold who pushed through a tuft to look at him, the twitter of a bird above his head; and yet, when he had lain very still for an hour, he rose with a set purpose. When the small twittering bird hopped down to pry into the place where the strange visitor's face had been, she found her breast wet with unaccustomed dew. Christopher walked quietly down the river, quietly up the road, and rang the clanging bell of the gaunt house without a pause. In the door was a grating, of which these amateur nuns were mightily proud. Christopher, who was looking at the grating in expectation of the critical face of a subordinate sister, was much surprised to see two small brown hands grasp the bars. Presently between the hands rose the comical face of the naughty girl with twice its usual amount of mischief. "I thought it was you. I saw you in the road," she whispered, and disappeared. In a moment she opened the door, and pulled the young man in by the sleeve. "Hush! come on!" she said.

"But what are you doing here?" he asked, hanging back.

"Oh! I am here because I am so naughty. Come on, do."

"But I want to see Miss Winch."

"Well, I'll take you. She is in the lockatory."

"In the what?"

"In the lockatory. That's what they like to call it."

"Oh! the locutory! The parlour, eh?"

"Yes. Come on. I'll take you in. Only don't you go till I come back." With this warning the naughty girl pushed open a door in the passage, pushed Christopher towards it, and ran off on tip-toe. The young man entered the room, and found himself in the presence of Miss Anne Winch. Even this imperturbable woman was surprised.

"How did you get in?" she asked.

"I am so glad to find you at home," said he.

She looked as if the pleasure was not mutual.

"May I ask for news of Miss Dale?" he inquired, after an interval.

"Hermione is better, thank you."

"She has been ill?"

"Not seriously."

It was a remarkable conversation. Neither was a fluent talker. The longest, and indeed the most eloquent part of the dialogue were the pauses. Christopher stared at his boot, and Miss Winch took

up her work. Presently he asked, "Have you heard from her lately?"

She thought a while before she answered.

"We have the latest news of her."

Here ensued a pause of unusual length. The lady moved in her chair, and directed at the gentleman that feminine look which insinuates without rudeness that a visit has been long enough. But Christopher sat still, mindful of the orders of the eccentric child, and having a great power of waiting. At last he asked, "When do you expect her back?"

"May I ask your reason for wishing to know?"

"I want to speak to her on a matter of importance."

The lady settled herself more firmly in her chair, and in her blandest voice observed, "Our dear Hermione is almost alone in the world. We could hardly permit the visits of a young man without an explanation."

"I wish that I could give you one. But there is another to be considered."

"You come on behalf of somebody else?" asked Miss Winch, almost betraying interest.

"I come on my own responsibility."

"And you cannot tell me your reason?"

"I fear not."

"Then," said Miss Anne Winch, slowly, "I fear that we shall gain nothing by prolonging this interview."

The situation was embarrassing for Christopher. To avoid moving he was forced to shut his eyes to the fact that she had half risen from her chair. But he was bent on delay. He sat still, and meditated. Presently he resumed the conversation by saying, "You will pardon me for asking if you are Miss Dale's guardian?"

"In some sort, yes."

"I mean in the eye of the law."

"Now you must pardon me in turn. You cannot expect a woman to understand the law."

Christopher rubbed his hat, pushed out one leg, and looked carefully at his foot, wondering what he should say next. After a pause Miss Winch rose, and said, still with much urbanity, "I must ask you to excuse me. It is a very busy day with us." The young man rose slowly, conscious and half ashamed of his feeling of relief. He had done his best, and failed.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," he said. "Good-day,"—and he moved towards the door. But he had not made two steps in that direction when the door opened, and he started back in surprise. On the threshold stood Hermione Dale,

rather pale, but calm. Christopher looked round at Miss Winch, probably with something of rebuke in his eyes, for she said quietly, "Did not you know that Hermione was in the house?" But though her voice was urbane as ever, there was a world of meaning in the glance which she turned on the little sister. Even at this crisis Miss Dale did not forget the dignity of the schoolmistress. She delivered her commands to the naughty girl, who stood in great glee behind her, before she advanced alone into the room. She held out her hand frankly to Christopher, and looked at sister Anne with an unmistakable expression. "Oh, certainly, if you wish it," said that lady, and left the room.

Then the student quietly and gravely pleaded the cause of another. He praised Martin's generosity, his brilliancy, his kind heart. He stated his own conviction that an able woman could concentrate and strengthen all that was good in him. He soon saw that he might finish his panegyric. Her face grew softer, and her eyes were moistened, as she heard him.

"I have no right to speak," he said abruptly; "but I saw how wretched he was. You will cure him?" he asked, with a sort of sob in his voice, and a foreknowledge of her answer, which made him smile grimly.

"Why did he not come?" she asked softly.

"He has been twenty times, but he never could get in."

"And yet you thought they would admit you?" she asked, half smiling.

"Yes. I am an unimportant sort of person." They had some further talk. Christopher learned that Hermione had been really unwell, and had been in London for a few days. On her return she found that her place at the school had been taken by Miss Winch, and that the Rev. Giles Warner had left for her a large mass of papers, with a request that they might be copied, and forwarded to him in Germany. She had been very busy, and a little surprised to hear nothing of her friends, until the naughty girl told her that one of them was in the house. Neither the young lady nor the student spoke much of the future; but before they parted, he knew that she would walk by the river that evening.

That evening Martin also walked by the river. The Thames has heard many love-stories as he loiters on his way. He is bound for the sea, but has time for many little works and pastimes. He winds idly through the level fields, stopping in full

contentment at the lock-gates, or sliding with low laughter across the weir. He lingers where the great trees drop boughs towards the stream, or in dense masses climb the steep slopes. He swerves about the green islands lovingly, and lifts the long grasses at their edge. He explores shadowed back-waters, softly raises the water-lilies, and swells against the swan's breast among the reeds. As he sings the richness of the year, many little birds weave variations in the monotonous tune. Over the osier-beds the cloud of starlings breaks into falling birds, and the air is full of gossip and household chatter. The sun, when he sinks in splendour, keeps his deepest colours for the tranquil Thames. Amid the gathering shadows two silver swans ride purely. O Edmund Spenser, worthy poet of this sweet English river, thou hast left a marriage-song for all true lovers.

When Miss Hermione Dale saw the shadows deepening, she did not think of Spenser. She thought that Martin, who was looking worn and harassed, maugre his present joy, would catch cold. Therefore, with that deception which we pardon in affectionate women, she said that she felt the air grow chill, and shivered; and thereupon Mr. Carter, glowing with the new delight of taking care of a weaker creature, hurried her home. Before they parted, by the clanging bell of the gaunt house, it was agreed between these lovers that he should take her next day to her friends in London, return himself to his bachelor lodgings in the same city, and as soon as might be, buy the ring. That night the joy of Martin Carter broke forth in cries of astonishment and sudden movements, most disturbing to the cat Hobbes. When his friend was at last asleep, Christopher sat long leaning out into the night, meditating on life and love. Great is the effect of solemn beauty on a tender soul. When he drew in his head, his face was wet with tears.

## VI.

THE next morning, when Martin and Hermione were flying to London together, Christopher sat at breakfast alone. For half an hour after that meal he smoked a mild pipe. Then he saw the naughty girl, who held out the accustomed hand. When he placed the largest lump in her small palm, she did not make a face for answer, but smiled and thanked him. It seemed pathetic to the student that she should smile and speak to him on that morning. Presently the cat Hobbes

rubbed herself against his leg from the extremity of her left ear to the point of her stiff tail. It seemed pathetic that the cat Hobbes, who was not by nature demonstrative, should favour him with such prolonged expression of good-will. And now the stream of children flowed by him, and in the stream like a long log trundled edgeways came Miss Anne Winch, who did not see him, as at the moment she was encouraging the smallest girl with the point of her parasol. At ten the student took down his books. After the children's frolic at noon he showed signs of restlessness. He went to the cupboard, and fished out the long-neglected tragedy. He pushed over the papers until he came to the great love-scene. It was at court that the grand passion was displayed. Out stepped his princess all in gems and gold. In rushed his page in kirtle green. She was in splendour like the sun, as he told her. His garb was mean, as he exclaimed with bitterness, but none the less becoming. Yet fine as it all was, it seemed a poor thing to the author. Was it possible that his great work was so very unnatural? Were the jewels so glassy, and the page's legs mere padding? It was the wooing of the Albert Memorial by a German band. O fine writing, and scenes of admirable proportion, are ye no warmer than a painted fire? Let Romeo climb the wall, or Juliet lean from the window, and how many pairs of lovers flit away like ghosts! Away with them all, these creatures cut out of books, manufactured rags, shadows of shadows! Out with them, O Christopher grown clear-eyed, proud monarch and despised suitor, alike despicable! snip off the head of this maiden, who doles out a measured passion with her painted lips! What do these speech-makers know of love?

The student took out the fatal shears, and very quietly cut the great drama into little pieces. He dined with a fair appetite. In the evening, as his boat drifted slowly down the river, he was surprised to find how calm he felt. The air was above all things sweet. There was rest in the thought of Martin Carter a long way off. It was almost a relief to remember that Hermione was no longer behind the clanging bell. There was melancholy pleasure in the knowledge that the first and second gentlemen had walked away never to return. He debated with himself whether on the morrow he should begin his essay on Euripides, or his criticism of the criticism of the newest and deepest German. As he passed onward, he took out

a canvas bag full of minute scraps of paper, added a stone to the contents, and dropped it into the water. The stream closed silently over it, and the gentle critic floated home.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. THACKERAY'S SKETCHES.\*

It is just eleven years since the author of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes" passed away from among us, in all the power and vigour of life, unexhausted by the labour which a toiling literary man, more almost than any other professional worker, has to go through on his way to that highest eminence of success which so few ever reach. He had been an artist, he had been a journalist, he had been, strange as it seems to say so, only a semi-successful writer for many years of his life, writing books which got their full meed of approbation only after his great work had carried him at a leap to the summit of popularity. At last, however, he had attained all that the ambition of an author could desire—the readiest and most enthusiastic welcome for all that he chose to give to the world, the plaudits of all whose applause was worth caring for, along with that echo from the crowd which is the true test of fame in the wider sense of the word; and so much solid reward for his labours as gave substance and meaning to all the rest. His life, as everybody knows, had been overshadowed by one of the heaviest domestic clouds that can come upon a young man in the beginning of his career, which he had borne manfully with courage and patience and cheerful steadfastness; and in the blessed course of compensating time had recovered through his children the happiness of home. All this, fortunately, he had attained while still in the full flood of a genial and friendly existence. His labours were many, but they were at length fully recompensed; and no failure of strength warned him to leave them off. He had troops of friends and universal appreciation and honour wherever he went; his name was one of the foremost in his country, and his character understood and loved. Thus happy was he above the assaults of adverse fortune and all those evils which in his day he had met and encountered like a man, when suddenly in the night, without warn-

ing, or the knowledge even of those most dear to him, there came a secret messenger and summoned him unexpectedly out of all this warmth and comfort. Without time to breathe a last wish or say a farewell, he was withdrawn from the world in the strength of life, in the fulness of fame and of genius. There is something very terrible to the common imagination in such a fate: no lingering of sickness or long languor of suffering affects the mind so much as the shock and terror of a sudden disappearance like this; and yet, when we consider it calmly, what could be more happy? All the growing shadows of mortality, the waning days, the fading light, the time when desire fails and the grasshopper becomes a burden, are escaped by such a swift conclusion. Of all things there is nothing so sad as the last chapter in life, through which the old man lingers, seeing his friends drop around him, and mournfully awaiting the moment when he too shall drop, like so many others, into the long-waiting and clearly visible grave. But in the other case all those sorrows are avoided. The man who dies in middle age has all that is best in life without its saddest drawbacks and burdens; and there are cases in which so sudden a death seems a special privilege of heaven to those who have stood bravely at their post, and borne the heat of the day and the sore labours of life without fear or flinching. This was what our great humourist did, bravely, tenderly, steadfastly, through pangs and discouragements which would have taken the heart out of many a common man. And in the midst of his days, in the full flush of his fame, while yet his eye was not dim nor his force abated, but when by strain and determination he had fulfilled the task he put upon himself and provided for those most dear to him—then he was taken away at a stroke, his work, uncompleted, dropping from his hands.

Of the life thus ended no formal record has been made; nor indeed has any memento of it been given to the world till now. And there is something unusually touching in the publication at this especial moment of the book of sketches, reproduced from the scraps and fragments which Thackeray left behind him. It is not the great author, the social philosopher and moralist, the famous writer of novels, the cynic, as some men think him, but a domestic figure, all softened, mellowed, and illuminated by tender lights of love, which appears to us in this volume with genial smile and playful looks, kind-

\* The Orphan of Pimlico; and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings. By William Makepeace Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

est, gentlest, most indulgent of men, "my father," no other title thought of. His children were moved to this undertaking by natural displeasure at the publication of a book professing to contain his drawings and called by his name, in which much extraneous matter was mixed up, and youthful scribbles that did him no manner of justice. After they had undertaken this gentle revenge upon the intruders who attempted to *exploiter* his memory, the work grew upon them, charming them with a thousand soft recollections of their own early days and his constant tenderness. The consultations and arrangements and anxious selection of what was best, the oversight and care required to make sure that the reproduction was as perfect as possible, charmed and interested beyond measure the two whom he had left behind, and to whom he had been the most beloved and playful companion as well as the kindest of fathers. What talks there were of the past, what fond thoughts and natural tears, out of which time had taken the bitterness! Alas! before the book came to the world, there was but one left to look over, with a pang of renewed and added anguish, the records of the old life, of which she alone remained the sole survivor. Like her father, though many years younger, out of her happiness and hopes, in the flush of womanly maturity and domestic blessedness, Thackeray's youngest daughter, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, had been taken away like him, the abrupt messenger coming to her also like a thief in the night. And now what the two planned and guided to the verge of publication, the one puts silently forth into the world. A more touching monument of the little group now severed, father and daughters, just caught in their domestic life by that side gleam of fame, which reveals without profaning the sanctity of the now vacant home, could not by possibility be given to the public.

After what we have said, and with the tears in our voice, we cannot turn at once to the book itself, so full of genial fun and amused perception of everything that was going on in those days that are past. The man himself was more memorable, more noticeable than his sketches. No memoir of him has been given to the world; and, indeed, the memoirs of his contemporaries which have come into being give little encouragement for that vulgarizing and undesirable process. It would be better for the fame, and better for the personal appreciation, which we give with no ungrudging hand to those who please us, if

the art of biography were less largely and less volubly exercised; and Thackeray's children have done well to obey his injunctions. But yet, if it had been possible to put in a book the life which was so full of suffering and patience, of disappointment, of gaiety, and love, and laughter, and tears, what a picture it might have made! Such glimpses of it as his friends have put aside in their recollections are full of the interest which attends every courageous warfare with trouble and sorrow, manfully carried on, not without sinkings of the heart, not without failures and imperfections, yet always showing steadfast progress: the head aloft, the heart brave even when near breaking; and many a jest and laugh breaking in between, sweet, natural gaiety which defied grief; and all the tricks and quips of humour ready to burst forth on the very edge of pain, and mock it, though the jester felt it to the depths of his kind and tender soul. There is no such true symbol of life, we have often thought, as the progress of a ship over the sea, setting out in full and fresh array of perfect sails and spars, flags flying, the waves crisping round the adventurous bows, caressing them with soft splash and rush and playful sprinkling of spray, the wind like laughter in the cordage: till the storm comes, seizing the vessel in a sudden agony, making her reel and shiver, stripping her bare, and tossing her like a nutshell between the black sky and blacker sea. Then after the shock comes a pause, and one feels again a throb of purpose in the battered thing, a working of the helm in obstinate resistance to the waves, a conscious struggle of the humanity within against the terrible forces without; and then a gradual recovery and steadying of the shattered hull, a shaking out of the torn canvas, renewed progress with all the old gay accompaniments, as if the storm had never been—till the next comes. So it is with every man and woman. Caught out of their first confidence in life to a fierce struggle with some gigantic primitive misery, for a moment crushed and silenced, then coming to life again with sobs and choking breath, setting a brave face to the world and to their trouble, keeping on, overcoming, growing gay—till the next assault, which, like the first, is shaken off too after a time; the bleeding, throbbing, suffering creature never giving up its individual protestation against everything less noble than that patient, courageous, persistent life which was not given by God to be crushed, but to be maintained. Those who sink in sullen

woe and make no resistance, and those who are beaten down into a dull and dismal languor of weakness, are not half so interesting or attractive as the valiant soul which cries and weeps and laughs and struggles, and will not be subdued whatever happens. Of such was Thackeray. How he righted himself after the commotions through which he passed — how he took up his burden and bore it like a man — how even in his youth he made himself the tender nurse of his little children, and denied himself, and held on, tears in his heart if not in his eyes, but smiles on his face, with outbreaks of merry laughter and jest and song, blossoming over the tribulations and privations and hard struggles of life, — this is a story which we have no commission to tell, nor even the knowledge necessary to do so; but which is known to many, as spectators know a portion of the drama going on before them — though it was never revealed or debased through partial telling, by himself.

The character of his genius, however, and the way in which it came to maturity, is safer ground, and here we may speak without hesitation. The first profession he proposed to himself seems to have been that of an artist, and his first books even, after the pen gained the day over the pencil, were illustrated by himself. From art he naturally strayed into writing, working at both together for many of the best years of his life, writing for the papers like his own Warrington, and forming that light opinion of the powers of those who did so, which he afterwards embodied in the talk of his favourite character. Then came "Sketch-Books," containing that curious amalgamation of the two crafts which no one had done more completely than himself — the literature a picture in words, the picture a piece of literary composition; and he had worked in this way for years without ever coming to any particular success, when "Vanity Fair" suddenly burst forth, convincing all fit critics in a moment that here was a work of genius. Without any further delay or question he came at once to the very highest rank, with but two rivals who could keep level ground with him — the fine imagination of the late Lord Lytton, and the lower yet popular and undeniable genius of Dickens. Of these three, Thackeray was the one who carried himself most entirely into his work. He had the variety, the changeableness, the power of rapid transformation which is to be found only in the finest intelligences. He was by turns humorous, contemptuous,

tender — a moralist, a jester, a laughing philosopher, a cynic; yet with a vein of pathos infinitely touching and true, which went to the hearts of his readers. The commonplace was not in him. Whenever he looked at a scene it began to twinkle all over with lamps of meaning, gleams of humour and fun that lit up the landscape, and sudden tears that fell before you knew, and, before you knew, were tried by as sudden laughter. He loved the paradoxes of nature too well perhaps to content, at least at the outset, the matter-of-fact reader; and he had a pleasure in showing not only what lingerings of tenderness and good feeling there might be in some disreputable sinner, but what foolishness and pettiness might dwell in the bosoms of good men.

This latter peculiarity made him often misunderstood by those innocent critics who are more fond of abstract virtue in a book than of the real weaknesses and shadows of humanity — or who, at least, insist upon some one exhibition of an author's faith in the ideal. But Thackeray could not consent to worship the abstract virtues. The moment he caught sight of them, a gleam of not unkindly malice awoke in his eye. Love of mischief, love of contradiction, impelled an onslaught. The very perfection of the outline drawn forth before him filled him with longing to pull it to pieces. When he had done this, as likely as not he might put the ragged pieces kindly together again, or even show you how much better than you thought, was the being whom he refused to allow you to take on trust at all. Nobody has done such credit to the stupid gentleman with his good instincts and dull yet noble loyalty and steadfastness. Though he pretended to reject the very idea of a hero, it was he who first revealed to the world the heroic possibilities of truth and of suffering that might exist in such a rudimentary being as his Rawdon Crawley, or in the bosom of a poor little dissipated, stupid Foker — moved thereto, no doubt, by something of the same love of paradox and whimsical pathetic preference for the people whom nobody else could be found to defend or stand up for. It pleased his kind fantastic humour to throw its softest gleams upon the meanest places, and abash you with revelations of good just where you felt most confident that nothing good could be found. He has never attempted to draw a perfect character, except, perhaps, Colonel Newcome, who, but for the alloy of a little bombast and innocent vanity in his first



appearances, would be as pure a hero as the greatest idealist could desire. But such a character as Becky Sharp, for instance, though she captivated the world, frightened many a gentle reader who found in that bad but charming young person the type of woman in whom the author delighted, and could not pardon him for the foolishness of his Amelia, his good heroine, whose sweetness was as exasperating as the iniquities of the other were delightful. The gradual working out of Becky is an effort more sustained than anything which the mere charm of the paradox could account for; and yet that piquant contradiction of common belief runs through every detail, and enlivens the labour in a way which even the common spectator can understand. Her selfishness yet good-nature, her entire indifference to everything but her own interest, yet real power of self-sacrifice when that is necessary, and faculty of pleasing and making happy those whom she is using for her own purposes, are quite captivating to the imagination. We are entirely sorry, and sympathize in her genuine regret at not being able to marry old Sir Pitt when he proposes to her, notwithstanding all the ludicrous baseness of the situation; and throughout, the pluck, the dauntlessness, the brightness, the unfailing resources of Becky triumph over our moral sense, and carry us with her almost to the end of her career. We have always thought that her indifference to her child was a mistake in the picture, unless it is indeed a deliberate departure, when things become tragic, from the lighter principle of the beginning, which was to keep us always in good-humour with the most perfectly good-humoured of heroines. The original Becky made her little pupils love her, and would no doubt have secured her son as her partisan too, had not her sun begun to go down, and the tragical shadows of the conclusion required that we should be willing to permit her disappearance among them. It is the only failure in this wonderful effort of art. But Thackeray's genius was averse to endings: its very greatness lay in the clear perception he had of the fragmentary, broken, always beginning never ending character of life; that strange principle of immortality in the midst of mortality, which balks all rules, scorns experience, ignores age, and never allows itself to come to any solemnity of conclusion so long as existence itself goes on — a mystery without close.

This is not the time, however, to enter

into any discussion of Thackeray's works. Whatever he did he inspired with that wealth of variety, that whimsical play of life, that rapid change of sentiment and glimmering of broken lights and shadows, which are characteristic of him. His narrative was a long-continued flow of conversation following the wanderings of a playful fancy, digressing, returning, stopping to throw a stone there, a flower here — to point out many a passing incident, which was subtly worked in, you could not tell how, to the story and the subject before him. Other artists might use a broader treatment, and put in with more historical seriousness the carefully-posed figures of their composition; but as you followed out his long-continued monologue from point to point, the people you met there stood forth as if you had met them in the streets, dotted out with bits of insignificant detail, with jest and laughter and sudden pathetic suggestion and flash of merry ridicule — not rigid portraits any one of them, but breathing, living, doing wise and foolish things, as real as the daylight. Once or twice only in the whole circle of his creations his sweet temper and genial toleration failed him, and a gleam of vindictiveness lights up the landscapes: generally he is good to everybody, even to the good people whom it is his instinct to avoid, because everybody else approves of them, but whom he never seizes upon savagely as some great writers do. The banter which he employs is penetrating, and turns the victim inside out, it is true — but there is no malignity in the sleight of hand with which he peels off the wrappings which conceal all that is poor and pitiful and false from the common eye. Even in his graver moments the gleam of fun is never quite out of his eyes, but lurks there ready to light up again all the lesser details of the subject, and relieve the mind from the painful strain of moral disenchantment. If we touch the depths for a moment, and feel the indignant swell of pain over injustice, next page sends us on laughing at the poor figure which the tyrant cuts, or the petty vengeance which turns the sinner's bed into one of thorns, not roses. The very love of variety in him, and inability to harp upon one string, takes bitterness out of his satire. Perhaps the conclusion is less highly moral, and the laugh, though half sad, which rounds the whole is more hopeless than denunciation; but, such as it is, it has been the utterance of some of the finest of human intelligences; and how many of us are glad to take refuge in



it amid all the miseries and confusions of the world!

The character of Mr. Thackeray's illustrations has always struck ourselves as very quaintly original. Quite independent of their merit as art, they were always to some extent literary compositions, and full of the very spirit of the writer, or rather, which is more distinct still, of the spirit in which he wrote. Those comic or sentimental personages had always a consciousness of the reader which goes against the very principle of illustration, and yet was most oddly illustrative of the author's prevailing turn of mind and feeling. The first that occurs to us as an example of what we say, is a little picture which we remember among the illustrations of "The Rose and the Ring," and in which a certain pretty little Betsinda, the small heroine with whom that charming extravaganza begins, is dancing before the king and queen, with the much-hoped-for remuneration of a bun before her eyes. The little creature looks at us out of her few slight lines of engraving, taking us into her confidence, with a whole volume of fun in her eyes. How grand they are! what old guys and sham potentates, she is saying; and what fun it is to be making believe to look up to them and think their approbation so much worth gaining! The same feeling runs through all the pictures. It is at us, not at her companions in the scene, that Becky is always looking with a twinkle in her eye of confidential amusement. She takes in everybody about her, but she knows she does not take in the reader; therefore she elevates a little eyebrow and gives him a glance out of the corner of her demure eyes. She has no concealments from him — he understands what are the real feelings in her mind, and knows her schemes, and has a certain sympathy in what she is aiming at. This is not the principle upon which any ordinary illustrator could work: (if, alas, illustrators had any principle of work at all except how to get it out of their hands with the least trouble!) but it is very telling in its way, in the peculiar circumstances which make the writer and the illustrator the same person. When he takes the pencil into his hand, the familiar instrument, first-used-and-dreamt-of tool, becomes so much more entirely himself than even his pen, that what he does for us in the course of his narrative, showing us all the world behind the scenes and the strings by which his puppets are pulled — the personages of the story themselves do for us in the pictures, laugh-

ing stealthily over their shoulders, and throwing a revelation in a look with imperceptible nod and gesture which we alone are supposed to see. A reflection of his own countenance, with its half-laughing half-benign expression and air of spectatorship, steals into the faces of his characters. They become conscious all at once of playing their parts, and of playing them not badly, except for us who have heard all about it, and know precisely what is going on.

This curious characteristic of one portion of his work would show how entirely Thackeray's heart was in this lighter and more casual branch of his labours, if we did not know already how he loved the art which was not to be his vocation in life. This is a feeling which has been shared by many great artists, as all the world knows. Something by which they were not destined to gain their power has been the beloved ideal pursuit of their souls. Thackeray was too sensible not to be aware when he had at last made the grand step which carried him at once to reputation and fortune, and it is impossible to imagine that he had not real enjoyment in work so thoroughly marked with all the peculiarities of his character, and which was so evidently enjoyable; but to his latest days his pencil was his favourite and most cherished instrument. "The hours which he spent upon his drawing-blocks and sketch-book brought no fatigue or weariness; they were of endless interest and amusement to him, and rested him when he was tired," says his daughter. Few men so great in one way have a secondary pursuit cherished by themselves by which they can keep still a little world apart from the public for their own enjoyment and that of their friends. But this was Thackeray's fortunate position. When Dante drew his angel, according to the poet, it was for the lady of his thoughts, the supreme Beatrice alone; and when Raphael

with the silver-pointed pencil,  
Else he only used to draw Madonnas,

made sonnets instead, that too was "once, and only once, and for one only." True to all poetic nature is this desire —

No artist lives and loves that longs not  
(Ah the prize!) to find his love a language  
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient,  
Using nature that's an art to others.  
Not this one time art that's turned his nature.  
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,  
None but would forego his proper dowry.  
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem.

Does he write? he fain would paint a picture.  
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,  
Once, and only once, and for one only,  
So to be the man, and leave the artist,  
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

It was not, however, the wistful depth of this supreme devotion which moved Thackeray. There are cuttings-off and impoverishments of life which are more pathetic than the deepest sorrows which can be expressed in words. The "once, and only once, and for one only," was not permitted to the warm heart and tender soul of our great humourist; but he had—and who will say there was not sufficient compensation in it?—the sweet alternative of children to please by the art which was not his art, and friends to entertain and a home to enliven. He did this instead of the Dante-picture and the Raphael-sonnets, for which his life had no place. In their languors of childish sickness, in the times he was absent from them, even when they had other children to entertain and wanted help for their simple merry-making, the great writer took his pencil and drew pictures for his little daughters and their little friends. No one thought anything of those works of love which were lavished upon them, which were done for play, in moments when the world and its thoughts were absent—until now, when time and death have given sacredness to everything he touched, when the heirs of his love and of his gifts bring this little basket of fragments with tender hands, to throw a gleam of tearful yet smiling light upon the records of their now empty home.

It is the associations which thus hang about it, and which, even to those who knew nothing of him, must throw a touching light upon the character of Thackeray, that give its chief interest to this book. No new revelation of talent or capability is in it: the drawings are many of them extremely clever, and the scraps of description whimsical and charming; but that which gives it a special character is the glow of domestic ease and cheerful leisure, the reflection of a peaceful home, the friendly, genial gleams of side light, showing the man in his least serious moments, which we find enshrined within its pages. What prodigality and wealth of work it shows! Sitting at his table, talking, no doubt, to his friends or his children, here are the heads he scribbles on a page, with playful extravagance, for want of thought, like the milk-boy's whistle. Here are the designs, ideas, and intentions never carried out, or reflections of

things which were afterwards carried out, and which we remember in more elaborate guise in other publications. How little he thought of these chance productions is very touchingly described in Miss Thackeray's preface. "The pictures were rarely preserved by himself," she says, "nor put away by us with any care. The familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded by us; and among the many drawings he devised, only a certain number remain in our possession. In all my remembrance, he never had one of his own drawings framed; and when I was a child I remember a great scrap-book which was given me to play with, and to work my will upon. I can only once remember a questioning word from him concerning some scissor-points with which I had ornamented some of his sketches. In later years, by his desire, I have washed off the drawings from many and many a wood-block; and I remember once destroying his whole day's work in my anxiety to be of use. But although he certainly never wished us to make much of his work, all that belonged to it and to his art was of vivid and serious reality to him, and of unfailing interest and suggestion." This affords us, we think, a picture better than any of the pictures that follow—more genial, coming home to the multitude, which is slow about art, but has perceptions in every point of nature. Men of letters sometimes watch over their fame with a jealous care which makes an audience even of the family circle; but these are generally lesser lights of the firmament; and true genius with any greatness in it seldom glorifies itself at the expense of the simplicity of nature. Thackeray at home was not the great author but the dear father, whose thousand tender qualities were far more dear to his children than the fame which was extraneous and out of place in that warm domestic centre. What he could do and did do, was little to those to whom he himself was everything. "The familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded." What description could be given more natural and more affecting? Throughout the volume those soft family touches make up the charm and interest. The lions that figured in "The Rose and the Ring," roaring and rushing, were scribbled off to enliven a childish sick-bed; and the ingenious and tricky devices of the pack of cards had a somewhat similar origin. Sometimes without thought, mere idle occupation of the busy brain and hand which had no comprehension of sheer do-nothingness—sometimes, on

the contrary, giving the affectionate zest of work for them to the empty hours in which he was separated from the creatures he loved best—the running accompaniment of his life is noted on these fragmentary pages. Sometimes the drawing is vigorous and powerful, with meaning in it. Sometimes it is nothing more than the scribbings of a blotting-book; but however it comes, it shows us the soft measure, the undertone of harmony, the tune to which his life was set.

The immediate object of the publication, however, is to give a little genuine memento of Thackeray, and of the style which was peculiarly his own, with the sanction of such authority as marks the work authentic. "The Orphan of Pimlico," which gives its name to the publication, is a very slight sketch in the style of the "Novels by Popular Authors," of which already we have various specimens from his hand. Miss Maria Theresa Wiggleworth, "for many years governess in families of the highest distinction," and whose irreproachable character is supported by reference to the "*revered clergy* of the district," is not, however, presented to us as a parody, but upon her merits; and the tale of love, despair, betrayal and punishment, which she tells in the most elegant language, is illustrated with the portraits of all the fine people concerned, in various sensational moments, ending with a tragical tableau, in which a weak-minded husband and a wicked lover perish almost at the same moment, and general woe is distributed in just proportion to all concerned. Both the composition of this highly moral, exciting, and mournful tale, and its illustrations, are eminently characteristic. They were first "begun at Kensington, one evening by lamp-light;" and done in scraps, the last first, with the caprice of a family joke, filling the quiet evenings with fun and laughing occupation. Another set of drawings deal with the adventures of Prince Polonio, a precursor apparently of Prince Giglio, the hero of "The Rose and the Ring." "In the first page (which has drifted away into some unknown space) the travellers come upon a mysterious personage, called the Little Assessor of Tübingen, lying asleep under a tree, with blue facings to his coat. My father would never explain who the little Assessor was, or what he was doing. He said it was a mystery." The playing-cards belong to the same playful portion of holiday work. All kinds of imaginations play about the black and red pips, which come in with the most whimsical

effect, thanks to the skilful manipulation of the artist. Sometimes they are black "nigger" faces, illustrating fantasies of his American tours—sometimes historical *silhouettes*. A three of clubs, in which the Duke of Marlborough is the hero, one spot representing his own pigtail, another that of his horse, and a third nestling in his cocked hat, is very clever. The red cards require still more pains and trouble; and the back view of Miss Smith at the piano, with a diamond let into her shoulders, in delightful adaptation to the costume of the period, is almost as good as the scene representing "Napoleon in the midst of the Old Guard," where one of the spots of the eight of diamonds comes into the dress of the emperor with the most admirable effect. "My father once said," says Miss Thackeray, "that one of the achievements of his life which had given him most unalloyed satisfaction, was the introduction of Napoleon's waistcoat as it appears in this battle-scene." Never was more delightful, genial foolery. Dr. Birch's school, perhaps a less elevated effort, ought to go to the heart of all schoolboys, with the comical victim in the foreground, and the rueful faces of the "boys who go up next." These are nothings, the reader will perceive; yet they are full both of fun and pathos, and more significant of the workman than matters much more important.

Along with this genial play of exuberant and delightful nonsense, are a few more elaborate drawings. Perhaps the best of these is the figure (as is supposed) of a gentleman with whom the public made acquaintance at Mrs. Perkins's ball. "This drawing," Miss Thackeray says, entering into it with hereditary humour, "may recall Mr. Frederick Minchin, in the vivacity of early youth, before he had attained to that quiet dignity for which he was afterwards remarkable." The flying figure of this, alas! now somewhat antiquated beau, in high black stock and collar—airy as Terpsichore herself, yet serious as all great performers are, in full impulse of a dance less languid than those we are now used to see—is delightful. He is afloat, but decorous, poised in air, yet, one feels sure, certain never to come down upon any partner's toes, or otherwise commit himself by pranks unbecoming the perfect propriety of this model of all the graces of the ball-room. This is pure comedy on its genteel level. There is a touch of tragedy, however, in the somewhat appalling little picture of children playing in the Glasgow gutters—a draw-

ing in which there is almost a Hogarthian touch, in its keen perception of the misery and unloveliness of the little group, which yet are not beyond the reach of childish grace and mirth. The two Scotch sketches, indeed, are little favourable to our beloved country. A more truculent audience could scarcely have been than the MacGuffies and MacDuffies whom the lecturer sees before him, and whose harsh countenances he leaves on record. Let us hope we are not quite so appalling in the flesh. One of the most amusing of the sketches is that which represents the interior of a railway-carriage, in which an old clergyman is lecturing a poor lady convicted of having the objectionable publication in her hand, on the enormity of reading *Punch* (in its early days), while Thackeray himself and Douglas Jerrold look on and listen on the adjoining bench. "Are you aware who are the conductors of that paper? and that they are Chartists, deists, atheists, anarchists, and socialists to a man? I have it on the best authority that they meet together once a week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous print. The chief part of their income is derived from threatening letters, which they send to the nobility and gentry. Their principal writer is a returned convict." To this conversation Jerrold is listening in the corner, with eyes looking back, and a comic solemnity, while Thackeray himself grins genial with benign countenance. The incident is said to have really occurred, and it is easy to understand the amusement which the two must have got out of it. We think we know the benevolent clerical critic who gives so fair and friendly an account of the "infamous print."

It is, however, impossible to go over the book in detail. There is nothing but fun and nonsense in it, and yet, curiously enough, the impression it makes is entirely tender and pathetic. We are less amused than touched by the soft breath of recollections, the love so delicately shadowed out, without a word that can profane or even vulgarize its sacredness, of which these pages are full. To those who knew Thackeray, this delicate suggestion of him must, we do not doubt, come home with wonderful meaning; but even to those who did not know the man, such indications of him as are to be found here will be more valuable than the details of vulgar volumes of biography. The world has nothing to do with the private griefs and struggles of a man who respects his own privacy, and chooses to preserve

it, none the less that he is a great author, and much in the eye of the world. To those who like to excite and to satisfy the curiosity of the crowd, there may be nothing undignified, nothing paltry, in the desire to appeal to the public for a posthumous arbitration of their difficulties and quarrels. But Mr. Thackeray was not of this disposition, and we think he was right. Yet without any story given, or any secrets disclosed, here is a sketch of him, shadowy and slight as his own sketches, telling little, yet all that it is needful to know. The cold critic who does not care for such a true and affecting human revelation, may think the drawings of but little importance to be thus carefully reproduced; but with all whose interest in his character has ever been awakened every line will tell, and the least careful of the pictures will be probably the most interesting. A solemn document formally drawn up does not give us half so much information about the writer as does the bit of blotting-paper or torn scrap out of his waste-basket, upon which he has jotted down inadvertently the vagaries that crossed his mind during the writing of it — the trying of a new pen, or effort to get the old one in order. The scribbles of Thackeray's amused and amusing fancy are so many windows into the man, by which we may see his real heart; and how genial is all we find, how full of innocent fun and light-heartedness, that lightness of heart which is the happiest gift of God, and accompanies its possessor through good and evil fortune, giving him moments of gaiety in the midst of trouble, and keeping him alive! Those unfortunate people who cannot get any good of the passing gleams of amusement which cross the deepest darkness by times, what a much harder lot life must be to them! But to such a man as this, life however checkered is not a hard lot. It is full of the sweetest compensations — not those artificial makings-up which we laugh at under the title of poetic justice, but compensations of nature, tremblings of light through tears, soft outbursts of laughter in the midst of sighing, perpetual rebellions of the unconquered soul against its secret foe, that dread and dull monotony which eats out the charm of life. Monotony, it is evident, could not be where Thackeray was. Nature in him was always astir, always open-eyed — seeing more than others, and generally seeing with genial observation, notwithstanding that penetrating insight into the darker side of human motive which was in him, and which is the one thing that impairs his

genius to the idealist. How a man so full of the milk of human kindness, so tender in his humour, so warm in his affections, should have been gifted just with that special perception of the weaknesses and mixed impulses of human nature — its deficiency in the absolutely good, and perpetual, ever visible alloy — looks like one of the paradoxes of which he was so fond, — but so it was. Perhaps the very variety of his mind, refusing acquiescence in a dull level of goodness as much as in every other dull level, prompted the laughing search for other qualities and impulses which are but too readily found whenever they are sought for. But Thackeray was too true a humourist, too genial a man, ever to dissect with bitterness. The impulse to laugh, and to find occasion for laughing, might be too strong in him; but even his rebellion against fictitious standards, and the sham which passes muster in the world, and is often more esteemed than the true, was never sharp and bitter. It was amusement more than indignation that moved him; a soft hope, a friendly conviction that, after all, these foibles and feeblenesses had to be judged by "larger, other eyes than ours," was always in his mind; not Ithuriel's spear revealing the baser nature in sudden force of native hideousness, but rather a twinkling, mischievous illumination of many lights suddenly catching the sinner when he thought of it least, and confounding him by quick exposure and ridicule. This was natural to his mind, not lofty scorn and moral indignation. He loved to expose false pretences, to break in the paper walls of social falsehood, to show to us the general atmosphere of deception, even of ourselves, in which so many of us live and breathe; but he never judged harshly, nor pronounced any bitter sentence; and he never failed to pay his tribute to the finer and truer nature when it came in his way. It has been objected to him often that his Dobbin had splay feet, and that his Amelia was a fool. Well — there are fools who hold our hearts when wiser folks throw them away; and as for poor Dobbin's ugliness, that, too, was one of the paradoxes his creator loved. He could not contemplate human nature without seeing them; and to his temper, that fantastic, pathetic contrast of external appearances with inward realities was always more attractive than any other aspect of life.

However, no critic will be clever enough to find one touch of cynicism in this tender memorial of Thackeray which his children have offered so modestly to his

friends known and unknown — the latter class taking in all English readers. In one of the poems of his Irish book, we remember, he greets the new morning as it rises with the thought that "my little girls are waking, and making their prayers perhaps for me." Let the reader pardon a defective memory if the quotation is not correct. It is as a memorial of this most beautiful of loves that we receive the little collection of fragments — kind play and pleasantry of the days that are over, turned into pathos by death and time. Soft fall the dews, soft lie the snows, upon the kind father's sleeping head, once astir with crowds of tender and of gentle fancies! The man of whom such relics only are preserved is surely of the number of those whose names smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

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#### A NEGRO METHODIST CONFERENCE.

WINCHESTER (Virginia) is very unlike its stately English namesake, and is still, in fact, in rather a primitive condition. There is no greater mistake, however, than to take any individual American town as a type of many, or even of the state in which it is situated, so that in giving the following description of some interesting occurrences, at which we were present at Winchester, Virginia, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are speaking of that place only, and not describing others under one comprehensive name, or painting classes of men from any of the individual models that passed before our eyes.

There were two negro, or *coloured*, churches in Winchester — one "Methodist Episcopal" and the other Baptist. Negroes in general belong to one of these two denominations, though there are also Episcopalian, *i.e.* Anglican, and Catholic congregations, in some large towns, while perhaps other small portions of the coloured population belong to various other religions. Every one knows that the negro is of an emotional, passionate, susceptible nature, and the Methodist Church offers him many attractions. Even white Methodists sometimes feel excited by their religious enthusiasm, and vent their emotions in gestures and exclamations which one would think very unlikely to be forced from them in their normal state of mind. It is not surprising, therefore, that the impulsive African should manifest his

nature very freely during the religious "exercises" of the Methodist Church, and this we had an opportunity of observing during a conference of coloured ministers, including those of Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, and West Virginia, which met at Winchester in the early spring of 1874. The conference was officially called the "Washington Conference of the Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church." It lasted for a week. The Friday and Saturday before the opening Sunday were busy days on the railway: each train brought dozens of coloured ministers, some with, but most without their families, and each carrying a bag or bundle, with his "go-to-meetin'" suit of glossy black, for there was to be an ordination on the closing Sunday. Most of these ministers were intelligent-looking men, and their clothes were in very good condition; some of the younger were quite dandified, and a few of the older wore gold spectacles. Though the town of Winchester is very small (it must be added that it is also old, for it has a history of two hundred years, and was one of the first settlements of the Virginian colonists), there was no difficulty about lodging close upon two hundred strangers. Each coloured person owning any kind of home — shanty or log hut, or the rarer cottage — gave hospitality to as many ministers as he could accommodate; and the least number was two, even although the host had but *one* spare room and bed. The people were proud of thus housing their pastors, and vied with each other in giving them the very best of food. A negro, man or woman, is born a good cook, and it is safe to say that many a white family, even in respectable circumstances, does not fare so well, or at any rate seldom fares better, than a coloured woman with a much smaller income. Some people say the latter often steals her provisions; we do not think they steal, on an average, more than a certain class of white servants do; and even granting that the material of the *cuisine* is stolen, there are few whites who, if they had stolen such material, would know how to turn it to such good account.

During the first two or three nights after the main body of the ministers had arrived, a few kept coming irregularly, and it became a question how to procure quarters for them. One evening a very old preacher was presiding over the meeting, and after gratefully thanking the people of the town for their lavish hospitality, and especially praising "the sisters," he added, very pleasantly: "But we have an-

other brother who has just come, and we must find a home for him. Will any of the sisters come forward and give him hospitality? He is young and very good-looking; and you know the Bible tells us we may often entertain angels unawares."

Presently a young woman stepped forward, and claimed the newly-arrived minister as her guest, and the old man laughingly said: "Very well, sister; I commend him to your care; take him home, and feed him well, and give him a very good bed." The accommodation was doubtless scanty, but the will of the sister was good, though we suspect that she already had her hands full.

There were "exercises" every morning and evening, while the rest of the day was set apart for business. A white Methodist bishop presided. As yet there is no coloured bishop in the Methodist Church, a fact which occasioned one of the best addresses made to the students for the ministry during the conference. The church where the meetings were held was small and very plain, whitewashed and galleried, and provided with a small melodeon, or species of harmonium without stops, and looking like a very diminutive cottage pianoforte. But the congregation was not dependent on this instrument for its music; the coloured churches had simply the best music in town. The choir proper consisted of a dozen men and women, who sang hymns beautifully and accurately in parts, while the whole congregation backed them up with a volume of sound more melodious than is generally heard in any white church in America. A negro could hardly sing out of tune if he wished to, and no choir but the surpliced one of a cathedral could outdo the performance of coloured singers, even if only very slightly trained.

At the chancel end of the church was a space railed off and raised two steps above the level of the floor, while in the place of the altar stood a kind of tribune, where three men could stand abreast, with six or eight steps leading up to it on each side. This was used for prayer and preaching; the space below was fitted up with chairs for the bishop and some of the speakers, while two secretaries sat at a long table placed against the base of the tribune. The bishop wore a tail-coat and a white necktie, but scarcely looked dignified. The young secretaries, both of them candidates for deaconship, were good-looking and intelligent: many of the young men had been through a regular theological course in the new colleges and seminaries



that the coloured Methodists have established since the Act of Emancipation, but the old ministers were rougher and harder—*field-preachers* in old times, when they were also labourers or servants. (*Slave* was a word never heard in the south; the agricultural labourers were called “field hands,” and the negroes employed in domestic service simply “servants.”) One of these old men, relics of a past state of things, Brother Snowdon, was over eighty years of age; but his mind was as bright and his heart as tender as ever, and one night, when he prayed, which he did in as good language as most white people, his words stirred the sympathy of his hearers, both white and black, as few *extempore* prayers can nowadays. His words were fervent and poetic, however vague if looked at in any doctrinal sense, and we hardly like to set them down in our own form, because we made no notes at the time, and therefore should do injustice to the speaker. His aspect, too, told how earnest he was, and how the love of the Saviour powerfully affected him, leading him into all manner of energetic, poetic expressions, and firing him with a missionary zeal towards all those who heard him.

It would be impossible to gather together all the incidents of that week: every day and night was full of interesting details, each characteristic of the earnestness of the men assembled and the passionate sympathy which they raised in their hearers. The two hundred ministers filled up the pews in the body of the church during the business meetings, and the spectators sat in the galleries. It was interesting to mark the differences among those dark faces. Some preserved the true African type, though we hardly remember one that was absolutely black. Though most of them had the ordinary woolly hair, a few had it wavy but smooth (and evidently oiled to make it smoother still), and one, whose face was very dark, had straight, wiry hair. If the colour could have been taken from some of them, you would have judged this one by his features to be a shrewd Yankee, eager and investigating, and that other a scholarly Jew, quiet and thoughtful. In the galleries, especially at the evening prayer-meetings, the variety of curious faces was much greater; there were men who might almost sit for baboons, and one with such a marvellous head of hair that it stood out round his face like a black halo, four or five inches broad. Others, on the contrary, wore their hair close cropped, so that it was not more conspicuous than the

down of a black swanling. The women, too, were of all kinds, from the old “auntie,” whose face was all fat and good-natured, to the haughty, saucy, or pensive maiden, whose skin was more white than “coloured.” Of these there were many, most of them very pretty, and well, *i.e.*, quietly, dressed, with ladylike manners and sweet, gentle voices. No uninitiated person would have known that these girls were not of pure Caucasian blood, unless the fact had been revealed to him by seeing them walk arm-in-arm with ordinary “dandies” of every shade. Social equality is the one thing which the coloured race will perhaps never win, save in the persons of a few who will emphatically remain exceptions; and it is noticeable that it is not only the Southern people who recoil from this, but the foreigners and the immigrants from Europe, who, no matter how lowly their own condition, feel an instinctive dislike to social equality with the negro race.

We have, perhaps, taken up too much space in describing them, and commenting on them, and it is time to go on with what was done and said, which, after all, is the best illustration of any living subject. The first time we went to the church was on a week-day, and a morning session was going on. It was a good specimen of the business meetings. The elders and representatives of the most prominent churches sat on the two front benches, and the speakers and secretaries occupied the space behind the rails. The bishop looked neutral and weary. One very impulsive speaker, and agent of the Bible Society, who mysteriously described himself as belonging to no particular race, having African, European, and Hindoo blood in him, was holding forth on the subject of schools and seminaries. He looked like an ordinary white man. He spoke well and to the point, and specially shone in anecdote. He laid the greatest stress on the necessity of education, and told a story of a young white student who came to his father with a bundle tied to a stick, and in a generally deplorable plight, not to ask for charity, but to beg, in a bright, eager manner, to be allowed to enter a school of theology “where my father was an ‘exhorter.’” He was admitted, and today he is a bishop in the Methodist Church, and one of our most enterprising men. Do you know,” he went on, “that until a coloured student shall come with that indomitable spirit, and grapple with like difficulties, and, as it were, conquer an education, I shall not believe in our having a coloured bishop among us?” Here



there were deep murmurs of approval, and the speaker went on urging the cause of education, and instancing other cases of eagerness for learning, his own among the rest, when, on being called away from school by unexpected family circumstances, and not having a farthing in his pocket, he refused to borrow money, and equally determined to stay away no longer than was absolutely necessary. Many of his school-fellows, under the same pinch, had got home, but had to stay at home, having no money to pay their way back to school; but he, taking a bundle with him, started on foot for his home, which was sixty miles away, and accomplished thirty the first day. His feet were swollen and bleeding, and he made bold to knock at the door of a man in the village which he reached at night who had known his father. He told him his story, and the man sheltered him for a day, and would have kept him longer, but he determined on going on, and so reached his home the next day, walking another thirty miles at one stretch. He stayed long enough to rest and get strong again, and when the business was over for which he was needed — very likely it was some agricultural crisis — he started for school again, quite undismayed by his previous experience. Then another speaker got up and answered him by a second eulogism on education, especially of that for theological students; and then followed a motion which one of the brethren was anxious to make this year, he said, and which he considered very important. He was a grave-looking man, about forty-five, with gold spectacles and black kid gloves; and his speech, perfectly grammatical and well-accented, proved him to be, if not of the post-slavery school of students, at least one of the progressive school of reforming ministers. Indeed, as far as peculiarities were concerned, this conference was not what would be called "characteristic;" the ministers are the picked men of the race, and strive after the same decorous uniformity of manner and speech as that which distinguishes the white men of their profession. Besides the Virginian negro, even in his most unnatural state, is not nearly so amusing in character as the negro of the more southern parts of the country. His dialect is far less peculiar, and even his accent is not remarkably striking. When this minister whom we have mentioned rose in his place to make his "motion," he addressed himself to the bishop in earnest tones, denouncing the "free use of tobacco among the minis-

ters," and inveighing against it. Immediately a titter ran through the audience, but the bishop still looked weary and impassive. "I say," the speaker went on, "that it is a disgrace to the ministry; I have seen ministers chew in the very pulpit, and dishonour the Lord's house by this filthy habit. It is unclean and injurious; it is a vice more than a habit, and those who renounce liquor ought also to renounce tobacco. It is bad in any form, but especially in that disgusting form in which too many of our brethren use it in the house of the Lord. I move that the use of tobacco be made a disqualification for candidates to the ministry, and that henceforth no young man shall be ordained who is unwilling to swear that he will not use tobacco in any form."

The argument, of course, is here much condensed. The man was very vehement in his denunciation, but evidently his hearers scarcely sympathized with his project of reform; many of the older ministers looked at each other with suppressed merriment, and others were engaged in protesting against the restriction by quietly doing the very thing against which the speaker was discoursing. When he had done the votes were taken, as customary the "ayes" and "noes" alternately standing up and being counted over by one appointed for the purpose. Hardly half a dozen stood up with the reformer, and the whole body rose when the "noes" were called for. The motion was directed, however, to be laid on the table, and the bishop promised to say a few words on the subject when the morning's business was disposed of. In order not to break our narrative by again referring to this subject, we will give the bishop's opinion at once. He spoke, as he always did, with singular impressiveness, but quite to the point. He agreed with Brother — that the use of tobacco was neither healthy nor dignified, and was especially to be deprecated during divine service or in the pulpit; but he said that while he recommended young candidates for the ministry to wean themselves from it, and make good resolutions against indulgence in it, he could not advise the extreme measure of turning the question into a test of moral fitness for the ministry. Then he put in a touching plea for the older ministers.

"They had been bred up to a hard lot," he said, "and in days when the slave had but little enjoyment within his reach, tobacco had become both a stimulant and a comfort to him. He had his little tobacco-patch, his only personal property, and

the use of the weed had been a great solace. Many of our brethren have been brought under this system, and could not give up the habit without injuring their health, or, at any rate, seriously interfering with their comfort, so that it would be neither wise nor charitable to deny them this little enjoyment, which, after all, is very harmless, provided it be indulged in moderately."

Of course the motion was a failure, as any one but an enthusiast could have foreseen; and yet the motive of the reformer was thoroughly praiseworthy, and we must say he had every reason to be practically disgusted with the abuse which he so eagerly denounced. Another discussion followed on the case of a minister (or a candidate—we forget which) who had quarrelled with his wife, and whose reconciliation with her was not yet satisfactorily arranged. The question was whether he should be debarred from officiating (or should be considered unfit for ordination) until he should have made friends with her again. It was noticeable that the bishop made the case turn entirely on the wife's decision. It had already been premised that no immorality was involved, but only some domestic disagreement. Still, the thing had given scandal. At last one spokesman got up and settled the question by saying that he had reason to suppose that the wife was practically reconciled, and that he took it upon himself to declare that the "brother" was therefore fit for the ministry. The vote was in his favour as soon as each voter had satisfied himself that the *wife had agreed to all that had been proposed*.

Then came the examination of the candidates, mostly young men. Some elder or minister answered for the moral and intellectual worth of each. The form of examination was read from a book, and one of the questions was, "Are you in debt?" The same "brother" answered for the character of several of the young men, and his formula of endorsement of their claims was generally pretty much the same:—"Fine young man, very good at his studies;" but one of them deserving especial eulogium, the circumstances were more detailed, and the elder added: "A year ago he could not write his own name, but so diligent was he that he now writes a good hand, and has equally progressed in his other studies. His report is excellent."

Now there appeared a group of ministers of various white churches, and the pastor of the coloured Baptist church, who

came to fraternize with their Methodist brethren. The bishop presented them each by name to his people, and bade them be seated as guests among them. The most striking among them was the Lutheran minister, a tall, stately man, with regular features, thoughtful expression, and an oriental beard. Another individual whom no one could have overlooked in this gathering was the agent of the "Methodist Book-Concern," a tall, florid, prosperous man, smoothly shaven and with vigorous-looking white hair. He was a regular "Yankee," as his quaint speech testified; we do not mean his accent, but his manner of speaking. He was evidently given to anecdote and to sensational announcements, and could have sat for the picture of the prosperous auctioneer in George Eliot's "Middlemarch." He patronized education in a large, emphatic way, and morally "patted on the back" the speaker whose father had been an "exhorter." But he outdid him in pleasant stories, some of which we attempt to reproduce. He likened education to a lake into which you throw puppies, to teach them to swim, and then descanted on the cognate advantages of camp-meetings. All his talk was complacently jerky and effectively startling.

"Some years ago," he said, "I attended a camp-meeting in western New York. The exercises were continual; the faithful and elect were praying and singing all day, the ministers were very zealous, and the place was quite a show to the worldly people who came to see and enjoy the fun and the fervour. Well, you may think such a meeting was very barren when I tell you that no one was 'converted' but one miserable tin-pedler, who, with his donkey-load of goods, had stopped to ply his trade among the faithful. The meeting broke up, and the worldly spectators laughed at it; but I know how much good that one tin-pedler did after his conversion: how he became as good as a missionary, and sold tracts with his pots and pans; and when people could not afford to buy the tracts, he gave them away; or if folks would stop and have a talk with him, he turned the conversation on spiritual things, and did them more good than they themselves suspected at the time. . . . And when I come to think of what has been done in our day for foreign missions among the coloured race, and especially in the opening up of Africa, I say to myself, there is no knowing but that some day our children may assist at Methodist camp-meetings at the Mountains of the

Moon. . . . Then see our mission funds, from what small beginnings they have swelled to hundreds of thousands ! I remember when I was at school there was a boy who was very eager for foreign missions, but he was poor. Now we had a missionary fund to which we paid only two cents \* a month, but this boy very seldom had two cents to spend, and often had to borrow the money, which he repaid by earning it in some small boyish way, but he never missed giving his contribution, and never forgot to repay his debt. And what do you think happened to him since ? The other day he gave twenty-five thousand dollars to our church, and often gives large contributions to any Methodist charity or school. He is a rich man now, and gets richer every day. But he had pluck and 'go' in him from the first. . . . And now I'll tell you something about Rome, where for the first time there is a Methodist church and mission established. The ministers have made many converts among the *Eye-talian* soldiers, and you know those soldiers guard the pope, so that his enemies may not get at him. Just think of that : the pope is now protected by Methodist bayonets ! And more than that, there's a nice Methodist altar in his old city, where he can go to, and be prayed for and repent, if he likes, for it is a free church, and every one can come if he only chooses."

Applause and merriment greeted these paradoxical announcements, and the speaker, who saw that he had produced a favourable stir, retired quite proud of his oratory. And indeed this style of lecturing, so often heard in temperance meetings, is about the most effective that can be used. The "Yankee" carried off the honours of the day, and took advantage of it to suggest that if any of the ministers wished to make arrangements for supplies of books suited for a school library in their respective parishes, he should be in Winchester that afternoon only, and would be glad to meet them to talk matters over.

The evening prayer-meetings were the really interesting part of the proceedings. The whole coloured population, and a large portion of the whites, crowded into the little church ; people fainted with the heat, and sat almost on each other's knees ; the railed space, the tribune steps, were full ; and the speakers had the greatest trouble to move about. Though this

was no revival, and consequently not nearly so thrilling a time, yet the various scenes were very impressive. There was no theatrical display of unreal emotion ; all was passionate, intense, and true. There were quite as many men as women, and the former seemed, if anything, the more moved of the two. No human respect was there ; no one was ashamed to show his feelings, and elderly ministers sobbed like children whenever any word or aspiration of the speakers touched their hearts. The sermons or addresses generally began quietly enough ; sometimes an appeal was made for the support of infirm pastors or their destitute widows and orphans (the collection on this occasion was confined to the two hundred ministers themselves), or some call for help was made for distant or foreign missions. After this the real exhortation began, and as the speaker warmed with his subject his face glistened, his gestures grew impassioned, his eyes shone through tears, and his whole body shook with excitement. There was no doctrine or controversy broached, but vague words, full of infinite suggestions, came pouring from his lips — *i.e.* the love of the Lord, how He died for the love of us all, how little we do to show Him our love, how He calls us at every moment, how His love watches over us, how our sins disappoint and wound Him. The changes were continually rung on this heavenly love, but the subject seemed ever new. It was inexhaustible, and the emotion produced was always as strong. Women rocked themselves to and fro, and groaned audibly, while cries of assent rose from all sides, from young and old, from men and women : "God grant it !" "Amen !" "Yes, that's so, that's so !" "Bless the Lord !" The sermon usually ended with a prayer ; it does so almost naturally, it would seem, with all emotional people ; the Italian preachers never fail, and often the French follow their example, to wind up with a prayer, during which their hearers kneel ; and this end of a sermon is often the most impressive and heart-stirring part. The emotion in the coloured Methodist churches is no less, though it does not take the form of kneeling. Between the addresses (there were three every night) hymns were sung. Once we heard a curious melody, which some said was a native African one — a kind of swinging *crow*, full of spirit and yet of a wild melancholy. The singing was always in parts, and exquisitely accurate. The whole body of the people joined, and during an interval if any one

\* A penny.

felt impelled to start a verse of any other hymn, he or she would do so, and be quickly supported by others. One of their hymns, "Out on the Ocean sailing," was very good; but the next turned out to be a disguise of "Auld Lang Syne" fitted to hymn words. Allusions were sometimes made to slavery, and of course were responded to by a burst of enthusiasm, murmurs and pious ejaculations all strangely mixed together; but it must be remembered that the speakers were the intellectual flower of their people, and that their feeling is more acute and more educated than that of their flocks. Individually very few negroes ever suffered from the old system as they have from the destitution that has come upon them as a consequence of freedom; from cared-for servants many have become paupers, and the practical change cannot be compensated for in the minds of the illiterate by the theoretic progress from their former condition to that of a "free and independent citizen." Still, the allusion to slavery is a stock phrase in an address, and never fails to bring forth a feeling which does not really gauge the attitude of the average negro's mind concerning a question so complicated as the "peculiar institution."

The evening meetings were certainly the most attractive feature of the conference; one felt drawn to the scene by a great sympathy rather than a great curiosity. The effect of religious ideas on various temperaments is one of the most interesting studies to which man can apply himself. So much has been said of the bonds which unite the Creator with the more helpless and childlike part of His creation that we need not dwell on the subject here; it is more suited to the pulpit than to a sketch of this kind. And since people build so many various theories on one and the same fact, we will limit ourselves to supplying them with this groundwork, without hinting at our own thoughts with respect to this gathering of earnest, loving Christians. The last ceremony of the conference was the ordination service, which was held at the large and pretentious white Methodist church, a specimen of architecture which some of our artistic church-builders would with reason have wished to have existed at the time of the flood, that it might have been swept off the face of the earth. The same arrangement of the chancel-end prevailed as in the small church; the body of the church and the right-hand gallery were filled with negroes of every shade, while

the left-hand gallery was kept for the white congregation and the spectators. An harmonium had been placed just outside the railed space, and the choir assembled there. The candidates sat in two rows just in front of the rails, all arrayed in their best clothes, some of them in cloaks very like professors' robes. The bishop, in his certainly rather ungraceful dress, and many of the older ministers, sat within the rails. Before the service began hymns were sung; and the white brethren were not shy in making their wishes known to those below. One asked one coloured brother to sing "Home, sweet Home," and the people replied heartily, singing it better than any white body of singers ever did in our hearing, whether at church or concert-hall. Some one else then called for some other favourite tune, and the congregation gratified him, and so on several times. At last the service began with some prayers, and the bishop preached. An elder (just before the sermon) gravely entreated his brethren to abstain from the use of tobacco during the service, and to show their gratitude for the use of the church by leaving it as clean as it was when they entered. The men sat on one side, the women on the other, and all were decorous in the extreme. The sermon began; the duties of the minister were descanted on, and the general duty of perseverance and faith in God's intentions inculcated, which idea the preacher illustrated by telling his hearers the story of Columbus. He described very graphically, and with increasing emotion — though not animation — the disappointments which the discoverer had to encounter, and the feeling with which he at last descried "land" after his dangerous journey. The audience had gradually grown very much excited; the slightest dramatic touch was enough; they seized upon it, and evinced as much feeling as if the facts were actually taking place before their eyes. At the word "land" the bishop pointed upwards — the first gesture he had used — and his hearers' emotion burst forth. Sobs were heard here and there, and two or three voices cried "Hallelujah!" There was a stir and a swaying through the crowd, and men bent their heads and women flung up their arms in a sort of nameless excitement. The bishop paused a little, then went on, rather more movedly than before, and evidently under some unusual spell of enthusiasm, of which in those quiet business meetings one would have supposed him incapable. Then he spoke of sorrow and resignation, and here

too he showed heartfelt emotion. He spoke of a little daughter of his, and described her gentleness and her winning ways, until it seemed as if every one in the crowd had his or her mind fixed on some one pet child of their own, some little hearth-angel they had cherished and lost; and every one was in tears, the men showing their feeling even more unrestrainedly than the women. "This little girl," said the bishop, "was only eight years old, but God took her from me by a terrible death — for she was burnt."

Here he paused, too much affected to go on; the tears stood in his eyes, and many of the white spectators wept with him. But with the negroes it was a real wail of desolation, an echo of Rachel's cry, and the sorrow was sincere, deep, and not so momentary, either. There were hardly any words or ejaculations this time, but the feeling was yet more marked. It must have gone to the speaker's heart and comforted it, for the sympathy was intense. After the sermon the ordination service was read; the deacons who were to become elders or ministers were ordained first, then those students who were to become deacons. They all stood at the rails in a row, and the bishop placed his hands on their bowed heads, and delivered the Bible into their hands, giving them authority to act as ministers of God's word. Among the deacons was an old white-headed man, who stood next to a stalwart, comely young mulatto. It was a touching contrast.

The rest of the day was spent in orderly rejoicing and family feasting. Two more services were held, as farewell pledges of peace and goodwill. During the week a few small parties were given among the *élite* of the coloured people, all householders and hotel-servants and others earning good wages being considered eligible. The pretty girls whom we have mentioned as nearly white were the envied beauties and queens of these gatherings, and perhaps the seeds were then sown which would some day ripen into a companionship that would make the young ministers' pastoral duties very light and sweet to them.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
JOHN FORSTER.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

I REMEMBER being awed by the presence and lofty manner of a gentleman living in Lincoln's Inn Fields — between walls of books — to whom my father presented me when I was nine years old. I was going away to a school in France; and my father, who was taking me across the Channel, had called on his friend to say "Good-bye." The lofty gentleman was kindly withal. He laid his hand upon my head while he talked to my father, and presently selected a book from his loaded table (to me there seemed to be nothing but books in the room), wrote my name in it, "with the best wishes of John Forster." This he handed to me with a grand manner, saying: "I hope you will attend to your studies. You must come back to us, William, quite a Frenchman." If I left Mr. Forster's presence deeply impressed with the conviction that he must be some very great man indeed, I was also very sure that he was a kind gentleman. The impression of the boy was correct. Under the grand, blustering, domineering manner there lay a warm and true heart; or Mr. John Forster had not commanded the close friendship of the foremost literary men and artists (among them being some of domineering and irascible spirit) of his day. It is of John Forster in the midst of his literary friendships that I propose to string together some notes; and it is because the stories about him that circulated among his friends generally refer to the majesty or arrogance of his manner that I insist in the beginning on the fine qualities which lay unharmed under it. The manner bore a strong resemblance to that of Macready on the stage; so that when Forster played Kiteley with the Dickens amateur troupe he was accused of servilely imitating the great tragedian, of whom he was known to be a passionate admirer, and the most enthusiastic and at the same time discerning critic.\* I played a minor part with the great company; and remember the infinite amusement we derived from the great tragedian airs which our Kiteley maintained throughout the rehearsals, and in the greenroom. He insisted upon having the best dressing-room, and on the night of the performance, upon holding himself aloof from the rest of the company. When the late Duke of Devonshire came to the the-

\* In the *Examiner*.

atre he brought with him a basket of superb Chatsworth pines and grapes as an offering to the company. Mr. Forster was shut up in his own dressing-room, and the basket was opened and tasted in his absence — an offence to his dignity of first tragedian, who should have been prayed to select before his humble *confrères*, which he seriously resented — or as seriously as Dickens, my father, and Mark Lemon would permit.

After the performance our Kitley was sweeping grandly out of the theatre, when my father said to Dickens: "Take care, or he'll go home with Mrs. Macready."

No man ever had a warmer affection and a higher respect for another than Charles Dickens had for John Forster. Indeed, the frequency with which Dickens had recourse to Forster's judgment, the fear in which he seemed to be when he took an important step unsupported by the concurrence of his friend, are made so manifest in his life as written by his friend, that many of Dickens's near and dear friends have been inclined to protest that they cannot admit the impression conveyed to the public to be the true one. Dickens was of more adventurous and independent spirit than he appears reflected to the public through his correspondence with Forster; and this would have been manifest had the biographer shown his subject in his intimate relations with others as well as himself. There exists a rich and varied Dickens correspondence which Forster would not touch. Who that knew Dickens well can conceive a picture of him to be complete that does not include some of his correspondence with the gentle and beloved Macclise, with Stanfield, with Leigh Hunt, with Ainsworth, with Douglas Jerrold, with Talfourd, Laman Blanchard, Wills, Charles Kent, and many others less known, but not less esteemed by Charles Dickens? In Forster's "Life" he stands alone near Dickens's heart, and the rest of the figures upon the canvas are but background to the two dominant figures.

We are admitted to feel the intensity of the friendship of which Dickens was capable. We become witnesses of the workings of his heart, of the boisterous, uncontrollable vitality of his nature, of his intense self-respect, and his thorough belief in his own genius and his solemn duty towards it; but we know him not (through the biography) in the various lights which his many close friendships cast upon him. We catch no glimpses of him as the adviser (and how earnestly and

wisely and affectionately he could counsel a fellow-creature in a strait!). He is always the adviser, and he has but one adviser. That shown to the world in this attitude he is exhibited in one not natural to him, the correspondence and material discarded or unsought by Mr. Forster would have abundantly proved.

A letter from Dickens to Laman Blanchard, addressed from 48, Doughty Street, lies before me. In it Dickens says: "I am writing to you with a sad heart, for I have just indited a few lines to poor Chatfield,\* to whom I should have written long since but for Forster's confounded assurance that it would be better not." I remember a fierce word-encounter between Dickens and Forster on the stage of Miss Kelly's theatre. Forster had gone on insisting that everything should be done according to his light, until he had exasperated his friend to an outburst, in which Kitley received a volley of very hard words descriptive of his intolerable hectoring and self-sufficiency. The quarrel lasted till the morrow — but not beyond; for the affection beyond the two was too deep to let it live twenty-four hours. I cite these points only in illustration of a phase of Dickens's character which does not appear in Forster's biography, and by which Dickens suffers. Seen through his biographer's spectacles, Dickens is a timid man, leaning forever on another; whereas he was an intrepid, self-reliant worker and thinker. His eye, his voice, his manner, his gallant bearing on great occasions, proved this to all who knew him.

Dickens loved the high character, and thoroughly respected and trusted the opinion of his friend and biographer; he also delighted to contemplate his gorgeous manner when dealing with the smallest things, the imperial air with which he asked his famous servant Henry for his coat, the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab.

Forster succeeded Dickens in the editorship of the *Daily News*, and many were the stories of the new editor's grandeur of address and autocratic bearing towards subordinates which speedily circulated through Whitefriars. The printers' boys trembled as they approached him; the sub-editors were under the spell of his majesty. Poor Knight Hunt, who afterwards became editor of the paper and died in the harness, had scores of stories of the high and mighty chief to tell. But the story that held its ground in every

\* The artist.



part of the establishment was that of the cabman who called for the editor at two in the morning to convey him home to Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cabman found it difficult to make the office porter understand whom he wanted. When described as the stout gentleman, the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the editorial department. Was he tall or short?

"Neither one thing nor t'other," the cabman answered impatiently. "You know who I mean—I mean that there harbi-trary cove."

The porter went direct to Mr. Forster's room, and told him his cab was waiting.

That Mr. Forster's "tremendous manner" was in no degree the consequence of a harsh or hard nature was shown in the devotion with which his personal attendants served him. The zeal and veneration with which his servant Henry waited upon him during many years were noticed by all his friends, and wondered at by some, for when Mr. Forster had an attack of gout (and he suffered cruelly in this way) his irascibility was indeed difficult to bear. But Henry never appeared to notice the storms that raged over his head. He kept quietly to his task; never answered the word of wrath, never showed by his manner that it had been uttered, and never permitted it to abate in the least degree his veneration for his master.

One day, at dinner, there was not soup enough to go round the table. The host, in his sternest manner and deepest voice, said—

"Henry, you see there is not enough mulligatawny."

Henry said quietly in his master's ear—"Please, sir, there is no more soup." Whereupon Forster turned with a tragedy air upon his man, and growled between his teeth—

"No more mulligatawny, Henry! LET THERE BE more mulligatawny!"

Henry paid no attention to the outburst, but went quietly on with his service. The storm, he knew, had spent itself. The blind devotion with which Henry did his service was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner-party. During the dinner Henry was nervous, and made two or three blunders. His master chafed and fumed, and cast angry glances at his servant; but the poor man could not settle quietly to his duty. At last, when the dessert and wine had been placed upon the table, he stole timidly behind Mr. Forster's chair and said—

"Please, sir, can you spare me now?"

my house has been on fire the last hour and a half."

The group of literary men and artists of whom Mr. Forster was the friend and adviser loved, in the summer, to meet at Thames Ditton for an afternoon in the fresh air, and a dinner by the banks of the river, and a drive to London in the cool of the evening. On one of these occasions, when Count d'Orsay was present and sat next Forster, the waiters were remiss, and the gaiety of the dinner-table was suffering in consequence.

Count d'Orsay ate cold butter with his flounders. In a quiet tone he said to one of the attendants—"Waiter, a slice of cold butter." But no cold butter came. Patiently and amiably the count presently repeated his request, and again he was doomed to disappointment. Forster had overheard the count, and seen the neglect with which he was treated. It was too much for him. Waiting his opportunity to seize upon the neglectful attendant, he turned fiercely upon him, and in a voice of thunder said—"Gracious heaven! waiter—a slice of cold butter for the flounders of the count!"

The roll of the rounded sentence set the table in a roar; and Forster was not the least amused of the company—for he could laugh at his own outbursts heartily.

As—at Dickens's table, one day, when somebody asked the host how many children he had.

"Four," said Dickens.

Whereupon Forster interrupted, with an air of great authority—

"Dickens, you have five children."

"Upon my word, Forster," Dickens expostulated, "allow me to know the number of my own family."

"Five, my dear Dickens," was the firm rejoinder.

When it was proved that four was the correct number, Forster gave in with a laugh.

These touches of eccentric authority were a source of infinite amusement to all Forster's friends, but especially to Dickens, whose sense of humour was always alive. He used to describe an inspection he had made of some improvements Forster had effected in his chambers, in his happiest manner. Between his bedroom and his sitting-room Forster had contrived a dark, narrow space, to which he directed his friend's attention.

"What is that?" Dickens asked.

"That, my dear Dickens," Forster answered, with all his grand manner—"that is my plunge-bath!"



So much for the eccentric side of Mr. Forster's character. Its higher phases were even more remarkable. There must have been something of commanding excellence in the young man who, owing nothing to fortune or to powerful friends, came up to London, and while yet a youth took his place among the leading literary men of his time. So completely had he established his position in 1837 (he was then twenty-five) that he then became engaged to L. E. L., who was at the height of her fame and courted by hosts of admirers.

The story of this engagement is a very melancholy one. While it existed rumours detrimental to the lady's character got abroad; and were so systematically concocted and so widely disseminated that it was resolved to force the slanderers to speak out, to trace the slander to its source, and so to end it. L. E. L. herself insisted ardently on this inquiry. We are told that the refutation which the evil report met, in the course of the investigation, was as effectual and complete as it was possible to be. What followed is described in Blanchard's "Life of L. E. L.:"

"What should follow, then, but the fulfilment of the marriage contract? As there was not the slightest scruple previously, on his (Forster's) own account, in the mind of the other party to that contract, so not the slightest scruple remained now as an impediment. The bare existence of such a scruple would, of course, have been fatal to her peace and happiness. There was none affecting her honour in the remotest degree. Yet the contract was broken off by her. However strong and deep the sentiment with which she had entered into it, she had the unflinching resolution to resist its promptings; and in the spirit of the communication at this period, between her and the gentleman to whom she was engaged, it is not difficult to perceive that the same high-minded feeling on both sides, the same nice sense of honour, and the same stubborn yet delicate pride (neither, perhaps, discerning in the other the exact qualities that governed the conduct of both) so operated as to dictate a present sacrifice of affection, and the avoidance of a contract under the circumstances which had so controlled the parties to it."

The shock was very heavy to poor, delicate L. E. L., who had a brave and turbulent spirit housed in a gossamer frame. From her sick-room she wrote to Mr. Forster the decision her proud spirit dictated:—

"I have already written to you two notes

which I fear you could scarcely read or understand. I am to-day sitting up for an hour, and though strictly forbidden to write, it will be the least evil. I wish I could send you my inmost soul to read, for I feel at this moment the utter powerlessness of words. I have suffered for the last three days a degree of torture that made Dr. Thompson say, 'You have an idea what the rack is now.' It was nothing to what I suffered from my own feelings. I look back on my whole life—I can find nothing to justify my being the object of such pain; but this is not what I meant to say. Again I repeat that I will not allow you to consider yourself bound to me by any possible tie. To any friend to whom you may have stated our engagement, I cannot object to your stating the truth. Do every justice to your own kind and generous conduct. I am placed in a most cruel and difficult position. Give me the satisfaction of, as far as rests with myself, having nothing to reproach myself with. The more I think, the more I feel I ought not—I cannot—allow you—to unite yourself with one accused of—I cannot write it. The mere suspicion is dreadful as death. Were it stated as a fact, that might be disproved; were it a difficulty of any other kind, I might say, look back at every action of my life—ask any friend I have; but what answer can I give, or what security have I against the assertion of a man's vanity, or the slander of a vulgar woman's tongue? I feel that to give up all idea of a near and dear connection is as much my duty to myself as to you. Why should you be exposed to the annoyance—the mortification, of having the name of the woman you honour with your regard coupled with insolent insinuation?—you never would bear it.

"I have just received your notes. God bless you—but—

"After Monday I shall, I hope, be visible; at present it is impossible. My complaint is inflammation of the liver, and I am ordered complete repose—as if it were possible! Can you read this? Under any circumstances, the

"Most grateful and affectionate of your friends,

"L. E. LANDON."

L. E. L.'s marriage with Governor Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle, and her tragic death, happened within little more than a year from the day when the foregoing was written to Mr. Forster. It has been often said, by many who knew the betrothed, that L. E. L. was piqued at the resigna-

tion with which Mr. Forster received his dismissal. That a feeling which was not love prompted her to accept the suit of Mr. Maclean was evident to all her friends. It is probable that the authoress of "The Vow of the Peacock" expected her lover to treat her with extravagant chivalry; to refuse his *congé*, though given again and again; to listen to no reasoning away of his love, and to worship his mistress only the more passionately for the dark clouds that had settled over her head. Whereas she was met by a man of honour who, while maintaining the completest faith in her innocence and remaining ready to marry her, was sufficiently master of himself to defer to her arguments when she showed cause why their engagement should be at an end.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

ALL that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.

How shall you learn to know yourself? — Not by contemplation, but action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of.

But what is your duty? — To fulfil the claims of the day.

The rational universe is to be considered as a great undying individual, which is incessantly producing that which it must, and thereby makes itself lord over even the accidental.

The longer I live the more it annoys me to see man, whose highest function consists in ruling nature, and in emancipating himself and those belonging to him from the encompassing necessity — when I see him, from some false preconceived notion, doing the very reverse of what he intended, and then miserably bungling about in the parts because the design of the whole is spoilt.

Let the active able man deserve and expect:

From the great — grace;  
From the powerful — favour;  
From the good and active — help;  
From the multitude — liking;  
From the individual — love.

Every one must think in his own way; for he will always discover some sort of truth or approximation to truth which

helps him through his life. But he must not let himself drift along; he must exercise self-control; it beseems not man to allow himself to be ruled by mere instinct.

Unlimited activity of whatever kind must at last end in bankruptcy. ♦

In the works of man, as in those of nature, it is the intention which is chiefly worth studying.

Men come to mistake themselves and others because they treat the means as an end, the consequence being that their very activity prevents their accomplishing anything, or perhaps effects the reverse of what was designed.

What we plan, what we undertake, should already be so clearly mapped out and so beautiful in its proportions that the world by interfering could only mar it. We should thus be in an advantageous position to adjust what might have got out of joint, and to replace what had been destroyed.

It is extremely difficult to correct and sift whole, half, and quarter errors, and to put what of truth they contain in its proper place.

Truth need not always be embodied; enough if it hover around like a spiritual essence, which gives one peace and fills the atmosphere with a solemn sweetness like harmonious music of bells.

"Blowing is not playing the flute; you must use your fingers."

Generalizations and great self-conceit are always preparing the most lamentable mishaps.

Botanists have a class of plants which they name *Incompletæ*; we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men — those, namely, whose longing and struggling are not in proportion to their doing and performing.

The smallest man may be complete by confining his actions within the limits of his capacity and skill; but even fine gifts are obscured, ruined, and annihilated if the indispensable proportion be wanting. This mischief will often display itself in this new time; for who can hope to fulfil satisfactorily the claims of an age everywhere full of exaggeration and also in rapidest movement?

Only persons of wise activity, who, having gauged their powers, use them with sense and moderation, may hope to become proficient in their knowledge of the universe.

A great mistake : to hold oneself too high and rate oneself too cheap.

I occasionally meet with young men in whom I see nothing I could wish altered or improved ; nevertheless I feel anxious when I see them thoroughly able to swim with the current of the times ; and I am continually impelled in this case to call their attention to the fact that man, in his frail boat, had the rudder placed in his hands in order that he might not allow himself to be swayed by chance currents, but by the dictates of his judgment.

But how shall a young man by his unaided efforts discover that which everybody does, approves, and promotes to be hurtful and reprehensible ? How shall he not let his nature and temperament waft him in the same direction ?

I must regard it as the greatest misfortune of our time, in which nothing is allowed to attain to maturity, that each moment is swallowed up by its successor, the day dissipated within the day, and that people thus continually live from hand to mouth, without in reality furthering anything. Do we not already possess newspapers for every hour of the day ? A ready wit, certainly, might still intercalate this, that, and the other. Thus what everybody thinks, fancies, does, nay intends doing, is dragged into publicity. Nobody must suffer and rejoice but as a pastime for others, the news flying from house to house, from city to city, from country to country, and, at last, from continent to continent, with incredible velocity.

But we can as little hope to put down the steam-engine as these phenomena showing themselves in the moral world : the animation of commerce, the swift passage of paper money, the accumulation of debt to pay debt, such are the enormously complicated elements which the young man is called upon to deal with at present. It is well if he is endowed by nature with quiet and moderation, making no exorbitant claims on the world on the one hand, nor allowing himself to be swayed by it on the other.

In every circle the time-spirit lies in wait for him, and nothing is more necessary than to point out to him early enough the direction in which his will ought to steer.

The importance of the most innocent speeches and acts increases with our years, and I strive continually to direct the attention of those whom I see often about

me, to the difference there is between sincerity, confidence, and indiscretion ; nay, that in reality there is no difference, but rather a subtle transition — which ought to be noticed, or, better still, felt — from what is most harmless to the most mischievous.

To this end we ought to cultivate our tact, or we run the risk of inadvertently forfeiting people's favour from the same cause which first gained it us. We naturally learn this in our course through life, but only after having paid a heavy school-fee for it, which unfortunately we cannot prevent our successors from being obliged to pay likewise.

The relation of the arts and sciences to life varies in proportion to the stage of development they have attained, to the character of the times, and a thousand other accidental circumstances ; it is not easy for any one, therefore, to form a sound conclusion on the subject as a whole.

Poetry acts chiefly at the earlier stage of human conditions, be they either quite rude, half-civilized, or in a transitional period of civilization ; or at the first acquaintance with an alien civilization, so that one may say the action of novelty is always concerned in it.

Music, in the best sense, does not require novelty ; nay, the older it is and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect.

The dignity of art perhaps chiefly manifests itself in music, as it contains no adventitious elements. Consisting chiefly in form and feeling, it heightens and refines whatever it expresses.

Music is either sacred or profane. The sacred character is thoroughly suited to its dignity, and through this it exercises the most potent influence on life, an influence continuing the same at all times and epochs. Profane music ought to be permeated by cheerfulness.

That species of music which mixes up the sacred and profane character is godless, while that of a hybrid kind, which loves to express weak, pitiable, and miserable feelings, becomes absurd ; for it is not grave enough for sacredness, and lacks the leading characteristics of its opposite — gaiety.

The sacred character of church music, the gaiety and sportiveness of popular melodies, are the two hinges on which music turns. An infallible effect is always produced by either kind — devotion or dancing. The blending of these two ele-

ments is confusing, the dilution turns vapid; and when music endeavours to accommodate itself to didactic or descriptive poetry, it becomes cold.

Plastic art produces an effect upon us at only its highest stage. On various accounts we may be impressed by mediocre works, but, on the whole, they perplex more than delight us. Sculpture, therefore, should strive to lay hold on a subsidiary interest in the subject, such as is found in the likenesses of remarkable men. But in these, also, a high degree of excellence must be attained, in order to combine the attributes of truth and dignity.

Painting is the most facile and accommodating of all the arts. The most facile because, even in cases where it is more of a craft than an art, we tolerate and take pleasure in much of it on account of the subject-matter; partly because technical skill, however spiritless in point of execution, impresses the educated and uneducated alike, so that it is generally acceptable if it rises but partially to the level of art. Truth in colouring, in surfaces, and in the relation of visible objects to one another, is in itself pleasing; and as the eye, moreover, is accustomed to see everything, a misshapen object, either in reality or in counterfeit, is not as offensive to it as a discord is to the ear. We tolerate the sorriest copy because we habitually see yet sorrier objects. If the painter, therefore, is but in some degree an artist, he will find more public appreciation than a musician of the same rank; the minor painter, at least, can always act by himself, whereas the musician of like standing must co-operate with others, in order to produce some effect by means of combined performances.

The question as to whether or no we ought to institute comparisons in criticising works of art might be answered as follows: The *connoisseur* ought to compare, for he has formed a conception, an idea of what can and ought to be produced. The *amateur*, on the road to culture, however, finds most furtherance in abstaining from comparisons, and viewing each merit separately; by this means feeling and perception for the more general elements are gradually developed. The comparisons of the uninitiated are, in fact, a species of indolence fain to escape the trouble of judgment.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

By historically tempered human feeling, we understand one which is so regulated that, in estimating contemporary merits and capacities, the past is also taken into account.

The best result to be derived from history is the enthusiasm it kindles.

Originality challenges originality.

We must remember that there are many people who, although lacking originality, yet wish to say something striking, and thus the most whimsical things of all sorts are produced.

People of a profound and serious turn of mind are placed in a difficult position as regards the public.

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematic I have enough within myself.

Superstition is so innate in man that if we try to expel it it retreats to the oddest nooks and corners, reappearing unexpectedly when it may hope for any security.

We should know many things better did we not wish to know them too minutely; for an object first assumes just proportions for us at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The microscope and telescope have a tendency to confuse our proper human understanding.

I hold my peace concerning many things, as I do not wish to perplex my fellow-men, and am content to see them rejoicing at what irritates me.

Everything is pernicious that emancipates our intellect without at the same time strengthening our self-control.

It is the what rather than the how which usually interests people in a work of art; for while able to grasp the former in its parts they cannot apprehend the latter as a whole. Hence comes the love of extracting passages—in the course of which, however, if we are careful observers, we shall see that the total effect is again reproduced, only, in this case, unconsciously to everybody.

The question as to whence the poet has derived his work concerns his subject-matter alone; of the how one never learns anything.

Imagination is only regulated by art, more especially by poetry. There is nothing more frightful than imagination devoid of taste.

Mannerism is produced by missing the ideal—is, in fact, a subjective ideal; it rarely, therefore, is wanting in ingenuity.

The philologist depends on the congruity of written tradition. Thus, a manuscript forming the object of research is often full of gaps, of faults of orthography and other objectionable qualities, necessarily producing corresponding gaps in the sense. Perhaps a second, perhaps a third copy is discovered, and by instituting comparisons between them the possibility increases of eliciting sense and reason from the manuscript. Nay, the philologist makes still another step, and trusts that his own efforts unaided by external appliances, may enable him not only to understand the matter in hand, but to reconstruct it afresh as a consistent whole. But special tact and absorption in the departed author being required for this, as well as a certain degree of inventive power, we must not blame the philologist if he also arrogate the right of judgment in matters of taste in which, however, he is not always equally successful.

The poet's function consists in representation. This reaches its climax when it rivals reality, or, in other words, when its descriptions are vivified by his genius to such a degree that they appear actually present. Poetry, at its culminating point, makes the impression of something absolutely external, and as soon as it assumes an inward character its decline begins. That kind of poetry which only represents the inner without embodying it in some external form, or without making us feel the exterior by means of the inner world, is in either case the last stage whence it retrogrades into common life.

Oratory enjoys all the rights and privileges of poetry; it uses and abuses them in order to obtain certain outward, moral and immoral, ends momentarily advantageous in common life.

The real merit of the so-called *Volkslied* consists in its subject being directly inspired by nature. But the poet of culture could enjoy the same advantage if he knew how to avail himself of it.

As a really educated man, however, he will lack that pithiness of phrase always more or less at the command of simply natural persons.

Only he can judge of history who has had a history of his own. This equally applies to nations. The Germans have only become judges of literature since they have possessed a literature themselves.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the good-will of others.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.

"One must do more when one is old than when one was young."

Even the fulfilment of duty leaves a sense of being indebted, because we are never thoroughly satisfied with ourselves.

It is only the loveless who decry defects in others; to perceive these, therefore, we must become loveless, but not more than is absolutely necessary.

The greatest good fortune is that which amends our imperfections and balances our faults.

We only acknowledge him who is of use to us. We acknowledge the monarch because his government renders our property secure. We expect that he will afford us protection against unpleasant circumstances at home or abroad.

The stream is the miller's friend as well as servant, and rushes gladly over the wheel: what good in creeping listlessly through the valley?

He who contents himself with simple experience, and acts accordingly, possesses a sufficient amount of truth. The growing child may be called wise in this sense.

The only use of theories is that they make us believe in the connection of phenomena.

Every abstract truth, if practically applied, is brought home to human understanding by action and observation, and so the human understanding is led on to abstract reasoning.

He who pitches his demands too high, and who delights in intricate circumstances, is liable to error.

Inference from analogy is not to be condemned; the advantage of this method is, that it settles nothing definitely — does not, in fact, aim at finality; while the danger of induction, on the contrary, consists in the placing before itself of a deliberate aim, and hurrying true and false ideas along with it in its endeavour to reach it.

Ordinary apprehension, or a correct view of human affairs, is the general heirloom of common sense.

Pure apperception of the outer and inner world is, on the contrary, very rare.

The first manifests itself in the practical understanding, and directly through action; the latter symbolically, chiefly in mathematics, by means of forms and numbers, through speech, and in an original, metaphorical manner in the poetry of genius and the proverbs of common sense.

Absent things act upon us by means of tradition. History may be called ordinary tradition; while that of a higher kind is mythical, and nearly related to imagination; but if we still seek a third kind of meaning in it, it is transformed to mysticism. It also easily assumes a subjective character, so that we only appropriate that which is sympathetic to ourselves.

The forces to be taken into account if we wish to be truly helped forward in our development, are :

Preparatory,  
Concomitant,  
Co-operative,  
Auxiliary,  
Furthering,  
Strengthening,  
Hindering, and  
After-working influences.

In contemplation, as well as in action, we must distinguish between what is attainable and what is not: failing this, we can accomplish little either in life or knowledge.

*Le sens commun est le génie de l'humanité.*

The common sense which would pass for the genius of mankind must be judged by its utterances in the first place. If we enquire what are the uses to which it is put by mankind, we shall discover the following: Man is conditioned by wants. If these are not satisfied he grows impatient, and if they are, indifferent. Man, therefore, properly speaking, oscillates between these two states; he turns his understanding, or so-called common sense, to account, to satisfy his wants; but, having succeeded in this, it behoves him to fill up the vacuum produced by indifference. And if this is confined within the narrowest and most necessary limits, he may hope to succeed in his endeavours. But if his wants are of a higher nature, if they transcend the circle of ordinary life, common sense no longer suffices, ceases to be genius, and the realm of error opens out before mankind.

Nothing happens, however foolish, which common sense and fortune may not set right again; but nothing reasonable

can take place that chance and folly may not again put out of joint.

A great idea is no sooner embodied externally than it acts in a certain sense despotically; whence its accompanying advantages soon turn to drawbacks. It is possible, therefore, to defend and praise every institution by recalling its beginnings, and by demonstrating that everything that was applicable to it at that time must still continue to be so.

Lessing, who had himself to submit reluctantly to various restraints, makes one of his characters say that "no man can be forced against his will." A clever man, of a cheerful disposition, said: "He who wills, must;" while a third person of culture added, "He who comprehends, wills also." They fancied that they had thus embraced the entire circle of apprehension, volition, and necessity. But, on the whole, man's apprehension of things, whatever its nature, determines his conduct; hence nothing is more frightful than active ignorance.

There are two peaceful powers: Justice and fitness.

Justice claims what is due, polity what is seemly. Justice weighs and decides; polity surveys and orders. Justice refers to the individual. Polity to the community.

The history of the sciences is a mighty fugue, in which the voice of nation after nation becomes successively audible.

If a man will perform all that people require of him, he must overrate himself.

And we willingly tolerate his self-esteem if it does not grow absurd.

Work makes the workman.

It is much easier to put oneself in the place of a mind involved in positive error than in that of one which dallies with half-truths.

The pleasure which Germans take in a certain license in art is due to their bungling propensities; for the bungler shrinks from acknowledging a right method, lest he annihilate himself.

It is painful to see how a man of remarkable genius often wars with himself, his circumstances and his times, and consequently never succeeds in his objects. The poet Bürger is a sad case in point.

The highest respect which an author can show the public is not by gratifying its expectations, but by offering what he himself at various times may consider use-

ful and appropriate to the stages of culture attained by himself and others.

There is no wisdom save in truth.

Everybody can detect an error, but not a lie.

The German, having freedom of opinions, does not therefore feel his want of freedom in matters of intellect and taste.

Are there not riddles enough in the world without our making riddles of the simplest phenomena?

The smallest hair casts its shadow.

What things in my life I tried to accomplish under false tendencies, I have nevertheless come to understand at last.

A freehanded disposition is sure to get favour, especially when accompanied by humility.

Ere the bursting forth of the storm the dust, so soon to be laid, is violently agitated for the last time.

Even with the best will and inclination, one does not easily know his neighbour, and ill-will frequently supervenes, disfiguring everything.

We should know one another better did we not always try to put ourselves on a par with each other.

Eminent men fare badly therefore; as one cannot compare oneself to them, one keeps a sharp look-out for their faults.

Knowledge of man is of far less consequence in the world than to possess the knack, at any given moment, of outwitting the man one has to deal with. This is proved at fairs and by mountebanks.

It does not follow that wherever there is water there must be frogs; but wherever we hear frogs there is water.

He who knows no language but his own does not even know that.

Errors are not of much consequence in youth, but we must guard against dragging them with us into our old age.

Superannuated errors are fusty, unprofitable lumber.

By the tyrannical folly of Cardinal Richelieu, Corneille had lost confidence in himself.

Nature gets into specializations — aye, into a blind alley, where she cannot go forward and will not turn back: hence the obstinacy of natural culture.

That metamorphosis in the higher sense which consists in taking and giving, winning and losing, was long since excellently depicted by Dante.

Everybody has a certain something in his nature which, if publicly avowed, must excite displeasure.

When a man begins to ponder over his physical or moral nature, he usually discovers that he is sick.

It is a demand of nature that a man be sometimes lulled without going to sleep; thence the pleasure from smoking, drinking, and opiates.

It is important for a man of action to do right, but he should not disturb himself as to whether right is done.

Many beat about the wall with a hammer, fancying at every blow that they are hitting the nail on the head.

The French language has arisen not from the written but the spoken words of the Latin tongue.

The casually-actual, in which for the moment we can neither discern a law of nature nor of the will, is called the common.

The painting and tattooing of the body is a return to animalism.

To write history is one fashion of getting rid of the past.

We do not possess what we do not understand.

Not everybody becomes productive on having a germinal idea transmitted to him; it may only serve to suggest something already quite well known.

Weak-minded persons dispense favours because they consider it a mark of sovereignty.

Nothing is so commonplace but will seem humorous if expressed with a certain oddity of manner.

People always retain sufficient energy to do that of which they are convinced.

Let memory fail so long as you can rely on your judgment at a moment's notice.

The so-called nature poets are men of fresh talents, who have appeared in a stagnant, mannered, and over-cultivated epoch of art,—but rejected by it. They cannot avoid certain platitudes, and may, therefore, seem to have a retrograde tendency; yet they exercise a regenerating influence and cause new progress.

A nation has no judgment till it can judge itself. And this great advantage is of late attainment.

Instead of contradicting my words people should act according to my meaning.

The adversaries of an honest cause do



but beat on burning coals; these are scattered abroad and inflame, when otherwise they would not have produced any effect.

Man were not the noblest creature on the earth if he were not too noble for it.

One must leave certain minds in undisturbed possession of their idiosyncrasies.

Works of a certain order are now produced which are null and void without being absolutely bad; null for want of substance, yet not bad, as their authors had the general outline of good models in their mind's eye.

He who shirks the idea ends by becoming incapable of forming conceptions.

We justly call those men our masters from whom we always learn; but not every one of whom we learn deserves this title.

Lyrical work ought to be full of reason as a whole, and a little unreasonable in detail.

You are all of you like the ocean, which, distinguished by different appellations, is, after all, nothing but salt water.

Empty self-praise is said to smell amiss; that may be, but the public has no nose for the detection of unjust blame of others.

The novel is a subjective epic, in which the author asks permission to manipulate the world in his particular manner; all that concerns us, therefore, is to ask whether he has such a manner, and the rest follows of itself.

There are problematical natures unfit for every condition in which they are placed and satisfied with none. Thence arises the monstrous conflict which consumes life without enjoyment.

The real good we do occurs chiefly *clandestinely*, *vi, et precario* (i.e. secretly, perforce, and accidentally).

It is difficult to be just to the present moment; if indifferent, it bores us; the good one has to carry, and the bad to drag along.

I should say the happiest man is he who can link the end of his life with its commencement.

Man is of so obstinately contradictory a nature that he will not allow himself to be forced to his own advantage, yet suffers constraints of all kinds which tend to his harm.

Foresight is simple, afterthought very complicated.

There must be something wrong about

a condition which involves one in fresh troubles every day.

Nothing is more common when on the point of committing an imprudent action than to be on the look-out for a possible escape.

It is with true opinions which one has the courage to utter as with pawns first advanced on the chessboard: they may be beaten, but they have inaugurated a game which must be won.

It is as certain as it is wonderful that truth and error spring from the same source; we must often, therefore, beware of injuring error lest we injure truth at the same time.

Truth appertains to man, while error is of time. It was, therefore, remarked of an extraordinary man: "*Le malheur des tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son âme l'en a fait sortir avec gloire.*"

Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of; and yet, however harmless they may be, they are frequently the cause of a man's failure.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more than he seems.

In art and science no less than in action, everything depends on the object being clearly apprehended and treated conformably to the law of its nature.

When we find sensible and ingenious persons judging meanly of science in their old age, the reason simply is, that their expectations regarding it and themselves had been pitched too high.

I pity those who bewail the mutability of things, and who lose themselves in speculations concerning the nothingness of the world: what are we here for, if not to make the transitory lasting, and this is only possible if we can estimate both at their true value.

What the French call *tournure* is nothing but conceit softened by grace. This may convince us that Germans cannot possibly have *tournure*: for their conceit is hard and crude, their gentleness mild and humble; and, as one quality thus excludes the other, they can never be blended.

Nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour.

It has often happened to me, and does still, that a work of art displeases me on a first inspection, because I am not up to its mark; but if I suspect that it has merits I endeavour to penetrate its secret, and I then invariably make the most delightful

discoveries; desecrating new properties in the thing and new capacities in myself.

Faith is a domestic and private capital, as there are public savings-banks and relief-funds, out of which individuals receive assistance in times of scarcity; but here the believer himself silently draws his interest.

The evil of pietism consists not so much in its obstruction of true, useful, and intelligible ideas, as in the circulation of false ones.

It has struck me, after having devoted much attention to the study of the lives of superior and inferior persons, that we might consider them as respectively the warp and woof of the world's web; for the former really determines the breadth of the fabric, whereas the latter regulate its durability and consistence, with the addition, perhaps, of some sort of design. The shears of the *Parcæ*, on the other hand, control its length, to which all else is finally forced to submit. We will not, however, carry the metaphor any farther.

Books have a fate of their own, of which nothing can deprive them.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
Who never spent the darksome hours  
Weeping and watching for the morrow,  
He knows you not, ye unseen Powers.\*

A noble and honoured queen was wont to repeat these sorrowful lines when, condemned to the cruelest exile, she herself became a prey to inexpressible grief. She made herself familiar with a work containing these words as well as so many other painful experiences, and derived thence a melancholy consolation. How is it possible thenceforth to arrest an influence already stretching into boundless time?

I was perfectly delighted, when in the Apollo gallery of the Villa Frascati at Rome, to see with what felicitous invention Domenichino has depicted the scenes most appropriate to the character of Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" one remembers, too, that the delight of the pleasantest things is enhanced by being experienced amid magnificent scenery, nay, that noble surroundings lend a certain dignity and significance to even the most indifferent moments of our life.

Truth is a torch, but one of enormous size; so that we try to slink past it in

rather a blinking fashion for fear it should burn us.

The wise have much in common. — *Æschylus*.

A particular want of good sense in many sensible people consists in their not knowing how to interpret what another says when he has not said it exactly as he ought.

Everybody thinks that because he can speak he is entitled to speak about language.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.

One is never conscientious during action: none but the looker-on has a conscience.

Do the happy really believe that one who suffers is bound to perish with the dignity which the Roman populace required of the gladiator?

Somebody asked Timon's advice respecting the instruction of his children. "Let them," he replied, "be taught that which they will never comprehend."

There are people towards whom I feel well disposed, and could wish that I were able to be still better disposed.

Even as long habit may induce us to glance at a watch that has stopped, we may look in a fair lady's eyes as though she loved us still.

Hate is an active, envy a passive displeasure; it need not surprise us, therefore, to see how quickly envy passes into hate.

There is a certain magic in rhythm leading us to believe that its sublimity belongs to ourselves.

Dilettantism taken *au sérieux*, and a mechanical manner of treating science, become pedantry.

Only a master can further art. But patrons may with propriety stimulate the artist himself; this, however, does not always further the interests of art.

"Perspicuity consists in a proper distribution of light and shade." — *Hamann*.  
Hear, hear!

Shakespeare abounds in wonderful metaphors, which are personified ideas, in fact a manner ill adapted to our times, but quite appropriate in an age when art of every kind was under the influence of allegory.

He also takes his similes from objects whence we would not borrow ours; as, for example, from books. Printing had al-

\* These lines are quoted from Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." The queen was Louisa of Prussia.

ready been discovered for more than a century, yet a book was still regarded as a sacred object, as may be gathered from the bindings of that time; and hence it came that the high-minded poet regarded it as something dear and venerable; but our books are merely stitched together, and we are rarely conscious of respect for either cover or contents.

The most foolish of all mistakes consists in young men of sound talents fearing to lose their originality by acknowledging truths which have already been recognized by others.

Scholars have usually an invidious manner of refuting others; an error in their eyes assuming at once the proportions of a crime.

It is impossible that beauty should ever distinctly apprehend itself.

No sooner had subjective, or so-called sentimental poetry been placed on a level with poetry of an objective and realistic tendency, a consummation not to be avoided unless we choose to condemn all modern poetry, than it was to be expected that, even in the case of the advent of men of true poetical genius, they would thenceforth prefer depicting the intimate experiences of the inner life to that of the great and busy world around them. And this method now prevails to such an extent that we actually possess a poetry without tropes, to which one must concede, however, certain merits of its own.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

CERTAIN things, once the possession of humanity, have been lost to the world forever — books, arts, and even lands; but we are in danger now of losing something more valuable than any of these — namely, the childhood of our children, the maidenliness of our maidens. Where are the children, as we knew them in days gone by, when simplicity and innocence were part of their charter, and to be a child meant to be fresh, unspoiled, and free from the taint of dangerous knowledge? Gone with the dream of the things that were and are not. They are not to be found in the precocious fledglings dragged about the Continent on autumn tours, or sitting at *tables d'hôte* with the governess at Nice while the father and mother are killing time and something more at Monaco. They are not among the miniature

men and women who honour us with their presence when we give a juvenile entertainment, who come to criticise our Christmas-tree, which they seldom find good enough to praise, to pronounce our dance a bore, and our supper a sell; not among those unhappy little ones whom fond parents dress up in picturesque costumes for fancy balls, teaching them a self-complacency, a self-consideration far beyond their years, and only too easily learnt; and least of all are they among those still more unhappy little ones who act plays for the amusement of a grave and grown-up audience, and are stimulated by applause and excitement into a state of moral intoxication wherein all that makes youth lovely is lost forever. For the cleverer they are for their years, the more disastrously their talent works on their natures; and one of the saddest sights known to us is that of a bright, pretty, vivacious little girl, acting her saucy part with *aplomb* and assurance, failing in all that makes childhood most lovely just in proportion as she succeeds in her attempt to be some one else than herself.

By the very nature of things it is difficult for the children of the London fashionable world to preserve their innocence and childishness, victims as they are, now by association and now by exclusion, to the fast social life of their parents. From their cradles they are subjected to the closest intercourse with nurses highly recommended by ladies anxious to get rid of them, and whose relations are to be found mainly in doubtful circumstances and shady quarters. Admitted to the questionable gossip of the monthly nurse when she enters the nursery circle on authorized occasions, and to the continued confidences of the resident nurses, who perhaps are gross through ignorance rather than through vice, the children are reared from the beginning under the shadow of the tree of knowledge, and are made free of the blossoms before their time comes to eat of the fruit. But if the nurses are not the wisest or best rearers of our children, fine-lady mothers are not much better; and the dressed-up dolls whose velvet and point-lace are shown off to visitors in the drawing-room not unfrequently hear there more than is good for them of what, if they do not understand it to its fullest extent now, they think of hereafter and meditate on till they have found out the riddle. One kind of fine-lady mother certainly leaves her children to be brought up by nurses without much assistance from her even for the show-hour in the

drawing-room. They are circumstances of her existence which she takes care shall give her no trouble — conditions of her married life which represent a certain loss of time and so much personal annoyance, reduced by wise management to a minimum; and she has no desire to inflict on her friends a *corvée* repudiated by herself. So far her visiting world has cause for gratitude. But the mother whose maternal instinct is large and her reasoning faculties small, who prides herself on her love for her offspring, and insists that her acquaintances shall partake in her glory, adopts the foolish plan of having the children brought down to see all her visitors, and of converting her drawing-room into a small bear-garden, where every one is uncomfortable alike. The children are the axis on which all the conversation turns. You are expected to be interested when you are told of their gifts and graces — how Mary writes verses and Tommy makes music, and how sweetly Ellen and Harry repeat their poetry — just as you are expected to be polite when they pull your whiskers and fight for your watch, and to smile, as at a good acrobatic feat, when Jacky makes a flying leap into your hat, Harry scrambles on to your knee and informs the company that you wear a wig, and that he can see gold in your mouth. The natural sequel to such a course is that the position becomes untenable even for the most indulgent mother, and that the darlings are sent in the end to school, there to continue their education.

After the forcing-houses of the nursery and the drawing-room, their minds are now sufficiently matured to develop any seeds for evil and precocious knowledge that may drop into the untilled soil; and, on getting to their first school, it is generally enough for children to unite their experiences to get all the doubtful points cleared up which have exercised the youthful mind ever since the days of the first man. It is at this stage of their existence that we hear of mothers being shocked at the revelations made by their own children. Things which a generation ago were known only at the proper age, and when ignorance would have been folly, are whispered in corners among these callow investigators; and the one who has most to tell is the one who is king or queen of the rest. When the mother snatches her child from this unsatisfactory school, and that undesirable companion, she thinks perhaps that she has saved it; but the fruit of the tree of knowledge when eaten opens the eyes so that they can

never close again, and what the mind has once received the memory can never reject. In the more advanced schools the dangers attached to unlimited confidences are so well understood that experienced matrons have recourse to various stratagems to prevent their possibility. Two girls will not be allowed to consort together for any length of time; and whispering and low voices are expressly forbidden. In walking out they must go in threes, or with a different companion for each day. Governesses have directions to watch all preferential couplings, and to break them up by adding a third to the party; not ostentatiously, so as to cause suspicion of motives, which would be as bad perhaps as the evil sought to be prevented, but with the craft of quietness, the hypocrisy of concealment — which we may cite as one instance of the lawfulness of doing good by underhand methods. Those schools are the best where the social feeling is most encouraged in contradistinction to the personal and individual; and in saying this we say all that need be told. Add to this, unrelaxing occupation, whether it be learning or amusement, business or play — at all events, the disallowance of sloth and self-indulgence in every form — and the dangers of school-life are reduced to their lowest possible sum, with so much good to come from wise guardianship and well-chosen employments as shall go far to neutralize what remains and keep the girls as fresh and pure as is possible in these odd days of ours.

Emerging then from a life of full occupation at school, girls are more to be pitied than envied on their first acknowledged entrance into society. They are scolded by captious fathers weary of milliners' bills and midnight revels; measured with a commercial eye by mercenary mothers, who regard them as so much stock for profitable sale and barter; snubbed by fastidious brothers, who sometimes find them in their way, and who generally are in the state to compare them unfavourably with some Cynthia of the minute in the ascendant. Competition with other girls, who have passed before them through the fire to Moloch, drives off the lingering shyness of the seminary, and the maiden blush vanishes with the appetite for bread and butter. Rinking on the one hand, and the shrieking sisterhood on the other, divide the young womanhood of London between them, and the previous standards of right and wrong, once held so essential to the well-being of society, are completely overthrown on a

little experience of the world and modern life. Idle gossip and questionable conversation are freely indulged in before them as a legitimate source of amusement by their mothers and their mothers' friends. The doubtful topics of the day are not only discussed in their presence, but discussed without reserve in a mixed assemblage of both sexes. The worst novels of the season lie on the drawing-room table, dogs'-eared at the strong passages; and the daily papers, whatever their contents, are passed freely from hand to hand. Women of advanced views make the drawing-room their forum, where they declaim with alarming minuteness of detail against the iniquities of men, and insist on the need there is of women meeting them on their own ground, with weapons sharpened at the same grindstone. Things which our grandmothers went down to the grave without knowing are discussed in the light of day, and in unmistakable terms, before our unmarried girls; and of all the feminine qualities, shame, delicacy, and reticence are the first to be discarded. The tree of knowledge—that upas-tree of modern times—overshadows us all alike, and the sweetnesses of womanhood droop and die beneath its poisonous shade. Medical studies carried on in company with men; the country stumped in advocacy of woman's rights, which mean nothing more nor less than the revolution of society and violence done to nature; the country stumped too on questions which no woman who respected herself should touch with her little finger—what chance have our girls nowadays? Born, bred, and fostered in a vitiated atmosphere from first to last, can we wonder if men say sorrowfully that the English girl of tradition is a thing of the past, and if their apologists can find nothing better as an excuse than that they are like so many boys, with no harm in them, but no womanhood? For ourselves, we hold to the expediency of ignorance of some matters—ignorance of vice, of the darker facts of human history, of the filthy byways of life, of the seething under-current beneath the tranquil surface of society. We see no good to come of the early initiation of children into the knowledge that belongs properly to maturity, of the participation of women in that which belongs properly to men alone. We think that there is a charm in maiden innocence, in womanly ignorance, which no amount of bold trafficking in the secret verities of life can make up for, and we grieve to see the small account at which

these old-fashioned qualities are reckoned. For eating of the tree of knowledge Adam and Eve were flung out of paradise, and perhaps the analogy holds good for the children of men at the present day.

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From Belgravia.

#### THE ART OF LUXURY.

THERE is a luxury of the senses and a luxury of the imagination. The ancients—that is, the Greeks, Romans, and Scriptural races—understood both perfectly; but our direct ancestors did not. The ancients began with their cities, making them by their magnificence tempting to the very strangers whom they pretended to exclude. It is enough, however, to name Babylon, Athens, and Rome; for further expatiation would give an historical tinge to that which is designed as pure philosophy. For the same reason is rejected, though not so peremptorily, that volume of anecdote which has its alpha in Cleopatra's pearl, and its omega in poor Jack eating a five-pound note in a sandwich at Wapping. Most of these stories are apocryphal, and they do not represent the true spirit of luxury. But, in order that a subject may be made interesting, it is essential to take all the traditions with it, and spill the grain of salt. Let us believe, then, in everything that Tacitus and Suetonius tell; in the barbaric indulgences of Nero, Commodus, Heliogabalus, and the un-Cæsaric Cæsars: for they are quite as easy to comprehend as the black broth of Sparta, and the boiled peas which the monks of old used to put in their shoes. How much is this world the happier for doubting whether Apicius ate the tongues of nightingales; that Lucullus sent to the Danube for a trout when he dined *cum Lucullo*; that Sardanapalus was fanned night and day by fifty virgins; or that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened? What should we do for illustrations to dress dull topics into gaiety, had the chroniclers been silent as Syrian bishops upon these decorative additions to history? It is very pleasant to think that court maidens once powdered their hair with gold, as the Merovingian kings most certainly powdered their beards; that a famous Venetian gentleman, who affected rather than felt a love of the arts, had his pictures uncovered one by one to the sound of slow music, like a murder on the stage; that Lord Berkeley's shaving-

basin was of solid silver — as why should it not be, any more than of electro-plate? — that Queen Elizabeth's night-cap was wrought with gilded silk; that water was filtered through gold-dust, not a century ago, by the sybarites of Chili, as is gravely attested by Señor Techo; that men, according to Rabelais, who is fortified by the authority of Montluc, drank hippocras as a morning draught, and even went so far as to have dinner and supper on the same day. "See that the powder I use be rich in cassia," cries the polished gentlemen in Middleton's play to the valet whom he has just kicked down stairs. Did not the confectioners celebrated in Featley's "Mystica" mix gold particles with their pastry, and were they one iota less absurd than our connoisseurs in *eau d'or*? Depend upon it, every generation will have its Capua, whether on the Volturno or at Trouville, and luxury after all is a mere affair of fashion. Marc Antony's daughter in our age might not make the lampreys in her fish-pond wear ear-

rings, though the statement is doubted by the critical Bayle and even the credulous Pliny; yet she would probably change her dress five times a day at Biarritz, as do the Parisian graces, born, not of divine sea-foam, but of that other froth called *agiotage*. We do not wear waistcoats painted with scenes from Watteau, or warm idealizations from Brantome, as did the coxcombs of the *ancienne noblesse*; neither do we truss up our horses' tails with gold and silver, but we cockade the creatures until they become unendurably vain — more of their adornments than of their beauty, which is a common case; and the first necessity of an "Ulster," the tailors assure us, is that it should be "impressive." Our girls do not bathe in blood; but the trade in "balms" exhibits a considerable hankering after artificial beauty. A man now who should be seen with a mirror in his hat, or a woman with one on her breast, would be pitied as a lunatic; yet these were contemporary follies ridiculed by Ben Jonson.

CRINOLINE FOR IRONCLADS. — Not because of the sex attributed to armoured in common with all other ships, but for the same reason for which, according to the learned Knickerbocker, the maidens of Manhattan enveloped their ample figures in manifold plackets, it is proposed (*Iron* reports) to encircle our ironclads with a network of iron wire, supported by booms at a distance of twenty-two feet, and kept rigid to below the depth of the keel by heavy weights. The danger to be guarded against is the fish torpedo, one species of which can be unerringly propelled under water a distance of a mile, and if it then strikes the ship beneath her water-line she must inevitably sink; for it is understood that all the pumps on board a turret ship, working at their highest pressure, would be incapable of discharging the water which would be admitted through a hole no larger than that made in the "Vanguard" by the prow of the "Iron Duke." An experiment with this netting is about to be made on the "Thunderer" — the most costly of all ironclads — and there is just a chance that, notwithstanding the crinoline, she may be sent to join what has been called our submarine fleet. The Whitehead torpedo appears to be a most effective implement of destruction; indeed, it would seem

that there is no end to the "perils that environ" ironclads.

A NEW ARTICLE OF DIET. — A report has been made by the acting political superintendent, Akalkoit, to the government of Bombay, stating that there exists in those parts a weed called "mulmunda," the seed of which is used for food by the poorer classes in times of scarcity. The seed is ground into flour, of which bread is made. The bread is said to be sweet in taste, and, although not quite so satisfying as could be desired, does very well to keep body and soul together at a pinch. It is also given to camels for forage. The result of an examination of the plant, which is of a leguminous description, by the acting chemical analyser to the government, shows that the seeds contain nearly as much nitrogenous substances as some of the chief varieties of Indian peas and beans; and hence the nutritive value of the seed should be taken as equivalent to any of the other leguminous grains. The weed is said to grow all over the Deccan and southern Mahratta country.

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## OUT OF MY HAND.

ONE by one, one by one,  
In the kindred light of the April sun,  
While primrose and snowdrop gem the ground,  
And the birds are mating and building around,  
While violets blossom their steps to greet,  
With laughing voices and dancing feet,  
With wakening fancy and budding hope,  
Beyond my reach, and beyond my scope,  
They pass, while in fear and doubt I stand,  
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Baby pleasure, and baby care,  
Not one of them but was mine to share ;  
Not a tear, but I dried it with a kiss,  
Not a smile, but I joined in its eager bliss ;  
Now, the young knight arms for the coming  
strife,

The sweet girl-fancies start to life,  
They nestle, the maiden shyness beneath,  
As the bright buds hide in their silken sheath,  
By spring dews nourished, spring breezes  
fanned,

Out of my hand, out of my hand.

I dare not trench on thy realm, my boy,  
Nor rob thy sway of one virgin joy ;  
I dare not touch with my faltering fingers  
The blooms where the light of sunrise lingers,  
Nor drag to the garish light of day,  
What youth's proud reticence would delay ;  
I can but wait outside it all,  
Where the cold winds sigh and the brown  
leaves fall ;

Oh, the castles I built ! oh, the joys I planned !  
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Yet did I not bear them in peril and pain,  
Did I not lavish, and watch, and refrain ;  
Quitting the pleasures of parting youth,  
The glories of science, and art, and truth,  
That the paths for those little feet might be  
Fresh, and sunny, and safe, and free ;  
Scheme, and vision, and hope of mine,  
They were but those golden heads to shrine ;  
Now, alone and tired, slow drops the sand,  
Grain by grain, from my failing hand.

Father of all, Saviour of all,  
Behold at Thy altar-steps I fall ;  
Thou wilt not disdain that I come at last,  
With my treasure spent, and my noon-day  
past ;

Take Thou the guidance that I resign,  
Take this hard embittered heart of mine,  
Take the baffled ambition, ungranted prayer,  
Baseless terror, repining care ;  
Guide each fairy bark to the heavenly strand,  
Take my darlings, my darlings, to Thy hand.

All The Year Round.

## TO IMMORTAL MUSIC.

NAY, Music, thou art young ! Not long ago  
Thou hadst but rounded to thy perfect form,  
Thy virginal, sweet heart was hardly warm,  
And little knew of passion or of woe.

Now, prescient darling of the world's old  
age —

Born to its gather'd wealth, its subtlety  
And sadness — thou can'st sound the sound-  
less sea,

Deeper than line of deepest thought can gauge.

Thy voice, veil'd seraph serving among men,  
Wakes strains in us immortal as thine own ;

O say thou wilt not vanish from our ken,  
Fly our dim earth as elder lights have flown,

And leave us dumb amidst the tuneful spheres,  
With nothing lasting to the end but tears !

Spectator.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

## "MY HEART WAS HEAVY."

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
Abused, its kindness answered with foul  
wrong ;

So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial-place,  
Where, pondering how all human love and  
hate

Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,  
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened  
face,

And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none de-  
part,

Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
One common sorrow like a mighty wave  
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I for-  
gave !

WHITTIER.

## THE PRIMROSE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

WELCOME, pale primrose ! starting up be-  
tween

Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that  
strew

The every lawn, the wood, and spinney  
through,

'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;  
How much thy presence beautifies the  
ground !

How sweet thy modest unaffected pride  
Glow on the sunny bank and wood's warm  
side !

And where thy fairy flowers in groups are  
found,

The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,  
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight :

While the meek shepherd stops his simple  
song,

To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight ;  
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring  
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

Chambers' Journal.

From The New Quarterly Review.  
THE HEBREW WOMAN.

BY CONSTANCE DE ROTHSCHILD.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. . . . Strength and honour are her clothing: she shall rejoice in time to come." — PROVERBS xxxi. 17, 25.

To love the weak, to shield and protect the tender, to succour the troubled, are precepts which form the texts of innumerable sermons, preached year after year from every pulpit, and which have ever found a willing response in all generous hearts rich in charity and love.

It was during the gloomy Middle Ages that the "enthusiasm of humanity" found its earliest votaries; it was in that period of violence and bloodshed that the feelings of charity and pity, so long stunted in their growth, burst into full and beautiful flower, and it was under the shadow of the mediæval Church that they attained their fullest maturity. It was then that the sick and the suffering were cared for by men and women of noble birth, it was then that the strong man and the delicate woman tended their unhappy brother or fever-stricken sister with their own hands. The story of the Middle Ages is blotted with dark and terrible sins, but it is also glorified by brilliant virtues, which show forth all the brighter in the midst of the long annals of cruelty and oppression.

Homage to the weak!

It was a doctrine preached by hermit and priest, and practised — partially, at all events — by the chivalry of the time.

Homage to the weak, the sick, and the miserable! And homage also to the gentle and the beautiful! Woman, in her weakness, shared with the poor and the suffering in the charity and tenderness inculcated by religion, and strengthened not unfrequently her claims by the magical potency of youth and loveliness.

But may there not have been a lurking danger about this great and noble precept? Poverty and helplessness can be fostered by the love and care which are spent upon them, until they become entangling weeds, destroying the healthy plants of independence and industry. Woman, made the object of excessive homage, without receiving corresponding

cultivation, too easily becomes selfish, vain, and even cruel. We know how rapidly mendicants multiplied in all the civilized countries of Europe, and became ere long the *plaie sanglante* of the social body. From being "the Lord's poor," they have come to be looked upon as the disgrace and bane of the community. And, in like manner, the chivalry which has (at least, in theory) for ages surrounded woman in all Christian lands, has too often allowed her practically to decline into a helpless and useless being, unfitted either to perform the duties or enjoy the higher pleasures of human existence.

"Homage to the woman morally and intellectually strong!" to the woman of sound judgment, powerful thought, and independent action! This was a text preached in an earlier age: "Strength and honour are her clothing" are words which were originally written in a Hebrew tongue, and they belong to the Hebrew picture of a perfect woman — the ideal of a nation amongst whom woman was honoured and unfettered, and who, while it held her beauty and grace to be precious, yet said of her, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

From early ages the women of Israel seem to have enjoyed a considerable degree of freedom. They resembled, indeed, in not a few respects the Teuton women, who, like them, were vigorous and high-spirited, renowned for their purity and courage, and who could, when occasion required, appear on the field of battle, and urge their husbands to defy death rather than submit to the victor's mercy, and who, we are told also, counted prophets and priests amongst their ranks. A wide chasm, however, separates the women of Israel from their contemporaries, who lived either in Eastern climes or on European shores. Perhaps we may fairly imagine them to have been influenced throughout all their history by those words which I have selected as the key-note to this article, and which may well have been their treasured device from the early days, when they dwelt apart in a corner of Syria, up to the present time, when a wonderful concatenation of circumstances has carried

them among all people, and into all countries of the world.

Beginning with one of the oldest nations of whom we have any record, the Hindoos, we are told that the condition of the women of their race has been deteriorating since the Vedic ages. However honoured a position they may once have held, they soon fell into a state of hopeless dependence. The great lawgiver Menu leaves us a sad and curious picture of a Hindoo woman's fate in life: —

"In childhood must a female be dependent on her father; in youth, on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons; *if she have no sons, on the near kinsmen of her husband; if he left no kinsmen, on those of her father; if she have no paternal kinsmen, on the sovereign*: a woman must never seek independence." \*

"The Hindoo laws, religious and civil, have for centuries been undergoing transmutation, development, and in some points depravation, at the hands of Brahminical expositors, and no rules have been so uniformly changed — as we should say, for the worse — as those which affect the legal position of women. . . . For although British legislation has corrected some of its (Hindoo law's) excesses, its principles are untouched, and are left to produce some of their results." †

The dependence of the Indian woman, depicted by the lawgiver Menu, became exaggerated in later days, and led to the modern practice of incarceration for life, and to the still more dreadful death by suttee, now happily abolished.

Among the ancient Greeks, the most highly intellectual people of the world, woman also occupied a far less worthy position than she did among the ruder shepherd tribes of the Hebrews. It is only in the Homeric age, and particularly among the women of the Odyssey, that we find healthy, unrestrained thought and action, with corresponding dignity and independence. "At the court of Alcinous we are especially introduced to Queen Arete, as a lady honoured by her husband

above the honour given to other ladies by their husbands, and greeted with kindly words by her people whenever she went out through the city, for she was not wanting in good sense and discretion, and acted as a peacemaker, allaying the quarrels of men. The position of married women in the royal house was a high one." "The charming portrait of the Princess Nausicaa corresponds with it perfectly; and in all these ladies we find the greatest liberty of demeanour, and an absence of silly jealousy on the part of their relatives." \* But this was a prehistoric age. Homer's men and women were closely allied to the gods and goddesses of mythology, when Pallas Athene was supposed to whisper words of wisdom and wit into the ears of her favourite, whilst Aphrodite clothed them with supernatural loveliness and grace. In the words of the German poet —

Zu Deukalion's Geschlechte stiegen  
Damals noch die Himmlischen herab;  
Pyrrha's schöne Töchter zu besiegen,  
Nahm der Leto Sohn den Hirtenstab.  
Zwischen Menschen, Göttern und Heroen  
Knüpfte Amor einen schönen Bund,  
Sterbliche mit Göttern und Heroen  
Huldigten in Amathunt.†

In later ages, however, the Greek woman became but the faithful slave of her refined and intellectual lord. She lived her own pent-up life, excluded from the busy hum of the gossiping city, from all joyous public resorts, from the theatre with its great intellectual influence, from the social board in her own house, in short, from what may be considered one of the chief elements of female education — the society of men.‡ In Athens especially women were shut up in their gynæconitis, treated with systematic contempt, and debarred alike from mental and physical exercise.

The author of the "Social Life in Greece," trying to find a reason for the really Asiatic jealousy with which women of the higher classes were locked up in Athens, says, "It is well known that the wealth and the luxury of the Asiatic cities far exceeded those of their Hellenic sisters. It seems, therefore, more than probable that

\* Institutes of Menu, chap. v. paragraph 148.

† See Sir Henry Maine's "Early History of Institutions," lecture xi.

\* See Mahaffy's "Social Life in Greece," chap. iii.

† See Schiller's "Götter Griechenland."

‡ See Becker's "Charicles," excursus to scene xii.

the Asiatic tinge, which the Ionic Greeks received, both by their contact with Lydia, and by the Persian conquest of Ionia, as it certainly introduced lower notions concerning the social position of women, so it also affected fashionable life at Athens. . . . I think that some such influence as this should be conceded, and it will help to explain the extraordinary phenomenon before us. I mean, how imperial Athens, the home of the arts and of literature, the centre, perhaps, even then, of social refinement in Greece — though this is doubtful — how this Athens, which had thoroughly solved the problem of the extension of privileges to all citizens, had retrograded as to women; and, if not in practice, yet certainly in theory, denied them that reasonable liberty which all the older Greek literature shows them to have hitherto possessed.\* The heroines of Homer's verse, and of Æschylus' and Sophocles' dramas, had, indeed, given place to women of another type. Antigone and Electra found no successors in a later age. The *hetairæ* alone were permitted to be accomplished and learned, and the Greeks never advanced sufficiently in their civilization to wish to see Aspasia's learning and cultivation united to the modesty and purity of their own wives and daughters.

The Roman woman bears a greater resemblance to her Hebrew sister, and has bequeathed to the pages of history and literature many an honoured name. Who can forget the heroic maidens, Clelia and Valeria; Lucretia, who chose death rather than dishonour; Volumnia, the high-spirited mother of Coriolanus; Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; or Portia, the wife of Brutus? Although the Roman wife was, like the whole household, entirely subordinate to the husband, she was habitually treated with respect. She appears as the mistress of her household, instructress of her children, and guardian of the honour of the house. Walking abroad was only limited by scruple and custom, not by law, or the jealous will of the husband. The women frequented public theatres no less than the men, and took their places with them at festive banquets.

\* See chap. vi., p. 48, "Social Life in Greece."

Through all the earlier ages, the description of the Roman woman is simple and grand, but when the republic fell, when extravagant luxury overspread the land, the character of the Roman woman deteriorated. She became cruel and voluptuous. Conjugal fidelity grew rare, and at last we arrive at the degrading and terrible pictures of the Agrippinas and Messalinas of the empire.

There remain to be considered the Teuton and the Hebrew women, and it is certainly not a little remarkable that the position of the sex should have had so many points of similarity in the two races, which, in ancient and modern times, have led the religious movements of the world, and exercised the greatest influence upon the spiritual nature of mankind.\* We read in Tacitus that the Teutons "suppose somewhat of sanctity or prescience to be inherent in the female sex, and therefore neither despise their counsels nor disregard their responses. We have beheld in the reign of Vespasian, Velida, long revered by many as a deity. Aurima, moreover, and several others, were formerly held in equal veneration, but not with a servile flattery, nor as though they made them goddesses."†

From the time that the Hebrews became a nation, having their own laws, religion, and rulers, their women were free and independent, and this very independence, which produced strength of character, became their honour and their glory. To be strong and brave was, as we have seen, the ideal contained in that prophecy which King Lemuel's mother taught him.

\* As the pure faith in *One* God found its most fervent upholders and apostles among the Hebrews, who transmitted it to other nations, so the essence of that same monotheistic faith was rescued by the Teuton race at the great Reformation from being corrupted into a new phase of idolatry, and from becoming incompatible with the spirit of progress and civilization. Thus there is a striking bond between the old Hebrew and the mediæval Teuton, and the fervent religious feeling which characterized both nations (as the sentiment of art characterized the Greeks) may well have nourished that tender devotion which the Hebrew and Teuton men alike showed to the women of their race, and have given rise to that heroic spirit evinced by the women of Palestine, no less than by the women of Germany.

† See Tacitus' treatise on "The Situation, Manners, and Inhabitants of Germany."

It is not a little interesting to inquire how far this picture was realized by the female characters of the Bible. At the outset we may remark that the results of modern criticism and research can in no degree affect the conclusion we may draw respecting the character of the Hebrew women which we find in the scriptural accounts. Whatever amount of error may be blended with the historical narrative, the *ideal* of the historian remains equally certain. The most literal record of facts, the most faultless chronology of kings and queens, the photographic pictures of battle-fields, would fail to give us as clear and sure an index to the mode of thought of the Hebrew people as we derive from descriptions of a Deborah, a Ruth, or a Hannah. Fortunately, we are enabled to grasp with some amount of precision these types of Syrian life; we are permitted to glean from the various writers the position of women among the Hebrews, and at times we see how they were allowed to hold and to pass on the burning torch of spiritual light and civilization, which has in its turn kindled the lamp which burns before every Jewish and Christian altar.

And let us remember that in talking of the Hebrews, we are dealing with no extinct or imaginary people, but with those whose descendants constantly reproduce their ancient character; with women whose idiosyncrasies were so strong that no phase of civilization could prevent their recurrence — modified, perhaps, but still distinctive — from one generation to another. It must strike all readers how numerous are the female characters depicted in the Biblical and Apocryphal writings, and if we glance rapidly through some of those well-known names, we shall see what an important part these Syrians women have played in the history of their nation.

How the old familiar names rise unbidden to our lips! Who does not think of Deborah, prophetess, poetess, and warlike chieftainess, who could awaken the dormant spirit of her people and lead them triumphantly to the battle? "She is," to borrow the eloquent words of Dean Stanley, "the magnificent impersonation of the spirit of the Jewish people and of Jewish life. On the coins of the Roman empire, Judea is represented as a woman, seated under a palm-tree, captive and weeping. It is the contrast of that figure which will best place before us the character and call of Deborah. It is the same Judæan palm, under whose shadow she sits, not with downcast eyes, and fold-

ed hands, and extinguished hopes, but with all the fire of faith and energy, eager for the battle, confident of the victory. Hers is the one voice of inspiration (in the full sense of the word) that breaks out in the Book of Judges. . . . Hers is the prophetic word that gives an utterance and a sanction to the thoughts of freedom, of independence, and of national unity such as they had never had before in the world, and have rarely had since."\* The very possibility of the existence of a Deborah speaks trumpet-tongued for the moral and mental worth of Hebrew women.

We may surmise that Deborah's heroic mantle fell, after the lapse of centuries, upon the shoulders of Judith, for in this second avenger of her people's wrongs we find the same patriotic zeal, the same independent action, coupled, it is true, with more questionable attributes. The cruelty to enemies which obscures the lustre of both characters, and which we often find in those hearts where patriotism beat loudest, was, we must, in justice, remember, the reflex shadow cast by their intense love of race and country — a sentiment common among all young nations, and which only faded before the more perfect light of civilization. Even in Esther, the gentler and more delicately-drawn queen of Ahasuerus, the Hebrew myrtle, blossoming on an Asiatic court of barbarous pomp, we find patriotism and self-forgetting courage darkened by an act of revenge and cruelty.

Courage and grandeur of character seem to have reached their acme in the story of the noble mother whose story is told in the Book of the Maccabees. Almost without a parallel in history is this Jewish woman, whose very name has fallen into oblivion, but who will ever be remembered as the heroic mother of seven heroic sons. This woman united the faith of Deborah with the bravery and devotion of Judith, and was, in truth, the forerunner of that great and holy army of martyrs, which, seen through the dim mist of ages, stands forth in colossal proportions, exciting in us the profoundest feelings of admiration and of awe. The author of the Book of the Maccabees tells her story in one short chapter. The Jews were under Syrian rule, the hardest, the cruelest they had yet suffered, and Antiochus Epiphanes was the tyrant who, in resolving to annihilate the Jewish faith, gave it fresh life and strength. The

\* See Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church."

monarch insisted upon enforcing his decrees, which the Jews obstinately resisted, and day after day the most horrible scenes were enacted. A mother and her seven sons were called upon to eat unlawful meat, and having indignantly refused to obey were brought before Antiochus. The mother, we are told, was "marvellous above all, and worthy of honourable memory." As one of her sons after another was subjected to tortures, varied with fiendish ingenuity, each was upheld in his last moments of agony by the heroic woman, until the youngest alone survived. Antiochus, thinking it a disgrace to be thus baffled, promised the youth honour and riches if he would fore-swear the Jewish faith, and bade the mother counsel her son to yield to his persuasion. But the lion-hearted woman laughed the tyrant to scorn, and bursting forth in her own Hebrew tongue, said to her son, "Fear not this tormentor, but being worthy of thy brothers, take thy death, that I may receive thee again in mercy." Bereft of all her children, the mother at last, without a murmur, herself suffered death for her faith.

This same heroic spirit, ready to encounter pain and death, reappears again and again in succeeding ages, and the long annals of inhuman persecution are likewise the records of barbarous superhuman courage, and of beautiful, all-sustaining faith.

Perhaps one of the most significant facts concerning the women of the Bible is that they were not debarred from the prophetic office. "Women as well as men were seized with the gift," says Stanley; and he instances "Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, Anna, and the four daughters of Philip." Miriam seems to have been inspired by the first breath of freedom which she drew upon the shores of the Red Sea, whilst Deborah burst forth in her jubilant song after victory had been gained over the oppressors of her people. We read also of prophetesses at a later date, — Huldah, who lived within the College of Jerusalem, and to whom King Hilkiah and the high priest himself repaired when they sought counsel upon weighty matters. There is mention made also in the Old Testament of false prophetesses as well as false prophets; for Ezekiel, in denouncing the false prophets who deceived the people by lying words, says, "Thou son of man, set thy face against the *daughters* of thy people, which prophesy out of their own heart." (Ezek. xiii. 17.)

Another peculiarity of the women of

the Bible is, that neither prophetesses, teachers, nor heroines were severed from the ordinary ties of domestic life. Deborah was the wife of Lapedoth; Judith was the widow of Manasses, whom she had mourned for three years; Hannah was the devoted mother of Samuel; Ruth the loving daughter-in-law of Naomi; and the Maccabean woman is only known as the mother of the seven sons. Monkish celibacy, with its train of attendant evils, never — except partially among the Essenes — had any place in the ethics of Judaism.

Numberless are the traits of tender domestic affection to be found, like wild flowers in the wilderness, inexpressibly cheering in the midst of those sandy wastes, which we come across in some of the historical books of the Old Testament. Who does not recall that exquisite little touch of pathos relating how Isaac refused to be comforted after his mother's death, until the young wife Rebekah comes to live in that mother's tent? What can surpass among either Greek or Roman idylls the story of Jacob and Rachel? Such tender, enduring, and constant love as Jacob evinced, from the very first moment of courtship until the last sad scene of Bethlehem — love which could give wings to time, which could keep strong and true in spite of a detestable fraud, which proved unalterable during the blight of childlessness (considered as a curse in the Orient) — such love gives us one of the greatest and best of proofs that woman's position among the Hebrews was full of dignity, and that her life was not untouched by that spirit of romance which we sometimes imagine to be only the fruit of modern life and sentiment. The story of Hannah, with its under-current of tender feeling, is another instance of the most devoted conjugal affection. Do we not all remember how Elkanah redoubles his devotion to cheer the sad woman, when he appeals to her with the loving words — "Why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"

No wonder, then, that so many of the pithy sayings of the Book of Proverbs should relate to conjugal happiness or the reverse, such as —

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord" (chap. xviii. 22).

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that maketh him ashamed is as rottenness to his bones" (chap. xii. 4).

"It is better to dwell in the corner of a

housetop, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house" (chap. xxv. 24).

The Talmudical writings take up the same theme, and give us pathetic, quaint and even comical variations upon it, or perhaps occasionally commentaries on some household or domestic text, well known in the days when they were written, but now forgotten. Thus —

"The loss of a first wife is like the loss of a man's sanctuary in his lifetime."

"If a man divorces his wife, the altar itself sheds tears over him."

"Everything in life can be replaced: the wife of early days is irreplaceable."

"An honourable man honours his wife, a contemptible one despiseth her."

"If thy wife be small, bend down to her and speak to her; do nothing without her advice."

"Man and wife well matched, have heaven's glory as their companion; man and woman ill matched are encircled by a devouring fire."

"Rather any ache than heart-ache; rather any evil than an evil wife."

"He who loveth his wife like himself, and honoureth her even more than himself; who leadeth his sons and his daughters in the path of integrity, and who provides for their settlement in early life; to him may be applied the scripture passage, 'Thou shalt know that peace shall adorn thy tent.'"

"A man who takes a wife for the sake of her money rears ill-behaved children."

"He who marries a woman congenial to himself is loved by the Almighty."

"When a man loseth his wife, the world around him groweth dark, the light in his tent is dim, and the light before him is extinguished."

"He who has no wife lives without comfort, without help, without joy, and without blessing."

Here we have an unprecedented and unusual compliment to woman in her old age —

"An old man in a house is a terror; an old woman is a pearl."

Quaint in the extreme, and reminding us of the familiar rhyme of "The House that Jack Built," is the following saying of Rabbi Jehudah: —

"There are fourteen things, each one is harder than the other, and each struggles for mastery over the rest. The deep sea is an object of dread, but the land keeps it within narrow bounds. The open land is unyielding, but the mountains rise above it. The mountains seem irresistible, but iron proudly cleaves them

asunder. Iron is hard, but fire fuses it. Fire is a fierce tyrant; water subdues and extinguishes it. Water is difficult to restrain, but the clouds easily carry it aloft. Clouds are beyond control, but the storm disperses them. The storm rages mightily, yet the wall braves it. The wall forms a strong barrier, yet man can break it down. Man seems inflexible, but trouble lays him prostrate. Trouble appears insurmountable; wine dispels it, and causes it to be forgotten; but the pleasures of wine fade before illness, and illness itself is ended by the angel of death, who carries the soul away. But," ends the learned rabbi, (and who does not see the sly twinkle of his eye, and stealthy smile of his lips, as he writes these words?) "more ungovernable than any other evil is a bad wife!"

Rabbi Chia, who lived in the third century, was afflicted with this evil; and when giving his parting blessing to his nephew, who was about to start upon a journey, said, "May the Lord save thee from something worse than death,—a bad wife!" But the great sense of conjugal affection which prevailed among the Jews obtained even for the obnoxious wife a certain forbearance. "Is it not enough that women educate our children?" said the same good rabbi,—defending his shrewish Judith.\*

There was, it must be confessed, in spite of the tender and loving devotion shown by husbands to their wives, one point of painful and striking resemblance between the Hebrews and other Eastern nations, and this was the almost universal custom of polygamy. The Hebrew maiden, when she left the tent of her parents, knew that she would, in all probability, not be the only wife of her husband. "Polygamy was lawful among the Hebrews," writes a learned author of the present day; "it even formed the basis of some of the ordinances of the Pentateuch. . . . But it must be admitted, that even in the Biblical times, the Hebrews showed a growing tendency towards monogamy, which, as a matter of fact, prevailed in later times, till an authoritative decree issued in the eleventh Christian century made it compulsory, under the threat of excommunication, and has since been adopted by all modern Jews."† But in spite of this practice of polygamy, our

\* Collected by a modern Jewish student from the Talmud, and from the Collection of Rabbinical Proverbs and Adages of Buxdorff, Dukes, and Guiseppe Levi.

† Kalisch, "Commentary on the Old Testament."



Western notions are gratified by the fact that Hebrew maidens were not usually married without their willing consent. The beautiful Oriental scene of Rebekah's courtship by Eleazer would be incomplete were it not for the question addressed to Laban's daughter, "Wilt thou go with this man?" showing that the young girl had a free voice in the matter.

Nor was polygamy, as I have shown, incompatible with great conjugal love; for instance, we should hardly expect any civil code to include a law like the following: "When a man has taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, nor shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at home for one year, that he may cheer his wife whom he has taken." (Deut. xxiv. 5.) Nor did it interfere with the existence among the Hebrews of warm filial devotion and affection. Children were from the first instructed to honour their father and their *mother*; indeed, the Mosaic law places the reverence due to the mother in the foreground: "Ye shall fear every man his mother and his father." (Lev. xix. 3.) Unlike the Greek women, who were in complete ignorance of everything beyond weaving wool and cooking dinners, or who, like Aspasia, were merely celebrated for learning and wit (Pericles did not entrust his household affairs to her, but to a trusty steward), the Hebrew woman was not only supposed to be a busy housewife, but she was also her children's first teacher, and to her glory was it said, "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

Over and over again do we come across a maxim or a verse bearing upon the respect or love which is due to the mother, such as —

"A wise man maketh a glad father, but a foolish son despiseth his mother." (Prov. xv. 20.)

"A foolish son is a grief to his father, and a bitterness to her who bore him." (Prov. xvii. 25.)

"Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in darkness." (Prov. xx. 20.)

It was the mother's province to watch over her child's earliest years, and we all remember how Hannah's desire of dedicating the child Samuel to a holy life was instantly agreed to by Elkanah, and how the mother went herself to Shiloh to present her little son to the high priest. "For this child I prayed, she said, and the Lord hath given me my petition;

therefore have I lent him to the Lord." (1 Sam. i. 27.)

The strict isolation and supervision of harem life, weakening to body and to mind, was entirely alien to the old Hebrews, and was, of course, impossible in patriarchal ages and long afterwards. The women moved freely both amongst their own and the opposite sex. Numerous must have been the Rebekahs and the Rachahs who appeared unveiled at the well, meeting the shepherds with their flocks, the wayfarers to the town, and the travellers from afar. Ruth was but one of many gleaners who followed in the wake of the reapers; nor was Hannah the solitary example of a sad-hearted woman, who, kneeling within the Temple, poured forth her grief and petition in prayer.

Again, we find that Hebrew women were allowed to take part in public gatherings and in popular festivals, adding their voice to the song of praise, their note on the timbrel to the sound of rejoicing. When Saul and David returned in triumph, after their victory over the Philistines, they were met by the women of Israel chanting in chorus, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands." In fact, it would seem that one of the duties of Hebrew women was to give public utterance to the feelings of gladness or of lamentation among the people, something like the chorus of a Greek play, as now exulting strains burst from their lips, and now we hear their low and plaintive cry. "Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul," exclaimed David, in his lament over the fallen king. Jeremiah, when bemoaning the wickedness of the people, says, "Consider ye and call for mourning women, that they may come; let them make haste and make wailing for us. O ye women, teach your daughters wailing." (Jer. ix. 20.)

Amongst these many singers of Israel, there were some who attained to the rank of poetess. Deborah's song is one of the most precious heirlooms of Hebrew poetry, and the wild, free note of Miriam bears the mark of poetic genius. May we not surmise that women took part in the service of praise which was performed in the Temple, and is it not to such a practice that the Psalmist possibly refers when he says, "Both young men and maidens, praise the Lord?" (Psalm cxlviii. 12.) We know that the prophetess existed, therefore why not the singer of the Lord's glory? This would not be against the spirit of the old dispensation, for it is from the lips of St. Paul that we hear for

the first time, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak."

It may, however, be urged that Jewish women, during the Middle Ages, held a very subordinate position as regarded religious observances, for they were only permitted to visit the synagogue when concealed in a dimly-lighted gallery, and no religious service or ceremony could take place unless in the presence of ten men. It is impossible to deny these facts, but I believe that they were entirely due to rabbinical law, which, in attempting to carry out and enlarge upon the Mosaic law, not seldom changed and perverted it. The ingenuity of the rabbis was displayed in trying not only to account for and explain various texts, but in developing out of them new precepts which, according to the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest, should long since have become extinct. For instance, the custom which demanded that *ten* adult males should form the minimum number of a congregation was deduced by the rabbis from the fact that Abraham prayed that Sodom might be spared "if ten righteous men" could be found in the city, that amount of males being consequently considered the smallest that could intercede with the Almighty. This seemed to the rabbis proof sufficient that no ceremonial or sacrificial act could be performed unless in the presence of ten men. When the choral services of the Temple of old gave way to the plaintive public services which were conducted during the time of the dispersion of the Jews, the office of a special reciter or precentor became a matter of necessity, and for such an office a man (perhaps because he was capable of greater fatigue) was chosen, and women were certainly from that time excluded from taking any lead in ritual observances. But the women of the Old Testament were allowed to visit and seek counsel, perhaps even instruction, from the seers, there is but little doubt, the new moon or Sabbath days being especially selected for such visits, and perhaps through this direct intercourse with the most spiritual and highly gifted people of their race the women attained to a higher degree of intellectual strength than would have been possible to their Eastern sisters.

The story of the Shunamite brings this forcibly to our minds. We all remember how this kind friend of the "man of God," when in sore and heavy trouble about her son's death, which she courageously concealed from her husband's knowledge, pre-

pared to visit the prophet Elisha. But it happened not to be either new moon or Sabbath, stated times at which the Shunamite visited the seer, and her husband wondered at the proceeding. The Shunamite is one of the beautiful sketches in Biblical history. With all her dignity and simplicity, she may best be described — may I be forgiven the expression? — by what the French call so appositely *une grande dame*, who delicately and unostentatiously provides the prophet with those comforts of which he stood in need, and when asked how she would be rewarded for her care, whether her name should be mentioned to the king or to the captain of the host, answers with exquisite self-respect, "I dwell among mine own people."

Not only were the women of the Bible often the friends, and sometimes the disciples, of the prophets, but, as we have seen, they were also considered no unfit recipients of divine wisdom, and we are consequently not surprised when we see wisdom personified by a woman in the beautiful lines of an Apocryphal author, writing in the name of King Solomon. "I loved her," he says, "above health and beauty, I loved her and sought her out from my youth, . . . knowing that she would be a counsellor of good things, a comfort in cares and griefs. After I am come into mine house, I will repose myself with her, . . . for her conversation hath no bitterness, and to live with her hath no sorrow, but mirth and joy." (Wisdom viii. 2, 9, 16.)

In mentioning the poetical writings of the Old Testament, we cannot forget that the one idyll of the Bible — "one of those quiet corners of history which are the green spots of all time, and which appear to become greener and greener as they recede into the distance" \* — owes its pathos to its heroine Ruth. Ruth, in her relation to Naomi, is the impersonation of devotion and faithfulness. Her story is the one great example we have in literature of female friendship. The words she uses have become almost proverbial in their pathos — "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." (Ruth i. 16.) And the tender affection with which she clings to Naomi is all the more touching, coming as it does from a younger to an older woman. As the tale proceeds, and the writer shows

\* Stanley's "Jewish Church."

us Ruth amongst the gleaners in the field of Boaz, he paints a striking picture of the courtesy which could exist between man and woman in those rude and lawless ages. This courtesy was all the more cordial, when it extended to the widow and the fatherless, and many are the laws framed by the Mosaic dispensation which bade justice mete out no faulty measure to the solitary woman, and which commanded love and charity to open wide their arms and take her into their sheltering care.

I cannot conclude this short account of the characteristics of the Hebrew woman without mentioning a few of the post-Biblical or Talmudic heroines. I do not intend entering into the melancholy and detailed accounts of the persecutions of the Jews, in which the women played no small part, evincing a sublime display of faith and heroism — for persecution has always produced martyrs, and woman's courage has invariably risen to the occasion — but I will give a few examples of the strength of mind and love of knowledge peculiar to the descendants of the "children of Israel."

It was in the tenth century, when the changes in the Eastern settlements and colleges of the Jews drove many learned and ardent followers of Judaism to seek new homes in Egypt, Spain, and other friendly countries, that Rabbi Moses ben Chench, accompanied by his beautiful young wife, left the once famous College of Sura, and embarked for Europe. Near Bari, on the coast of Italy, the ship was captured by a Moorish admiral, who took no trouble to hide the admiration with which he regarded the young Jewess, offending her grievously by his insulting proposals. At last she appealed to her husband, "Will the Almighty save those who cast themselves into the sea?" The rabbi answered in a text taken from the Psalms: "The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan; I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea." On receiving this response, the young Jewess leaped into the waves, and there found her deliverance — in death.

As an instance of heroic faith and resignation, I cannot refrain from citing the beautiful story of the heroic, wise-hearted mother, who lost her two sons during the absence of her husband Rabbi Meir. When the rabbi returned to his home, ignorant of the calamity which had befallen him, he was met on the threshold by his wife. "My husband," she said, gravely and calmly, "a great Lord once lent me

two precious jewels, begging me to keep them for him, until he should reclaim them. In your absence he has sent for them; so I gave them up fearlessly. Will you not say that I did well?" "Well, in truth," answered the rabbi quickly, "what would you do otherwise?" Then the mother, full of faith, led her wondering husband into an inner chamber, where her sons lay in the sleep of death, and said, "See our reclaimed jewels! The great Lord has taken them. We cannot murmur, for they were his own."

I am tempted to tell another story, at which we may smile perhaps, whilst we must yet admire the powers of endurance, united to the appreciation of learning, evinced by Rachael, the wife of the celebrated Akiba. The wealthy Calba Sabua, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, had one beautiful daughter, Rachael, who was passionately beloved by one of her father's shepherds, Akiba by name. Calba Sabua would not receive such a son-in-law; but Rachael, returning the devoted affection of Akiba, disregarded her father's prohibition, spurned the wealth of her father's house, and became the wife of the shepherd. The poverty and destitution of the young couple must have been extreme; for Rachael, in order to assuage their pangs of hunger, cut off and sold her abundant locks. "With the help of God," exclaimed the poor shepherd, "I will replace those tresses with a diadem of gold." In accordance with the wish of Rachael, her husband quitted his humble occupation, and commenced a student's career. Incited by his wife's spirit, Akiba became the disciple of the greatest sages of the day; and during twelve long years he studied with unabated ardour, until he had acquired a vast amount of knowledge. He then returned to his lowly home; and as he approached the threshold, he heard a man loudly reviling his wife for having joined her fate to that of a miserable wretch, without fortune or position, who had, moreover, abandoned her for twelve years. "If my husband were to return to me to-day," exclaimed Rachael, "I would persuade him to spend yet another twelve years with the sages of the land, so that he might attain to the highest perfection." Akiba heard these words, and was so much impressed with their sagacity, that he departed quietly from the door, and obeyed his wife to the letter. After twelve years he returned, this time with an immense retinue of attached disciples. As he approached his dwelling, the proud and happy Rachael came out to meet him, and made

a low obeisance before him, after Oriental fashion. The disciples, thinking she was some importunate beggar, wished to remove her, and listened in amazement to the rabbi, who exclaimed, "It is my wife, my wife, Rachael! Friends, I am rich, for I am the husband of a wife who excels in good deeds."

Of course, Calba Sabua was ready to recognize so distinguished a son-in-law, and Akiba was thus permitted to crown his Rachael's head with a diadem of gold.

The appreciation of learning in others necessarily leads to the desire of acquiring it for ourselves, and this we find in many learned Jewish women of later ages the natural successors of the Rachael of Talmudic fame.

During the Middle Ages, when the Jews were scattered over the most civilized parts of Europe, and had acquired the languages of the countries in which they had settled, the Jewesses were also taught their own Hebrew tongue. Many of them studied the Pentateuch diligently, and were well versed in Jewish law, some of them attaining to great and deserved fame. Chelith, the sister of Rashi (the famous commentator of the Bible, who lived in the eleventh century), and her granddaughter Miriam, are cited as learned ladies and great authorities on questions of ritual. Dolce, the wife of Eleazer of Worms (a celebrated Jewish rabbi and author of the thirteenth century), understood the most complicated parts of the law, and taught her co-religionists the Jewish liturgy. The wife of Joseph ben Jochanan, of Paris, was said to be "almost a rabbi in learning." Brune of Mayence was another distinguished lady; and Litte of Ratisbon was a poetess, who composed a history of David in German verse.\* Brenvenda, the wife of Samuel Abavanel, who lived in the fifteenth century, was celebrated for her intelligence and culture, no less than for her kindness and benevolence. She became the friend and instructress of Leonora, daughter of Pedro di Toledo, viceroy of Naples, which friendship continued unabated after the marriage of Leonora with Cosmo dei Medici.

Let it not be imagined from any of the foregoing remarks that I hold up Hebrew women as *perfect models*. I only wish to prove that the standard of female excellence in the nation was a high and noble one, and that the estimation in which the Hebrew women were held, and the posi-

tion they were allowed to fill, proved that they at least occasionally approached, if they could not actually attain it. That they could be dissimulating, deceitful, and even cruel, is only too evident from many of the pages of Biblical history; whilst the third chapter of Isaiah, commenting upon the failings of the women of his time, shows us in no flattering glass, the follies to which they were prone. As Savonarola in later days led a fierce crusade against the female vanity which displeased his earnest gaze, so did Isaiah lash with the fierce whip of his scorn the frivolity of the Hebrew women — of those "haughty daughters of Zion, walking with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go." It is with an unsparing hand that the prophet deals his stinging blows at "the tinkling ornaments about their feet, at their cauls, their round tires like the moon, at the chains, bracelets, mufflers, and bonnets; at the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands; at the tablets, earrings, rings, and nose-jewels; at the changeable suits of apparel, mantles, wimples, crisping-pins, glasses, fine linen, hoods, and veils" — all of which we may suppose requisite for the complete attire of the fashionable women of the day, and not a few of which may be found forming part of the toilet of their modern representatives.

I will not, however, conclude with this picture, truthful though it may be, but will turn back to that other description of the Hebrew woman, which may well have had its prototype in real life, and be the portrait of one whose name is lost, but who yet has left her "footprints on the sands of time." According to the old Hebrew idea, the perfect woman must possess energy, strength of purpose, and active zeal. Her home must be the abode of order, purity, and cheerfulness. She must be just and impartial to those around her, and provident and generous to her dependents. She must guide and instruct her children. She must minister to the poor at her door, giving them her time, her trouble, her loving sympathy. She must be prudent and far-sighted. She must open her mouth with wisdom, and yet her tongue must know the law of kindness. Being and doing thus, she will deserve what has been said of her original, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

For good and for evil, the Hebrew women played their part in the story of their times. They did not shrink from life, with its stirring passions and awful trage-

\* See Zunz "*Geschichte und Literatur der Juden*."

dies ; nor were they shut up in their own narrow grooves, and petted as visions of fragile beauty, born to satisfy the caprice or whims of their lord. Still less did they hold the sad and degrading position of household slaves. The Hebrew woman was man's helpmate, the beloved wife of his home, the wise mother and first teacher of her children ; but she was also ready to share his perils, and to incite him to noble deeds by her words and her example—to work for and, if need be, suffer for her country's good, as well as to minister to the happiness of the domestic hearth. Such was the *ideal* type of Hebrew womanhood.

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From Good Words.

### WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

"TELL MISS SMITH TO SEND MISS HATTON AND MISS PLEASANCE HERE."

"TELL Miss Smith to send Miss Hatton and Miss Pleasance here," said Miss Cayley to the housemaid, who came in answer to her mistress's ring.

Miss Cayley spoke sharply, for she was a little sharp by nature, and she was rendered sharper by her profession. She was a schoolmistress—a little keen-eyed, intelligent-looking, not unladylike woman, wizened and worn by half a lifetime's struggle, not to make her bread alone—though that is sometimes hard enough to make—but with the contrarieties of pupils and pupils' parents, teachers, governesses, and servants. Miss Cayley fought them all single-handed, and she showed the brunt of the battle by not a little leanness, and not a few lines in her thin grey face. But she was not so worn as not to remain mistress of herself and of a painful situation.

Miss Cayley was in her drawing-room when she rang the bell. It was a pleasanter room than many such drawing-rooms. In the first place, Miss Cayley's school was situated in an old country-house, six miles beyond even the suburb of a large town. In the second, Miss Cayley had a character of her own, and managed to impress it on her belongings—on her favourite chair, her little reading-table, her stand of plants, her very knitting, and the magazine which she had been reading,

and which lay open on the table before her. In the third, those essentials of a school drawing-room, which are almost as inevitable as the girls found practising on the best piano,—gifts and specimens of old pupils' work, crude performances in water-colours and embroidery, mingled as they were here with old solid furniture and home comforts, only lent a certain air of youthful, hopeful aspiration to the room.

Miss Cayley was not alone, she had a guest who had till that morning been a stranger to her, and who had during their short acquaintance made anything save a favourable impression on Miss Cayley's mind.

Unlike Miss Cayley, this guest was a large handsome woman. She had imposingly prominent and regular features, and a complexion which was still clear, red and white—contrasting in its clearness with the blackness of her hair, unsilvered by a single white thread. It had better be said at once that, though the lady's large person had so far outgrown the slenderness of youth, there was nothing in the unfading bloom and the unblanched locks, to suggest the idea of artificial substitutes to supply the thefts of time. On the contrary, this was a perfectly genuine woman, whose unimpaired vitality, if it needed any explanation, suggested only the German proverb that weeds do not wither.

The stranger was dressed well, in deep mourning. The depth of her crape and the dimness of her silk did not, however, prevent her having an obvious consciousness of the perfectly satisfactory style of her dress, and of the person on which the dress was fitted. There was an occasional glance at the fall of her skirt and the smoothness of her glove, with a droop of the long eyelashes, and a delicate modulation of the mouth—all probably tricks of habit, which, under the circumstances, were peculiarly exasperating to Miss Cayley. These were the only outward signs—and it required an observant eye to detect them—of under breeding, having its origin in more or less latent narrowness and meanness of nature.

There was a pause in the conversation after the mistress of the house sent the message with the servant. Miss Cayley leant back in her chair with a sense of weariness from past fatigues and (brave woman as she was) from coming trials. She knit the already furrowed brow under her little lace cap, and looked as if she did not care to make an observation.

"Why should I speak and smooth away

difficulties for a woman who I am sure is going to behave with abominable heartlessness, and who, when her brother is just dead, and when she has come to tell his death to his daughters, whom she has never seen, can sit and rejoice in her elegant clothes and make faces?" thought Miss Cayley to herself.

Very probably she did not make sufficient allowance for a formal woman of the world who was not her own mistress, and who, besides an enforced subjection, had one ruling passion, and only one, which steeled her sternly for this morning's work. Miss Cayley was still saying to herself, "I am not a sentimental woman. I know that the girls and governesses think me a flint and tyrant, but I cannot conceive how a woman, a mother, as this Mrs. Wyndham has told me she is, can meet those poor girls, for the first time, as she has shown me she means to meet them, with the news which she brings to-day. She is afraid of a scene! there will be no scene; the poor things will be too startled, scared, and shocked; and Anne has a good deal of sense and self-control for her years, while Pleasance will not take it in just at once; but they will remember this April morning to their dying day."

Miss Cayley moved restlessly, and looked for relief out of the window, to the lawn which she liked so much for the very things which would have been offences in many people's eyes—the unkempt lush grass under the great plane-trees, the daises in the sunshine, the violets in the shade. But the lawn suggested no greater consolation to her than that such trials must be, even in the midst of God's sunshine; she could do nothing to prevent them; and she had troubles enough of her own at this time particularly.

All the while Mrs. Wyndham was nerving herself for the task which she had undertaken, by reflecting on what was to her its absolutely compulsory nature. "Wyndham would never consent to have it otherwise," she thought. "He has been disappointed as it is. I have suffered sufficiently from the consequences of poor Fred's folly; and I do not suffer alone;" and at this point of her reflections Mrs. Wyndham raised her head, and a flush of maternal pride, for the moment, kindled and softened the usual hard coldness of even the rounded outlines and fresh tints of her handsome face. "There are my boys and girls. It would have made some difference to Tom at Oxford, and to Nelly and Rica in their coming out,

if my brother had not wasted his portion, if he had lived quietly and economically, as we had the right to expect that a single man gone abroad to retrench and nurse his health would live. Instead, he has died the next thing to bankrupt, and for a legacy has left this undreamt-of affront and drag upon us;" and at the thought Mrs. Wyndham drew herself up and closed her mouth so that the natural curves of her lips were drawn tightly over her white teeth.

Though with ladylike reticence she held herself quite a different order of woman from the best and most capable schoolmistress, yet, like Miss Cayley, she was not beyond explaining herself, and appealing to the other's sense of what was right and fitting, soliciting as it were sympathy and co-operation.

"My brother could not have intended to acknowledge these girls," said Mrs. Wyndham, with determined conviction, "else why should he not have made known their existence to those of his nearest relations with whom he was on perfectly good terms?"

"I cannot tell why he should not," answered Miss Cayley with a considerable spice of abruptness and stubbornness in her politeness, "since he married their mother and gave them his name."

"Oh, my brother was like no one else in many things," said Mrs. Wyndham, quickly; "and although there was a marriage, else, of course, I should not move in the matter, I have no doubt he was wheedled into it, and certainly he was ashamed of the whole connection."

As this assertion seemed proved beyond doubt, Miss Cayley remained passive, for once in her life, and did not try to dispute it.

"My brother was at my father's place, living alone with him for some months before he died," continued Mrs. Wyndham, hammering on at her foregone conclusion. "He was my father's favourite child, to whom he would have forgiven any offence at last—do you think that any man in his senses, who owned children that he meant to bring forward, would not have seized the opportunity to confess his low marriage and the existence of children in order to ask for such a provision as my father had it in his power to make for them?" asked Mrs. Wyndham, incredulously. "But no such appeal was made, and my father's will only left my brother his younger brother's portion, which he has since contrived to cast to the winds."

"All that I know," said Miss Cayley,



feeling as if she were driven to the wall and compelled to speak, "is that the late Mr. Hatton, after writing and asking if I could take his daughters and keep them with me entirely because their mother was dead and he was going abroad, brought them to me six years ago, and left them with the instructions that they should have the best education which I had it in my power to give. I understand that he has never returned to this country, but has died abroad. However, I am happy to tell you" — and there was a suspicion of malice in the assurance — "that the girls' board has been regularly paid; and that he wrote to them and they to him, at the stated intervals which are usually observed between a father and children who have been long separated."

"I have no doubt of my brother's acting honourably," said Mrs. Wyndham with some hauteur. As she was not an irritable, but rather an obtuse woman, however, she returned to the charge. "As to the judiciousness of his arrangements, that is quite a different thing. I have already told you he was peculiar in his ideas, while he could not stand up for them before the world: witness this wretched business of a private and low marriage, with children that none of his friends ever heard of! He was one of your half-way offenders, who bear heavier punishments, and are often really greater trials to their families than the out-and-out sinners."

"I understand you," said Miss Cayley, stiffly.

"But, about these girls," said Mrs. Wyndham. "Could they be qualified to become governesses? They must earn their bread in some way, and the sooner they begin the better. My brother has left little or nothing to his account here. Money always did slip through his fingers, and he had tried speculation within the last year or two in America. A desperate resource for such a man in such a place. I don't think that there is more money than might fit out the girls and set them up respectably in their station in life; for, Miss Cayley, I hold distinctly that they are only raised by education a grade or two above what must have been their mother's station. It is said that the husband's rank becomes the wife's, and I do not quarrel with the assertion in a general way; but my brother never acknowledged his wife openly, and there is no indication that she sought to be so acknowledged. As for his children, his conduct proved that he considered that it would be more consistent with their happiness to keep

them in a comparatively humble sphere, and I shall do nothing to interfere with his intentions. The ignorance in which he kept me of his private relations, gives me no more claim upon the girls than it gives them a claim upon me."

Miss Cayley was by no means so satisfied of what the dead man's intentions might have been, but she contented herself with putting in the questions —

"May I ask if you are the nearest relation to my pupils? if they have other relations?"

"On the father's side I am the nearest and almost the sole relation," admitted Mrs. Wyndham, "of my father's family; the elder son and the younger daughter, neither of whom were on terms with my brother Frederic, though they were not aware of his worst scrape, died unmarried soon after my father — there were only poor Fred and I left." Any softening which might be implied in the statement passed away in a moment, as Mrs. Wyndham added, "And you know that I am a married woman, and have a family of my own. In addition I may tell you frankly, that, although my father's landed and funded property thus unhappily all came to me, Mr. Wyndham's estate, which is in a hunting-county, was burdened, my husband has expensive habits and tastes, our establishment is necessarily a liberal one, we have needed all and more than all the money we have inherited. Nothing shall tempt me to rob my own children of the advantages which are their due, in order to make an uncalled-for provision for my brother's unacknowledged children."

Miss Cayley was hot all over, but she kept silence, though she fulfilled the condition of the Psalmist, in so far as her heart's burning within her was concerned.

Yet Mrs. Wyndham had an amount of reason on her side. It would doubtless have been hard upon her, with her lawful pretensions, her despotic spendthrift husband, her doted-on children, suddenly to be called upon to dispense bounty to poor relations, low-born on one side — orphan nieces — of whose very existence she had been unaware a month before. If she had only wielded her right to protest gently, and been merciful, not to say human, in the strait.

"I have no doubt that the girls could be governesses in time, as well as other girls," said Miss Cayley, after she had composed herself. "I think I may say that they have been well grounded. Anne retains all that she gets, and is thoughtful and steady. Pleasance is the cleverer, and



promises to develop almost exceptional ability, but she requires to settle down, and grow up and out, before much can be said of her yet." And Miss Cayley smiled a little, and sighed a little. She was considering Anne's pride and delicacy, and Pleasance's thoughtlessness and fire when roused, with the difficulties of governess life, even although Miss Cayley advocated work for women, and anything was better than dependence here.

"When I spoke of the girls being governesses," said Mrs. Wyndham quietly, "I meant from this date, as nursery-governesses, or *bonnes*, or something of that sort. As you say they have been six years with you, I am sure that ought to qualify them for all that need be required, above all since farther preparation is out of the question." And with this speech there was the inadvertent glance at the unexceptional lines of her jacket and gown, and the bland modulation of the mouth which had belonged to a beauty, and had already so annoyed Miss Cayley.

"It is out of the question," answered Miss Cayley, so curtly, thought her visitor, that for a schoolmistress she had a particularly bad manner. "Why, Anne is but fifteen, and Pleasance is little more than a child of thirteen. I do not approve of imposing responsibility on such juvenile teachers. I could not in conscience give them the recommendations which they should want from me, and as to keeping the girls here in that capacity, I do not require them, and their fellow-pupils are all too near them in age, for even Anne to have any authority. Besides, I have some idea in case of a — a call, which I fear from my only surviving relative, of giving up the school, that is, of selling the goodwill to my principal governess at a moment's notice." Miss Cayley's asperity was not lessened by the recollection of her own private trouble, but what really lent it the sharpest edge was the indignant consideration, "And the girls don't yet know that their father is dead!"

"Ah! indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham, with no show of interest in Miss Cayley's trouble. "Very well, we shall say nothing more about that just now," she added, not so much like a woman who yielded the point, as like a woman who, in her dignity, was too callous to dispute where nothing was likely to come of it. "I find by my late brother's papers, which have involved us in such a painful discovery, that these girls have some relation on the mother's side by the name of Balls."

"Mrs. Balls is the name of a house-

keeper in an empty farmhouse in Norfolk or Suffolk," said Miss Cayley. "The girls corresponded with her and went to see her once, as a cousin of their mother's."

"They had better go to her, she is the person who ought to have them," said Mrs. Wyndham.

"Here they are," said Miss Cayley, drawing a long breath, as steps sounded at the door.

## CHAPTER II.

"BE QUICK, PLEASANCE, AND WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU."

THE message had to be carried to a schoolroom with benches, maps, globes, and books, its stereotyped order, which, with the union of bareness and cleanness would have had somewhat of a prison character, had it not been contradicted by little extravagant spurts of disorder, showing that the youthful are still more irrepressible than the criminal portion of society.

Two governesses, the one elderly and trained to tolerance and long-suffering, the other young and still divided between the ire and the severity of youth when it is conscientious, had been standing waiting for the last complement of a troop of girls, who were about to improve a fine spring half-holiday by a long country excursion.

The greater part of the girls had been standing also, in recognition of their superiors' attitude, at a respectful and convenient distance from the governesses; it had been but the laggards, usually the awkward squadron also, for whom there had been the delay.

Among the elder girls, whose various lighter woollen gowns and freshened prettier hats testified to their appreciation of the advancing season, and their gravitation to the budding period of woman's life, when neatness and individual taste begin to be a definite possession, stood Anne Hatton — a dark-haired, pale-complexioned, middle-sized, and slightly-made girl, who yet looked older than her years. Her face was decidedly pretty in a small-featured refined way, though it was deficient in the glow of youth; while it had none of that uncertainty of promise, which, while it may exist in actual defects that seriously mar the present harmony of a young girl's face and figure, has still a charm of its own in producing expectancy and unsatisfied curiosity.

Anne Hatton's promise was already in part fulfilled. The half-opened bud dis-

played exactly what the flower would be. This was a miniature woman, with a woman's earnestness, and scrupulous dutifulness, tenderness, and ambition in small.

We are apt to think of a miniature woman as being a baby, or girlish embodiment of vanity, affectation, and precocious worldliness; and no doubt Anne Hatton had, at fifteen, a fair growth of all the vanity, affectation, and worldliness of which she could ever be guilty, after the fashion of her sisters. But there are two lights, at least, in which to view women; and the higher womanly qualities, good and bad, ripen as soon in some instances as the lower,—the premature ripeness having the ordinary fate of what is, somehow, out of the course of nature, that of being exposed to extra hardship and suffering.

Anne Hatton had stood unable to join in the low-voiced conversation in which the elder girls were privileged to indulge in the presence of their governesses, as a court-circle may communicate in whispers round its sovereign. She had been fretting quietly because of her sister Pleasance being among the delinquents.

Anne was a pattern girl in her behaviour, but she could not rest, because Pleasance was not a pattern girl too. Anne was devoted to Pleasance, perhaps more so at this time than Pleasance was devoted to her. She was proud with an exceeding pride of Pleasance's cleverness and popularity. She prized and gloried in Pleasance's kindness and singleness of heart, but she would have had her heroine and darling immaculate. It was part of her own nature to be strictly accurate, punctual, methodical, and her unmixed school-life had in her case exaggerated these valuable adjuncts to character, till they threatened to beget a rigidity of character. Withal there was blended with her womanly fervour and tenacity the girlish demureness of an unbroken school-life, under a woman who was reasonable and good, and like all good women with the essence of motherliness in her, but who was still a schoolmistress, whose subordinates were naturally tenfold more schoolmistresses than herself. It hurt Anne like the commission of a wrong, to be confronted with slovenliness and disorder, and she positively writhed when Pleasance was habitually an offender under these heads.

Yet it was greatly owing to this that she was saved from the bann which, in school communities, is apt to fall on pattern girls or boys. The consciousness of Pleasance's

demerits, which rebounded on Anne with quite as much shame and remorse as if the demerits had been her own, modified the tendency to austerity in the elder sister, and at the same time furnished her with charity for other offenders. Thus Anne was not merely respected, which might have been supposed; she was liked, though in a different degree from Pleasance, at the Hayes, Miss Cayley's school.

"Miss Smith," said the younger governess, who blazed up at last, even to an attack on her superior and senior in command, "it is intolerable that we should be kept waiting like this. Are you to allow it any longer?"

"What can we do, Miss Eckhard?" Miss Smith had remonstrated mildly, speaking in an undertone, in answer to the protest which had been delivered aloud, and had startled the girls into silence.

"What can we do, Miss Smith?" Miss Eckhard had repeated with passionate distinctness, forgetting that she was thus exposing any weakness in the position. "Why, set out, of course, and leave those who are too late at home."

"But you forget, my dear," Miss Smith had persisted, with all the careful consideration of calm dulness, and speaking in her cautious undertone, "that they would be sure to fall into mischief, and require to have tasks set to them which we should be engaged all the evening in hearing. I do so want to write home, and to mend my *jupes*, and to practise that old-fashioned sonata of Clementi's which Miss Cayley was so pleased with."

"I should not mind for letters, or *jupes*, or sonatas," Miss Eckhard had cried, still audibly, "but I should not be put upon and treated impertinently by a set of girls."

Anne had heard it all, and felt as if she could sink into the earth on Pleasance's account. She had been not so much resentful (she was too just for that) as vexed in her soul that Pleasance should be to blame and in disgrace. Yet she instantly identified herself with Pleasance.

"Miss Smith, may I go and hurry Pleasance?" she had started forward imploringly, and having received a nod from the accommodating elder, had darted off before Miss Eckhard could interfere. She was to discharge her own obligations and bear her own sins.

As if it had been possible for an obligation which affected Pleasance not to reach to Anne, or as if Pleasance could suffer alone while Anne was there to suffer with her!

At the same time Anne had made up her mind, as she ran up the stairs quickly, but mindfully, to scold Pleasance roundly for getting the two into bad odour by her inveterate negligence.

"What are you about, Pleasance?"

Anne had cried, in so sharp a voice that it had sounded like a wonderful imitation of Miss Cayley's, as she had entered the small dormitory which Miss Cayley had permitted the two sisters to have for their own bedroom and private apartment. "Do you know that Miss Smith and Miss Eckhard, and all the rest, are waiting? Do you mean to make us waste all the afternoon? Oh dear, I am distressed to think of it!"

"No, no! Never mind, Anne; it will all come right now that you are here," a contrite yet hopeful voice had come from a youthful body bent double over a chest of drawers, two of which stood open with the contents pulled about in the wildest confusion.

"It is my gloves, Anne, have gone a roving, and my veil has followed them, and Miss Eckhard says I am to wear a veil upon my hat because of my eyes, though I hate veils, and I do not understand how, if I do not see well without a veil, I am to see better with one. But there will be forfeits, and you know I cannot afford any more, else I shall lose all my best marks—not that I should mind so much, but you would, if I had not the prizes in literature and history. Do, like a kitten, look for me. Things come to you to be found. I have searched Eupatoria and Balaclava till I am out of breath, and I can see no more trace of the missing plagues than if they had been spirited away." And the searcher arose from her efforts, and sank exhausted on the top of a trunk.

"Pleasance, I wonder at you!" Anne had begun, even while she proceeded to dive promptly, as requested, into the heterogeneous mass, but not without the disgust of her orderly nature at the unmitigated disorder; "and don't call me a kitten—I won't have it," she had said by snatches, in the middle of her eager occupation. "Miss Cayley dislikes nicknames and silly pet-names, and this is so silly and inappropriate."

"Yes," Pleasance had granted reluctantly; "but kittens are so dreadfully nice. I know that you will say things cannot be at once dreadful and nice," Pleasance argued, taking to talking at her ease on her trunk; "but you are mistaken. Things are often dreadfully nice; there is no other

expression strong enough for them, since Miss Cayley frightened us all by saying that there was nothing awful save the day of judgment. I think Dean Swift called poor Stella a kitten; at least I am sure that it was he who wrote the dear little ditty—

Oh my kitten, my kitten, Oh my kitten, my darling!

"The more fool he, and never mind Dean Swift. What drawers! and I put them all in such excellent order for you only last week, that Miss Eckhard might look over them on Saturday."

Anne reproached Pleasance almost plaintively, so that Pleasance felt quite cut up, and mumbled disconsolately—

"I know it is a very bad return to you, Anne, but I cannot help it; they will go wrong."

"I think if you would be more serious, and leave off giving them those foolish names," sighed Anne, not wishing to discourage her sister further.—indeed, already relenting at the sight and sound of Pleasance's humiliation.

"But they are so appropriate," Pleasance pled, "after what we read of the hardships during the Crimean war. You found fault with me just now for the inappropriateness of calling you a kitten—though you know you are a little like a grown-up pussy-cat, Anne, just a well-behaved, steady kind of a beast—but at least you cannot complain of my not hitting the mark in my comparison of the drawers."

The two sisters, dressed alike in grey camlet gowns and jackets, and with grey felt hats, bore little resemblance to each other. Pleasance at thirteen was as tall as Anne at fifteen, and promised in course of time to be the taller. She had already the bigger framework of a woman, out of proportion in this stage, and a little clumsy, particularly as it was angular and not rounded. Pleasance's hair was in colour that dusky brown which, when it is rumpled—its normal condition in her case—looks dusty; her complexion was muddled, though it was not coarse; her nose was a little thick, though tolerable in form; her mouth was full, with undecided lines; her eyes were a hazel grey, but had commenced to develop the blink of short-sight; her low, broad forehead was partly concealed by her unruly hair and her hat. The best thing about her face was the fine round oval of the contour, and the bright, honest expression of the countenance.

"Here is the veil," Anne had ejaculated,

pulling a wisp of blue gauze from a gordin-knot of ribands and scarfs, "and I shall lend you a pair of gloves, and tell Miss Smith that I have done so, for we cannot stay any longer."

At that moment there was a brisk tap at the door, which was at once opened by the prim, sober housemaid, who announced —

"Please, Miss Hatton, Miss Cayley has sent to Miss Smith that she wishes you and Miss Pleasance in the drawing-room. Miss Smith says that you are to go straight to her, to be sent down-stairs."

Anne looked surprised, while she answered, "Very well, Elizabeth. Please tell Miss Smith we shall come immediately."

Pleasance stood convinced that her enormities in making away with gloves and veils had attained such an eminence that she was formally summoned before Miss Cayley to answer for them, while Anne was to be exposed to fresh mortification on her account.

In the mean time Anne, with light sleight-of-hand, was putting a finishing-touch of smoothness to her own smooth cuffs, gloves, and neck-tie, and preparing to do what she could in the briefest space of time to soften Pleasance's general roughness; but while she was not startled into forgetfulness of these offices, a little delicate colour was rising and increasing in her cheek, and a light coming into her grey eyes.

"Clara Anderson told me there was a visitor with Miss Cayley," she said; "it must be somebody for us."

"But who can it be, kit — Anne, seeing that we have nobody belonging to us except papa, and he is at New Orleans?" questioned Pleasance, not fairly aroused to this new light on the position, and at the same time awakening to the fear that she was to lose the half-holiday excursion after all. As she spoke she stood helplessly, but with a few twinges of discontent to be put to rights, very much like a young colt who is called upon to have the appearance of a well-conducted and cared-for horse, standing to be rubbed down.

"It may be somebody from papa — it may be papa himself," cried Anne, getting redder and redder, and with an ever-brightening light in her eyes, while she did not desist from making darts at the borrowed gloves on Pleasance's hands to button them, and at Pleasance's feet to see if her boots were as they should be.

"No, Anne, it cannot be," gasped Pleas-

ance, all aroused now, "he never said he was coming home just now."

Pleasance exhibited that singular sudden failure of imagination, which most imaginative people sometimes experience when their special faculty is all at once brought to bear on that practical life with which their fancy has not been wont to meddle.

"He may be going to surprise us, it is past our usual time of hearing from him," said Anne, running on as if she were the quick-witted sister, while the two were going down-stairs together, Pleasance stumbling and hanging back in what was to Anne an utterly unaccountable fashion.

"Stay a moment, Anne — it is so long since we have seen him, if it be papa — what are we to do or to say to him?" Pleasance besought Anne piteously, while a sudden horror of shyness met and struggled with the lingering childish fondness for her father; and she felt as if this unexpected meeting with him was a trial which she could not encounter.

"I cannot stay," Anne threw back with rare haste for her, and altogether unable to comprehend this phase of bashful misery and reluctance on Pleasance's part. "What shall we say? that we are only too glad and thankful that he is come safe home — I hope to stay — as to be sure we are."

It had been the cherished dream of Anne's life, this return of her father; she she had been little older than Pleasance when the father and children parted, and doubtless, in the nature of things, it was a wistful idealized memory, rather than the real father whom Anne had loved, but that shadow represented her father, and to that she had steadfastly clung.

Anne had not been unhappy at school, she was sensible of the school's advantages, and anxious to profit by them; but these were to enable her to play her part better when her father came home, — that was the goal of all.

Anne felt that papa ought to return, and take her and Pleasance to keep house for him. That would be much nicer than the isolated circumstances of the girls even with a friendly schoolmistress. In listening to the experiences of the other girls, this had jarred on and pained Anne still more than it had pained Pleasance, though it had been Pleasance who had sighed and pined the most for the variety and indulgence of home holidays. It was not more indulgences, it was more, if nearer and dearer duties, that Anne craved.

Anne had known enough to judge that her father was not a rich man, that he had not a profession or business which might make him a rich man some day, that he was a voluntary wanderer, somehow separated from his family, a fact which, as their mother had possessed few relations in her humble station, had left his daughters almost without friends. But he was all the more hers and Pleasance's, and as fifteen is hardly ever without an imagination of some kind, Anne had conjured up many a pleasant vision of the household that was to be.

It might be a quiet simple household, but it should be so well ordered, so becoming a true gentleman and his daughters (for Anne was as largely endowed with pride as Pleasance was destitute of it), so different from the vulgar profusion and excess of which Maria Hollis was given to boast, as existing in her father's house.

Pleasance was by no means sure that she was glad and thankful for her father's return, at this moment, though she hoped that she would be the moment the ordeal of their meeting was over. At present she was not sure that she should know him when she saw him; and withal there crossed her mind an inopportune regret for the loss of the country excursion.

Anne did not much care for country excursions, she was delicate and easily fatigued. To her, long walking parties—in April weather above all—meant, among other things, muddy roads, soiled skirts, and weariness for the rest of the day.

But this was just the sort of pleasure that Pleasance doted on, it was better than being one of the draft of pupils, promoted into drinking tea in the drawing-room with Miss Cayley, though Pleasance was, wonderful to relate, fond of Miss Cayley; it was better than a working party, better than charades or toffee-making, better even than a new book, whether prize or gift. And this excursion was to have skirted Covey Wood, and Pleasance had been so hugging herself with the wild daffodils which were to be gathered in the meadows there, and the squirrels and hedgehogs which were to be seen in the wood. It was not the real daffodils so much that Pleasance coveted, it was a dim yellow glory of Shakespeare's daffodils scenting the winds of March with beauty, and Herrick's daffodils fading away so soon, which had taken possession of the poetry-haunted girl's fancy. But it was the real squirrels and hedgehogs,

for along with her intellectual bent Pleasance had the extravagant love of animals which is oftener found in schoolboys than in schoolgirls. It was not doomed to die of inanition, Miss Cayley's being a country school, and Miss Cayley herself being at least as broad as she was sharp in her theory and practice. Pleasance was allowed to cultivate a warm friendship with the house-dog, and with sundry cats and caged birds; but Miss Cayley did object to a hatch of rabbits to be fed and tended, and to mice kept in a box in the tool-house, so that Pleasance, for extending her acquaintance in the animal kingdom, had to depend on such walks as this to Covey Wood.

The two girls had passed muster before Miss Smith, and had been told that they would do, and might go in to Miss Cayley, but Miss Smith could not promise to wait for them."

"Be quick, Pleasance, and we'll wait," whispered some of the younger girls to whom the withdrawal of Pleasance, with her quips and cranks, and stories to lighten the road, was a grievous prospect. "There is a shower coming, and we must wait for that now, and, besides, neither Ellen Millar nor Amy Worsley are down yet."

In the prospect which ought to have been such a happy one, and was yet for the moment so alarming as it lay before her, Pleasance could not take much comfort from the friendly assurance, and Anne for the first time was unsympathetic. Anne had so often rehearsed what she was to do when her father came home, that the rehearsal remained at her finger-ends and the tip of her tongue.

Pleasance glanced out of the hall windows as she and Anne passed through to the drawing-room. A cloud was over the sky, but it was an April cloud with silvery light on its fringes, with the blue sky doubly blue and fresh and spring-like beyond. It seemed to Pleasance as if she could almost smell the daffodils, and hear the rustling of the boughs upon which the squirrels sprung, and beneath which the hedgehogs scuttled, when Anne turned the handle of the door, and the two girls were in the drawing-room.

### CHAPTER III.

"YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM YOU."

ANNE looked eagerly before her. Pleasance lifted her dazzled eyes from the ground. There was no tall, prematurely

grey-haired man with restless movements, and a face like Pleasance's. There was no one with Miss Cayley save a large handsome woman in deep mourning, who stared stonily at the girls without rising for a moment, as she reflected that the elder was too pretty by half, and the younger looked too like an over-grown child, which was exactly what Pleasance did look at that moment.

"My dears," said Miss Cayley, "here is an aunt of yours whom you have not seen."

Miss Cayley rarely called her pupils dears, and never before their friends; but, though it may be that a schoolmistress should be equal to any occasion, she was put out at this moment, and she said "dears" in a spirit of contradiction, and blurted out the relationship with a sense of savage satisfaction.

The moment after Miss Cayley had spoken, she felt that she had done wrong, though she did not know very well what else she could have said. She had better not have spoken at all than have made this speech. To prevent herself from working further harm which would come back upon the girls, she quitted the room, and left the aunt and nieces to have their meeting in private. She halted in the hall, thinking of the communication that was to be made, and wishing to be at hand. She had said to herself there would be no scene; but Anne Hatton was delicate, and Pleasance was very young, and she was not of opinion that Mrs. Wyndham could spare the girls, even if she would. What if Anne fainted, or Pleasance cried aloud? But a few moments passed, and there was neither sound of dull fall nor sharp cry, and Miss Cayley's mind was set at rest so far.

"As we have not seen each other before, we cannot be very familiar, can we?" asked Mrs. Wyndham languidly, rising, taking a step forward, and touching the girls' hands with her gloved fingers. "Pray, sit down, I wish to talk to you."

Pleasance was still occupied with her half-relief, half-disappointment. She really believed that disappointment preponderated now at not finding her strange father, otherwise her stately, handsome aunt in the deep mourning would have made a strong impression upon her. Whether she would have appreciated the peculiarity of that aunt's manner, was another question; for there were some things in which Pleasance was as slow and far back, as she was quick and far forward in others.

But Anne felt the peculiarity at once

and keenly. With more capacity for piecing together the portions of their father's and mother's history with which she was acquainted than Pleasance possessed, Anne knew instinctively that there was something wrong. The acquisition of colour with which she had entered the room faded so fast as to add to Mrs. Wyndham's other vexed considerations the additional annoyance, "She is sickly too."

"I beg your pardon," said Anne, not sitting down, and with a great effort to check her agitation, "but have you brought us a message from papa?"

The question thrilled even through Mrs. Wyndham.

"Not exactly," she said, hesitating a little; "but you must have almost forgotten your father, since it seems you were quite children when he left England."

"Forgotten papa!" exclaimed Anne, as annoyed as she was indignant. "Why, Pleasance, who is two years younger than I, can remember him perfectly."

Pleasance felt a little guilty. Such a big wonderful world had begun to open upon her, since she was the little girl of seven years, whom her father had led by the hand, to whom he had given donkey-rides and sugarplums, and who had run crying to the door after him, and sobbed herself to sleep though her doll was in her arms, on the night of the day on which he had bidden them good-bye. But happily she was not called upon to speak and admit her sin of memory.

"And we have been constantly hearing from papa, and looking for his coming home," continued Anne, feeling that she was maintaining both his dignity and her own by asserting the strength and constancy of the relation.

"But still it cannot be the same feeling," insisted Mrs. Wyndham. "I wish you would sit down when I require you," she said, in parenthesis, and the girls, used to obedience, sat down in their bewilderment and sense of offence. "It cannot be the same feeling to you as to girls who have been with their fathers every day of their lives to hear what I need not say is the will of God, and must be submitted to, that your poor father has been taken from you."

Pleasance gave a great start, gasp, and shiver; a moment ago she had not wished to see her father, and now she was told that she was never to see him again.

The last particle of colour ebbed in a second from Anne's face, leaving her poor lips white, but she did not faint; she re-



covered herself with a womanly protest of incredulous anguish, "Not dead, surely not dead, only very ill, I can go to him and nurse him."

"He died at New Orleans, six weeks ago," Mrs. Wyndham went on with her task calmly, satisfied that she had been right and was now reassured by the satisfaction — these unacknowledged, boarded-away children had not had much to do with their father, and could not mourn him acutely — and neither had shed a tear as yet. "The death was sudden; your father was saved much pain; I have brought the letter which conveyed the particulars to me, or rather to my husband; here it is," and Mrs. Wyndham drew the thin dark-blue sheet in its envelope from her pocket. "You may have it, if you please; as to your having gone to nurse him — had he suffered from a long illness — at your age, what with the distance and the expense of the journey, it would have been out of the question."

"Has papa left nothing for us?" inquired Anne piteously, holding the offered letter unopened.

"I believe your father has left very little money," answered Mrs. Wyndham, coldly, "he had almost spent his patrimony;" while she made the silent commentary, "It is better that they should be apprised of their penniless position at once. But how race will come out! What a vulgarly calculating, and sordid inquiry from a girl of fifteen, who has just learnt that she is fatherless!"

"I did not mean that, I do not care for money," cried Anne, desperately. "But was there no letter, no word for us?"

"No, and it was not likely that there should have been," Mrs. Wyndham replied, not caring to have her disparaging conclusion removed, and not quite believing in the explanation. "Your father had no reason to apprehend his death; besides, he was never a foreseeing man. As to your not caring for money, that is an ignorant speech, apt to be insincere, even from a girl; however, let it pass just now. You seem able to investigate matters; I do not object to that, there is nothing more desirable for you than self-reliance. Anne Hatton — I think Anne is your Christian name? — I had better speak plainly to you. I have come a long distance at great inconvenience, to see you and tell you of your father's death, and settle matters;" and as Mrs. Wyndham named the exertions and sacrifices which she had accomplished, a sense of virtue fortified her still further, and she was so

entirely herself again, after the slight disturbance she had sustained, that she could cast down her eyes on the faultless style of her sleeve, and make the bland modulation of her lips, while Anne sat sick and stunned with the shock which had come upon her.

"When my poor brother, your father," went on Mrs. Wyndham, "married your mother, against whom I have not a word to say, as I never saw her or even heard of her existence till the other day, he chose to take his wife from a class much below his own, and he did not think fit to make his family acquainted with his marriage. The first information which we had of it was from the certificate of his marriage and the registers of your and your sister's births, which were discovered and forwarded to us amongst his papers. The consequence is this very awkward situation." Mrs. Wyndham uttered the last words with emphasis, and then paused.

Anne heard dully; a certain explanation of a state of affairs that she had only known partially, and which had puzzled her, reached her mind through her misery; but she could not, even when she was conscious that an aspersion was cast upon her father, raise her voice and justify him.

Mrs. Wyndham was not displeased with the effect of her plain speaking; she thought the girl was going, after all, to be submissive and easily managed.

"You must be aware that under the circumstances, you have very little claim upon me and my husband; but we shall do what we can for you and your sister — that is, in laying out your money, a few hundred pounds, to put you in a position in which you may become independent. In the mean time I think you had better leave the school at once. I understand that you have a relation of whom you do know something, named Balls. I should like you to go to her."

At the conclusion of this speech, as Anne listened, white and cold and still — as if she were frozen — as if it had been she that had been struck dead in the midst of life — something of a wild, appalled look came into her fixed eyes; yet she said nothing, her readiness in the most untoward circumstances which she had known, or could have anticipated, utterly forsook her when chaos was come and she was called on to face undreamt-of disaster.

With that silence of Anne's another marvel came to pass — Pleasance, who had never spoken in a difficulty before,



spoke now for herself and Anne also. She was sitting with large tears coursing down her face, but with a quietness in her crying which might have struck Mrs. Wyndham—if she had been really observant or susceptible to other than her preconceived notions—quite as much as the circumstance of neither of the girls having cried at all on the first announcement of their father's death.

"Oh, yes, Anne," said Pleasance, "let us go to Mrs. Balls; she is always at home, and will be pleased to have us, and then we can see what we shall do."

In the midst of her dumb distress, it was to Anne, who had been accustomed to regard Pleasance—the cleverest girl of her age at school—as a baby when removed from her lessons and her books, very much what it must have been to the old Roman citizens when Brutus spoke in the emergency of the state, no longer with the voice of an inspired idiot, but of a rational man and born leader—the one who intuitively, by the right of his nature, comes to the front and takes the lead when the blow strikes.

Still Anne was silent—"sulky," conjectured Mrs. Wyndham. But silence gives consent, even if the other girl had not spoken for the two.

So Mrs. Wyndham, without more ado, sent for Miss Cayley, and announced that the girls were to leave the Hayes directly; indeed, as a fly was waiting to carry her back to the station, and as that station happened to be a railway junction, with a line which led to the eastern counties, among lines in other directions, she thought it would be safer for her to take the girls—she had not once called them her nieces—with her, and see them so far on their way to their mother's relations. When Mrs. Wyndham completed this arrangement, she felt her behaviour to be so exemplary, that virtue could ask nothing farther from her.

Miss Cayley demurred at first, as far as was in her power. She expressed her perfect willingness to keep the girls with her for some time. She let Mrs. Wyndham clearly understand that the school-terms were all paid in advance, and that the Misses Hatton's term was not out. Under the stress of her feelings, Miss Cayley would even have extended her hospitality to Mrs. Wyndham, and begged her to stay at least over one night, till the girls had recovered from the first shock of her melancholy tidings.

But no. When Mrs. Wyndham had made up her mind, she adhered to her de-

cision; she had got matters in fair train, her *coup de main* had been as yet wonderfully successful, and she did not know what revolt and reassertion of old views to-morrow might bring, and she had a long way to return to Sufton Hall. The family were going up to town for the season, but in the first place she wished to take her daughters to the seaside for a week, as on account of the affliction in the family, they had lost their Easter holidays—and so she had not a moment to spare.

"Please, Miss Cayley," whispered Pleasance, "I think we had better go at once. I think it would be worse if we stayed a little longer."

Was it Pleasance who spoke? Miss Cayley was confused and excited, what with these girls' misfortunes and her own trouble. On second thoughts, she was not astonished that it was Pleasance who had found voice, though it brought the moisture to eyes which had been too busy for many a year to have leisure for idle sentimental weeping, to distinguish that the crisis in the girl's life had come in such a fashion. But young oracles were not always the blindest and most blundering; it might be easier for the girls not to meet their companions in their changed circumstances. Miss Cayley herself might be gone within another week; so she undertook to pack up the Hattons' clothes and books, and send them after the girls, and to make their farewells to the rest of the house.

As Pleasance left the drawing-room following Anne who had let others settle for her, and who was walking tottering, Pleasance glanced again out of the hall-windows. Why did she do it? What did it matter now whether the sun shone or the rain fell? She should go on no more country excursions from the Hayes. The daffodils, squirrels, and hedgehogs seemed already removed so far away, that they might have been withered and scentless skeletons and dust these hundred years. The girls would have had to wait long indeed if they had kept their promise and waited for her. It was not they who had left her, but she who had left them forever behind.

Pleasance searched for and got a little carriage-bag, which was the sisters' property; she remembered about taking their night-dresses and put them in it for herself and Anne. She swallowed the wine which Miss Cayley brought her, and made Anne swallow her wine. She said, "Now, Anne!" and marshalled Anne down-stairs, and bade "good-bye" for the two to the

wondering servants, as if she had taken care of Anne, and not Anne had taken care of her, all the years of her life. She did not break down even when Miss Cayley said, "God bless you, child," and whispered into her ear, not into Anne's, "Remember, if I can ever do anything for you, I shall be glad to do it."

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THE MYTH OF DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

BY WALTER H. PATER.

THE stories of the Greek mythology, like other things which belong to no man, and for which no one in particular is responsible, had their fortunes. In this world of floating fancies there was a struggle for life; there were myths which never emerged from that first state of popular conception, or were absorbed by stronger competitors, because, as some true heroes have done, they lacked the sacred poet or prophet, and were never remodelled by literature; while out of the myth of Demeter, cared for by art and poetry, came the little pictures of the Homeric hymn, and the gracious imagery of Praxiteles. The myth has now entered its second or poetical phase then, in which more definite fancies are grouped about the primitive stock in a literary temper, and the whole interest settles round the images of the beautiful girl going down into the darkness, and the weary woman who seeks her lost daughter; divine persons, then sincerely believed in by the majority of the people. The Homeric hymn is the central monument of this second phase. In it, the changes of the natural year have become a personal history, a story of human affection and sorrow, yet with a far-reaching religious significance also, of which the mere earthly spring and autumn are but an analogy; and in the development of this human element, the writer of the Homeric hymn sometimes displays a genuine power of pathetic expression. The whole episode of the rearing of Demophoon, in which human longing and regret are blent so subtly, over the poor body of the dying child, with the mysterious design of the goddess to make the child immortal, is an excellent example of the sentiment of pity in literature. Yet though it has reached the stage of literary interpretation, much of the early mystical character still lingers about the story, as it is here told. Later mythologists simply

define the personal history; but in this hymn we may again and again trace curious links of connection with the original meaning of the myth. Its subject is the weary woman indeed, the *mater dolorosa* of the ancient world, but with a certain latent reference all through to the mystical person of the earth. Her robe of dark blue is the raiment of her mourning, but, also the blue robe of the earth in shadow, as we see it in Titian's landscapes; her great age is the age of the immemorial earth; she becomes a nurse, therefore, holding Demophoon in her bosom; the folds of her garment are fragrant, not merely with the incense of Eleusis, but with the natural scents of flowers and fruit. The sweet breath with which she nourishes the child Demophoon, is the warm west wind, feeding all germs of vegetable life; her bosom, where he lies, is the bosom of the earth, with its strengthening heat, reserved and shy, and angry if human eyes scrutinize too closely its secret chemistry; it is with the earth's surface of varied colour that she has "in time past pleased the sun;" the yellow hair which falls suddenly over her shoulders, at her transformation in the house of Celeus, is still partly the golden corn—in art and poetry she is ever the blond goddess; tarrying in her temple, of which an actual hollow in the earth is the prototype, among the spicy odours of the Eleusinian ritual, she is the spirit of the earth, lying hidden in its dark folds until the return of spring, among the flower-seeds and fragrant roots, like the seeds and aromatic woods hidden in the wrappings of the dead. All through the poem we have a sense of a certain nearness to nature, surviving from an earlier world; the sea is understood as a person, yet is still the real sea, with its waves moving. When it is said that no bird gave Demeter tidings of Persephone, we feel that to that earlier world, ways of communication between all creatures may have seemed open, which are closed to us. It is Iris who brings to Demeter the message of Zeus; that is, the rainbow signifies to the earth the good-will of the rainy sky towards it. Persephone springing up with great joy from the couch of Aidoneus, to return to her mother, is the sudden outburst of the year. The heavy and narcotic aroma of spring flowers hangs about her, as about the actual spring. And this mingling of the primitive import of the myth with the later personal interests of the story, is curiously illustrated by the place which the poem assigns to Hecate. This

strange Titaness is first a nymph only; afterwards, as if changed incurably by the passionate cry of Persephone, she becomes her constant attendant, and is even identified with her. But in the Homeric hymn her lunar character is clear; she is really the moon only, who hears the cry of Persephone, as the sun saw her, when Aidoneus carried her away. One morning, as the mother wandered, the moon appeared, as it does in its last quarter, rising very bright, just before dawn; that is, "on the tenth morning Hecate met her, having a light in her hands." The fascinating, but enigmatical figure, "sitting ever in her cave, half-veiled with a shining veil, thinking delicate thoughts," in which we seem to see the subject of some picture of the Italian Renaissance, is the lover of Endymion, like Persephone, withdrawn, in her season, from the eyes of men. The sun saw her; the moon saw her not, but heard her cry, and is ever after the half-veiled attendant of the queen of the dead and of dreams.

But the story of Demeter and Persephone lends itself naturally to description, and it is in descriptive beauties that the Homeric hymn excels; its episodes are finished designs, and directly stimulate the painter and the sculptor to a rivalry with them. Weaving the names of the flowers into his verse, names familiar to us in English, though their Greek originals are uncertain, the writer sets Persephone before us, herself like one of them — *καλλικώπις* — like the budding calyx of a flower — in a picture, which in its mingling of a quaint freshness and simplicity with a certain earnestness, reads like a description of some early Florentine design, such as Sandro Botticelli's "Allegory of the Seasons." By an exquisite chance also, a common metrical expression connects the perfume of the newly created narcissus with the salt odour of the sea. Like one of those early designs again, but with a deeper infusion of religious earnestness, is the picture of Demeter sitting at the wayside, in shadow as always, with the well of water and the olive-tree. She has been journeying all night, and now it is morning, and the daughters of Celeus bring their vessels to draw water. That image of the seated Demeter, resting after her long flight "through the dark continent," or in the house of Celeus, when she refuses the red wine, or again, solitary, in her newly finished temple of Eleusis, enthroned in her grief, fixed itself deeply on the Greek imagination, and became a favourite sub-

ject of Greek artists. When the daughters of Celeus came to conduct her to Eleusis, they came as in a Greek frieze, full of energy and motion and waving lines, but with gold and colours upon it. Eleusis — coming — the *coming* of Demeter thither, as thus told in the Homeric hymn, is the central instance in Greek mythology of such divine appearances. "She leaves for a season the company of the gods and abides among men," and men's merit is to receive her in spite of appearances. Metaneira and others in the Homeric hymn partly detect her divine character; they find a *χάρις*, a certain divine air about her, which makes them think her perhaps a royal person in disguise. She becomes in her long wanderings almost wholly humanized, and in return, she and Persephone, alone of the Greek gods, seem to have been the objects of a sort of personal love and loyalty. Yet they are ever the solemn goddesses, *θεαὶ σεμναί*, the word expressing religious awe, the Greek sense of the divine presence.

Plato, in laying down the rules by which the poets are to be guided in speaking about divine things to the citizens of the ideal republic, forbids all those episodes of mythology which represent the gods as assuming various forms, and visiting the earth in disguise. Below the express reasons which he assigns for this rule, we may perhaps detect that instinctive antagonism to the old Heraclitean philosophy of perpetual change, which forces him, in his theory of morals and the state, of poetry and music, of dress and manners even, and of style in the very vessels and furniture of daily life, on an austere simplicity, the older Dorian or Egyptian type of a rigid, eternal immobility. The disintegrating, centrifugal influence, which had penetrated, as he thought, political and social existence, making men too myriad-minded, had laid hold on the life of the gods also, and, even in their calm sphere, one might hardly identify a single divine person as himself, and not another. There must then be no doubling, no disguises, no stories of transformation. The modern reader, however, will hardly acquiesce in this improvement of Greek mythology. He finds in these stories, like that, for instance, of the appearance of Athene to Telemachus, in the first book of the Odyssey, which has a quite biblical mysticity and solemnity, stories in which, the hard material outline breaking up, the gods lay aside their visible form like a garment, and remain themselves, not the least spiritual element of Greek religion, an evidence of

the sense in them of unseen presences, which might at any moment cross a man's path, to be recognized, in half disguise, by the more delicately trained eye, here or there, by one and not by another. Whatever religious elements they lacked, they had at least this sense of remote and subtler ways of personal presence.

We have to travel a long way from the Homeric hymn to the hymn of Callimachus, who writes in the end of Greek literature, in the third century before Christ, in celebration of the procession of the sacred basket of Demeter, not at the Attic, but at the Alexandrian Eleusinia. He develops, in something of the prosaic spirit of a mediæval writer of mysteries, one of the burlesque incidents of the story, the insatiable hunger which seized on Erysichthon because he cut down a grove sacred to the goddess. Yet he finds his opportunities for skilful touches of poetry. "As the four white horses draw her sacred basket," he says, "so will the great goddess bring us a *white* spring, a *white* summer." He describes the grove itself, with its hedge of trees, so thick that an arrow could hardly pass through, its pines and fruit-trees and tall poplars within, and the water, like pale gold, running from the conduits. It is one of those famous poplars that receives the first stroke; it sounds heavily to its companion trees, and Demeter perceives that her sacred grove is suffering. Then comes one of those transformations which Plato will not allow. Vainly anxious to save the lad from his ruin, she appears in the form of a priestess, but with the long hood of the goddess, and the poppy in her hand; and there is something of a real shudder, some still surviving sense of a haunting presence among the trees, in the verses which describe her sudden revelation, when the workmen flee away, leaving their axes in the cleft trees.

Of the same age as the hymn of Callimachus, but with very different qualities, is the idyll of Theocritus on "The Shepherds' Journey." Although it is possible to define an epoch in mythological development in which literary and artificial influences began to remodel the primitive, popular legend, yet still, among children, and unchanging childlike people, we may suppose that that primitive stage always survived, and the old instinctive influences were still at work. As the subject of popular religious celebrations also, the myth was still the property of the people, and surrendered to its capricious action. The shepherds in Theocritus, on their way to celebrate one of the more homely feasts of

Demeter, about the time of harvest, are examples of these childlike people; the age of the poets has long since come, but they are of the older and simpler order, lingering on in the midst of a more conscious world. In an idyll, itself full of the delightful gifts of Demeter, Theocritus sets them before us; through the blazing summer day's journey, the smiling image of the goddess is always before them. And now they have reached the end of their journey:—

"So I, and Eucritus, and the fair Amyntichus, turned aside into the house of Phrasidamus, and lay down with delight in beds of sweet tamarisk and fresh cuttings from the vines, strewn on the ground. Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us; in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum-trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit. The wax, four years old, was loosed from the heads of the wine-jars. O nymphs of Castalia, who dwell on the steep of Parnassus, tell me, I pray you, was it a draught like this that the aged Chiron placed before Hercules, in the stony cave of Pholus? Was it nectar like this that made the mighty shepherd on Anapus' shore, Polyphemus, who flung the rocks upon Ulysses' ships, dance among his sheepfolds?—A cup like this ye poured out now upon the altar of Demeter, who presides over the threshing-floor. May it be mine once more to thrust my big winnowing-fan through her heaps of corn; and may I see her smile upon me, holding poppies and handfuls of corn in her two hands!"

Some of the modifications of the story of Demeter, as we find it in later poetry, have been supposed to be due, not to the genuine action of the Greek mind, but to the influence of that so-called Orphic literature, which, in the generation succeeding Hesiod, brought from Thessaly and Phrygia a tide of mystical ideas into the Greek religion, sometimes, doubtless, confusing the clearness and naturalness of its original outlines, but also sometimes im-

parting to them a new and peculiar grace. Under the influence of this Orphic poetry, Demeter was blended, or identified, with Rhea Cybele, the mother of the gods, the wilder earth-goddess of Phrygia; and the romantic figure of Dionysus Zagreus, Dionysus *the Hunter*, that most interesting, though somewhat melancholy variation on the better-known Dionysus, was brought, as son or brother of Persephone, into her circle, the mystical vine, who, as Persephone descends and ascends from the earth, is rent to pieces by the Titans every year and remains long in Hades, but every spring-time comes out of it again, renewing his youth. This identification of Demeter with Rhea Cybele is the motive which has inspired a beautiful chorus in the "Helena," the new "Helena," of Euripides, that great lover of all subtle refinements and modernisms, who, in this play, has worked on a strange version of the older story, which relates that only the phantom of Helen had really gone to Troy, herself remaining in Egypt all the time, at the court of King Proteus, where she is found at last by her husband Menelaus. The chorus has even less than usual to do with the action of the play, being linked to it only by a sort of parallel which may be understood between Menelaus seeking Helen, and Demeter seeking Persephone. Euripides then takes the matter of the Homeric hymn into the region of a higher and swifter poetry, and connects them with the more stimulating imagery of the Idæan mother. The Orphic mysticism or enthusiasm has been admitted into the story, which is now full of excitement, the motion of rivers, the sounds of the Bacchic cymbals heard over the mountains, as Demeter wanders among the woody valleys seeking her lost daughter, all directly expressed in the vivid Greek words. Demeter is no longer the subdued goddess of the quietly-ordered fields, but the mother of the gods, who has her abode in the heights of Mount Ida, who presides over the dews and waters of the white springs, whose flocks feed, not on grain, but on the curling tendrils of the vine, both of which she withholds in her anger, and whose chariot is drawn by wild beasts, fruit and emblem of the earth in its fiery strength. Not Hecate, but Pallas and Artemis in full armour, swift-footed, vindicators of chastity, accompany her in her search for Persephone, who is already expressly, *κόρη ἄρρητος*. When she rests from her long wanderings, it is into the stony thickets of Mount Ida, deep with snow,

that she throws herself, in her deep grief. When Zeus desires to end her pain, the muses and the *solemn* graces are sent to dance and sing before her. It is then that Cypris, the goddess of beauty, and the original cause, therefore, of her distress, takes into her hands the brazen tambourines of the Dionysiac worship with their Chthonian or deep-noted sound; and it is she, not the old Iambe, who with this wild music, heard thus for the first time, makes Demeter smile at last. "Great," so the chorus ends with a picture, "great is the power of the stoles of spotted fawn-skins, and the green leaves of ivy twisted about the sacred wands, and the wheeling motion of the tambourine whirled round in the air, and the long hair floating unbound in honour of Bromius, and the nocturnes of the goddess, when the moon looks full upon them."

The poem of Claudian on "The Rape of Proserpine," the longest extant work connected with the story of Demeter, yet itself unfinished, closes the world of classical poetry. Writing in the fourth century of the Christian era, Claudian has his subject before him in the whole extent of its various development, and also profits by those many pictorial representations of it, which, from the famous picture of Polygnotus downwards, delighted the ancient world. His poem, then, besides having an intrinsic charm, is valuable for some reflection in it of those lost works, being itself pre-eminently a work in colour and excelling in a kind of painting in words, which brings its subject very pleasantly almost to the eye of the reader. The mind of this late votary of the old gods, in a world rapidly changing, is crowded by all the beautiful forms generated by mythology, and now about to be forgotten. In this after-glow of Latin literature, lighted up long after their fortune had set, and just before their long night began, they pass before us in his verses with the utmost clearness, like the figures in an actual procession. The nursing of the infant sun and moon by Tethys; Proserpine and her companions gathering flowers at early dawn when the violets are drinking in the dew, still lying white upon the grass; the image of Pallas winding the peaceful blossoms about the steel crest of her helmet; the realm of Proserpine, softened somewhat by her coming, and filled with a quiet joy; the matrons of Elysium crowding to her marriage toilet, with the bridal veil of yellow in their hands; the Manes crowned with ghostly flowers and warmed a little at the

marriage-feast; the ominous dreams of the mother; the desolation of the home, like an empty bird's-nest or an empty fold, when she returns and finds Proserpine gone, and the spider at work over her unfinished embroidery; the strangely-figured raiment, the flowers in the grass, which were once blooming youths, having both their natural colour and the colour of their poetry in them, and the clear little fountain there, which was once the maiden Cyane; all this is shown in a series of descriptions, like the designs in some unwinding tapestry, like Proserpine's own embroidery, the description of which is the most brilliant of these pictures, and, in its quaint confusion of the images of philosophy with those of mythology, anticipates something of the fancy of the Italian Renaissance.

"Proserpina, filling the house soothingly with her low song, was working a gift against the return of her mother, with labour all to be in vain. In it she marked out with her needle the houses of the gods and the series of the elements, showing by what law, nature, the parent of all, settled the strife of ancient times, and the seeds of things departed into their right places; the lighter elements are borne aloft, the heavier fall to the centre; the air grows light with heat, a blazing light whirls round with the firmament; the sea flows; the earth hangs suspended in its place. And there were divers colours in it; she illuminated the stars with gold, infused a purple shade into the water, and heightened the shore with gems of flowers; and under her skilful hand the threads, with their inwrought luster, swell up, in momentary counterfeit of the waves; you might think that the sea-wind flapped against the rocks, and that a hollow murmur came creeping over the thirsty sands. She puts in the five zones, marking with a red ground the midmost zone, possessed by burning heat; its outline was parched and stiff; the threads seemed thirsty with the constant sunshine; on either side lay the two zones proper for human life, where a gentle temperance reigns; and at the extremes she drew the twin zones of numbing cold, making her work dun and sad with the hues of perpetual frost. She paints in, too, the sacred places of Dis, her father's brother, and the Manes, so fatal to her; and an omen of her doom was not wanting; for, as she worked, as if with foreknowledge of the future, her face became wet with a sudden burst of tears. And now, in the utmost border of the tissue, she had begun to wind in the

wavy line of the river Oceanus, with its glassy shallows; but the door sounds on its hinges, and she perceives the goddesses coming; the unfinished work drops from her hands, and a ruddy blush lights up in her clear and snow-white face."

I have reserved to the last what is perhaps the daintiest treatment of this subject in classical literature, the account of it which Ovid gives in the *Fasti*, a kind of Roman calendar, for the seventh of April, the day of the games of Ceres. He tells over again the old story, with much of which, he says, the reader will be already familiar; but he has something also of his own to add to it, which the reader will hear for the first time; and like one of those old painters who, in depicting a scene of Christian history, drew from their own fancy or experience its special setting and accessories, he translates the story into something very different from the Homeric hymn. The writer of the Homeric hymn had made Celeus a king, and represented the scene at Eleusis in a fair palace, like the Venetian painters who depict the persons of the holy family with royal ornaments. Ovid, on the other hand, is more like certain painters of the early Florentine school, who represent the holy persons among the more touching circumstances of humble life; and the special something of his own which he adds, is a pathos caught from homely things, not without a delightful, just perceptible, shade of humour even, so rare in such work. All the mysticism has disappeared; but instead we trace something of that "worship of sorrow," which has been sometimes supposed to have had no place in classical religious sentiment. In Ovid's well-finished elegiacs, the *Anthology* reaches its utmost delicacy; but I give here the following episode for the sake of its pathetic expression.

"After many wanderings Ceres had come to Attica. There, in the utmost dejection, for the first time, she sat down to rest on a bare stone, which the people of Attica still call the *stone of sorrow*. For many days she remained there motionless, under the open sky, heedless of the rain and of the frosty moonlight. Places have their fortunes; and what is now the illustrious town of Eleusis was then the field of an old man named Celeus. He was carrying home a load of acorns, and wild berries shaken down from the brambles, and dry wood for burning on the hearth; his little daughter was leading two goats home from the hills; and at home there was a little boy lying sick in his cradle.



'Mother,' said the little girl—and the goddess was moved at the name of mother—'what do you, all alone in this solitary place?' The old man stopped too, in spite of his heavy burden, and bade her take shelter in his cottage, though it was but a little one. But at first she refused to come; she looked like an old woman, and an old woman's coif confined her hair; and as the man still urged her, she said to him, 'Heaven bless you, and may children always be yours! My daughter has been stolen from me. Alas! how much happier is your lot than mine;' and, though weeping is impossible for the gods, as she spoke, a bright drop like a tear fell into her bosom. Soft-hearted, the little girl and the old man weep together. And after that the good man said, 'Arise! despise not the shelter of my little home; so may the daughter whom you seek be restored to you.' 'Lead me,' answered the goddess; 'you have found out the secret of moving me;' and she arose from the stone, and followed the old man; and as they went he told her of the sick child at home—how he is restless with pain, and cannot sleep. And she, before entering the little cottage, gathered from the untended earth the soothing and sleep-giving poppy; and as she gathered it, it is said that she forgot her vow, and tasted of the seeds, and broke her long fast, unaware. As she came through the door, she saw the house full of trouble, for now there was no more hope of life for the sick boy. She saluted the mother, whose name was Metaneira, and humbly kissed the lips of the child, with her own divine lips; then the paleness left its face, and suddenly the parents see the strength returning to its body; so great is the force that comes from the divine mouth. And the whole family was full of joy—the mother and the father and the little girl; they were the whole household."

## IV.

THREE profound ethical conceptions, three impressive sacred figures, have now defined themselves for the Greek imagination, condensed from all the traditions which have here been traced, from the hymns of the poets, from the instinctive and unformulated mysticism of primitive minds. Demeter has become the divine sorrowing mother. Kore, the goddess of summer, has become Persephone, the goddess of death, still associated with the forms and odours of flowers and fruit, yet as one risen from the dead also, presenting one side of her ambiguous nature to

men's gloomier fancies. Thirdly, there is the image of Demeter enthroned, chastened by sorrow, and somewhat advanced in age, blessing the earth, in her joy at the return of Kore. The myth has now entered on the third phase of its life, in which it becomes the property of those more elevated spirits, who, in the decline of the Greek religion, pick and choose and modify, with perfect freedom of mind, whatever in it may seem adapted to minister to their culture. In this way, the myths of the Greek religion become parts of an ideal, sensible embodiments of the susceptibilities and intuitions of the nobler kind of souls; and it is to this latest phase of mythological development that the highest Greek sculpture allies itself. Its function is to give visible, æsthetic expression to the constituent parts of that ideal. As poetry dealt chiefly with the *incidents* of the story, so it is with the *personages* of the story—with Demeter and Kore themselves—that sculpture has to do.

For the myth of Demeter, like the Greek religion in general, had its unlovelier side, grotesque, un-hellenic, unglorified by art, illustrated well enough by the description Pausanias gives us of his visit to the cave of the Black Demeter at Phigalia. In his time the image itself had vanished; but he tells us enough about it to enable us to realize its general characteristics, monstrous as the special legend with which it was connected, the black draperies, the horse's head united to the woman's body, with the carved reptiles creeping about it. If with the thought of this gloomy image of our mother the earth, in our minds, we take up one of those coins which bear the image of Kore or Demeter,\* we shall better understand what the function of sculpture really was in elevating and refining the religious conceptions of the Greeks. Looking on the profile, for instance, on one of those coins of Messene, which almost certainly represent Demeter, and noting the crisp, chaste opening of the lips, the minutely wrought earrings, and the delicately touched ears of corn—this trifle being justly regarded as, in its æsthetic qualities, an epitome of art on a larger scale—we shall see how far the imagination of the Greeks had travelled from what their Black Demeter shows us had once been possible for them, and in making the gods of their worship

\* On these small objects the mother and daughter are hard to distinguish, the latter being recognizable only by a greater delicacy in the features and the more evident stamp of youth.



the objects of a worthy companionship in men's thoughts. Certainly, the mind of the old workman who struck this coin was, if we may trust the testimony of his work, unclouded by impure or gloomy shadows. The thought of Demeter is impressed here with all the purity and proportion, the purged and dainty intelligence of the human countenance. The mystery of it is indeed absent, perhaps could hardly have been looked for in so slight a thing, intended for no sacred purpose, and tossed lightly from hand to hand. But in his firm hold on the harmonies of the human face, the designer of this tranquil head of Demeter is on the one road to a command over the secrets of all imaginative pathos and mystery; though, in the perfect fairness and blitheness of his work, he might seem almost not to have known the incidents of her terrible story.

It is probable that, at a later period than in other equally important temples of Greece, the earlier archaic representation of Demeter in the sanctuary of Eleusis was replaced by a more beautiful image in the new style, with face and hands of ivory, having therefore, in tone and texture, some subtler likeness to women's flesh, and the closely enveloping drapery being constructed in daintily beaten plates of gold. Demeter and Kore have been traced in certain blurred figures of the Parthenon, of the school of Pheidias, therefore; but Praxiteles seems to have been the first to bring into the region of a freer artistic handling these shy deities of the earth, shrinking still within the narrow restraints of a hieratic, conventional treatment, long after the more genuine Olympians had broken out of them. The school of Praxiteles, as distinguished from that of Pheidias, is especially the school of grace, relaxing a little the severe ethical tension of the latter, in favour of a slightly Asiatic sinuosity and tenderness. Pausanias tells us that he carved the two goddesses for the temple of Demeter at Athens; and Pliny speaks of two groups of his in brass, the one representing the stealing of Persephone, the other her later, annual descent into Hades, conducted thither by the now pacified mother. All alike have perished; though perhaps some more or less faint reflection of the most important of these designs may still be traced on many painted vases which depict the stealing of Persephone, a helpless, plucked flower in the arms of Aidoneus. And in this almost traditional form, the subject was often represented, in low relief, on tombs, some of which still re-

main, in one or two instances, built up, oddly enough, in the walls of Christian churches. On the tombs of women who had died in early life, this was a favourite subject, some likeness of the actual lineaments of the deceased being sometimes transferred to the features of Persephone.

Yet so far, it might seem, when we consider the interest of this story in itself, and its importance in the Greek religion, that no adequate expression of it had remained to us in works of art. But in the year 1857, Mr. Newton's discovery of the marbles in the sacred precinct of Demeter at Cnidus restored to us an illustration of the myth in its artistic phase, hardly less central than the Homeric hymn in its poetical phase. With the help of the descriptions and plans of Mr. Newton's book,\* we can form, as one always wishes to do in such cases, a clear idea of the place where these marbles, three statues of the best style of Greek sculpture, now in the British Museum, were found. Occupying a ledge of rock, looking towards the sea, at the base of a cliff of upheaved limestone, of singular steepness and regularity of surface, the spot presents indications of volcanic disturbance, as if a chasm in the earth had opened here. It was this character, suggesting the belief in an actual connection with the interior of the earth, local tradition claiming it as the scene of the stealing of Persephone, which probably gave rise, as in other cases where the landscape presented some peculiar feature in harmony with the story, to the dedication upon it of a house and an image of Demeter, with whom were associated Kore and the gods with Demeter — *οἱ θεοὶ παρὰ Δαμάτρη* — Aidoneus, and the mystical Dionysus. The house seems to have been a small chapel only, of simple construction, and designed for private use, the site itself having been private property, consecrated by a particular family, for their own religious uses, although other persons, servants or dependents of the founders, may also have frequented it. The architecture seems to have been insignificant, but the sculpture costly and exquisite, belonging, if contemporary with the erection of the building, to a great period of Greek art, of which also it is judged to possess intrinsic marks, about the year 350 before Christ, the probable date of the dedication of the little temple. The artists by whom these works were produced were therefore either the con-

\* A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ.

temporaries of Praxiteles, whose Venus was for many centuries the glory of Cnidus, or belonged to the generation immediately succeeding him. The temple itself was probably thrown down by a renewal of the volcanic disturbances; the statues however remaining, and the ministers and worshippers still continuing to make shift for their sacred business in the place now doubly venerable, but with its temple un-restored, down to the second or third century of the Christian era, its frequenters being now perhaps mere chance comers, the family of the original donors having become extinct, or having deserted it. Into this later arrangement, divined clearly by Mr. Newton, through those faint indications which mean much for true experts, the extant remains, as they were found upon the spot, permit us to enter. It is one of the graves of that old religion, but with much still fresh in it. We see it with its provincial superstitions, and its curious magic rites, but also with its means of really solemn impressions, in the culminating forms of Greek art; the two faces of the Greek religion confronting each other here, and the whole having that rare peculiarity of a kind of personal stamp upon it, the place having been designed to meet the fancies of one particular soul, or at least of one family. It is always difficult to bring the every-day aspect of Greek religion home to us; but even the slightest details of this little sanctuary help us to do this; and knowing little, as we do, of the greater mysteries of Demeter, this glance into an actual religious place dedicated to her, and with the air of her worship still about it, is doubly interesting. The little votive figures of the goddesses in baked earth were still lying stored in the small treasury intended for such objects, or scattered about the feet of the images, together with lamps in great number, a lighted lamp being a favourite offering, in memory of the torches with which Demeter sought Persephone, or from some sense of inherent darkness in these gods of the earth, those torches in the hands of Demeter being originally the artificial warmth and brightness of lamp and fire on winter nights. The *diræ* or spells, binding or devoting certain persons to the infernal gods, inscribed on thin rolls of lead, with holes sometimes for hanging them up about those quiet statues, still lay, just as they were left, anywhere within the sacred precinct, illustrating at once the gloomier side of the Greek religion in general, and of Demeter and Persephone especially, in their character of avenging deities, and, as

relics of ancient magic reproduced so strangely at other times and places, reminding us of the permanence of certain odd ways of human thought. A woman binds with her spell the person who seduces her husband away from her and her children; another the person who has accused her of preparing poison for her husband; another devotes one who has not restored a borrowed garment, or has stolen a bracelet, or certain drinking-horns; and, from some instances, we might infer that this was a favourite place of worship for the poor and ignorant. In this living picture we find still lingering on, at the foot of the beautiful Greek marbles, that phase of religious temper which a cynical mind might think a truer link of its unity and permanence than any higher æsthetic instincts, a phase of it which the art of sculpture, humanizing and refining man's conceptions of the unseen, tended constantly to do away. For the higher side of the Greek religion, thus humanized and refined by art, and elevated by it to the sense of beauty, is here also.

There were three ideal forms, as we saw, gradually shaping themselves in the development of the story of Demeter, waiting only for complete realization at the hands of the sculptor; and now, with these forms in our minds, let us place ourselves in thought before the three images which once probably occupied, one of them being then wrought on a larger scale, the three niches or ambries in the face of that singular cliff at Cnidus. Of the three figures, one probably represents Persephone, as the goddess of the dead; the second, Demeter enthroned; the third is probably a portrait-statue of a priestess of Demeter, but may perhaps, even so, represent Demeter herself, Demeter *Achæa*, Ceres *Deserta*, the *mater dolorosa* of the Greeks, a type not as yet recognized in any other work of ancient art. Certainly it seems hard not to believe that this work is in some way connected with the legend of the place to which it belonged, and the main subject of which it realizes so completely; and at least it shows how the higher Greek sculpture would have worked out this motive. If Demeter at all, it is Demeter the seeker, *Ἀίω*, as she was called in the mysteries, in some pause of her restless wandering over the world in search of the lost child, and become at last an abstract type of the wanderer. The Homeric hymn, as we saw, had its sculptural motives, the great gestures of Demeter, who was ever the stately goddess, as she

followed the daughters of Celeus, or sat by the well-side, or went out and in, through the halls of the palace, expressed in monumental words. With the sentiment of that monumental Homeric presence this statue is penetrated, uniting a certain solemnity of attitude and bearing, to a profound piteousness, an unrivalled pathos of expression. There is something of the pity of Michelangelo's *Pietà*, in the wasted form and the marred countenance, yet with the light breaking faintly over it from the eyes, which, contrary to the usual practice in ancient sculpture, are represented as looking upwards. It is the aged woman who has escaped from pirates, who has but just escaped being sold as a slave, calling on the young for pity. The sorrows of her long wanderings seem to have passed into the marble; and in this too, it meets the demands which the reader of the Homeric hymn, with its command over the resources of human pathos, makes upon the sculptor. The tall figure, in proportion above the ordinary height, is veiled, and clad to the feet in the longer tunic, its numerous folds hanging in heavy parallel lines, opposing the lines of the peplos, or cloak, which cross it diagonally over the breast, enwrapping the upper portion of the body somewhat closely. It is the very type of the wandering woman, going grandly indeed, as Homer describes her, yet so human in her anguish, that I seem to recognize some far descended shadow of her, in the homely figure of the roughly clad French peasant woman, who, in one of Corot's pictures, is hasting along under a sad light, as the day goes out behind the little hill. We have watched the growth of the merely personal sentiment in the story; and we may notice that, if this figure be indeed Demeter, then the conception of her has become wholly humanized; no trace of the primitive import of the myth, no colour or scent of the mystical earth, remains about it.

The seated figure, much mutilated and worn by long exposure, yet possessing, according to the best critics, marks of the school of Praxiteles, is almost undoubtedly the image of Demeter enthroned. Three times in the Homeric hymn she is represented as sitting, once by the fountain at the wayside, again in the house of Celeus, and again in the newly finished temple of Eleusis; but always in sorrow; seated on the πέτρα ὑγέλαστος, which, as Ovid told us, the people of Attica still called the *stone of sorrow*. Here she is represented in her later state of reconcil-

iation, enthroned as the glorified mother of all things. The delicate plaiting of the tunic about the throat, the formal curling of the hair, and a certain weight of overthoughtfulness in the brows, recall the manner of Leonardo, a master, one of whose characteristics is a very sensitive expression of the sentiment of maternity. I am reminded especially of a work by one of his scholars, "The Virgin of the Balances," in the Louvre, a picture which has been thought to represent, under a veil, the blessing of universal nature, and in which the sleepy-looking heads, with a peculiar grace and refinement of somewhat advanced life in them, have just this half-weary posture. We see here, then, the Hera of the world below, the Stygian Juno, the chief of those Elysian matrons who come crowding, in the poem of Claudian, to the marriage toilet of Proserpine, the goddess of the fertility of the earth and of all creatures, but still of fertility as arisen out of death;\* and therefore she is not without a certain pensiveness, having seen the seed fall into the ground and die, many times. Persephone has returned to her, and the hair spreads like a rich harvest over her shoulders; but she is still veiled, and knows that the seed must fall into the ground again, and Persephone descend again from her.

The statues of the supposed priestess, and of the enthroned Demeter, are of more than the size of life; the figure of Persephone is but seventeen inches high, a daintily handled toy of Parian marble, the miniature copy perhaps of a much larger work, which might well be reproduced on a magnified scale. The conception of Demeter is throughout chiefly human, and even domestic, though never without a hieratic interest, because she is not a goddess only, but also a priestess. In contrast, Persephone is wholly unearthly, the close companion, and even the confused double, of Hecate, the goddess of midnight terrors, *Despæna*, the final mistress of all that lives; and as sorrow is the characteristic sentiment of Demeter, so awe of Persephone. She is compact of sleep, and death, and flowers, but of narcotic flowers especially, a *revenant*, who in the garden of Aidoneus has eaten of the pomegranate, and bears always the secret of decay in her, in the mystery of its swallowed seeds; sometimes, in later work, holding in her hand the key of the great prison-house, but

\* "Pallere ligustra,  
Exspirare rosas, decrescere lilia vidi."

which unlocks all secrets also, there finally, or through oracles revealed in dreams; sometimes, like Demeter, the poppy, emblem of sleep and death by its narcotic juices, of life and resurrection by its innumerable seeds, of the dreams, therefore, that may intervene between falling asleep and waking. Treated as it is in the Homeric hymn, and still more in this statue, the image of Persephone may be regarded as the result of many efforts to lift the old Chthonian gloom, still living on in heavier souls, concerning the grave, to connect it with impressions of dignity and beauty, and a certain sweetness even: it is meant to make us in love, or at least at peace, with death. The Persephone of Praxiteles' school, then, is *Aphrodite-Persephone*, *Venus-Libitina*. Her shadowy eyes have gazed upon the fainter colouring of the under-world, and the tranquillity, born of it, has "passed into her face;" for the Greek Hades is, after all, but a quiet, twilight place, not very different from that House of Fame where Dante places the great souls of the classical world; Aidoneus himself being conceived in the highest Greek sculpture as but a gentler Zeus, the great innkeeper; so that when a certain Greek sculptor had failed in his portraiture of Zeus, because it had too little hilarity, too little in the eyes and brow of the open and cheerful sky, he only changed its title, and the thing passed excellently, with its heavy locks and shadowy eyebrows, for the god of the dead. The image of Persephone, then, as it is here composed, with the tall tower-like head-dress, from which the veil depends — the corn-basket, originally carried thus by the Greek women, balanced on the head — giving the figure unusual length, has the air of a body bound about with grave-clothes; while the archaic hands and feet, and a certain stiffness in the folds of the drapery, give it something of a hieratic character, and to the modern observer may suggest a sort of kinship with the more chastened kind of Gothic work. But quite of the school of Praxiteles is the general character of the composition; the graceful waving of the hair, the fine shadows of the little face, of the eyes and lips especially, like the shadows of a flower — a flower risen noiselessly from its dwelling in the dust — though still with that fulness or heaviness in the brow, as of sleepy people, which, in the delicate gradations of Greek sculpture, distinguish the infernal deities from their Olympian kindred. The object placed in the hand may be, perhaps, a stiff archaic flower, but is probably the

partly-consumed pomegranate, one morsel gone; the most usual emblem of Persephone being this mystical fruit, which, because of the multitude of its seeds, was to the Romans a symbol of fecundity, and was sold at the doors of the temples of Ceres, that the women might offer it there, and bear numerous children; and so, to the Middle Age, became a symbol of the fruitful earth itself; and then of that other seed sown in the dark under-world; and at last of that whole hidden region, so thickly sown, which Dante visited, Michelino painting him, in the Duomo of Florence, with this fruit in his hand, and Botticelli putting it into the childish hands of Him, who, if men "go down into hell, is there also."

There is an attractiveness in these goddesses of the earth akin to the influence of cool places, quiet houses, subdued light, tranquillizing voices; for me, at least, I know it has been good to be with Demeter and Persephone, all the time I have been reading and thinking of them; and all through this essay, I have been asking myself, what is there in this phase of ancient religion for us at the present day? The myth of Demeter and Persephone, then, illustrates the power of the Greek religion as a religion of pure ideas, of conceptions, which having no link on historical fact, yet, because they arose naturally out of the spirit of man, and embodied, in adequate symbols, his deepest thoughts concerning the conditions of his physical and spiritual life, maintained their hold through many changes, and are still not without a solemnizing power even for the modern mind, which has once admitted them as recognized and habitual inhabitants; and abiding thus for the elevation and purifying of our sentiments, long after the earlier and simpler races of their worshippers have passed away, they may be a pledge to us of the place in our culture, at once legitimate and possible, of the associations, the conceptions, the imagery, of Greek religious poetry in general, of the poetry of all religions.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE DILEMMA.

CHAPTER LI.

(continued.)

"THESE villas must be very pretty in the summer," observed Yorke, still disposed for the present to cover the posi-

tion with commonplaces; "but I should not fancy them at this season. They look cold and damp."

"No one stays in them during the winter," said Lucy; "they all belong to London people, who merely come down for the summer months."

"That one seems to be inhabited," observed Yorke; "look at the smoke coming from the chimney." He pointed to the house nearest to them, standing in a little garden in the angle where the road left the river — a small, rather dilapidated cottage of wood. In the summer, and when covered with leafy creepers to hide the state of disrepair, it might have been attractive from its picturesque situation, but now it looked shabby and forlorn.

"That little cottage has been taken only lately," replied Lucy, "by an invalid lady."

"It does not seem a very good situation for an invalid; do you know her?"

"Papa and Mrs. Peevor have called on her,—we always call on everybody, you know, as soon as they come to this neighbourhood," she said, with a little jerk of the chin and pout of the lip, which Yorke thought very piquant, "although everybody does not always return our calls. But they did not see her. I daresay it would be too far for her to walk to 'The Beeches' in return; but I am sure papa would send a carriage for her in a minute if he knew how to offer it without giving offence."

"Is the lady a widow?"

"No; I believe her husband is abroad somewhere, but we really know very little about her. She is a Mrs. Wood. These must be her children, I think;" and as Lucy spoke, a maid with two children, coming along the Coldbrook road past the inn while they had been looking up the river, was almost close to them. She was a common-looking girl, who might be a maid of all work. The children, although evidently of gentle-folk, were poorly and not very warmly clad. One, a little girl who might be between four and five years old, the maid led by the hand, the younger she carried in her arms.

As the little party passed by where Yorke and Lucy were standing, the child on foot turned to look at Minnie and Lottie, the servant meanwhile dragging her along.

Yorke stepped up to them, and the girl stopped and made a rough curtsy.

"You seem cold, my little maid," said Yorke to the child, taking her face kindly between his hands, "you must get indoors

by the fire, and then you will soon be warm again."

The child looked up at him inquiringly, without replying, and then turned towards Minnie and Lottie, who had come up and were standing by. She had an oval face, and large, dark, melancholy eyes, and only wanted colour to be very pretty.

She looked as if admiringly at the rich fur-trimmed jackets and gay worsted gaiters which Minnie and Lottie wore, in marked contrast to her own shabby clothes. There seemed no envy in her gaze, although perchance some vague perception may have aroused the child's mind that these fine clothes symbolized the difference in the lot of the happy wearers from that which had been cast for herself.

Minnie and Lottie, their hoops in one hand, and holding the skirts of their elder sister's dress with the other, stood looking at the little stranger with the sort of mistrust that children are wont to evince towards other children at first sight.

Yorke, too, looked silently at the little pale sad face, which seemed to him to call up memories of some bygone scene, when and how he could not tell; perchance some dim-remembered dream.

Then the younger child in the nurse's arms began to whimper, and turning its face away as if frightened, hid it in the girl's shoulder; and the latter, with another awkward curtsy, stepped out towards the cottage, dragging the elder child after her.

"Poor little things!" said Lucy, as they passed on, "they must feel the cold terribly. Don't you wish you had brought some sugarplums, Lottie, to give to that poor little girl?"

"Me told too," said Lottie, "and me so tired — won't you tarry me, 'Oocie?" And, indeed, these little hot-house plants were already feeling the reaction from their unwonted exercise; and Lucy observing that her papa would scold them for having come so far, the party set out homewards, Yorke carrying Lottie on his shoulder, while Lucy led the other little one by the hand.

This arrangement was not favourable for pursuing the conversation into the interesting course it had taken before; and it was still hovering about the commonplace when the rumble of carriage-wheels was heard, and the landau drove up. Mrs. Peevor was inside, having come downstairs in time to take her usual drive, and the whole party were taken up and the horses turned towards home. And wrapped

up in rugs, and sitting on Yorke's knee, with genial warmth diffused through the carriage by an ample hot-water cistern (a special arrangement designed by Johnson the engineer), little Lottie soon forgot her troubles.

"You must have been cold, indeed, my darlings," said their mamma, as they drew near home; "it is really not weather for children to be walking about in."

"Lucy was very cold too," said Minnie. "Lucy was crying with cold."

"Oocie was trying with told," interrupted Lottie, "and so Turnel'Orke tised her —"

"Look at the pretty white frost on the trees, Lottie, dear," said Yorke, bumping his little charge up and down on his knee so that speech failed the child for further revelations. Her mamma, however, did not appear to notice the remark, nor Lucy's confusion; and the house being now reached, the latter at once ran up-stairs to her room.

Yorke inquired of the servant who opened the door where Mr. Peevor could be found. The die was cast; and Lucy's last glance as she hurried away half frightened, yet radiant with joy, filled him with elation.

Mr. Peevor had not yet returned from his walk. But the man had in his hand a telegram just arrived for Yorke.

It was from his London agents. A Mrs. Polwheedle had just called to inquire his address, and wished most particularly to see him on very urgent business. She was staying at the — Hotel.

Very urgent business! Here was an interruption indeed. Yorke looked at his watch. There was just time, by taking the carriage still at the door, to catch a train at the Hamwell station. If he waited for Mr. Peevor's return, and missed that, he must wait three hours for another, and would not be able to get back till quite late; so his resolution was taken at once, and declining Mrs. Peevor's proposal for luncheon first, and promising to be back for dinner if possible, he jumped into the carriage and drove off. Go he must under the circumstances, and the sooner he got away the sooner he should get back. Mrs. Polwheedle! He had almost forgotten her existence, but he remembered now having heard that she had left India. But what could she want with him? Perhaps she might want to see him for mere curiosity, or because she found herself bewildered on first coming home. Even if she were in trouble it would hardly be necessary to stay over

the day in town. And his thoughts going back to the event of the morning, the recollection of the scene on the hill soon drove out from them Mrs. Polwheedle and her message, as he realized the fact that the irrevocable step was taken which must lead to a new path in life. For more had passed on that occasion than has here been told; the exchange of looks and glances, and all the sweet telegraphy of love which cannot be set down in words. And he divined, and truly, that not only had Lucy given him her heart, but that the gift had now been given for the first time. His part must now be to acquire the lover's enthusiasm in return, and indeed he found himself making rapid progress in that direction. If he could not get back by dinner-time, he would at any rate return soon afterwards, in time to speak to Mr. Peevor that very night, and seeing Lucy once again, to reassure himself of her feelings towards him.

In pleasant musings of this kind the short journey was soon accomplished, when, as he got out of the carriage at the terminus, he saw his old friend Maxwell stepping from another compartment higher up the platform.

Pressing forward through the crowd, he overtook him just as he was hailing a cab. Again there was the same mixture of reserve and confusion with cordiality which had marked Maxwell's manner at the last meeting. He had been down near Castle-royal, he said, to visit an old friend who was a great invalid. He must hurry away now, having an urgent appointment; would not Yorke come and dine with him at the Asiatic Club that evening? — no, not that evening, he was engaged, but the following — and have a talk over old times; and Yorke accepting the invitation, the other, again pleading hurry, drove off.

Then, as Yorke stood watching the receding cab, while mingled feelings of annoyance and surprise at this strange reception came uppermost, the truth suddenly flashed upon him. Maxwell's visits, the confusion at meeting him, — it was all plain now. The child whose face had moved him so strongly at the time was Olivia's child, and Olivia herself was the sick lady. The very name, too, assumed by the lady whose husband was abroad, ought to have furnished the clue. How dull of him not to have understood this sooner! It was Olivia who lived in the poor cottage by the river; Olivia deserted by her husband, living there alone with her children, ill and in want. And he had been all this time in England, and had



even passed her door, and had brought her no succour! And as her old lover stood on the spot where he had parted from Maxwell, musing, amid the bustle of the busy station, over what had just happened, while each moment the feeling of certainty that he had guessed right grew stronger, all thought of present aims and hopes, and even of the cause for his journey, passed away, while his memory wandered back to old times, treading again once more the familiar scenes which it had so often trod before.

A train was on the point of starting for Castleroyal, and there was just time to get a ticket for Shoalbrook and take his place in it. He had no definite idea of what he would do, but at least he would go down and look again at the poor cottage by the river, and perhaps gain access to Olivia, with offers of service; at any rate the journey was necessary, if only to get rid of the restless eagerness that now possessed him.

He left the train at Shoalbrook, and by way at once of warming himself and calming down the excitement under which he laboured—not lessened by the reflection which overtook him on the journey that he had deserted Mrs. Polwheedle in her call for succour—he set out to walk the three miles or more up the river-bank which would bring him to the point he had visited in the morning. The weather by this time had changed with the true fickleness of an English climate; a dull afternoon had succeeded to the bright morning: the thaw which had set in had restored the surface of the ground to its ordinary winter state; the rising wind drove the mist in his face as he trudged along the miry path; and the short winter's day was coming to an end as he reached the spot where he had met Olivia's children. Changed was the scene now, and dull and drear the view which would look so bright and cheerful at the same hour on a summer's day. At his feet ran the river, swollen and rapid, the banks silent and deserted, and the only signs of life the light in the windows of the wayside inn which he had just passed. The cottage, from where he stood, was dark and silent, and seemed as if deserted. Irresolute he walked a little way past it, up the river-bank, asking himself what he should do next. Suppose that Olivia, if still there, was too ill to see him? In any case, might not the shock of meeting him in this way do her harm? Or suppose that under the burden of her misfortunes she had come to regard him as an enemy, as no doubt her

husband did, what good would come of his presenting himself thus unexpectedly? She might refuse to see him. And before the stern facts of the situation the indefinite hopes of a meeting which had brought him down from London melted away. He would have done better to wait and see Maxwell first, and learn how matters stood. Mrs. Polwheedle's message, too, was probably connected with Olivia. He should at any rate have waited to see her. Yet how wait when Olivia was in want and trouble? And all this time he had been spending his money on amusement, living a life of luxury and pleasure. And thus reproaching himself there came up a vision of "The Beeches" with all its profusion and waste, and for the moment it and its inmates seemed objects for contempt and almost aversion, while his heart was filled with deepest pity for his old love, the glorious creature he had once known radiant with youth and beauty, now living in this squalor, prematurely aged no doubt by care and sickness, the mother of these poor half-clothed children.

Turning in his irresolution, and walking back again past the cottage, still dark and silent, in the direction of the inn, he met a person, the first he had seen, coming towards him, evidently a resident in the neighbourhood from his leisurely pace; and under a sudden impulse Yorke turned towards him to inquire whether the occupants of the cottage had left it. But as he did so, the stranger, who wore a broad-brimmed hat and large cloak, turned away suddenly, declining his proposal so pointedly that Yorke desisted from his purpose, noticing, as the stranger hurried off to avoid him, that, although walking quickly, he was lame, and moved with evident difficulty.

"The gentleman takes me for a tramp, I suppose," thought Yorke; "and yet even in this light I hardly look like one, although in one sense he is right. But perhaps I shall get some information at the inn." And he continued his course in that direction.

Arrived in front of the inn he turned round to look at the cottage, from this point about a couple of hundred yards off. The outline of the roof could now scarcely be made out in the dim twilight; but while gazing at it a light suddenly appeared in an upper window. So, then, Olivia was still there. "That is her room, no doubt," he said to himself. "Poor soul! she has to be sparing of candles, I suppose;" and again there came up a vision of "The Beeches," and the brilliant illumination of



which it was the scene every afternoon, when Johnson the engineer attended by a footman went round to light up the house. "Olivia must be keeping her room," he continued, soliloquizing, "so it would have been useless going to the house after all."

But no! while he stood watching the light, it suddenly disappeared from the upper window, and after a brief pause reappeared in a lower room. It had evidently been carried down-stairs. And Yorke, acting under a sudden impulse, hurried across the intervening space, and entering the little garden by the wicket-gate, went up to the door of the cottage and rang the bell.

## CHAPTER LII.

THE summons was answered by the servant whom Yorke had seen with the children in the morning, who fulfilled apparently the double office of housemaid and nurse. He inquired whether Mrs. Wood was within.

The girl stood irresolute, as if not without suspicion of a visitor at such an hour. What name should she say? she asked, holding the door only half open.

"Say an old friend, say Colonel Yorke has called to inquire after Mrs. Wood."

As he spoke, Olivia, attracted by the sound of his voice and his name, appeared at the door of the sitting-room which opened on to the little hall. Seeing her he stepped inside diffidently, not knowing how she would receive him.

But Olivia came forward holding out both hands in greeting. In her solitude the sound of her faithful friend's voice came as a joyful surprise; and as she led the way into the parlour, there was a flush of pleasure on her face which had of late seldom been present there.

But Yorke did not notice this. The room, although lighter than the hall, was lit up only by a pair of candles and a fire which had got low, and he could not make out her face plainly. Still he could see that time had set its mark there. She looked much older than when they last met, but little more than four years before; and, always slight of figure, she was now thin and wasted. This much he had time to note, without looking too fixedly at her; and yet, he thought, no face had ever looked so sweet.

"You are surprised to see me?" he asked, as she motioned to him to be seated.

"I am very pleased to see you," she said, smiling greetings at him, and looking, he thought, more wan than before. "But

how did you find me out?" And as she asked the question her face assumed an expression of anxiety and reserve. Perhaps she now began to regret that the secret of her disguise should be discovered.

"It was by a curious chance. I met Mackenzie Maxwell this afternoon."

"Ah! and he told you of my being here. Of course that would easily account for it." And Yorke could see that Olivia looked vexed, as if at the betrayal of her confidence.

"Is it always to be so?" thought Yorke, bitterly. "Are others always to be trusted in preference, and myself made of no account?" Then he added aloud, "No, Maxwell told me nothing. He kept your counsel well enough. But the fact is, as chance would have it, I am staying on a visit in this neighbourhood. Walking to the river this morning, close by, I saw—I saw your children, without knowing whose they were; but meeting Maxwell shortly afterwards in the train coming from this direction, the truth flashed upon me, and I came down to see if I could be of service."

Olivia said something about his great kindness, and that he always was very kind, but still maintaining the reserved manner in which she had now wrapped herself.

Yorke went on: "I should not have presumed to suppose that I could be of use, but that I also knew that you and the children were alone in England. The fact is, I saw your husband in Egypt. That was quite by chance too, and he did not see me; but need I say how truly glad I was to see him in harness again on congenial work? But that was last spring. I conclude he is still there? I hope you have good accounts from him?"

"Thank you," said Olivia, "he is very well: at least he was when last I heard. He has gone on an expedition into Upper Egypt just now, so that his letters do not come very regularly, but I believe the life agrees with him very well."

"And is there any prospect of your going out to join him there?"

"My husband has not said anything about my doing so, and it would be difficult to leave the children. It will probably be best that I should stay at home till he is able to join me here."

Olivia said this with an effort, her face as she did so seeming to grow still more sad and wan, and Yorke began to feel certain of what he had suspected from the first. She was not merely contending with ill health, and poverty shared with

her husband; she was also a deserted wife.

Indignation struggled with the desire not to say anything that might offend against her sense of wifely dignity. After some hesitation he continued: "My desire to be of service arose from my seeing you here." Looking round the little room, the shabby furniture of which appeared the worse that it was very untidy and littered with toys — Olivia herself, still neatly though cheaply clad, the only comely object in it — he added, "This surely is not a fit place for you to be in. It must be a very damp house in winter, on the edge of the river, and a cold one too. I was sorry when I heard this morning that it was occupied by a lady in delicate health, little guessing who the lady was; but now —"

"It is not a nice situation at this time of year, certainly. The children suffer — we all suffer who are in the house; but we came down for the autumn only, and stayed on for various reasons longer than was intended."

"I think I can understand; your husband being in such remote parts, there may be a difficulty about remittances coming punctually —"

"Quite so," said Olivia, catching at the suggestion. "It was very embarrassing, of course; but in my difficulty I bethought me of Dr. Maxwell, such a very old friend of my poor father's, you know — and he put matters straight at once. His kindness has been perfectly invaluable to me in this temporary difficulty; indeed I don't know what I should have done but for his help." And at this point poor Olivia nearly broke down, and the tear stood in the dark eyes, which seemed larger and more lustrous than ever.

"Then are you not going to stay here much longer?"

"No; Dr. Maxwell is going to take lodgings for us on the south coast, where the air is milder; we move the day after to-morrow. I must summon up courage in the morning," she added, smiling faintly, "to undertake the labour of packing."

"But I suppose the small worries of life may not end with a change of residence. I don't want to put myself on a footing with Maxwell, but surely I may claim to be an old friend too. Time was, perhaps," he continued, with some hesitation, "when I could not have professed the same disinterested views, but all that, as you know, is past and gone. May I not now offer the hearty services of one who claims to be an old friend too, and nothing more?"

Having said this, his conscience misgave him for his heartlessness. Was this a time, when her state had fallen so low, to twit her with the loss of the spell by which she held him so long enchained?

And poor Olivia herself may have been woman enough to feel a passing pang on being reminded that she had no longer the same power of fascination over the once constant lover, for there was a slight tone of pique in her manner as she thanked him for putting the matter on so straightforward a footing; but she added that there was really no need to make use of his most kind offers of service — for that Dr. Maxwell had got over all her difficulties for her.

"But still there may be present wants," persisted Yorke; "surely when I have more money than I know what to do with at my bankers, the obligation would be quite nominal only if you made use of a small sum, till you were placed in funds yourself. The children, for instance, might surely have some warmer clothing with advantage."

"Poor little darlings," said their mother, "I am afraid they have felt the cold very much; but they will be better off to-morrow, I hope. The fact is, — I can hardly explain how it is — I never was a good hand at business matters, you know, — it appears there is some money due to me, which ought to have come before. Dr. Maxwell has put it all right now. And to-morrow the children's warm clothes will be here. But I am so very much obliged to you all the same. Pray do not think me ungrateful."

Just then the maid came in with the children, — the latter looking, Yorke noticed, almost as ill-kept and untidy as herself, — which made a timely diversion from the forced manner which had so far marked the interview. Yorke had soon the little Olivia on his knee, for children always took readily to him; the younger sat on its mother's lap. He had never before seen her in the character of a mother, and as she sat with the child nestling in her arms, looking pale and fragile, but with still the old grace in every attitude, he could not but be struck by the contrast between the present Olivia, with one poor drab to help her in the labours of the ill-found household, and the radiant young beauty at whose shrine he used to worship, with no cares and no duties, save such as flowed out of her accomplishments, and who seemed fashioned to command service and devotion from all who came around her.

Presently, while Olivia, still trying to hide her own troubles, was turning the conversation to Yorke himself and his doings, and inquiring with a semblance of great interest about the Peevors, the fame of whose beautiful place had reached her, and expressing her regret at being unable to return their visit, the servant came in to say tea was ready, should she bring it in? looking, as she spoke, doubtfully towards the visitor, as if to suggest that it had better be deferred till his departure.

Olivia told her to bring it, adding to Yorke that she hoped he would stop and take tea; it was more than tea, she said, with a little laugh—it was the children's tea and her dinner in one: but something in her way of putting the invitation—whether arising from prudery or reserve, or a wish not to exhibit before him the humble nature of the meal, he could not tell—seemed to imply that she did not really wish him to stay, and reluctantly refusing the offer, he rose to go. How short and unsatisfactory and commonplace the visit had been!

The leave-taking was less cordial on Olivia's part than had been the first greeting. This time she held out only one hand, but she followed him to the outer door. She appeared indeed glad in her loneliness to have seen him, and at times it seemed as if she were acting a part, and the forced composure could not be sustained; but, on the whole, the desire to maintain reserve seemed uppermost.

Just as Yorke was opening the hall-door, Olivia standing by him, he bethought him of Mrs. Polwheedle's message, and turning round he said that he expected to see that lady the next day.

"Mrs. Polwheedle in England!" cried Olivia; "how I should like to see her! To meet an old friend like her again would be such a happiness. She was so kind to me when we were up in the hills together," continued Olivia, seeing that Yorke appeared surprised at her speaking thus warmly of the lady. "I do not know what I should have done, for I was very helpless and strange to the country, without her help. She quite took care of me in those days."

"Then may I tell her you are here? May I bring her down with me to-morrow, if she is able to come?"

Olivia hesitated for an instant. In her loneliness her face brightened at the prospect of seeing her old companion again. But then she shook her head sadly. "Major Yorke," she said, for by this title she knew him, "you see me living here

under a false name; how can I dare to face my old friends while in such a state of degradation? No; you are all very kind—it has been a real pleasure to see you; perhaps some day," she continued, with a quivering lip, struggling to repress the emotion which almost broke her down,—“perhaps some day things will look brighter for my husband and myself, and we may be able to come out of of this concealment and disgrace. God knows! the way does not look very clear at present.” Then she offered him her hand once more in token that he was dismissed, and having no further excuse for staying, he gave one earnest look at the sad eyes, and turning round left the house.

He walked through the little garden, and then letting himself out by the gate, stood musing awhile, thinking how unsatisfactory his visit had been—how unlike what he should have expected it to be, if he had thought about it beforehand. To meet after an absence of several years the woman who had been to him for so long more than all the world besides, to find her friendless and in distress, and yet to come away having done nothing to help her, and with nothing (except just at the last) said on either side which might not have passed between casual visiting acquaintances. "Must it always be so, that I am never to be able to help her in any way? And why is it," he also asked himself, "that while I am no longer in love with her, and would not marry her if she were free and wanted to have me, her voice thrills through me as that of no other woman has ever done or ever will do; and that sitting there, worn and faded, in that shabby little room, she still seems to me the noblest and most lovely of her sex? Am I under a spell, or is she really so far above all other women that none are worth gaining when she is lost?"

Thoughts of this sort passing through his mind, Yorke moved on towards the inn. But he had made only two or three steps when, raising his head, he noticed the figure of a man standing on the side of the pathway, leaning over the paling and looking into the garden.

Yorke stopped; his first thought was that the house was lonely and occupied by women, and a man watching it at that hour might mean no good. And he stepped up to the figure to see who it was. As he did so, the person turned away and moved off up the river; and although it was now quite dark, he could distinguish the large hat and lame gait of the gentle-

man he had seen before. Reassured on this point Yorke resumed his course to the inn, for he now stood in want of food, wondering that the gentleman should choose such a time for exercise.

The interior of the "River Belle," for such was the name of the wayside inn, looked cheerful by contrast with the gloomy evening outside. On the right side of the little hall or entrance passage was a parlour, the open door of which showed a fire to be burning inside; on the opposite side was a sort of public coffee-room, with the bar at one end, at the back of which a door opened into another room. Walking into the coffee-room, and ordering some refreshment to be got ready and served in the parlour, he was told that it was engaged, but that another private room could be provided if he wished it. He elected, however, to stay where he was; a cheerful fire burnt in the hearth, before which was a small round table, and the room was empty save for the hostess, sitting behind the bar engaged in needle-work.

Yorke began talking with the landlady, when after giving orders from the back room about his dinner she returned to her station behind the bar. The River Belle seemed a snug little place, he remarked; he supposed they had plenty of visitors in the summer. Plenty, said the landlady; very often more than they could find room for: sometimes as many as a dozen gents would be taking their meals at a time in that very room, besides them that preferred to sit outside under the trees. But in the winter they had not much business? Not much, nothing to speak of; indeed they might as well shut up in winter if it wasn't for the look of the thing. But they had a visitor just now, had they not? Yes, the gent who occupies the parlour; he was out just now taking a bit of a walk, which he oughtn't to be, on such a night, for he was quite an invalid gentleman; seemed to have met with a dreadful railway accident or something of the sort, quite a cripple as one might say, and a terrible object to look at, poor man. "That's him," continued the woman, "speaking to my husband outside."

Yorke had started to his feet on hearing the sound of the voice. Many a time had he faced danger, battle, murder, and sudden death, but never before had the blood seemed to stand still within him as it did on hearing the accents of this voice.

For a moment his limbs refused obedience, as he stood trembling with surprise

and horror; then summoning strength, he passed out into the passage.

The stranger was standing in the doorway with his back to Yorke, speaking to some one under the porch outside, the landlord apparently, who was making some remarks about the weather.

Again that voice, so often heard before in years gone by, that voice so clear and stern in the day of battle, so sweet and gentle in friendly converse, that voice, once known as Yorke had known it, never again to be forgotten!

The stranger turned round, and moved along the little passage towards the parlour door, his head bent down. Then as he reached the door, he looked up for an instant, and his eye fell on Yorke standing transfixed close to him.

The stranger started, and put out a hand under his cloak as if to steady himself against the wall, as he did so raising his head and displaying for an instant, to the horror-stricken Yorke, a ghastly view of a sightless eye in the scarred socket, and a mutilated brow and face, which had lost all likeness to the original features. Then, as the vision turned, and the other side of it became presented to his view, there could be traced a resemblance to the well-remembered face.

"Falkland!" cried Yorke, making a step forward, and seizing the other by the arm. "Falkland! risen from the dead!"

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### A GLIMPSE OF THE KOREA.

A COOL breeze from the north-west rose in the early morning, and fanned the heated waters of the Korean Channel, raised yesterday almost to a glow by the scorching blaze of the August sun. The atmosphere is still clear of vapour; the sky above, the sea beneath, both serenely blue; a gentle ripple just ruffles the surface of the water, tossed into spray only by the cleaving prow of the huge ship steaming onward towards the land; light fleecy clouds, snowy or even silvery white in the early sunshine, fleck the bright azure of the sky, and float across the newly-risen sun. Far away on the port-bow a long line of misty cloud-masses hangs over the lofty summits of the Korean island of Quel-part, itself still out of view. On the starboard hand rise above the horizon, indistinct in the far distance, the blue ridges of the mainland, with an archipelago of

fantastic rocks and cone-shaped islets for foreground. Ahead show out the bold cliffs and steep inclines of the curious double island known to western navigators as Port Hamilton, for which the ship is bound. A deep cleft in the lofty side soon widens to an opening; the opening becomes a "narrow;" and close to the island promontory on the left—for the shore is bold and deep water flows beside it—the ship glides into the placid bay between the two curving islands which, like arms, embrace and form it. A few small fishing-craft were standing into the bay, their white or pale-blue pennons fluttering in the gentle breeze from slender staves erected in their high-pitched sterns.

The slow progress towards the anchoring-ground gave time for a good look round on the shores of the quiet bay. On either hand hills rose, here abruptly, there with gentle slope; to a height of at least five hundred feet; whilst above the general line of heights sharp-pointed peaks sprang to an elevation half as great again. The slopes were richly green: green with fields of waving millet yet unripe. Cultivation reigned on every available spot. From beach to summit, save where excessive steepness forbids labour, the whole hillside was divided into cultivated fields, separated from each other by green hedgerows as in some far western lands. Every scrap of ground was in crop, not a single plot was even fallow. Above, or on steep promontories, or edging the narrow strip of soil between the rocky beach and the cliffs that here and there vary the outline of the shore, grow clumps of evergreen oaks, or copses of fir and pine. The fields were small, and the thick foliage of the dividing hedges looked at a distance like a bank of green. The contour of the land, the size and fashion of the fields, the moist verdure of the slopes, recalled to more than one of us, by whom the place was now visited for the first time, the green landscapes of southern Ireland.

In a fold of the hillside between two gentle ascents, half-way toward the summit of the ridge of Sodo, the westernmost island of the two, peered out from amidst fields and hedgerows the scattered roofs of a small hamlet. Elsewhere the population is gathered into four large villages or towns—two on the western, and two on the eastern island. The chief town lies toward the north on the western shore of the bay, where the island dips to a long promontory crowned at the point with such a headland as Misenum. Across the dip between the central ridge and this elevated headland lie

the blue mountains of the distant main. Beyond the cape, and between it and the western shore, runs a narrow strait, shallow, and with sunken rocks which make the little sound between the islands almost land-locked. The town is compactly built; hip-roofs of poles and mat, with sloping ends, lie close together. In the distance they called to mind the likeness of a *testudo* of besieging shields. The town abuts upon the stony beach. Each house and its dependent buildings are surrounded by a rude stone wall. Above the coping shoot branches of green shrubs, and here and there stems of the universal millet. Between the house-walls run rudely paved lands as steep and stony as at Brixham or Clovelly. A few boats were hauled upon the beach, and a coasting craft of some thirty tons rode at anchor hard by. The town itself contains close on two hundred and fifty houses, and possibly a thousand souls.

On the other island, also on the beach, but where the water makes almost an inlet in the shore, are two other towns. Both seemed large—as large at least as the one just noticed on Sodo. In front of the southernmost lay many junks at anchor. From both—but not from a single house of either town on the other island—wreaths of blue smoke rose. The more northern climbs somewhat high up the hill, and yet higher throws out a scanty suburb. The fourth town was passed and soon hidden behind a jutting headland: it is perhaps the smallest of the four.

In front of each stands a stately tree; beneath its shade, on a platform rudely faced with loose stones, the elders and the commons of the little communities assemble. At first, as we entered the bay, scarce a soul was stirring. A few men and boys were seen moving about in front of some of the houses, or perhaps along a lane between the hedgerows. But as the morning advanced, many peeped out from their doors, till before long a crowd was gathered before each little town to look at the ship moving slowly up the bay. The anchor was cast opposite the town first mentioned. Within a short time of anchoring, a boat put off from the ship for the shore, to make some inquiries of the head-man, or governor of the island. The emissary was received at the water's edge, and courteously conducted to the great tree, the shade cast by which was supplemented by that of a canvas awning spread for the purpose. The officer was received by the chief men of the place, each distinguished—besides the stature and bearing of a

higher class — by an official head-dress. This head-gear is black, made of some light fibrous substance, as finely woven as a horsehair sieve, and in shape much resembling that of the peasant women of south Wales, the heroines of Fishguard. The cavity to receive the head is cup-shaped, and beneath the brim. The common robe of all is white, long and flowing like the Japanese *kimono*, and girt in at the waist. Loose broad trousers of the same are tied in below the knee; white socks or buskins, and pointed, turned-up shoes complete the costume. The hair is long, and is gathered up into a small knot upon the crown. The children wear it in a long plaited tail behind; perhaps a remnant of the Manchu tyranny which tried, and failed in the attempt, to put upon the Koreans the same head-mark as that submitted to by the more pliable Chinese.

In the little embassy from the ship there was no one who could speak the Korean tongue. Communication was held by the aid of a Chinese servant, who wrote the few questions asked in the characters of his language. Question and answer were written upon paper, and readily interpreted by both Korean and Chinese, though neither could speak one word of the other's tongue. The head-men would not allow the baser sort, of whom a small crowd had already collected, to approach too near. Those who did were waved back, and when signs and orders failed, were beaten backwards with bamboos. The village senate — for such seemed the group of elders who surrounded the venerable head-man — were unarmed, and no member bore even a staff of office.

The not important information asked for being courteously imparted, the boat returned on board. Soon as the bell struck eight the colours were hoisted in accordance with ancient naval custom, and the band played "God save the Queen!" The notes of the music floated across the bay, and the crowd of gazers at the different villages quickly increased. An hour afterwards a boat again pulled in towards the beach, this time carrying a goodly load of visitors. On landing, as before, two grave inhabitants, adorned with the official head-dress, met the visitors and conducted them to the meeting-place beneath the tree. The senate was assembled to receive them. Again the general public was kept at a respectful distance, and by the same argument as before. The aged head-man was courteous, and hospitable withal. An attendant brought forth some native liquor, which was poured into a broad-

mouthed, shallow cup of metal, first tasted by the venerable host — such is the Korean mode — and then handed to the visitors. The liquor, whitish in colour and sour in taste, is possibly akin to the *koumis* of the Tartar tribes. The visit of strangers was evidently not much liked. Still the elders showed a certain grave courtesy, and a somewhat pleasing and even well-bred manner. As the officers from the ship divided into small parties of three and four to explore the island, some slight show of opposition was made. This was overcome, or purposely let pass unnoticed; so two of the little senate accompanied each party. The strangers being young, and eager for exercise after their confinement on board, pushed out quickly for the hills. Inspection of the town was firmly resisted, and with almost complete success; so roads had to be taken to the right and left. Hurrying after the eager visitors could be seen, from the deck of the ship, the two attendant villagers in their high-crowned hats and flowing robes; now lagging half tired out behind, now trotting courageously to regain the party in front, now eagerly waving the fan which all carry, now fluttering it rapidly to cool themselves, for the sun was already high, and the thermometer, even afloat, showed 87° in the shade. When signs had no effect, the visitors were hailed "Chin-chin," the universal salutation on the China coast, believed by the English to be Chinese, and by the Chinese to be English; though in reality it belongs to neither speech. Probably, however, the use of the phrase now is a remnant of former intercourse with Chinese.

Some did actually succeed in traversing the village, and even in seeing the inside of a Korean house. Not a woman was visible; all had been carefully hidden away. The houses are built of wood, with sliding doors and windows, like those of the Japanese. In the front, about the centre, is a recess or open-sided chamber, for reposing in during the summer heats. At one end is a low balcony or verandah, formed by the protruding eaves. A light railing runs round it, and a cool resting-place is thus made. The house-floor is a raised platform, as in Japan, a small portion of which is cut away just within the door, to form a cavity in which, on entering, the shoes or sandals are deposited. The only domestic animals seen were pigs — probably of the Chinese breed — and dogs. In the fields, singly, and in some places in twos and threes, were numerous rounded cones, with a sharp-pointed



thatch upon the roof, which look like huts, but were found to be small granaries for the millet when harvested. At the northern end of the chief village these stood so thick as to bear the semblance of an Indian town.

Two of the island senators who had accompanied one of the parties of officers who had landed, expressed a wish by signs to pay a visit to the ship. No persuasion could get them to go alone. The officers signified their assent to repeated requests to accompany them, and a native boat was launched to take them on board. This frail bark was worked by a man and two boys, who propelled it by a single scull, with the bent handle and straw lashing at the inner end, common in northern China and Japan. The boat itself was of the rudest construction. The sides were fashioned of wide and roughly trimmed planks hewn from some tree of great size. The ends protruded far beyond the stern, and across them, above the water, were laid rows of slender poles offering a fragile deck on which to stand. The passengers, as in the sampans of Amoy and the Straits, sit at the bow.

Arrived alongside the ship, the Korean visitors clambered up the side. On reaching the deck each bowed low, and said, "Chin-chin." One was a fine and even handsome man, six feet high at least, with Caucasian features and a copper-coloured skin. His mouth and chin were fringed with a scanty black beard. On his head was the official hat, but white, not black, like all the others that had been seen. This, it is explained, shows that he is in mourning for his mother, white in the Korea, as in China, being the hue of mourning. The visitors at first showed evident signs of timidity; but, at the same time, were not without a certain amount of swagger, though good manners still held paramount sway. They yielded to invitation, which had to be more than once repeated, and went about the ship looking at the guns, the shot, and the various small arms. Invited to look into the muzzle of a huge twelve-ton piece, they politely and with even graceful gesture, declined. Expression and refusal said plainly, "A thousand thanks; I will assume for your sake that it is wonderful, as you evidently wish that I should." The taller one explained that he understood what the great gun was; he pointed to it, and shouted loudly, "Boom!" thus mimicking the roar of modern artillery. This was so favourably received that he attempted the same mode of ex-

pressing himself when shown the engines, and exclaimed, "Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Invited to descend to the deck on which the seamen mess, they again showed their diffident manner. The sight of Chinese cooks, however, at the cooking-galley seemed to be reassuring; and the strangers proceeded to inspection. As in China, so in the Korea, *nil admirari*, or at least the repression of outward symptoms of admiration, is regarded as essential to good manners. The two strangers tried hard, and for some time successfully, to restrain their feelings. These at last got the better of them. Shown into the ward-room, a well-lighted, and—for a ship at least—a lofty apartment, hung with brightly coloured pictures, and adorned with gilded mouldings, they expressed their admiration loudly in a spontaneous outburst of delight. The taller visitor forgot his mourning, clapped his hands loudly upon the table, inclined his head towards a gorgeous chromo-lithograph, and broke out into a song of joyous delight. Calling for the interpreting paper and pencil, he wrote in rapid but well-formed characters the assertion that all was perfect. Then both he and his friend seated themselves and relapsed into placid admiration and well-bred ease. Above their heads hung the portrait of Queen Victoria. It was explained to them who the august personage was; both rose, stood in front of it, and made it low and reverent obeisance. The gestures were the same as those that still linger in Japan, in spite of the hot haste in adopting Western customs.

Hospitality was thrust upon them in the English manner by the offer of the national beverage. They expected their hosts to taste first, and then they themselves took long sips of the ale. The glasses were put down, and no sign of pleasure or of disgust appeared upon the face of either; but, after a decent interval, the tall Korean called again for paper and pencil, and this time wrote a request that the pale-ale—not, it is true, improved by a voyage half round the world—might be given to his low-born countrymen who worked the boat in which he came on board. After this he was tried with a sweet, highly-flavoured liqueur. Of this both he and his companion altogether approved, and no pressure was needed to induce them to accept a second glass. Opposite to where they sat was a large mirror. Catching sight of the reflections of their faces in this, they rose and stood



immediately in front of it, rectifying meantime defects in their toilet.

The tall visitor, who took the lead in all matters, asked in writing if the band, the strains of which he had probably heard in the morning, might be ordered to play. His request was complied with, and soon stirring sounds of the march of the Presbrajenski regiment penetrated to the ward-room. The effect was instantaneous and strange. The shorter islander, who seemed older than his companion, and who had a grave and reverent aspect, suddenly brightened up; then, extending his arms horizontally, threw back his head, and began a slow dance in unison with the music. He was evidently sublimely unaware of the strange grotesqueness of his combined levity and solemnity of appearance. The dance was kept up for a minute or two, and reminded one of the strange devotional exercise of the dervishes of Galata. The younger visitor was less moved, but he, too, permitted the effects of the pleasure of the sensation to be distinctly perceived. At length, it was explained to them that they must leave, as the ship was about to sail. They civilly said "farewell," or what seems to be such, and getting into their crazy-looking boat, were sculled towards the shore.

Few on board her failed to regret that they had not been able to see more of this strange people, which has, more consistently and successfully than either Chinese or Japanese, resisted all attempts at intercourse on the part of foreigners. Four years ago, the Americans, who tried to gain access to the country, with a result different from that which followed Commodore Perry's mission to Japan, were led into a conflict with the Koreans, and having undertaken an expedition with insufficient force, were repulsed. Since then, no attempt on the part of a Western nation to penetrate the mysterious exclusiveness of the Korea has been made. Less is known of the country and of the people than of the manners and customs of many savage tribes. What their religion is, is doubtful; and even within a few hundred miles of their shores two totally different accounts of their system of government and polity are given. One authority declares them to be citizens of a republic; another, the despotically governed subjects of an autocratic ruler. At Port Hamilton no temple nor sign of worship (save perhaps veneration of ancestors, as in China and Japan) was visible. The village communities are governed

evidently by a deliberative body; a senate either chosen by age, or a council of leaders selected as in ancient Germany, *ex nobilitate*. There are symptoms of the existence of an aristocracy of birth, or a superior class. Education is widely disseminated; most can write and understand the Chinese characters. Unlike their Japanese neighbours and — if the theory of a Korean immigration into Japan in pre-historic times be accepted — probable descendants, they do not on ordinary occasions go armed. About them there hangs the interest inevitably begotten by mystery, and an interest which approaching events may intensify. The restless party in Japan, which has run such a headlong course on the path of Europeanization, is said to purpose an attack upon the Koreans, simply to "keep in wind" the *Samurai*, the military class which the three or four years that have elapsed since the abolition of feudalism, have been insufficient to absorb. That some intention of the kind passes through the minds of the ruling clique in Japan, is tolerably certain. The native press, in discussing relations with the Korea, treat it as a matter of fact, and the only difference of opinion is as to the pretext. A prominent Japanese newspaper has very recently attributed the warlike aspirations of the hour to the machinations of the less reputable foreigners, who have, as a class, made so much out of the foibles and the innocent mistakes of the Japanese people. A writer in the journal in question infers that they desire to reap again such a harvest as fell to those Occidentals who, in the golden age of Western commerce with Japan, enriched themselves by rather questionable transactions. "They probably desire," hints a writer in this Japanese journal, "to buy worn-out vessels for next to nothing, and sell them to us at exorbitant prices." It will be well if Japan pauses before being led into the dangers of a warlike policy. Going to war "with a light heart" is likely to produce as many ills in the far East as in the West. The imitators of Western manners in Japan know enough of recent history to be aware of the dangers that overtook a dynasty which, to satisfy the desires of a certain class of the population, declared war against a neighbour of unascertained strength with *un cœur léger*. May they profit by the example. The Korea is the last semi-civilized State which has resisted the attempts of foreigners to open intercourse with it. The days of Cortez

and Pizarro are past; it will be a painful burlesque if their career be mimicked by Japan.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF FRANCIS DEAK.

1803-1876.

IN the lofty Academic Hall at Pesth, where the remains of the great Hungarian patriot lately stood amidst a nation's sympathetic sorrow, there might be seen on the black drapery with which the marble walls were hung, the escutcheon of the Deak family; showing, in the middle, a pen and a book—a battle-axe crowning the top. In a way, this rare coat of arms prefigured the late statesman's character and life.

For his country's rights he battled manfully, though his own hands never grasped the war-hatchet, which he would have readily buried forever. The pen and the book more fitly symbolize his doings. Public speech and public writings were his only weapons. By these he wrought an extraordinary success; entering his name, with indelible letters, in the checkered history of his fatherland. Yet the battle-axe that surmounted his armorial bearings, and the use of which he personally spurned, had a good deal to do with the triumph of his efforts; for without the repeated favour of warlike events in neighbouring lands, Hungary could not have regained those constitutional rights of which he was the moderate, but steadfast, champion.

The outward career of Francis Deak can scarcely be called an eventful one. His life was one of the simplest. Averse to all show, he neither sought distinction, nor power. No stars or crosses covered his breast; nor would he accept any of those titles which royalty showers upon men it wishes to fetter. The consciousness of having done right was ever enough for him, from early youth down to his dying hour.

Born on October 17, 1803, at Söjhör, in the *comitat* of Zala, the offspring of a family belonging to the lesser nobility, he studied law at Raab. The first training in the knowledge of State affairs he received from a brother—his senior by twenty years. At an early age, we find Francis Deak as a leader of the liberal party in his native *comitat*. The county

assemblies of Hungary have always served as a nursery for political talents—as a preparatory school for greater action in the Diet. When returned, in 1832, for the latter assembly, after the withdrawal of his brother, he rose almost at once to the foremost rank as an opposition speaker.

His bearing, at that time, is described as serious and dignified; of a gravity almost too great for so young a man. Of shortish build; with features by no means striking; the clear and quiet eyes overshadowed by bushy brows; with a good forehead; but otherwise lacking the characteristics that might have marked him as a future leader of men: so he stepped into the Parliament at Pressburg. In bodily form, as well as in temperament, he had few of the peculiarities of his race. But he soon proved himself a very Magyar of Magyars in his profound acquaintance with parliamentary lore; in the fertility of his legal resources; in the copiousness of his vocabulary when a point was to be gained by speaking, as it were, against time; as well as in his wonderful tenacity, which in later years almost served the purposes of a death-defying enthusiasm.

His maiden speech, modest in tone, but showing great tact and full of maturity of judgment, created a deep impression on both sides of the House. Unadorned by any rhetorical flowers; studiously free from all invective or pathetic appeals, his eloquence, entirely of a persuasive kind, mainly influenced the hearer by the logical marshalling of facts and arguments; by the strong array of weapons taken from the arsenal of constitutional legality; by the homely illustrations and quaint anecdotic humour with which the orator relieved his otherwise plain speech. The whole was given in an easy conversational tone, but in well rounded, sometimes even stately periods. Simple common sense marked every utterance. Deak wished to convince, not to rouse and to hurry on, those whom he addressed. Only reluctantly he grappled with an enemy in the strong polemic vein; but then he generally managed to make his foe beware of a future quarrel with him. At a glance it could be seen that, in ordinary times, this youthful, almost precociously wise statesman would exercise a leading influence. But the very strength which he displayed for such an epoch of exclusively legal contests, bore in it a germ of weakness for those mighty revolutionary struggles when an outraged people—to speak with Stauffacher, in Schiller's "Tell"—"boldly reclaims those natural

rights which hang, like stars eternal, in high heaven."

A few more speeches in the Diet brought Deak fully to the front. In the Parliament of 1839-40, he acted already as a prominent party-leader. If the effect of Eötvös' harangues was often marred by rhetorical involution; if Stephan Szechenyi — upon whose mind, in later days, dark clouds lowered — had alternate accesses of sanguine hope and deep despondency, Deak always gave his temperate counsel with clearness and unchanging force. He neither hoped beyond measure, nor ever did despair. The even strength of his nature came out when he fought, at one and the same time, the battle of his country's charter against Habsburg encroachment, and of popular enfranchisement against the harsh feudal rule of the nobles.

Aristocratic privilege, at that time, stalked about rampant and fierce in Hungary, whilst the country was ever and anon the prey of an absolutistic court whose rule was upheld by the sword, by the executioner's axe, by prison torture, and by an inquisitorial censorship of the press. It is difficult for the present generation to understand the character of that sad epoch, when the personal security of every prominent opponent daily trembled in the balance. Deak, from patriotic motives, as well as from noble sympathy with the sufferings of the masses, earnestly strove to bring about home reforms; all the while resisting Metternich's attacks upon his country's constitution. It was a difficult task — this double struggling. The question was, how to combine the existing political forces, which dwelt in a narrow aristocratic circle, against Metternich's system, and, at the same time, so to conduct the campaign against the misgovernment of the magnates as not to weaken too much the cohesion of the Magyar ranks.

Deak's wisdom and energy were equal to both tasks. In open Parliament, and in committee, he was an indefatigable worker. By word of mouth, and by the press, he laboured for the emancipation of the peasantry; for a reform in the administration of justice; for a more equitable distribution of political rights; for the mitigation of social tyranny. Yet, while using the trowel for the building up of a better State structure at home, he had to keep ready the weapon wherewith to hold the despotic foe at bay.

In those days, Hungarian deputies had to go by the instructions of their constituencies, similar to the *cahiers* of the pre-rev-

olutionary era in France. When the comitat which Deak represented gave it as its instruction that he should vote for the continued exemption of the aristocracy from taxation, he threw up his mandate, and indignantly withdrew for a time from public life. A true Horatian "just man, tenacious of his aim," he would not buy a distinguished position at the price of his principles. But such was already then his influence that nobody dared to fill the place which he had left; so the comitat was for a while represented by a single member. In those years of retirement he was not inactive. A well-read jurisconsult, he continued working at a reformed law code, the first draft of which he had elaborated in company with Szalay, and which earned great praise from the eminent German legist, Mittermaier. Studies connected with the Parliamentary system also filled Deak's political leisure. An effort was made to bring him back to Parliament by altering the offensive portion of the instruction. He refused, because questionable means had been employed in a second electoral contest, and because blood had been spilt during the angry excitement of political passions. Above all things he abhorred any act of violence.

Only by fair and pure means would he obtain a success. His aversion to the use of force went so far as to render him, afterwards, when the revolutionary tempest came, more a victim of the foes than a help to the friends of his country's cause. He had all the law-abiding perseverance, all the unbending firmness, all the qualities of mixed modesty and courage of Hampden and Pym. No better parallel could be found for him, as regards the main substance of his character, than among the doughty men who preceded the English Commonwealth. But as soon as the ground of strict legality was left, he felt out of his place, and became practically powerless.

Towards the end of 1847, when the signs of a coming tempest broke forth on the European horizon, Deak came back to the Diet. Its leading members had often, during his non-appearance in public, sought his private counsel. Now, a powerful party again placed itself under his acknowledged leadership. Already the drift of the movement began, however, to set towards a different goal. We find him acting together with Kossuth; but even then it might have been seen that the paths of the two men would soon diverge.

After the revolution of March 1848,

when Vienna rose with the strength of a young giant, and Milan drove out the armed host of its oppressor, Deak became minister of justice in the cabinet of Count Bathany. In the stormy movements which now swept over the face of Europe, he did not appear to great advantage. The moderantism to which his whole nature inclined unfitted him for the rough task of coping with a tyranny that had only been cowed, but not crushed. Generally a cautious but observant man, he seemed in those days to lack even the foresight which looks far ahead into an enemy's probable tactics. Reforms in the domain of justice he firmly advocated and carried out. Trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and similar questions of deep home import, had his fullest attention. But in matters affecting the political situation at large he did not come up to the height of a great historical moment.

Whilst the strongest real guarantees were required to uphold the newly-born freedom against a possible and only too probable treachery, he was content with a mere royal rescript. At the risk of his whole popularity, he urged his own trustful view against the party which then began to gather round Kossuth. To the proposition that Prince Metternich's name should be erased from the roll of Hungarian magnates Deak offered a strenuous opposition. This was a fault, even from the point of view of moderate constitutionalism—which at any rate had to break with the despotic past.

Very rightly he recommended that friendly relations should be entered into with the National Constituent Assembly of Germany by means of a semi-diplomatic mission to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Hungary's separate political existence was thus clearly marked off. In Italian affairs, he failed to understand the drift of the time. Going by the stipulations of the old Pragmatic Sanction, he, a liberal, gave his support to the demand of the court of Vienna that Hungary should furnish troops to help in the overthrow of the Italian cause. In this, it is true, he only did that which even Kossuth had temporarily sanctioned. Written law, which Deak had so often used in support of his own country's rights, was thus made to serve as a chain wherewith to bind another nation rightfully struggling for independence. Yet, could there be a doubt even for a moment that, if the house of Habsburg were victorious against the Italian "rebels," it would speedily lead its troops, fresh from victory, against the Hungarian insurgents?

"I love progress, but not revolution!" Deak was wont to say. But in the midst of a revolution, there was no choice for any one standing in the front but to be hammer or anvil. The situation was given; no individual likings were of any avail. Events had to be resolutely used for the furtherance of freedom—or else the floodgates of absolutism would be forced open, and every liberty that had been gained be swamped by an ugly rush of reaction. For a moment, the prospects of Hungary had seemed bright in the early part of 1848. Equality of rights was decreed for its manifold races, some of which had, before that time, held the unenviable position of a mere "*misera plebs contribuens, optima flens, pessima ridens*." Such, indeed, had once been the cruel saying which declared the wretched hind to be at his best when, bathed in tears, he paid his scot; and at his worst, when he felt in a mood for laughter.

Unfortunately, the fierce passions of race-hatred, kindled by dynastic guile, soon ran riot at the expense of that liberty which had been decreed for all, and which all might have equally enjoyed. A discordance of tribes marks the whole east of Europe. Not only in Turkey, but in Hungary, and even in Poland, odd fragments of races are heterogeneously huddled together, as stray remnants and sediments of the migration drifts. In Austrian Galicia, where the Polish race, properly so called, is broken in by a Ruthenian population which holds an intermediate position between the Poles, or Lechs, and the Russians, Prince Metternich, in 1846, was able to make use of this tribal antagonism, as well as of the class feuds between the peasants and the nobles, in order to quell a patriotic Polish movement by a cruel massacre.

In Hungary, after the enthusiastic rising of 1848, the smouldering embers of race-hatred were soon fanned by the Mephistophelic agency of an imperialist *camarilla*. Hungary is a polyglot country. Within its precincts there are Magyars and Slaves, Germans and Roumans; nationalities differing from one another in origin and speech as much as the Turks do from the Muscovites, or the English from the Italians. Besides these chief races, there is a medley of Arnauts, Bulgars, Armenians, Gipsy clans, and so forth, which go to eke out the many-coloured State edifice between the Carpathian range and the Danube. In this confusion of tribes and tongues, the Magyars hold the central and most compact

position, geographically as well as in politics.

An Ugrian, Turanian race, tracing its descent from an eastern nomadic tribe, that rushed into Europe like a whirlwind, the Magyars have since early ages displayed a capacity for self-government fully equal to that of nations boasting of an Anglo-Saxon descent. In the midst of apparently disheartening difficulties, they succeeded in imprinting a common political stamp upon a country made up of the most variegated elements. Strong-handed conquerors at first, they gradually, of late, set to work to change mere aristocratic privilege into an equality of civic rights. If the German element of Hungary represented general culture, the Magyars were the political mainstay of the realm. Without them, the country fell back into chaos—a ready victim of absolutistic statecraft.

All Magyars know by what dangers they are surrounded. Deak, as a Magyar, could not deceive himself on that point; and what had occurred in Galicia must have served him as a warning example. Perhaps his extreme moderation, in his dealings with the Austrian government, arose from the consciousness of these ever-lurking dangers. The camarilla in the Hofburg, did, however, take no account of such moderation. It fretted and chafed under the defeat which it had suffered at the hands of the people of Vienna, Pesth, and Milan. Its whole energy was given to the thought as to how the tables could be first turned upon the Magyars by means of the Slavs. If the Magyars were once got down, then, forsooth, the turn of the German Austrians was to come.

To effect such a reaction, a base game of treachery was enacted, almost unparalleled in history. Jellacic, the governor of Croatia, who made the first armed attack upon the new order of things in Hungary, was in secret league with the court of Vienna. Deposed, degraded, styled a "rebel" by imperial letter, he had all the while the clandestine support of the emperor Ferdinand, or rather of the intriguing clique which made use of that half-witted monarch as a puppet. Field officers, artillery, ammunition were sent through Ferdinand's minister of war, Latour, to the banus of Croatia, whilst official decrees apparently deprived him of all his civil and military functions. Thus, an insurrection of Croats, Serbs, and Valachs was cunningly fanned against the Hungarian cause. When the day for avowing the real object came, the emperor-

king, by an order dated September 4, 1848, revoked the decree against the "rebel;" expressed his high approval of the conduct of his "faithful Jellacic;" suspended the constitution; proclaimed martial law; and appointed the "rebel" as his plenipotentiary for the kingdom of Hungary; investing him with unlimited authority to act in the name of his Majesty within the said kingdom.\*

"The king was a traitor." By the more far-seeing, this had long been suspected. With good reason, Kossuth, anticipating coming events, had kept up relations with the popular leaders at Vienna. German Austrians and Magyars had a common foe: the Slav reaction, championed by Croats, Serbs, and Czechs. Between the capitals of Hungary and Austria there was, therefore, a sympathetic chord. On the treachery of the ruling house becoming manifest, action without delay was urgently needed. Almost on the spur of the moment, higher resolutions had to be formed than suited the steady-going, but somewhat lawyer-like, character of the leader of the moderate constitutionalists. Deak, discouraged and disconcerted, hastened to Vienna, making a last hopeless attempt. From the lips of Archduke Franz Karl he learnt that all was lost—that Hungary had only to choose between submission or revolution.

Thereupon Deak withdrew from the ministry. Henceforth, though Bathyany stood at the head of the new cabinet, the chief part naturally fell to Lewis Kossuth, the idol of the masses, the popular orator and bold writer, the gifted leader of the advanced party, who—with an almost Oriental style of eloquence, very dissimilar from that of Deak—combined an active fervour and an ambition deeply impatient of the continuance of royal and imperial rule. In Parliament, Deak still stayed for a short time after his resignation as a minister. But his political occupation was gone. His last public act, during the tragic events of war which now became the order of the day, was his appearance before Prince Windischgrätz, the imperial commander, as a member of a deputation from the Hungarian Diet. Counts Anthony and George Majlath, Count Lewis Bathyany, and Archbishop Lonowicz were with him—truly no republicans of very deep dye!

\* For a succinct, but telling, account of these events see the letters, originally addressed to the *Daily News* and *Times*, by Sabbas Vucovics, late minister of justice, and by Bartholomew Szemere, late minister of the Interior, in Hungary; reprinted in "Speeches of Kossuth," edited by Francis W. Newman.

"I do not treat with rebels!" was the harsh exclamation with which Prince Windischgrätz received these deputies.

Seeing all hope of a peaceful solution at an end, Deak gave up his seat in Parliament, and refused to obey the summons to Debreczyn, whither the representatives of the people had withdrawn for greater safety. Amidst the clangour of arms, the expounder of legality remained silent. Meanwhile, the Hungarian rising, so ably and heroically led, but so dangerously assailed by counter-insurrections of hostile tribes from within, fell before the twofold attack of the armies of the kaiser and the czar. After the terrible catastrophe of Vilagos, and the sanguinary overthrow of the nation's cause, Deak passed nearly ten years in absolute retirement; living in the small town of Kehida, near which some of his family estates lay. For all that could humanly be foreseen, he might have gone down to his grave without seeing a ray lighting up the dark night of reaction in which his country was enveloped.

## II.

A DEEP gloom had settled over the countries under Habsburg sway. At Vienna, Robert Blum, Messenhauser, Becher, and other champions of the German popular cause were in their gory graves, riddled with court-martial bullets. In Italy, the work of reconquest was completed by leisurely conducted fusillades. On the gallows at Arad, the hangman of his imperial, royal, and — aye! — apostolic Majesty had strung up eminent Magyar generals and statesmen by the dozen. By drum-head law, men were condemned to be hung; an imperial "pardon" now and then graciously allowed them to be shot. For women there was Haynau's whip.

A palace revolution in the Austrian capital, led by the archduchess Sophia, with the aid of a high council of generals ("*hohe Generalität*," as the technical term was), had dethroned the half-witted Ferdinand, who seemed to be an obstacle to the continuance of sanguinary deeds, and appointed in his stead the youthful Francis Joseph, a boy of eighteen, for whom his mother, the archduchess, practically ruled as a regent. The sabre and the crozier were now the symbols of government. By negotiations with the Vatican, the bases of a concordat were laid, which placed the whole intellectual life of the people at the mercy of a hierarchical inquisition. There was no impediment to the execution of

the wildest dreams of a reaction gone mad. At least, so it appeared for a time to the politicians of the cabinet and the camarilla. In such a situation the very name of Francis Deak was forgotten.

For the first time there arose, then, that imperialist doctrine which would not acknowledge any marks of distinction between the several component parts of the "Austrian empire." It is true, even Lord Palmerston, in 1849, when Hungary was yet struggling for her rights, had said, in reply to those who wished for the recognition of the Magyar commonwealth, that he "knew of no Hungary, but only of an Austrian empire." That assertion of Lord Palmerston did, however, not tally with public law.\* Down to 1849, Hungary had been a separate kingdom, so far as its constitution and the tenure of royal power were concerned — a kingdom as clearly marked off from Austria proper as is Norway at present from Sweden, or as was Hanover from England during the time when English kings were at the same time German prince-electors. Hungary had a charter of her own. Her king was only a king after he had sworn a special constitutional oath. The confines of the Hungarian realm were distinct and unmistakable. Its soil was even girded by a cordon of custom-houses, forming a com-

\* After the overthrow of the Hungarian rising, Lord Palmerston certainly spoke out — that is to say, in a private letter — against the atrocities of the Austrian government, whom he styled "the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilized men." He wrote: — "Their late exploit of flogging forty odd people, including two women, at Milan, some of the victims being gentlemen, is really too blackguard and disgusting a proceeding. As to working upon their feelings of generosity and gentlemanliness, that is out of the question, because such feelings exist not in a set of officials who have been trained up in the school of Metternich; and the men in whose minds such inborn feelings have not been crushed by court and office power, have been studiously excluded from public affairs, and can only blush in private for the disgrace which such things throw upon their country. But I do hope that you will not fail constantly to bear in mind the country and the government which you represent, and that you will maintain the dignity and the honour of England by expressing openly and decidedly the disgust which such proceedings excite in the public mind in this country. . . . You might surely find an opportunity of drawing Schwarzenberg's attention to these matters, which may be made intelligible to him, and which a British ambassador has a right to submit to his consideration." (See letter to Lord Ponsonby, of September 9, 1849, in "The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, 1846-1865," by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.) Very brave words these were of Lord Palmerston — after he had taken sides against Hungary. What he said of the atrocities committed by the generals and officials of the Austrian kaiser, might, no doubt, have been said also of the deeds of the victorious reaction all through Europe — including that new night of St. Bartholomew of December 2, 1851, whose perpetrator Lord Palmerston, only consulting himself, hastened to acknowledge as a lawful ruler, whilst the streets still ran with the blood of the defenders of the constitution.



mercial division in addition to the political one. A "province" of an "Austrian empire" Hungary therefore was not. The very name of *Kaiser-Staat*, or empire, only dated from the beginning of the present century, when Francis II. was compelled, through the misfortunes of war in the struggle against Napoleon, to lay down the imperial crown of Germany, and to declare that empire, which had lasted for nearly a thousand years, to be dissolved. As a slight solace, he then assumed, under the name of Francis I., the title of "kaiser" for his own dominions. Constitutionally, Hungary was not affected thereby. For her the Austrian emperor remained simply a king. All this had ever been regarded as self-understood by men like Deak, and by all the living political forces in Hungary.

But now, in return for the declaration resolved upon at Debreczyn, which had pronounced the forfeiture of the "crown of St. Stephen" by the house of Habsburg-Lorraine, the kaiser declared, on his part, the Hungarians to have lost their national existence and their charter through the fact of rebellion. It was done on the *Verwirkungs-Theorie*, the theory of forfeiture, to use the special phrase of the time. Henceforth Hungary was to be ruled according to the mere pleasure of the monarch; all representative institutions, both in State affairs and in local matters, being set aside by a stroke of the pen, or rather of the sword. There was to be a "centralized Austria," under the black-yellow flag, held together by iron bands; the whole overshadowed by the cowl.

Yet the scheme of triumphant tyranny would not work; neither on this, nor on the other side of the Leitha. In the face of their haughty oppressor — who, the better to mark the relation in which he stood to the people of his capital, would never (from 1848 down to 1860) show himself in public in any other than a soldier's garb — the Viennese maintained an attitude of sullenness all the more galling to the court, because it formed so strong a contrast to the good-natured and forgiving temper of that pleasure-loving, but withal free-minded, population. Even so would the Lombards and Venetians not be weaned from their eager wish for a union with their Italian brethren. In Galicia, the idea of Polish nationality was kept alive with a view to future possibilities. In Hungary, the attempt of Prince Schwarzenberg to make the Magyars yield ready obedience to the rule of the

sword, failed miserably. So did the more liberal, but still anti-Hungarian, policy of Herr von Schmerling, who sought to found a centralized Austria on the constitutional principle.

After various kaleidoscopic changes in Habsburg politics, which all came to nothing, Deak was at last sounded as to whether he would help government in mending things. He firmly declined. Several times approached in the same way, he always gave the same reply. "There is no Hungarian constitution in force," he answered; "and without that constitution, I am simply Deak, and can do nothing." During the Bach ministry he once remarked in regard to a new constitutional experiment, that the Austrian minister had "wrongly buttoned his political coat, and that there was nothing left for him but to unbutton it, and to begin afresh." On hearing this expression of Deak, Bach said, "Perhaps we had better cut off the buttons!" Deak replied, "But then the coat could not be buttoned at all!"

In times of great oppression, a few winged words go far as an embodiment of public opinion. Quips from the retired Hungarian statesman soon became a staple stock in political talk. When a second recruitment for the army was intended in one and the same year, Deak said, in answer to a question put to him, "That will not do for Hungary! Women here are wont to bear children only once a year!"

The rough barrack rule of Schwarzenberg; the bigoted Jesuitical sway of Bach; the federalist mediævalism of Goluchowski; the emasculated parliamentary system of Schmerling — all failed in turn. Schmerling's notion of a constitution was that of a convenient machinery for raising money, and passing enactments, with no "right of resistance" against lawless royal and imperial decrees attached to it. The Hungarian idea of a constitution, as upheld once more towards 1859 by Deak, was that of a historical covenant, somewhat like the old Arragonese charter; the king being only a lawful king after having sworn to observe the ground-law of the nation, and only remaining a sovereign so long as he fulfilled his part of the compact — not longer. In this sense, the trusty leader of the moderate constitutionalists came now again to the front. Though he had been inactive for so many years, he at once attracted a large following. He was called the "Conscience of the Nation." People looked upon him as a kind of



"Aristides." The "Sage," the "Just" — such were the titles of honour plentifully bestowed upon him during this second epoch of his public career.

It was after the deep humiliation of the kaiser on the Lombard plain in 1859, that Hungary won her first triumph. Without that military event, all the exertions of Deak would have been of little avail. The defender of constitutional legality, who personally discountenanced the use of force, could never have made his voice in the Hofburg so impressive as the roar of guns. Yet, years afterwards, he who in the Hungarian Diet had once manifested his sympathy with the Polish cause, set his face, after Cavour's death, against any solemn celebration in honour of the Italian statesman. Italian Democrats — Garibaldi before all — may have cause to hold Cavour in a different estimate from what the world at large does, which only looks to outward success. Deak's opposition came from narrower views. If he, even after the striking changes that had taken place in Europe, still bore a grudge to Cavour, it was because his own constitutionalism was of a somewhat cramped cast, formed in the mould of the Pragmatic Sanction. But these blemishes, though slightly marring, leave unimpaired his great merits.

For seven years after the loss of Lombardy by Austria, Deak carried on the legal battle for the fuller recognition of Hungarian claims. "A country's rights," he used to say, "are not private property that can be freely disposed of." The more advanced elements, at that time, began to gather round Teleki, in whom the principles of 1849 were still vivid. After the mysterious death of Count Teleki — who, in the last interview I had with him, seemed to hope for a rapid development of public spirit in Hungary, in the sense of the previous revolutionary epoch — Francis Deak became the undisputed leader of the liberal party.

In vain did Kossuth endeavour to cross Deak's path. Whilst the latter strove to regain for Hungary the time-honoured rights of self-government in an amended constitutional form, the exiled leader came out with a programme which would have overthrown the historical basis of the country, and opened the flood-gates of panslavism upon the Magyar race. Down to the Crimean war, Kossuth had been the steadfast champion of the Magyar nationality. Before 1848, he had even, now and then, overstepped the boundary which the strangely mixed condition of

Hungary naturally indicates to a statesman when the conflicting claims of race and speech are to be settled. Towards Croats and Serbs, Kossuth had almost been an ultra-Magyar. At all events, he had his eyes wide open to the dangers of panslavism. This line of thought strongly marks still his powerful speeches in England and in the United States between 1851 and 1852, when he styled panslavism "a Russian plot — a dark design to make, out of national feelings, a tool for Russian preponderance over the world." \*

In his harangues during the Crimean war, which were apparently calculated to urge a more efficient strategy, some expressions occurred, however, which showed that he was entering on a new line. Shortly before Louis Napoleon attacked Austria in Italy, Kossuth declared that he would ally himself even to the devil, in order to overthrow the house of Habsburg; that he would accept aid from anywhere — never mind whether Louis Napoleon or the czar were held to represent the devil. Kossuth's former principles were thus thrown overboard. His connection with the court of the Tuileries soon afterwards became a public fact. His connection with Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin ceased.

These circumstances must be taken into account when judging of the nature of his proposal for the establishment of a Danubian confederacy, by which he sought to traverse the policy of Deak. The aims of Deak may have been modest enough. His ideas of parliamentary autonomy under the old ruling house may not have exercised much charm upon the mind of men that remembered the heroic deeds of the Revolution. But at any rate, Deak's procedure preserved the existence of the Hungarian nation; whereas Kossuth's scheme actually threatened to swamp it.

"I cannot sign Kossuth's programme, even though I might personally have no objection to the idea of a Danubian confederacy," said to me, at the time, one of the foremost army leaders of the Hungarian revolution; "I cannot sign it, because at home I should be looked upon as a traitor!"

Kossuth's plan, in fact, was this. Hungary, with her annexes — comprising, as she does even now, so many discordant tribes that the Magyar nationality is much hemmed in by them — was to be enlarged into a "Danubian Confederacy" by the addition of Roumania, Servia, and — a

\* See his "Speeches," edited by F. W. Newman.

vague indication! — “the countries allied to it.” Whole Turkey north of the Balkan was thus to be joined to the Hungarian realm. Bosniaks, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Bulgars — tribes either Slavonian or half-slavonized — were to be thrown into this enlarged tate. Hungary, as it is, forms already, in nationalities and tongues, a Babylonian structure. Yet Kossuth proposed to render that confusion even worse confounded; or, more strictly speaking, he wished to call in new national elements which would have entirely overwhelmed the Magyar race!

According to his scheme, the seat of the executive of the new state was to be, in turns, at Pesth, Bukarest, Belgrad, and Agram. That is to say, in one case, in a semi-Magyar town; in the other three cases, in non-Magyar cities, two of which are hotbeds of panslavist agitation. A constituent assembly was to fix the official language of the confederacy. At a first glance, everybody could see that the result of such a choice would be in favour of some Slav tongue, and against the Magyar language. The scheme was rightly spurned by the Magyar leaders. Passion ran high; and some of Kossuth's adversaries brought to mind that, at the close of the Revolution of 1849, he had proposed to offer the crown of Hungary to a prince of the imperial family of Russia.

A second great defeat of the Austrian kaiser on the field of battle, in 1866, enabled Deak to wring from the government at Vienna a fuller legislative autonomy than it had been ready before to grant. Deak, on that occasion, did not raise his constitutional terms. He simply repeated them. He might, after Sadowa, have gone much further in his demands, with reasonable hope of success. But, partly from his training as a strict parliamentary legist, partly because he would not strain things so far as to cut off the Magyars wholly from the German connection, and thus isolate them amidst jealous or hostile races, Deak remained content with a lesser concession.

After new laborious negotiations, the present state of things was established, which on most essential points renders the Magyar realm independent from Cis-Leithan Austria. To-day, Hungary has once more her old landmarks, and her time-honoured ground-law, modified by the reforms of 1848. Her ruler, placed under a special coronation oath, is recognized only as king. The name of Hungary figures, in all State documents, on equal terms with that of Austria. The Honveds

who had fought against the kaiser are acknowledged as having merited well of the fatherland. The rank of general has been given back to Klapka, Perczel, Vetter, once foremost among the military chiefs of the Revolution. Men who once narrowly escaped the gallows have been placed in the highest positions. Count Andrassy himself belongs to that class. In short, the restoration of self-government is well-nigh as complete as it could possibly be under royal rule.

This was Deak's crowning achievement. As the “Father of the Restored Constitution of Hungary,” he henceforth had marks of esteem and respect showered upon him from all sides. The people, when speaking of him, used quaint names of endearment; and all kinds of tales about his daily doings cropped up. To the queen-empress Elizabeth, whose favourite sojourn has of late years been the castle of Gödöllő, near Pesth, he became “Cousin Deak,” or “Uncle Deak:” so, at least, the popular myth would have it. Meanwhile the great Hungarian patriot never gave up his wonted simplicity of life; a hater, as he was, of all pride and pomp. His bachelor abode at Pesth consisted of two rooms, at an ordinary hotel — the “Queen of England.” His landed property he had transferred to other hands for a small annuity. He lived in the most frugal style; was a total abstainer (a rare thing, indeed, in a country famous for good wine!); but, on the other hand, an inveterate smoker. He aged rather soon, and was styled “*alter Herr*” and “patriarch” at a time when other statesmen still pride themselves on their vigour. His modesty, his retiring disposition, never forsook him. Having nothing about his personality that could be called impressive, he might, in his *sombrero* hat and his Neapolitan mantle, have passed unobserved in a crowd; but a nation's admiring looks followed his steps, in spite of his occasional strong protests against every ovation.

An unselfish man; not a republican by conviction, yet distinguished by an incorruptibility reminding us of the noblest models of republican virtue, Deak declined all favours from the court. To the question, more than once addressed to him confidentially by the court, as to what he wished, he uniformly replied, “I am not in want of anything.” At last, on the advice of one of his ministers, Francis Joseph sent him a royal family portrait, in a frame of pure gold, set with costly gems. “It would look like a present of money,” Deak said; “I cannot accept that!”

Taking the picture from the rich frame, he sent back the latter with his thanks and compliments. All decorations he also refused to accept—much to the annoyance of the king-emperor, who, in the *alter Herr's* off-hand manner, seemed to detect a slight upon the crown. Deak's constant resolve was to remain independent. No calumny could touch so disinterested a character.

Of late years, Deak's influence, though still an extensive one, gradually waned. A more advanced party came up, which, under Koloman Tisza, is now in power, and some of whose members aim at the establishment of a strict "personal union" that would entail the separation of the military forces of Hungary from those of Austria proper. It has been much remarked that Mr. Ghyczy, the president of the House of Commons at Pesth, in his speech on the life and career of Francis Deak, said: "He did not give us complete autonomy and independence, such as a nation may have under the rule of a prince; but he has given us that which could be attained within the existing political framework." From these words it may be inferred that a more thorough separation from Cis-Leithan Austria is the aim of an influential party in Hungary.

The death of the great patriot (January 29) has occurred at a moment when new storm-clouds are drifting over the Austro-Hungarian horizon. The opening up of the Eastern question has emboldened once more the so-called Slavonian court party at Vienna. Reactionary Federalists and Centralists are already in eager expectancy. The political danger is enhanced by the contest between the upholders of the free-trade system in Hungary, and the protectionists in the western part of the Habsburg dominions. At present, the outlook is dark indeed. Francis Deak had seen the triumph of his country's cause; but, before closing his eyes, he also saw fresh perils gathering round it. He had fought his battles well for his nation's rights and for the extension of popular freedom; and though new struggles may soon have to be gone through by Hungary, no fitter words could be applied in his honour than those written on a garland laid on his bier,—"*Fading flowers for never-fading merit.*"

KARL BLIND.

From The Spectator.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH ON SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH delivered last Sunday, in Edinburgh, the first of a series of lectures on the Christian doctrine of sin, and dwelt in his opening address chiefly on the bearing which the recognition of the fact of sin should have on the modern theory of evolution. He pointed out that there is nothing in Christian teaching in the least inconsistent with the theory of development of which Mr. Darwin, for instance, is the chief exponent. What is inconsistent with it is the notion, he said, that everything can be accounted for as a mere growth out of antecedent states, and that all divine agency is excluded; that nature is not merely a sphere of action, but the acting power itself, beyond which there is nothing. That the doctrine of evolution, by natural selection or in any other way, may describe the true method in which life rises from the lower to the higher levels, Principal Tulloch not only did not deny, but held it to be in every sense consistent with the evolution of conscious life, as we know it ourselves on those higher levels. It is no longer supposed, as he very justly remarked, that theology is merely the classified arrangement of Scriptural teachings properly interpreted, it is held by all the better thinkers to be the vital growth of the moral and spiritual experience of man as enlightened by Scripture, and its business is to trace the various links in the organized structure of Christian history and thought. Now, if this be true, so far is a doctrine of gradual evolution of the forms of life from being inconsistent with Christian teaching, it is but the anticipation in lower stages of creation of the highest application of that teaching. Only, just as in interpreting the gradual development of Christian doctrine and Christian thought, we never think of assuming that the later stage is nothing but the earlier stage in transformation, but rather assume that the later stage is a fuller unfolding of that divine mind which was less perfectly seen in the earlier stage, so with regard to physical evolution, the assumption of the Christian faith is that it is the divine power which is seen in evolution throughout all the stages of the gradual growth of life, only more fully manifested in the more complex organisms of the higher creation than in the simpler organisms of the lower. Christian faith has not only nothing to say against evolution, but recognizes evolu-

tion as one of the most important phases in the method of revelation itself. But such faith is wholly inconsistent with the radical idea dominating materialistic conceptions of evolution,—namely, that the process of growth really explains the cause as well as the history of life on the earth,—and also with the radical idea dominating the view of Matthew Arnold and the modern Dutch school of divines,—that there is nothing but an abstract ideal which is higher than man, that religion is only “morality touched with emotion,” and God an expression for “a stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,” in other words, not the foundation of our life, but its visionary goal. Now with both these conceptions as Dr. Tulloch showed, the Christian teaching as to sin,—a teaching which, like all other similar lessons of the Church, had its history of gradual growth, and was no more fully developed at first than the doctrine of divine grace,—is entirely inconsistent. If sin represent a fact at all in human experience, it is a fact which cannot be explained on the principle of finding in every new phase of existence nothing but the transformed shape of some antecedent state of existence. If sin were to the previous condition of circumstances and character what the blossom is to the bud, or the fruit to the blossom, then though it might be a morbid growth, a parasitic growth, a growth tending to disfigure and ruin the character out of which it grows, it would no more call for remorse, or penitence, or judgment, than the gall-apple on the oak, or water on the brain. Yet the attempt to eliminate the sense of sin from human consciousness is just as ineffectual as the attempt to eliminate the sense of cause and effect, or the sense of hope and fear. The “historical method,” as it is called, which recognizes everything as having some real right to an appropriate commemoration in the life of man which is found alike in all ages, and developed as the life of the race is developed, demands that the sense of sin should be recognized as a constituent part of human history, no less than the feeling for art, or the thirst for knowledge, or the life of imagination. Indeed, it is far more pervading than any of these. While they are developed by only a portion of the community, the moral feeling of deep self-reproach and remorse for voluntary evil is shared by all, not least by the most ignorant who do not participate at all in the life of culture or of abstract thought.

In the early history of every people, it is indeed remarkable how uniformly the nation feels that all its guilt or goodness is shared by all, that the penalty of impiety will light upon all alike, even when it seems to be due only to the acts of a few. As the Jews recognized that Egypt suffered for the tyranny of its king, and themselves expected that, in the long wanderings of the wilderness, all would incur the penalty of acts committed only by a few,—as the Athenians regarded their whole city as liable to a curse for the acts of desecration committed by a few thoughtless youths,—so the early literature of all nations is full of the Nemesis which descends on one member of a family for the sins of his ancestors, a conception of which the earliest dogmatic trace is probably found in the story of the fall and the wide extermination which followed it in the flood. It will be said that this fact only proves that, originally at least, sin is no more distinguished from the antecedent conditions from which it is “evolved,” than other human characteristics or qualities; that the peculiar remorse attending it, whatever it may be due to, is not due to any keen sense of personal responsibility. But it might be as well said that because in a dim light we cannot distinguish from each other the shadows of contiguous objects, we have no impression of the true meaning of a shadow. The line of discrimination between the range of the suffering, and the exact range of personal or tribal responsibility for the suffering, is necessarily a delicate line to draw. Society is so constituted, especially in its earlier stages, that it sins and suffers collectively,—that it is often impossible to distinguish who is and who is not responsible for a calamity which overshadows all alike. Early tribes were units, rather than collections of units. What they did was done perhaps by the chief, but then the chief carried the whole tribe with him, and what he did, they consented to. In such cases, the sense of sin was necessarily almost as collective as the suffering which came of it. No one was in the same way separately responsible as in more individualized societies, but no one was in the same way distinctly innocent of the guilt. It is only in later stages of society that it is possible to distinguish effectually between the range of the guilt and the range of the suffering caused by that guilt, which last necessarily spreads far beyond the limits of the guilt itself. When a whole city trembles because one or two of that city have done something impious, as Athens trembled at

the mutilation of the Hermes, it is probable that all feel, though not perhaps responsible for the impiety, yet accountable for the moral recklessness and selfish audacity which caused the impiety. Athenian awelessness seemed almost the contradiction of Athenian superstition, but the Athenian mob felt in some dim way, we presume, that the cruel awelessness of the young scapegraces, and the cruel superstition which cried out for vengeance on them, were somehow a growth of the same stock. And to us, looking back at the history of Judæa and Athens, the real identity between the impiety of individual offenders, and the cruel vindictiveness which asked for vengeance on them as a mode of absolving the people from the consequences of such offences, seems plain enough. But as the history of a race develops, the time inevitably comes when finer distinctions are rendered necessary between sin and suffering, and when the notion of expiation is connected rather with the voluntary disinterestedness of more than human love, than with the compulsory suffering of arbitrarily chosen victims. The notion of sin is individualized, the range of the collective suffering which comes from it is better defined, and the conception of the intense and yet willing suffering which is its only adequate cure, comes out in its full grandeur in the doctrine of atoning love.

Thus, as Principal Tulloch truly urges, the history of the sense of sin is the truest example of the sort of "evolution" which should be our standard in interpreting the sense to be attached to lower kinds of evolution. In the first instance, the ideas of guilt, responsibility, punishment, expiation are all more or less confused in a vague notion of common evil, common penalty, and common hope of some sort of penance and purification. Then gradually the guilt is discriminated from the penalty, and the penalty from the expiation. It is seen that the doers of evil cannot suffer alone, but that they suffer differently, and in a much more permanent way, than those who only share the evil consequences and not the evil of the cause; and again, it is felt that those who only share involuntarily the evil consequences are in no way helping to remove the evil cause, while the divine love which accepts voluntarily, and for the sake of the guilty, that pain, of the origin of which it was quite innocent, is restoring the moral order which the guilty broke. Now, can "evolution" of this sort be in any sense the mere growth of more organized out of less organized structures?

Does not the whole story imply the conception of a divine horror of sin, and a more and more complete discrimination of its origin, its consequences, and its remedy, every step in which renders the divine ground-work of creation more evident? Surely Principal Tulloch is right in saying that the theistic and Christian conception of evolution excludes the idea of the growth of the higher forms of life out of the lower, and requires that of the gradual revelation of divine purposes which in the earlier stages of human life are only roughly and dimly discerned.

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From The Spectator of March 18.  
THE HURRICANES.

FROM Sunday morning to Wednesday night, the north-west corner of Europe was in so much tumult of all kinds from the vagaries of the gases, liquids, and powdered solids which make up the envelope of our little planet, that only an earthquake, when the very foundations of things begin to tumble and collapse, could have created more alarm. No doubt an atmosphere is a most essential provision for human existence, and planets like the moon, which have none, are very desolate wastes indeed; but the vivacity which an atmosphere no doubt produces seems to be rather in excess of what is suitable to such creatures as we are, when rivers, in one place, are heaped up into water-spouts "to the height of a house,"—as the Rhine is stated to have been at Coblenz; when omnibus-drivers are beheaded by a wandering telegraph-wire in another; when, in a third place, farmers are entangled and starved to death in that fine white powder which is the only solid held by the atmosphere in reserve against human enterprise; when roofs of churches are swept into the windows of the neighbouring houses, and great blocks of stone are driven from the cliffs like so many hailstones, in other quarters; and when in some European capitals there is a hat and wig and chignon and umbrella storm quite as severe and much more grotesque than the rain and hailstorms with which it is mixed up; most of all, when in the great cities planted on the banks of rivers large suburbs are suddenly turned into lakes, and houses fall like children's playthings beneath the swirling tide. The snow-storm of Sunday and the tornado which lasted in fits till Wednesday morning were real lessons in what the apparently very

modest agencies of our atmosphere could do, if by any chance the force which drove them about were permitted to be for any length of time animated by a mad and frantic spirit of destruction. We are told now on all hands that invisible agencies of great physical capacity can be exerted through persons called "mediums," agencies quite equal to driving heavy furniture about rooms, and sending ponderous gentlemen and musical boxes sailing away under the ceiling. Well, suppose a band of these remarkable agencies, which seem to take so much delight in what is called "materialization," should get hold of the atmosphere for a few weeks at a time, and make it perform the mad tricks which tables and chairs are asserted to perform by the "Spiritualists." Macbeth's witches evidently had some such notion in their heads, and boasted that the object of their spite should be tempest-tossed, though his ship could not be utterly destroyed. And it does seem as if it might be easier for spirits to raise the wind, and let the wind thus raised float the heavy objects which they now exert themselves so much to drive about the rooms in which *séances* are held, than to make these great mechanical efforts directly, themselves. At a superficial guess, at all events, pneumatic exertions would seem to be more in a spirit's way than the habit of discharging heavy projectiles. They always used to be called the "powers of the air," and there can be no doubt but that, if they want to do mischief, the air is a very wide sphere of influence for them.

So far from its being a marvel that we now and then have these tremendous disturbances in the atmosphere, the marvel ought to be that, considering the perfect fluidity of the transparent and invisible medium which is wrapped round the earth, its great mobility under even slight changes of temperature, and the awful force with which now and again it does sweep over us, we so seldom hear of the sort of confusion which appeared to reign everywhere between Sunday and Wednesday. Why should it be so seldom heard of that every yard within a walk of two miles should be strewn with tiles, chimneys, pots, brickbats, or some other vestige of the propelling power of the wind, as happened on Sunday, for instance, at Boulogne? Why should not the whole area of our island be oftener in the condition of that appositely named *Estaminet des Vents* which the hurricane suddenly turned inside out on Sunday in the same town? We suppose that the real guarantee

against constant repetitions of such scenes of destruction is the enormous elasticity of the particles of the atmosphere,—which causes them to spring asunder in so many directions, on the slightest of impulses, that it is far more difficult to hold the force exerted to pushing in a single direction than it is in the case of either liquids or solids. These terribly destructive storms are only possible, we suppose, when the forces which act upon the air are so combined as to condense a considerable volume of air and drive it steadily in a given direction, just as the compressed air which causes the explosion of an air-gun is kept by the barrel in which it is enclosed from expanding in any direction but one. Now, of course, this seldom happens in the case of an atmosphere which is only tied by the force of gravity to our planet. It is very rare, we suppose, under such conditions, for the constraint to be so exerted as to overcome the elastic tendency of the particles of air to spring apart, whereby they lose the continuity and coherence requisite for a combined attack on the rickettiness of human structures. It is the high volatility of the air which is our best security against the fixity needful for frequent discharges of such artillery as those of the early part of this week. A force which, if exerted to drive a stone or a bullet, would kill at once, and which, even if it were employed to drive water, would prove a most formidable power, is almost thrown away in the air, whose particles reflect it so instantaneously in all sorts of directions, that only a rapidly diminishing driving power is usually transmitted in the direction of the force impressed. Air is too much adapted for dancing away towards all quarters of the compass to be well fitted, without artificial manipulation, for the purposes of a battering-ram or a Bramah press. Indeed, it is in the gullies and narrow valleys, where something of this artificial constraint is provided for the air-currents, that, when such currents do happen to sweep through them, they are most terrible in the ruin which they bring.

It is, of course, chiefly the physical mischief caused by these tempests which arrests the attention of men. When there is a cloud of hats and chignons in the air, people do not think very much of the state of their brains or nerves, and yet the changes in the pressure of the atmosphere probably do cause more discomfort to most of us through our brains, than they cause even through the rape of our hats,



or the wettings due to driving snow or rain. Whenever the barometer sinks very low, heads begin to ache, and sleep to forsake all the considerable class of people whose nerves require the stimulus of a high pressure to discharge their functions with their usual rapidity and punctuality. There are people who can hardly sleep at all at a height of five or six thousand feet, and though, of course, no fall of the barometer, even in a hurricane, approaches in any degree to the fall which is due to this elevation, there appears to be something in the irregularity of the pressure, when a gale sweeps at the rate of sixty miles an hour over the earth, and the mercury stands one day at only 28 or 27 1-2 inches in the tube of the weather-glass and at 30° the next, that more than compensates for the mere diminution of the weight of air which you get in high Alpine situations. Now that we know that the mere presence, possibly the mere pressure, of light will so far alter the constitution of a substance like selenium as to turn it from a very poor conductor of electricity into a very decent one, we need not be surprised to find that sudden changes in the conditions of atmospheric pressure often lead to changes in the physical constitution of the nerves that are accompanied by both great distress and great loss of power. But so much the more we have reason to be very thankful that these great disturbances in all the conditions of life do not effect the physique of the brain even more than they actually do. Very slight forces seem to have so great an influence on the molecular structure of certain substances, that it is wonderful our nerves should not be more liable than they are to cerebral storms and hurricanes,—to disturbances, for instance, which might make whole populations temporarily delirious, and turn a city into a big lunatic asylum, instead of a merely harried, and worried, and wetted population. Indeed, when we think of the wonderful volatility of the atmospheric shell in which we live, it is certainly much more surprising that we do not suffer oftener and worse from its high and low tides, its tempests and its stagnations, than that we are now and then forced into grumbling at the excesses from which we are generally so free.

From Chambers' Journal.

"MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS."

THE effect of certain sounds upon the mind is often very curious. We do not allude to the ordinary phenomena of speech, singing, and music, where the sound-producing apparatus is tolerably familiar, and its distance from the hearer estimated with a near approach to accuracy. The effect is only "mysterious" when there is any doubt as to where the sound comes from, and how it has originated; the imagination then begins, and sometimes works itself up to very singular hallucinations. Night, or darkness without night, has much to do with this matter. When we cannot see the sound-producing agent, conjecture is apt to run wild; and ghost-stories often depend on no better foundation than this. For instance, certain sounds may frequently be heard at night, coming from the air above, but from an invisible source—a kind of whistling or prolonged cry, the producers of which are known in certain parts of England as "whistlers." Some legends make it out that these whistlers are ghosts, some evil spirits, some Wandering Jews. But the truth is that the sounds proceed from birds, such as wild geese or plovers, which are in the habit of flying in flocks by night, either for the purpose of reaching distant feeding-grounds, or during their annual migrations. The cry which is usually uttered by the "leader" during these nocturnal bird-flights has, from ignorance of its cause, been regarded as weird and mysterious by superstitious folks, who associate it with impending evil.

Sir David Brewster gives an excellent account of a mysterious night-sound which would have frightened many persons, but which proved innocently harmless when tested by a steady observer. A gentleman heard a strange sound every night, soon after getting into bed; his wife heard it also, but not at the time when *she* retired, a little earlier than he. No probable cause could be assigned; and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant. He found, some time afterwards, that the sound came from a wardrobe which stood near the head of his bed. He almost always opened and closed this wardrobe when undressing; but as the door was a little tight, he could not *quite* close it. The door, possibly affected by gradual changes of temperature, forced itself open with a sort of dull sound which was over in an instant. From the lady not being in the habit of using that wardrobe, the mys-



tery became associated with her husband only. Many a ghost-story would receive its solution by a little attention to the sounds resulting from the expansion and contraction of wood-work, such as doors, panels, wainscoting, and articles of furniture. Heard at night, when all is still, the sudden creaking of furniture in a room is apt to be somewhat startling, until one comes to know that it is simply due to "the weather."

Sound being generally more audible at night than in the daytime, is often exaggerated by those who overlook that fact. Humboldt specially noted this when listening to the cataracts of the Orinoco, and traced it to differences in the humidity of the air. The atmosphere is sometimes more than usually transparent, and sometimes more than usually opaque, to sounds as well as to light; Dr. Tyndall has recently proved this in a striking way, in relation to the audibility of fog-signals in different states of the weather. A little mystery is also due to the fact that we sometimes know that sound is being produced by an object visible to us, and yet we cannot hear it. The chirp of the sparrow is inaudible to some persons; others, who can hear it, cannot hear the squeak of the bat; and all of us are at the mercy of a kind of tone-deafness (analogous in some degree to Dr. Dalton's colour-blindness), in regard to sounds of acute pitch. A singular case of visible but inaudible drumming occurred during the American War of Independence. English and American troops were drawn up on opposite sides of the river; the outposts were mutually visible; and the English could see an American drummer beating his tattoo, although no sound could be heard. This is attributed to a kind of tone-opacity which affected the air over the river in a particular state of temperature and humidity.

There is, to most of us, much mystery in sounds when louder than we expected to find them. A well at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, has water at the bottom; and when even so small an object as a pin is dropped into the water, the sound can be heard above, although the well is more than two hundred feet deep. At St. Alban's Cathedral, it used to be said, the tick of a watch could be heard from end to end of that very long building; whether the recent restorations have interfered with this phenomenon, we do not know. Sound can be heard over water at a greater distance than over land; Dr. Hutton heard a person reading at a hundred and forty

feet distance on the Thames; whereas he could only hear him seventy feet off on shore. Sound can be heard over ice, also, more easily than over land. When Lieutenant Foster was wintering in the Arctic regions, he found he could converse with a man a mile and a quarter distant, both being on the ice in Bowen Harbour. The human voice, it is asserted, has been heard ten miles off at Gibraltar—we presume, over the water of the strait. The whispering-gallery at St. Paul's is always a mystery to visitors; a whisper becomes distinctly audible at the opposite side of the gallery, but not at intermediate positions. The late Sir Charles Wheatstone once made a curious observation on sound at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park (recently pulled down). Placing himself close to the upper part of the interior wall (a circle a hundred and thirty feet in diameter), he found that a spoken word was repeated many times; that an exclamation appeared like a peal of laughter; and that the tearing of a piece of paper was like the pattering of hail. In the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, a whisper can be heard the whole length of the building, if the whisperer places himself in the focus of the semicircular apse at one end. A story is told that, long ago, a confessional-box was inadvertently placed just at that spot; that the details of a confession were audible at another spot near the entrance to the church; and that the authorities were first made acquainted with this awkward fact by a ferment arising out of one particular confession.

Single sounds repeated many times, and a whole sentence repeated after a second or two, are alike mysterious to those who are not conversant with the scientific conditions on which they depend. Some recorded echoes are of very remarkable character. Those on and near the Lakes of Killarney are doubtless familiar to many readers of this sheet. At Woodstock Park, near Oxford, it used to be said that an echo would repeat seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night—a statement possibly in need of modern modification. An echo on the banks of the Lago del Lupo, near Terni, is said to repeat seventeen syllables; while the old topographers of Sussex told of an echo of twenty-one syllables in Shipley Church.

Many a mysterious rumbling, a trembling if not a booming, has been fairly attributed to distant cannonading heard over wide stretches of sea, and sometimes of land. Supposing the statements to be correct (which, of course, we cannot guar-

antee), many of the recorded examples are notable enough. The evening gun at Plymouth has been heard at Ilfracombe, sixty miles off. Rather more than this is the distance from Holyhead to Kingstown, near Dublin, a distance travelled by the audible sound of a salute from a fleet of war-ships. Cannonading off the coast of Essex has been heard at Cambridge; and off the North Foreland, at London—distances of seventy or eighty miles. The booming of great guns has been heard from Messina to Syracuse, from Genoa to Leghorn, from Portsmouth to Hereford—distances of ninety to a hundred miles. Great explosions of gunpowder, in powder-works and in magazines, are said to have been heard at distances nearly as great as these. Guns fired at Carlsrona have been heard in Denmark, across the whole breadth of Sweden, a hundred and twenty miles off. At two or three places on the coast of Kent, it is said, the cannonading at Waterloo was heard—the distance being very considerably over a hundred miles. The terrible firing of the Federals and Confederates at the battle of Gettysburg, during the American civil war, made itself heard a hundred and thirty miles off; and it is even said that gunfiring at Stockholm was once heard at a distance of a hundred and eighty miles; and that cannonading in the German Ocean was audible at Shrewsbury, two hundred miles off. But if for cannonading we substitute the mightiest sounds of nature, great volcanic eruptions, we leave such distances far behind; Sir Stamford Raffles and other reliable authorities tell us that the tremendous volcanic eruption at Sumbawa Island, in the Eastern Archipelago, was heard *nine hundred miles away*.

There is often something very mysterious in sounds when we are deceived as to the direction whence they come, even when the sounds themselves are of a familiar kind; and if we are deceived both as to direction and distance, the mystery grows in interest. One of the best examples of this was the exhibition known as the *Invisible Girl*, pleasing in itself and scientific in action. In the middle of an exhibition-room was a small globe of copper or brass, suspended by strings or ribbons from a canopy, and in contact with nothing but those ribbons, except that four trumpet-mouths opened from the four sides of the globe. On speaking into one of these mouths, and asking questions, a tiny voice answered from the globe itself, speaking in three or four languages, according to the requirements of the ques-

tion, and singing at intervals. The globe was only a foot or so in diameter; but so completely did the voice seem to come from it, and so delicate and subdued was it in tone, that the effect produced upon the audience was striking. The mode of producing the sounds was scientifically complete. A framework that surrounded the ball had an air-tube along one horizontal bar and down one leg; when a spectator spoke or whispered into one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was echoed by the hollow of the globe back into the concealed tube, and conveyed into an adjoining apartment, where it was heard by a lady confederate, who whispered back the answer. We remember the exhibition, and can vouch for the fact that the voice seemed to come from a tiny being located in the small globe itself.

It has been pretty well ascertained, in regard to mysterious sounds coming from masses of stone, that the sonorous effects admit of a scientific explanation. At Solfatara, near Naples, when the ground at a certain spot is struck by throwing a large stone against it, a peculiar hollow sound is distinctly heard. This, it is believed, is due to one of three causes: there are large cavities beneath, or there are partial echoes in the porous stone, or there is a reverberation from the surrounding hills. Humboldt describes a granitic mountain in the Orinoco region as "one of those from which travellers have heard from time to time, towards sunrise, subterranean sounds resembling those of an organ. The missionaries call that stone *lozas de musica*. 'It is witchcraft,' said our young Indian guide. The sound is only heard when a person lies down on the rock, with his ear close to the surface." Humboldt expressed a belief that the rock contains a multitude of deep and narrow crevices; that the temperature of the crevices is different from that of the open air; that a sonorous current slowly issues at sunrise; and that the sound is probably due to this issuing current striking against thin films of mica in the granite. Near Tor, in Arabia Petræa, is a mountain which gives forth a curious sound. A legend is current among the natives to the effect that a convent of monks is miraculously preserved underground; and that the sound is produced by the *nakous*, a long metallic bar suspended horizontally, which a priest strikes with a hammer to summon the monks to prayers. A Greek is even said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine

gardens and delicious water: and in order to give proof of this descent, he produced some fragments of consecrated bread, which he pretended to have brought from the underground convent! Seetzen, the first European traveller who visited this spot, played sad havoc with this imaginative picture. Accompanied by some Greeks and Arabs, he found a bare rock of hard sandstone, inscribed with Greek, Arabic, and Coptic characters. He came to the conclusion, on close examination, that the surfaces of two inclined planes of sandstone are covered with loose disintegrated sand; and that this sand, in gradually rolling down, produced a sound like the swelling and waning tone of a humming-top.

Perhaps the most familiar and mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist; familiar because almost every country fair is visited by one or other of these exhibitors; mysterious, because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain how it is that some men can speak as from the stomach instead of the throat, and without any perceptible movement of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exercising this art in a public coffee-house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats, as if cold. Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, M. St. Gille, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother; suddenly they heard a voice as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal; not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces, and chanted the *De Profundis*. A committee, appointed by the *Académie des Sciences* to report on the phenomena of ventriloquism, went with M. St. Gille to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of ærial "spirits" somewhere in the neighbourhood. During the interview, she heard what she termed "spirit-voices" above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room; and was with diffi-

culty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriloquistic voice of M. St. Gille.

Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, *valet de chambre* to Francis I., whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit; and while he was present, she heard the voice of her deceased husband, expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage-arrangements, but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day, and resumed the conversation; when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed ten thousand crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist—who of course forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else. When the usurer learned afterwards how he had been duped, he died of vexation.

Of all producers of so-called mysterious sounds, Dr. Tyndall's sensitive or *vowel flame* is one of the most curious. Out of a particular kind of gas, with a burner of peculiar construction, the learned professor produces a lighted jet of flame, nearly two feet in height, extremely narrow, and so exquisitely sensitive to sounds that it sings, and dances up and down, in response to everything that is sung or said, with different degrees of sensibility for different vowel sounds. "The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduces its height to seven inches. When a bunch of keys is shaken, the flame is violently agitated,

and emits a loud roar. The dropping of a sixpence into a hand already containing coin, at a distance of twenty yards, knocks the flame down. It is not possible to walk across the floor without agitating the flame. The creaking of boots sets it in violent commotion. The crumpling or tearing of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is startled by the patter of a raindrop. I hold a watch near the flame; nobody hears its ticks; but you all see their effect upon the flame; at every tick it falls and roars. The winding-up of the watch also produces tumult. The twittering of a distant sparrow shrieks in the flame; the note of a cricket would do the same. A chirrup from a distance of thirty yards causes it to fall and roar." In reference to the power of the flame to respond to poetry, the lecturer said: "The flame selects from the sounds those to which it can respond; it notices some by the slightest nod, to others it bows more distinctly, to some its obeisance is very profound, while to many sounds it turns an entirely deaf ear."

So long as the cause of any unusual sound is unexplained to the non-scientific listener, he is apt, naturally enough, to term that sound mysterious; but the element of mystery will disappear when he is assured that sounds of every description are due to natural and unalterable acoustic principles.

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From The Queen.

#### IN ITALICS.

ONE of the innumerable characteristics of women which cause the "inextinguishable laughter" of men is the habit cherished by many of underscoring their words; writing in italics for the better direction of the reader, and the more distinct emphasizing of the sense. Like many other things, the value or worthlessness of this habit depends solely on its use or abuse. Judiciously employed, those passages underlined, those words in italics, are excellent finger-posts to the mind; but when finger-posts are put up at every field-gate and foot-wide bridle-path, the attention gets chopped up into unmeaning fragments, and the sense is lost by subdivision. With some people, however, the habit is inveterate. We have seen letters in which every line was dashed as regularly as the t's were crossed and the i's dotted. Sometimes the dashes were doubled, and not always in the right

place: as, *Will you come to tea to-night?* or, *We MISSED you yesterday very much;* *Our music WAS good AND the singing Excellent;* and so on. Editors know the kind of thing only too well from the amateur contributors who overwhelm them with their attentions. Were they to print as their untechnical correspondents write, their pages would be typographical harlequins—shape standing for colour. Italics for all the adjectives and adverbs; small capitals to all the nouns; inverted commas bracketing each well-known phrase and commonplace quotation; notes of exclamation standing sentinel at the end of every sentence; unmeaning dashes carrying the mind into the vast and vague—this is the kind of thing by which amateur writers would, if they were followed, break up the decent uniformity of bourgeois and small pica. We question, however, if the public would like the change, and we are sure that the printers would not; and even the writers themselves would feel a little surprise, if nothing more, when they saw their method translated into type, and learnt practically the need of level handwriting and a more sparing use of what we may call caligraphic expletives. A century ago, and less, italics and capitals were employed much more freely than now; as is still the case with the Germans, every noun was headed with its distinctive letter in large, while the accent was laid by means of the italicized running hand, which showed the reader what he was expected to note; but the emphasis given by both is often poor and misplaced, and the result is one of forcible feebleness and empty pomposity rather than anything else.

It is the same with certain speakers. They emphasize their words as if each began with a capital, or was to be written in italics; and their voices inflect the inverted commas and notes of admiration which, writing, they would have marked down with a broad pen and in the blackest ink. If they tell you that they have just come in from a drive in the Park where they saw *the* chestnut team, they speak with as much emphasis as if they were acting in a melodrama at the moment of supreme danger, or, if in graver style, as if they were relating the deliberations of a Cabinet council, dealing with the fall of empires and the creation of future history. When they shake hands with you and inquire after your health, which is in the most uninteresting condition of flawless perfection, they wring your hand for the first part till you can hardly repress your groans, and for the second they throw

into their voices such an array of italics and capital letters as would be excessive and exaggerated were they asking after the condition of an invalid hovering between life and death, and whose state carried with it the welfare of more existences than his own. They mean no more than the next comer who shakes hands without torture, and speaks without emphasis, whose voice has no italics, and his words no capital letters: it is simply their way, and they emphasize by inflation, as others emphasize by adjectives and by using the largest words for the smallest events. It is very funny to listen to these emphatic people. From a distance, a stranger to their method might imagine them in deep distress, or furious wrath. They growl, they shriek, they hammer out their words, with urgent stress and swinging force; they run through their register, now high, now low, and always powerfully emphatic; but it is all nothing. They are talking about the weather, of the cattle-plague, yesterday's dinner or to-morrow's tea, and their italics are of no more value than so many painted cannon and dummy gunners, things that look formidable, but do not carry either peas or pellets.

This habit of italicizing insignificant words and unimportant phrases passes into the life as well as the voice and the handwriting of a man, and people who act in italics and Roman capitals are quite as common as those who speak and write in them. Who does not know the emphatic self-importance by which the smallest event of a man's life is as largely acted, and as much dilated on as if his whole career turned on that one pivot? Some people lose their fortunes, their best beloved, their health, and no one hears a word; others part with their cook, and the world has the fact blown through a trumpet into its ears. Every acquaintance they possess hears the whole history spoken in capital letters and italics, from the first cause of disagreement to the last of final severance; and every one is expected to find the narrative interesting, and the moral typography suitable to the occasion. To change a house with these loudly-emphasized individuals is of more importance than to others of a weaker kind is marriage or partnership; and a dinner is an event which has its array of italics, from the soup to the dessert, and from the guests to the dresses. One gets tired of all this fervour and force, this making snail-shells into pearl-oysters, and seashore pebbles into diamonds; and with so much ado about nothing one welcomes

the repose of monotony itself, the rest of indifference. Colour in one's life is all very well; but it is fatiguing to see nothing but scarlet and purple before one's eyes; and even the very sky is the better for a haze as a veil and a few clouds to cast a shadow. But our emphasized friends who live in italics know nothing of haze or cloud, and the sobriety of neutral tints is a grace which they cannot compass, a beauty which they do not discern. They have no sympathy with the flowers that are born to bloom unseen, but prefer to cast their sweetness very far abroad indeed, and to make every wandering wind a messenger telling of their whereabouts and manner of being. The people who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, are people whom they neither envy nor affect, and they not only let their left hands know all that their right do, but they let every other person's left hand know it also. Each separate act of their lives is as a new chapter, begun with a huge ornamental initial letter and ended with a tail-piece, embodying the chief incidents; while the type is printed in italics, and the substantives are made in capitals. Has my lord spoken to them civilly? No Persian manuscript is more elaborate, more ornate; no schoolgirl's letter to her bosom friend more thickly underlined and emphasized than their narration of the great event. Has a crumb fallen from the huge bakery of fortune into their laps? The world is gathered to view the fragment with a clamour to which the hen's hysterical announcement of her last-laid egg is tame and subdued. Whatever happens to them has to be announced in posters to all their friends, and if they split hairs on the one hand they make each half into ships' cables on the other.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### LANDED PROPERTY IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

THE compulsory transfer of property in Prince Edward Island may perhaps have alarmed nervous English landowners who have become acquainted with the transaction by occasional conversations in Parliament. The precedents of which the Irish Land Act was the first are likely to accumulate with constantly diminishing regard for rules which were once deemed immutable. Every separate act of interference with property is excused, and perhaps justified, by the special circumstances

of the case; but the common principle that private right must yield to real or supposed public convenience acquires additional practical importance by each successive recognition of its validity. The expropriation of the landowners in Prince Edward Island has received the more or less willing assent of Lord Granville, Lord Kimberley, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Carnarvon. It may therefore be assumed that some measure of the kind was necessary, or that it was less objectionable than the probable results of an alternative policy; but property is a delicate institution, depending for its security on unbroken custom. In Prince Edward Island, as in Ireland, the concessions which were professedly due to reasons of practical convenience had been clamorously demanded on revolutionary and communistic grounds. Occupiers who were impatient of the existence of landlords have for some years announced that property in land was a usurpation, and that the soil naturally belonged to the actual cultivators. It is probable that they may change their minds since they have acquired their freeholds for an almost nominal consideration. The occupiers of the island will repay the debt which they owe to the Irish tenantry by furnishing arguments in favour of Mr. Butt's agitation for the transfer of the remaining rights of Irish landowners. After a time English proprietors will be reminded in turn that their interests also are subject to the discretion of the legislature. Some of them are prematurely inviting attack by the suicidal policy of confiscating property which happens to be excepted from the ordinary course of hereditary succession.

It must be admitted that the absentee landowners of Prince Edward Island occupied an invidious position. Lord Carnarvon lately informed the House of Lords that about a hundred years ago the land was acquired by their predecessors in title through the odd machinery of a raffle. The prizes in the crown lottery were estates of twenty thousand acres each; and the winners, who perhaps scarcely understood where their new possessions were situated, could have little intention of colonizing the island in their own persons. The actual settlers have since held their tenements at a trifling rent, which has in most cases run into arrear. The prevalence and popularity of freehold tenures throughout the continent of North America not unnaturally rendered the islanders discontented with their position; but fifty or thirty years

ago it would have been useless to ask the assent of a lieutenant-governor of the colonial office to measures for the compulsory acquisition of holdings by occupiers. The establishment and growth of popular power exercised by a democratic legislature has since changed the conditions of the controversy. One of the parties in the dispute returns all the members, while the other only held the property which was coveted by the constituency. An analogous division between the basis of taxation and that of representation has in other countries produced the results which might be expected. In Prince Edward Island the question was not as to the distribution of public burdens, but as to the ownership of all the land in the colony. Several bills were successively passed to enable the government to buy out the proprietors on terms so inequitable that the colonial minister or the governor-general of Canada refused to assent to them. Both Lord Dufferin and Lord Carnarvon at last sanctioned in 1875 an act which has effected the object of abolishing leasehold tenures. It appears by a recital in the preamble that when the island was annexed to Canada, the government of the Dominion undertook to contribute eight hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of enabling the government of the province to buy up the leasehold lands. The act constituted a commission which was to assess the compensation to be paid to the owners, the governor-general, the lieutenant-governor of the island, and the proprietors themselves respectively nominating one of the three commissioners.

Mr. Childers, who was appointed a commissioner by Lord Dufferin, was obliged to return to England after making an award on the claims of ten considerable proprietors. The principles on which he adjudicated have probably been adopted by his successors; and to those who are unacquainted with the country the results seem at least to explain the loudly expressed dissatisfaction of the expropriated owners. For the freehold of one hundred and thirty thousand acres of land the arbitrators awarded sixty thousand pounds. There is no reason to doubt either their competence or their impartiality, though the losers by the transaction may be excused for including the commissioners in the blame which they impute to the provincial legislature, to the government of the Dominion, and to the colonial minister. By the 28th section of the act the commissioners are required to consider,



amongst other things, the price at which other proprietors have sold their land, the arrears of rent, the gross rental already paid by the tenants during the previous six years, and the net receipts of the proprietor, the number of acres held by adverse claimants, and the possibility of ejecting them, and the condition of the original grants from the crown. As the tenants have for many years, with the concurrence of the legislature, baffled and thwarted the proprietors by all possible means in their efforts to assert their rights, their resistance to the law is now rewarded by a proportional diminution in the compensation allowed to the proprietor. Adverse claimants are probably squatters, with no title but possession; and the undoubted difficulty of ejecting them from their holdings authorizes a further deduction from the amount of compensation. The proprietors had protested loudly against all the measures of the provincial Assembly, including the act of 1875; but it is not surprising that the smallness of the sums awarded by the commissioners is regarded, not as a necessary consequence of previous legislation, but as a new and distinct grievance. No objection can be made to a provision that no percentage should be allowed for compulsory purchase. Residents in England who had inherited large tracts of land in a distant colony could not be supposed to feel any sentimental attachment to their estates. It must not be forgotten, that all the deductions allowed by the act really corresponded to drawbacks from the value of the property. If no transfer had been effected, the leaseholders would constantly have become more turbulent and more contumacious.

The action of the provincial legislature was first suggested by Lord Granville in a despatch which referred to the Irish Land Act, then recently passed. The

principle of compulsory interference was common to Ireland and to the colony; but the reasons which were thought to render the application of the principle expedient were as different as the economic circumstances of the two countries. The remedies were also unlike, for in Ireland proprietors have not been compelled to sell their estates, and in Prince Edward Island there are no evicted tenants to receive compensation. In one country land was scarce and dear, and it was the object of incessant competition. Prince Edward Island is thinly settled, and some of the proprietors owned large tracts of uncultivated land. The universal establishment of freehold tenures will probably promote population and prosperity. Ireland was twenty years ago over-peopled; and it has at present a sufficient number of inhabitants. It is a cause for regret that the leasehold tenures in Prince Edward Island were not voluntarily commuted some years ago, when their proprietors might probably have secured more liberal terms. A similar measure would not be applicable to England, where the accumulation of large estates, and the customary relation of landlord and tenant, result in a great degree from economical causes; but there can be no doubt that the precedent will often be quoted. The Irish Land Act passed on the assurance of the government that the recognition of exceptional circumstances would not affect the security of property in other parts of the United Kingdom; but one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues has often since publicly contended that the principle of the Irish Act must in consistency be applied to England. Lord Dufferin and Lord Carnarvon may be acquitted of willingness to tamper with the foundations of property; but their authority will be hereafter invoked in favour of schemes for the redistribution of land.

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UTILIZATION OF THE SUDS FROM THE WASHING OF WOOL. — In nothing has the advance of practical science been more clearly evidenced than in the extent to which substances formerly wasted and lost are now reclaimed and made to constitute an important element in the profits of the manufacturer. One of these applications consists in the recovery of soap-suds from the washings of wool in woollen factories. These were formerly allowed to run down the sewers and into the streams, to the great pollution of the latter; but in Bradford, they are now run from the

washing-bowls into vats, and there treated with sulphuric acid. The fats rise to the surface in a mass of grease a foot or more in thickness, which is carefully collected and treated in various ways, mostly by distillation. The products are grease, used for lubricating the cogs of driving-wheels in the mills; oleic acid, which is worth about £30 per ton, and used as a substitute for olive-oil; stearin, worth £80 per ton, etc. It is said that some large mill-owners are now paid from £500 to £1,000 a year for these suds, which a few years ago were allowed to run to waste.



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{ From Beginning,  
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## TO THE EMPRESS.

AFTER BEN JONSON'S "QUEEN AND HUNTRESS,  
CHASTE AND FAIR."

QUEEN and empress, — here and there, —  
English pride is laid to sleep,  
Seated in th' imperial chair,  
State in brand-new fashion keep!  
India entreats thy light,  
Empress, excellently bright.

England, let not thy dull shade  
Dare itself to interpose,  
India's diadem was made  
Queens to cheer as day does close.  
Dazzle, then, with Dizzy's light,  
Empress, excellently bright.

Lay th' historic crown apart,  
Mindful of thy teeming quiver;  
Give to the grand-duchess' heart  
Joy of pride, how short soever.  
Make of princely darkness light,  
Empress, excellently bright.

Spectator.

## ONE DAY OUT OF SEVEN.

BIRDS cannot always sing;  
Silence at times they ask, to nurse spent  
feeling;  
To see some new, bright thing,  
Ere a fresh burst of song, fresh joy reveal-  
ing.

Flowers cannot always blow;  
Some sabbath-rest they need of silent win-  
ter;  
Ere from its sheath below  
Shoots up a small, green blade, brown earth  
to splinter.

Tongues cannot always speak;  
O God! in this loud world of noise and  
clatter,  
Save us this once-a-week,  
To let the sown seed grow, not always  
scatter.

Spectator.

B.

## THE LATEST GRAVE OF THE ABBEY.

WITHIN her well-loved abbey's utmost corner,  
Ensculptured and secluded, low she lies,  
Whose head at highest bent to every mourner,  
Whose eyes to all sad eyes.

This niche is lovely with the people's sorrow.  
Her grave is blossoming with all loves to-  
day;

Princes and toilers were at one to borrow  
Earth's flowers for earth's clay;

Also, Christ's lambs, whom she forbade not,  
bringing  
Their cross of white, and scholars of the  
school,  
And they that tend the sick, and they whose  
singing  
Fills the great church heart-full.

Violets and ivy, lily and rose together,  
In cross and chaplet, laid together down,  
Make fair the place, and Arctic mosses  
feather, —  
The faithful servant's crown.

March 18.

Spectator.

## AT REST.

SLOW creep the shadows through the cur-  
tained room,  
As dies the crimson sun from out the west,  
And round the sleeper falls a solemn gloom.  
Rest, baby, rest!

Hush! for the wind moans through the  
branches hoar,  
And snowflakes' wings against the pane are  
prest.  
Hush! for an angel's step hath passed the  
door.  
Rest, baby, rest!

Hush! for a sound of tears that needs must  
flow  
Filleth the air, with stillness else opprest,  
As wild a wounded heart sobs out its woe.  
Rest, baby, rest!

Around thee fairest flowers will soon be  
spread,  
Their blossoms breathing sweetness on thy  
breast —  
Flowers that are sacred to the early dead.  
Rest, baby, rest!

Paler than those pale flowers is thy calm  
brow,  
And cold as mountain snow-wreath's frozen  
crest,  
For in the shadowy vale thy spirit now  
Doth rest, doth rest!

Sunday Magazine.

B.

From The British Quarterly Review.  
SERVIA.\*

BUT a few months ago few Englishmen would have been able to describe precisely the position of Servia geographically or politically, few would have been able to say whether the country was a part of Austria or of Turkey, whether it was independent or an integral part of either empire, and still fewer would have been able to give the least account of its interesting political history during the last sixty years, during which it has become a not unimportant member of the European system. Within the last few weeks, however, Servia has claimed a large share in the telegrams of the morning papers. It has become of some consequence to Europe to be informed if Ristich still holds the post of prime minister in Belgrade, or if he has been replaced by Marinovich; and the news that the Skoupchtina, or national assembly, has been removed from Kraguevatz to Belgrade is almost important enough to affect the money market of Europe. Servia, in short, has quite lately come before the world, and naturally people are beginning to ask, "What is Servia?"

The country is part of that incoherent and troublesome empire for whom we have during the last twenty years shed much blood and wasted millions of treasure—an empire the name of which at this moment carries pain and grief to many a desolate English home—it is part of the Ottoman empire, but only nominally a province of Turkey, for it has fought for and won home rule, and now merely pays a fixed and annual tribute to the sultan.

Geographically the country presents the form of a rough triangle. On the east and south-east it is bounded by Bulgaria, naturally a very rich country, but rendered poor by Turkish misgovernment. On the south-west Servia is bordered by Albania

and Bosnia, the former of which provinces is chiefly peopled by savage Moslems, more addicted to war than husbandry. On the north run the magnificent rivers the Save and the Danube, the latter almost as good an outlet as the sea, nay, better, if the seaboard has not good ports. Here is the progressive civilizing side of Servia; but here again she has not been highly favoured, for civilizing influences have had to be filtered through the somewhat barbarous natives of Hungary, a nation whose culture is decidedly second-hand, for there is no question that the Germans or Saxons are the pioneers of human progress in these Danubian regions.

Servia, like Hungary, has been overrun by the most barbarous of those Mahomedan powers which at one time menaced the civilization and religion of Europe. This must be the apology for her backward condition. She is the youngest of the European family. The earliest part of the history of Servia, like that of our own country, is much mixed up with fable and confused with the stories of other tribes; but we are told that the Servians (or Serbs) are a race of Slavonians who emigrated from a district north of the Carpathians in Galicia, and came as an organized community, commanded by chiefs, to the Danubian lands, being invited by the emperor Heraclius to people a desolated country laid waste by the Avars. These Servian colonists were politically very much in their present position, that is, living in suzerainty to the emperor at Constantinople, though enjoying the advantages of autonomy, or self-government, under their native rulers. On their adoption of Christianity about half the tribe fell under the spiritual dominion of the Romish and half under that of the Greek Church, an unhappy event, which, by dividing the people and sowing the seeds of theological rancour in their midst, has had a sinister influence on their political life. As the Byzantine empire grew weak the Slavonians grew strong (history repeats itself, for the same process is going on at the present time); they gained an independence so complete that the kingdom of Slavonia made its mark in mediæval history: its kings inter-

\* (1.) *The History of Servia and the Servian Revolution, with a Sketch of the Insurrection in Bosnia.* By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German by Mrs. ALEX. KERR. Bohn.

(2.) *The History of Modern Serbia.* By ELODIE LAWTON MIJATOVICS. W. Tweedie. 1872.

(3.) *Die Serbien.* Wien, 1867. Kanitz.

(4.) *Serbische Volks.* (National.) Talfy.

(5.) *Les Serbes de Turquie.* Par A. UBICINI.

married with the royal and imperial families of France, Venice, and Constantinople, and even waged war with the latter.

Meantime an Asiatic tribe of Tartary, having organized into a nation its numerous conquered tributaries, and received the fiery impulse of Mahomedanism, and, above all, having adopted the principle of a standing army in the form of the terrible Janissaries, recruited by levies of the finest Christian boys, was steadily advancing from the east. These new people were the Ottoman Turks. In place of the luxurious and feeble Byzantine Christian rule there was established the new Mahomedan power, nor was it long before it came into collision with the brave chivalry of the Servian czar Stephen Dushan and his knightly following on the fatal field of Kossova in 1389, and there was lost the independence of Servia. And here we must needs leave a great gap in the history of Servia, which at that time included the present principality with Bosnia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, and most of the neighbouring pashaliks. The people become Ottoman subjects, the nobles adopted the Mahomedan religion, which henceforward became the State Church, in order to preserve their feudal privileges, and were hereafter called Turks, while the common people clung to their faith and submitted to ages of tyranny and oppression. A deep sleep of Asiatic torpor and barbarism settled on the doomed land, which became one of the dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty; nor did an awakening occur until the years 1806 and 1807, a date within the memory of many old folks now amongst us.

About the year 1804, when we were struggling with Napoleon, a simple peasant of a darker complexion than usual, hence named Kara George (Black George), having fled to the mountains a ruined man, leaving a home desolated by the Turk and with a heart on fire for revenge, gathered together a number of men made desperate like himself, and became a renowned *haiduk* or brigand, not of the modern Greek or Italian sort — neither a Manzi nor a Takos, but a kind of Robin Hood, who waged war on the rich; but as

no one was or could be rich but the Turkish oppressor, the lawless acts of Kara George and his comrades assumed the complexion of heroic deeds in a righteous cause, so that to seize, plunder, and murder a wealthy Moslem was, no sin in the eyes of the peasantry who fed and sheltered the patriot band.

Perhaps at no period of the Ottoman history has that power been in such a state of anarchy as about the period of 1798. The Dahis and Janissaries, to whom the empire had owed all its military force, had now become a source of weakness. Europe had copied their discipline and improved upon it, while these military organizations had thrown off all civil authority, recognizing but faintly the obligations of their religion and obeying only their own officers. If war was declared against a foreign power the Janissaries had to be bribed to march, while during the intervals of war they wasted the districts in which they were quartered, ruined the peasantry by their exactions, and at times drove them to despair and revolt, as in the case of Servia. In some cases these Turkish chiefs pursued a remarkable method in their exactions: they marched through the villages, bound and tortured the proprietors, and made them sign certain title-deeds making over their landed property. The country was indeed ripe for revolt, but a long course of unresisted oppression had bred a profound contempt for these rayahs in the minds of the oppressors. When twenty mounted Servians would alight from their horses on meeting even a Turkish boy, they were naturally looked upon as sheep made to be fleeced and treated accordingly. The insubordination of the Dahis or Turkish chiefs had proceeded to such lengths that the sultan was compelled to make war upon them, and committed the fatal error of putting arms into the hands of the Christians against his rebellious Moslem subjects. The rage of these latter can only be compared to the indignation of the Southern planters in America when they saw opposed to them the "nigger regiments." Like the latter, the Christians fought well, and, what is more, the charm of superiority was broken, for more than once they saw Moslems fly

before them; and when they had helped the sultan to put down their old enemies, they demurred to giving up their arms and returning to their old condition. Nevertheless, in spite of checks administered to the Dahis and Janissaries from time to time, Servia remained a down-trodden oppressed country, the natives of which had so long endured the cruel tyranny of the Turks, that they seem to have acquired an hereditary instinct of submission observable at the present day amongst several Christian races in Asia Minor, Kurdistan, and in certain remote parts of Turkey in Europe. The immediate cause of the Servian revolt was said to be a diabolical scheme, probably the result of panic, to murder the notables of the nation in every town and village. Some murders of this sort actually did take place, and the report of an intended general massacre spread like wild-fire; people fled in thousands to the mountains, arms were produced, and a crusade against the Turks decided on. In one of the gatherings of the patriots in the depths of a vast forest, the task assigned was the choice of a leader, and Kara George, who already had won the reputation of an energetic man, was called for by a sort of universal acclamation as their future chief. In answer to the popular cry, Kara George stepped out of the crowd and exclaimed, "Brothers, why do you call for me? A *knes* of Servs should be mild and good; I am an angry man, unable to keep my temper. Choose some one else."

"We want an angry man; we want a man of iron," was the reply.

"But, Bogomi" (by God), exclaimed Kara George, "if I order a man to do a thing and he doeth it not, I will slash off his head; I am ferocious when contradicted," answered the hero.

A universal shout was raised, "You are the man we want; you are our chief; our *knes*;" and so Kara George was elected the head centre or chief of the revolutionary forces. No time was given him for any great preparations, for the Turks, hearing of the rising, sent a small force to apprehend Kara George, which was warmly received and defeated by the handful of armed peasants which he had gathered

round him. Other insurrectionary movements took place in various parts of Servia, especially one in the canton of Valjevo, headed by Jacob Nenadovics, whose father had been murdered by the Turks.

The news of the serisings, and especially of the success of Kara George, struck a panic into the ruling race, a panic which invariably follows the rising of a servile race which has bitter memories to avenge.

Vor dem freien Manne erzittre nicht,  
Vor dem Sklaven wenn er die Kette zerbricht.

There was a general rush of the Turks into the fortresses, and the Servians found themselves a free people, but with a terrible invasion impending, in which no mercy would be shown to man, woman, or child.

Kara George issued his proclamations, and every priest in every village who could painfully spell out the Slavonic document was called to read it to anxious fathers and husbands, and enthusiastic youths who were bringing out their rusty arms from their hiding-places, and furbishing up old swords with pikes; while smugglers were stealing over from Austria with horse-loads of gunpowder, eagerly bought up by the excited peasantry, and doled out to all who possessed a rusty firelock. The solitudes of forests and dells rang with the hammering of smiths, while swift-footed messengers threaded the mountain paths and swam the rivers with messages from chief to chief on which hung the fate of the nation. The Turks began to treat, and offered an enormous bribe to Kara George to betray his countrymen; but in vain, their promises and threats had no effect on the excited patriots. The sword was drawn, the scabbard thrown aside, the challenge given before the world.

It would be impossible to do more within our space than give the briefest possible outline of the insurrection. On the 28th February, 1804, Kara George besieged the fortified town of Rudnik, in Central Servia, and at the same Nenadovics, another Servian hero, destroyed the town of Valjevo, in the north-west.

When we speak of "sieges," "fortified places," and the like, we must bear in mind that these are comparative terms, the siege of Rudnik bearing about the same

proportion to the siege of Sevastopol as that city would to Coomassie. Rudnik, called a town, was after all a village. The Turks of the place had but little modern organization, scarce any artillery, and absolutely no science; neither had the Servians. The former would dig ditches and raise breastworks, firing from these. The Servians, in much larger force, would strictly blockade the place, and harass it by frequent sharp-shooting; but owing to the scarcity of firearms and gunpowder, and probably sorely straightened for provisions, their progress would be slow.

This civil war, once begun, soon wrapped the country in a blaze; and what were the Servians, after all, fighting for? Their demands were officially formulated as follows:—

That the Dahis (viz., the Moslem military aristocracy) should leave Serbia, and the government be conducted by a pasha nominated directly by the sultan; that all the new imposts hitherto levied by the Dahis should be abolished, and only such taxes be paid hereafter as were fixed by the sultan's firman of 1793; that courts of justice should be established in all cantons; that the municipalities should choose their own mayors, who should thereupon be confirmed by the Belgrade vizier; that the Servians should have perfect liberty in building churches and monasteries; that the people should choose their own chief, through whose hands should pass all communications between the Sublime Porte and the Servian nation.

Surely these terms were reasonable enough; but as they were proffered by armed rebels, they were not listened to. Bekir Pasha was sent from Constantinople with six thousand men, and orders to make short work of the insurgents; but pashas sent to put down insurrections never do make short work of them. The job is too profitable, there are contracts to be made for the supply of the force, and the pasha is a very poor hand at his trade if he cannot make a good thing out of the contracts, and there are Christian villages here and there to fleece, and so the affair is usually a very long one.

And so it was in this case. A languid civil war, alternated by negotiations, dragged on during the year 1804, which saw the Turks well-nigh driven from Serbia, and Belgrade, with its Turkish garrison, besieged by a patriot Servian army. In 1806, while this war was lingering, a momentous event occurred, which had long been looked for and desired, viz., the declaration of war between Russia and Turkey.

The Turks were now as eager to cede the moderate demands of the Servians as the latter had been to press them; but the tables were turned, the Servians broke off all negotiations, declaring they would not even pay tribute to, nor in any way acknowledge, the sultan.

The war now recommenced in good earnest: the Servians, no longer in want of arms and ammunition, being well supplied by Russia, contrived to raise sixty thousand men. They met and defeated a large army from the west, and followed it into Bosnia, but here they received a check from three thousand French, then in alliance with Turkey; but falling back on the Drina, they there checked their pursuers. The war continued till 1807, when peace was arranged, on the historic raft at Tilsit, between Russia and France, and consequently Turkey, the ally of the latter, was set free to quell her rebellious provinces. The peace only endured until 1809, when war again broke out between Russia and Turkey. During the following years, especially 1811 and 1812, Serbia, while fighting for her independence, was torn by bitter domestic feuds. The original chief, Kara George, had been eclipsed by the equally daring but more astute Obrenovics, so that the foundations of a dynastic civil war were laid, as each hero commanded an immense following.

At the conclusion of the war between Russia and Turkey, the Treaty of Bucharest was signed in May, 1812, and in it the Servians were mentioned as follows:—

Though there is no doubt of the benevolent and magnanimous dispositions of the Sublime Porte with respect to Serbia, a nation from old time subject to Turkey, and paying tribute to her, yet taking into consideration the participation of the Servians in the last war, it has been found needful to lay down special conditions for their security. Consequently the Sublime Porte will pledge itself to pardon the Servians and give them a general amnesty for all acts past against her.

But the new fortresses were to be destroyed and the old ones were to be garrisoned by Turkish troops. The sultan, however, promised to allow an independent internal administration, and himself to fix the amount of tribute to be paid. But the times were deplorably against the Servians, for Russia was tired of the war, and thought she had done enough for her protégés, and so they found that the treaty was construed in such a way that the patriots were to submit unconditionally though they were promised clemency. They determined to continue the fight.

The forces let loose upon the devoted nation were overwhelming. Valour cannot avail against overwhelming odds, and so the Servians lost battle after battle, and the Turks advanced steadily into the heart of the country, their tracks being marked by burning villages and slaughtered peasants. The panic-stricken people fled in crowds into Austria. Serbia was once more conquered, and lay wounded and bleeding at the feet of the Asiatic soldiers.

The several leaders of the people were now broken fugitives gloomily brooding over their miseries in Austria. But where was Milosch Obrenovitch, the rival of Kara George? He was still in Serbia. Having a wife and family, he was determined to remain and brave the anger of the victorious Turks, rather than abandon those who had every claim on his protection. Being urged to fly, he exclaimed, "No, I will never live in a foreign land while my wife and children are being sold into slavery;" and so he nobly remained, daily expecting to be thrown into prison, or shot off-hand, by the exultant conquerors. He was sent for by the pasha. The latter, exhibiting him to his people, said, "Look how quiet he is; and yet how he fought! He once wounded me;" and baring his arm, he showed the cicatrice. Milosch answered, "Thy wounded arm, O pasha, I will turn into gold," a figurative expression which, as was intended, excited the pasha's avarice. He knew that Milosch was rich, and he knew, moreover, that he could be of infinite use to him in quieting the people and aiding him to fleece them; so Milosch was taken into favour, and became a sort of go-between. The Turks in their dealings with their Christian subjects have always made great use of Christian intermediaries, and most of these agents are men of a very low caste. Milosch, however, was of another sort. He was no saint, nor even a philanthropist. He made good use of his opportunities for enriching himself, but he had a fund of patriotism and an immense amount of cunning, and so he contrived to aid his countrymen, to ward off punishments from them, to liberate captives, and yet to appear to be of immense use to the Turks. These latter treated the conquered Christians as they always had done, and inflicted on them no small amount of misery. Suleiman Pasha impaled at one time one hundred and seventy men in front of the fortress of Belgrade. Moreover, he issued a strict search for arms, and numerous peasants were put to frightful tortures to make them show where they had con-

cealed their muskets. Men were roasted over slow fires, hung up by the heels, bastinadoed, and variously tormented, to induce them to give up their weapons, but the result was insignificant.

Meantime the Turks lived in constant fear of another outbreak. Cowardice is proverbially cruel, and those who dreaded a rising were incessantly taking the best means of causing it by their brutalities. Milosch was kept as a sort of hostage in the fortress of Belgrade, and he had the daily pain of seeing what sufferings his people were undergoing. He of course was the object of intense suspicion, and was in hourly expectation of death. The Turkish suspicions were not unfounded, for the wily Servian lost no opportunity of plotting for another rising. He was only maturing his plans and waiting until the time was ripe. As he was entering the gate of the fortress, a Turkish soldier pointed to the fresh and ghastly head of a patriot placed on a pike as a warning. The Turk said, "Your turn next;" and the hint was not lost on Milosch. He determined to put himself at the head of another rising, but how to get out of Belgrade, where he was incessantly watched?

He knew the pasha's weakness, and framed his plans accordingly. He offered a large sum for the ransom of some Servian prisoners, and offered to pay half the money at once on condition that he was allowed to pass over to Austria to sell some pigs to make up thereby the other half. The pasha was very reluctant to lose sight of so useful a man; but then a large sum of gold was in question, so Milosch was allowed to go, and he plunged at once into the heart of Serbia.

On Palm Sunday, 1815, while Europe was absorbed in the gigantic Napoleonic contest, there was a gathering of Servians in the heart of a forest summoned mysteriously from various parts. Each came with hearts wrung with the miseries they had witnessed or suffered, yet with an eager longing for some encouraging news; none seemed to know why or by whom they had been summoned, for messages sent to suspected patriots were necessarily clouded in mystery. While thus assembled there was a murmur heard on the outskirts of the crowd which soon swelled into a shout of exultation. Milosch Obrenovitch, then in the full maturity of manhood, suddenly appeared before them, clad in his fighting costume, fully armed, and waving aloft the flag of Serbia, with the white cross conspicuous on the field. In few and burning words he again called



them to arms, and offered himself as their leader. Each warrior's heart leaped with stern joy at the summons. A thousand memories of unutterable wrongs lay ranking in their breasts, and they then and there swore to death or victory. And nobly did they redeem their pledge, for they sallied out of that forest, gathering recruits as they proceeded towards the camp of Kaya Pasha, whose soldiers had been revelling in blood and pillage. Like a thunderbolt they fell on the Turkish army near Palesch, although almost hopelessly overmatched; but the energy of desperation prevailed, the Servians won the day; but so frightful was the loss, that they were dismayed by their victory.

The civil war now went on raging, but the Servians achieved substantial successes. Milosch became renowned, and was everywhere recognized as the chief of the nation, and was treated as such by the Turks in negotiations. By dint of hard fighting, astute diplomacy, and Russian diplomatic intervention, the Turks were compelled to come to terms and agree to a sort of convention, the chief points of which were that "justice in the cities was to be dispensed by a court composed equally of Turks and Servians, and taxes were to be imposed by the Servian national assembly and levied by Servian officers." There was a cessation of fighting, and matters seemed tolerably settled, and there was every hope of a durable peace on a satisfactory foundation, when again the whole sky was clouded by a most untoward occurrence. The old hero, Kara George, suddenly appeared near Semendria, and claimed hospitality of Vuitza, one of the heroes of the war. Before many hours had passed a number of heroic souls had joined him, the country was again appealed to, and the Turks still remaining were denounced and threatened with extermination. Milosch wrote to Vuitza as well as to Kara George, bitterly reproaching the former, and imploring the latter to desist from his rash enterprise. Meantime the Turks prepared to recommence the war with relentless vigour. The storm subsided in a few hours. Kara George was murdered in his bed by his host Vuitza — a most foul but useful deed.

If crimes could be judged by their results this might be pardoned, for peace ensued and Milosch was recognized as the head of the nation. Enjoying enormous power, he set himself to work to organize the country and to amass wealth

for himself, in both of which tasks he was eminently successful.

We have not space to go through the weary history of menaced war, secret intrigues, both domestic and foreign, in which Servia has been engaged from the time of the murder of Kara George, about the year 1817, till now. Suffice it to say that her independence has been growing firmer and firmer ever since Milosch was driven from the country by his discontented subjects, whom he so oppressed as to efface from their memories all gratitude for his services. His son Milan succeeded him, but died immediately, when his second son, Michael, was called to the throne, governed badly, and was himself obliged to fly the country in 1842. Then the nation called Alexander Kara Georgevitch, the son of the first Servian hero, who had been murdered as we have described. This prince commenced his reign, like the others, full of good intentions, but soon disgusted the nation, as popular kings always do, from Masaniello to Gladstone, and so Kara Georgevitch was obliged to retire in 1858. The Skouptchina, or national assembly, now summoned old Milosch from his Austrian retirement to Belgrade. He reigned rather more than a year, and then dying, left the throne to his son Michael, a mature man nearly forty, who was once more proclaimed prince of Servia.

In the year 1862 Europe was startled by the telegraphic announcement that the Turks were bombarding Belgrade from the fortress. There had been no declaration of war, and no rumours of any quarrel between the two nations, so that Europe was mystified; but as the bombardment did not last beyond a few hours, and no war of any kind followed, the event was no sooner heard of than it was effaced from the memory of busy Europeans by other occurrences in which they were more directly interested. European diplomacy, which has a mischievous habit of building up political walls with untempered mortar, and leaving the seeds of very pretty quarrels wherever it is called in, had left Servia practically an independent nation, but with seven fortresses, garrisoned by the Sublime Porte with Asiatic savages, in her midst, the chief and strongest of which was that of Belgrade, a masterpiece of Vauban's, which had several times changed hands between the Turks and Austrians. This unfortunate arrangement, framed to solace the *amour propre* of the sultan, was a source of perpetual

misery and discord in the country. All the malefactors who were able took refuge in the fortresses, where they purchased protection, and these strongholds became so many points of lawlessness and brigandage. The bombardment of Belgrade arose from the quarrel between a Turkish soldier and a Servian youth, who was slain by the former. The Servian police laid hold of the soldier, and he was rescued by his comrades, not without much bloodshed. The people flew to arms and blockaded the fortress, and the commandant at once bombarded the city; but, as the bombshells had been long amongst the damp old military stores, fortunately but little damage was done. A long diplomatic struggle ensued, the English and Austrians taking the part of Turkey, while France, Russia, and Prussia supported the Servians. The result of this was that Turkey was induced to evacuate the fortresses, in other words, to consent that they should be garrisoned by the Christian soldiers of the empire, and as there are none of this religion in Turkey but the Servians, they were allowed to garrison their own fortresses.

Prince Michael bent his whole energies to giving Servia a new and really independent life. In the firman which established her autonomy the Servians were allowed to keep an armed force for the sake of order. This armed force had hitherto been a rude and ill-organized militia, composed of peasants in no sort of uniform, and each armed with what weapons he could procure. Their muskets were for the most part old Austrian firelocks, the refuse of the arsenals, or old Turkish rifles with no sort of uniformity of bore or ammunition. An effort was now made to procure arms from Birmingham; but our foreign office, acting on the tradition of supporting "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire," succeeded in defeating the purchase of an armament in this country. The prince next tried Russia, and here he was successful in purchasing about two hundred thousand old muskets, which were secretly conveyed across Wallachia, the prince of that country assisting by connivance. An arsenal was next established at Kraguevatz, where first-rate rifled cannon were cast and the old muskets repaired, and, in course of time, even transformed into breech-loaders. All this was due to the energy of Prince Michael, whose policy was to place his country in such a position that she might have a voice in the councils of Europe when her own interests or

even existence were at stake. A nation of a million and a half unarmed peasants might be disposed of with as little regard to their interests as if they were so many sheep, but a nation that could summon to its standard one hundred thousand armed men tolerably drilled and organized, with two hundred rifled artillery, besides a regular standing force of five thousand, would, as the prince judged, be listened to. All these ambitious projects were realized, and Servia was placed by the determination, self-sacrifice, and energy of Prince Michael, in a better position than she had ever been since the fatal field of Kossova, in 1389.

It is not to be supposed, however, that this daring reformer-prince could pursue his radical career of patriotism without raising a host of enemies, all the more dangerous that they worked in the dark. It was his regular custom to relax from his administrative labours by a daily walk in the park of Toptchidéré, a lovely spot about three miles from Belgrade. Here he was wont to throw off all restraint, and, accompanied by some of the ladies of his family and perhaps an *aide-de-camp*, to spend an hour or two in the glades of the forest. In the afternoon of the 10th of June, 1868, the prince was thus engaged when he met three individuals in European costume. As the park was open to any decent citizens this caused no surprise: they saluted his Highness and passed him. No sooner was his back turned than the crack of revolvers told of a tragedy. The prince fell, and the murderers rushed on him, stabbing and gashing the dying man with their knives. The two ladies, his relatives, were also attacked, one being desperately wounded, the other killed. The younger one feigned death after the first wound, and so escaped being stabbed, though she had to struggle through a long convalescence.

Luckily the veteran minister Garashanin was within hearing, and when he had ascertained the cause of the pistol-shots he leaped on a horse and galloped into Belgrade before the conspirators in the city were quite prepared, and having alarmed the authorities and got the troops under arms and the police on the alert, the assassins and their accomplices were seized, and thus was a civil dynastic war averted, for it became evident that the movement was in favour of the deposed dynasty—the Kara Georgevitch. A long trial of the conspirators ensued, and twenty men suffered death for participation in the plot. Servia owes much to the late Colonel

Blaznavatz, for mainly through his efforts the succession of young Milan, the present prince, was secured, and a regency appointed to guard him and administer the country during his minority of four years. That Servia passed through such a trial without disorder is a triumphant proof of the soundness of her institutions and of the capability of the people to govern themselves.

About eight years have elapsed since the assassination, and during that time it has been confidently anticipated that, having got rid of the Turks, the progress of the country would be rapid in the development of its resources and in general progress. Servia has not fulfilled the sanguine anticipation of her friends. She has preserved intact her privileges, protected life and property, and kept the roads clear of brigands; but her resources have been neglected, her bridges unbuilt, her roads scarcely kept in order, while no railroad has advanced beyond the stage of discussion. The reasons for this lamentable stagnation are various, some of which we have already indicated. While foreigners are exempt from the laws of the country, the Servians will naturally be shy and jealous of them; and this feeling reacts again and makes foreigners shy of the Servians, and so it is difficult to introduce foreign capital into the country. The military force, too, is out of all proportion to the population, and is a heavy burden on the exchequer, but owing to the unsettled condition of the Ottoman empire it is considered necessary, and it is not for us to gainsay the decision of the native government.

Let us briefly inquire into the constitution of Servia. After the *knes*, or prince, who is subject to the laws as in other European countries, the next civil authority is that of the senate. It is composed of seventeen members named by the prince, all of whom have attained the age of thirty-five, and are invariably chosen from amongst the public functionaries. The president and vice-president are appointed by the prince. The pay of the former is £700 a year, of the latter £500, while the ordinary senator receives £420. These are life appointments. There is also a financial board of control, composed of the president and three senators.

The most ancient and important institution in Servia is that of the Skouptchina, or house of commons. There are two Skouptchinas, the ordinary and extraordinary. The former is elected by universal manhood suffrage, and meets

regularly every three years, or, if the prince chooses, oftener. Theoretically, at all events, this house of commons has great power, and naturally, as civilization advances, will have more. That the members keep a sharp control over the finances is evident from the modest pay of the members of government and the senate. No taxes can be legally imposed without the recorded sanction of the Skouptchina, nor can any modification in the constitution, or any organic laws, be made except after a due debate and recorded consent. Every two thousand voters elect a member, who must be thirty years of age. The privileges of the members are much the same as to arrest, etc., as those of all other civilized countries, and, as in most, but not all, such countries, the members are paid.

The extraordinary Skouptchina, as the name implies, is convoked on extraordinary occasions, such as the election of a new prince, in case the throne is declared vacant. It is four times in number larger than the ordinary Skouptchina, and differs in a most important point besides; for whereas in the ordinary Skouptchina the prince names the president, vice-president, and other functionaries, in this, such officers are elected by the members. Thus, when the prince becomes more and more despotic, or more and more unpalatable to his subjects, they can rise, as it were, in legitimate insurrection, and depose him, or sharply call him to order. When we reflect that the nation is armed and organized, and can send one hundred thousand men into the field, or even more in extremity, while the standing army, under the command of the prince, is only about five thousand strong, it will be seen that these Servians have strong guarantees for their national liberties. The ministers forming the executive government are appointed by the prince, and are responsible to him and to the senate. They consist of the premier (who is also the minister of foreign affairs), the ministers of justice, of the home department, of education and public worship, of finance, of war, and lastly of public works. The last, which ought to be the most important, is more of a sinecure than any of the others, and the first, which, considering that Servia is a suzerain principality, under the joint guarantee of the European powers, ought to be almost entirely a nominal post, is in point of fact the most important of all.

Servia is divided into eighteen departments, sixty sub-departments, and a thousand and forty-nine communes. Each de-

partment is administered by a *natchalnik*, which answers to the French *préfet*. When the traveller arrives at the capital of a province or department, he will notice at the end of a town or village a house somewhat larger than the rest, and if he knocks at the door it will probably be opened by the master of the house, who has hastily donned a blue uniform coat with a red collar. This is the mayor, *préfet*, or *natchalnik*, and he will bid the stranger a hospitable welcome, find him a room either in his own house or somewhere else, and will protect and aid him in every way in his power. He is at the head of the police, the post, telegraph, etc. His pay is small, from £100 to £200 a year.

When we come down to the village communes we have a striking remnant of a form of government whose origin is lost in antiquity, whose forms have survived Turkish tyranny and the extinction of nationality. It is best described by a Servian writer, as follows : —

Each Sunday all the heads of houses congregate to form a *skoupe*. The assembly is held in the open air, and lasts four or five hours. In the centre sits the *kmete* surrounded by the *startsi* (elders). Aided by these expert elders, assisted by his two attendants, and controlled by all the heads of houses, the *kmete* publicly judges the disputes of the villagers, deliberates with them all on the wants of the village, and reads the decrees of the government, which each head of a family communicates to his household.

The base of the commune or municipality is the family, and from this organization has sprung an extension of the same principle peculiar to Servians, and this is the *zadrooga*. A number of families, usually connected by blood or marriage, but not necessarily so (though in isolated agricultural communities every one is more or less connected), join themselves together into a sort of social brotherhood, headed by the oldest patriarch amongst them (*starechina*), who can delegate his authority to the man he thinks most capable. This community lives on, I believe, strictly communistic principles, like those mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. These associations are recognized by law, and have influenced legislation. As an example of the latter, women are not fairly treated with regard to property; a woman cannot inherit land, lest on marriage she should break up the *zadrooga*. When a man marries, his wife is brought within the pale of the community. These

*zadroogas* were of great benefit to the people during the occupation of the Turks, for a marauding band of Delhis would bully and ravage a single family, but would hesitate to maltreat a *zadrooga*. If a travelling stranger be admitted to the hospitality of a house within the association, he will observe that the *starechina*, or chief, will sit at table with him while all the rest of the household dutifully wait on him.

As Servia is a nation of peasant proprietors, and, generally speaking, no hired labourers are to be found, these communities are admirably organized for cultivating the ground,—they are in fact co-operative associations, but the individuals of these *zadroogas* seldom exceed fifty of both sexes.

The tax-assessors of the community are named by the *skoupe*, an exception to most other appointments, which proceed direct from the prince.

A certain number of country doctors are paid and appointed by government, which carefully places them in those positions where a doctor would not be likely to settle, and they are obliged to attend the poor gratis. Their pay is extremely small.

The country is well supplied with telegraph wires, and there is a regular post, which, however, is far from being as perfect as those organized in the western nations.

The judicial system of the Servians is well worth the study of those learned in the law. There is an excellent popular account of it to be found in "*Les Serbes de Turquie*," by A. Ubicini. He says, speaking of penal legislation: "*Les peines edictées par le nouveau code pénal (1860) ne gardent aucune de la rigueur parfois excessive des anciennes lois Serbes.*"

Corporal punishment was abolished in 1873. Civil degradation is a sentence regulated as to time; and if a malefactor has abused his position in any particular trade, he may be condemned to refrain from that trade in future. At Belgrade there is a court of cassation, composed of a president, vice-president, and fifteen judges; also a court of appeals, divided into two parts, one for civil cases and one for criminal. There are throughout the country eighteen county courts. The chiefs of the communes can only decide on cases up to forty shillings.

The Servians who freed themselves and have founded the present principality were wholly uneducated, and most of their chiefs might, with Douglas, have said,—

Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine  
 Save Gawain ne'er could pen a line ;  
 but the want of education was keenly felt by the nation, and steps were taken to establish a system of national instruction. There are now more than three hundred and thirty-one public educational establishments, in which are four hundred and sixty masters instructing more than sixteen thousand pupils. These establishments may be divided into three hundred and eighteen primary schools, ten secondary schools, and three universities. All this work has been done in the face of the most formidable difficulties, since the language of Serbia is not spoken by any other civilized community, so that professors and schoolmasters were found with difficulty.

Servia is essentially a territorial democracy, a nation of peasant proprietors, whose chief wealth lies in vast herds of swine, fed largely on the acorns of her primeval forests. With us the word democracy is too often associated with visions of an unwashed turbulent multitude called the mob, the most depraved of our population clamouring for political changes. But there is yet another view of democracy. Supposing all men to be pretty nearly equal in social condition, how then could we obtain an aristocracy or privileged order to rule the rest? and if not obtainable, a democracy would be inevitable, but with this important difference as compared with our own: here the democracy cries loudly for change, and urges on its rulers; there the democracy is intensely conservative, and is with difficulty urged onwards by its chosen rulers. In Servia, then, you have no aristocracy and no mob, and the people get on very well without either. There is not a single large proprietor throughout the country: the peasants have divided the land amongst themselves.

Servia, having achieved a practical independence, is naturally looked up to for aid and guidance by the oppressed populations around her still groaning under that organized system of brigandage called the Turkish government. No insurrection occurs in Bosnia, Herzegovina, or Bulgaria without a thrill of sympathy being felt throughout the country. There is just as much difference in race, language, and religion between Servia and Bosnia as between Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, and no more. The two counties are divided by the river Humber; the two countries by the river Drina; so that when the rayahs of Bosnia and Herzegovina are driven to insurrection,

they naturally look for aid from their free brethren. On these occasions diplomacy is stern and pressing. The Austrian government enjoins strict neutrality; for Austria, beyond all other countries, is anxious for peace to consolidate her heterogeneous empire; the Russian consul-general speaks with much authority, as Russia is the avowed patron of all the Slavonian races, and her advice may or may not be for peace. She works in dark and tortuous fashion, but always with supreme indifference to the sufferings or welfare of other countries. France hitherto has leaned towards a generous recognition of struggling nationalities; but now she seems to watch the policy of Germany and to endeavour to thwart it; while England always has supported Turkey, *per fas et nefas*, shutting her ears to every cry of distress. So far Servia has been kept neutral, as far as any overt act of the government is concerned; but insurrections in the neighbouring provinces have always been materially aided by private enterprise from this free province, and the government has not dared too sternly to guard the frontiers.

During the Herzegovinian insurrection Servia has been held down, as it were, by main force by Austria and the powers, for an avowed rising in Servia in aid of the rebels would inevitably change a local rebellion into a European war. Austria has been in a most painful position. If she were to show a decided sympathy with the struggling Slavonians she might eventually emerge from a war with two or three million more Slavonians on her hands in addition to her own — not easily-governed Croats; and the Slavonian element in her empire would then be strong enough to overpower their natural enemies, the Hungarians, to deteriorate the policy of the government by imparting into it a less civilized element, and to create new dangers of incalculable magnitude. Of late years a small but determined and energetic party has made itself heard on the Danube and filled with dismay the older and more sober statesmen. The Omladina, or radical republicans, aim at nothing less than founding a large Slavonian republic on the ruins of the Austrian and Turkish empires. With regard to the latter the philanthropist can but wish them success. Each form of government is denounced by the partisans of the other, but all must agree that anything is better than the dismal despotism of the Turkish empire.

If, on the other hand, Austria were to

aid the Turks too openly in suppressing the Herzegovinian rebellion she would alienate and exasperate her large Slavonian population, which at critical times, notably during the Hungarian rising of 1848, has afforded her timely aid.

Although Serbia is now quiet, and has officially refused all aid to the rebels, it is by no means certain that this policy will continue during the summer of 1876, if the rising is not quelled. The enthusiasm of the people for their oppressed brethren has been at boiling-point, but their military preparations have not been equal to their enthusiasm. During the regency, while Milan was a boy, the military stores were not properly looked after, and there are more than rumours of peculation. No one knows better than the prince the unpreparedness of his country; but under the plausible excuse of self-defence those deficiencies are being rapidly made up, and during the whole ensuing winter warlike preparations will continue. If the rebels can manage to exist during the coming winter months, Europe may yet see how great a fire a little spark may kindle, and Serbia may yet become a household word in Europe.

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From Good Words.

#### WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE STEPS OF THE DESCENT.

ANNE sat like a statue on the back seat of the fly which was carrying her and Pleasance with Mrs. Wyndham, not to the station merely, but away from the Hayes, to another state of existence. Anne's fine little face had an old, pinched look, a look which doctors fear to see on the faces of babies a week old, as she sat beside Pleasance, who occupied the same seat, Mrs. Wyndham's dignity and ample proportions filling up the front seat. Pleasance had the tears again streaming down her face, while she strained her eyes and ears to catch the last sights and sounds of the Hayes — the lime-trees, beneath which was Miss Cayley's walk; the beeches which held the girls' swing, where she had oftener sat and read than swung; the boxwood bush, where she knew of neighbouring pairs of thrushes' and of blackbirds' nests, already built and hold-

ing treasures of blue and blue-and-green-speckled eggs; the very bark of Tyke! If she had been able just once unseen to clasp her arms round Tyke's neck, and press her lips to the white star on his forehead, and ask him to remember her till she came back again, only not to miss her too much, and fail to enjoy the bones and crusts which the hand of somebody else would bring him! The heart of the girl who had just learnt the loss of her father, and who had been accused of not at once shedding tears for the loss, swelled at the thought of not saying good-bye to Tyke. But Pleasance bit her lip to keep down the choking sensation in her throat; she was not going to sob before that stranger kinswoman who had conducted herself so coldly, and let them know she was to continue strange to them.

When the station was reached Mrs. Wyndham's north-western train was nearly due, but she made inquiries as to the starting of the eastern trains, and took out and paid for the girls' tickets to the little country station which Pleasance told her they knew quite well. Then she held out her perfectly gloved fingers and said, "Good-bye; I think you will find no difficulty, my address is on the letter which I gave to one of you. You may write to tell me what you and your mother's relations fix upon with regard to your future, and I shall answer you and let you know what Mr. Wyndham's lawyer agrees to do about your money — it is very little, remember, as well as I can tell you, not four hundred pounds (your father had let himself get nearly destitute), of course not enough for you to live upon, even for a few years, and you are not entitled to touch it till you are of age. But if your relatives think of anything for you, we shall see what can be done. Ah! that is my bell. I see the train. Once more good-bye."

There was a rattle and rush, a confused crowding to one centre of excitement on the platform, in which Mrs. Wyndham passed away, preserving her assured deliberation to the last; then with another rattle and whiz the train steamed out of the station, and Anne and Pleasance Hatton were left standing alone on the borders of a little crowd of excited arrivals and bustling officials to whom they were unknown.

"Come this way, Anne." Pleasance drew her sister away to what was still the retired promenade of their eastern platform. "Anne, dear, oh! look up and speak to me, and tell me like yourself,



what we shall do. There is nobody here but me: that strange woman, that aunt who has been so much less than kind, is gone; and Anne, if papa is dead, you have still me," urged Pleasance, getting frightened at her sister's long-continued immobility.

The familiar voice, with its old all-powerful appeal, and the knowledge that the two were alone together, did something to arouse Anne.

"Oh, Pleasance, I am so cold," she said at last with a sick shudder.

The April day was past its noon, and its early brightness had sunk into a damp grey atmosphere, as if it had been November; only outside the station spring work was going on briskly and cheerily in the fields, where calves and lambs were nibbling at the sprouting grass, among which were tufts of primroses, while rooks sailed cawing across the sky, and in the trees and shrubs at the Hayes a continual twittering and piping of the lesser birds made faint and shrill accompaniments to the mellow songs which the blackbirds and thrushes were already singing to their mates.

It was past the season of even the most comfortless waiting-room fire, and Pleasance could think of nothing better for her sister, whom sorrow and humiliation had chilled to the marrow, than begging her to walk up and down, to cause the stagnant blood to circulate anew, till the appointed time for the arrival and departure of their train.

The motion, the open air, the companionship of Pleasance, helped still farther to thaw Anne's deadly rigidity, and to open the floodgates of the tide which was engulfing and stifling the beating of her heart.

"Oh, Pleasance, how could papa do it?" she said, her breast heaving with short, hard sobs, referring to the unkindest cut of all.

"Do what?" asked Pleasance, so thankful to hear Anne speak again, that she was seized with one of her stupid fits, which alternated with her girlish cleverness, and hardly knew what she herself was saying, not to say what Anne meant.

"Make such a marriage as he was ashamed to own — fail to own mamma or us — leave us to bear the consequences."

"But he could not help dying," remonstrated Pleasance in a low tone; "he would have come back if he could, and made everything right."

"Oh, what a wicked wretch I am," cried Anne, her sorrow taking a new turn,

"to complain of papa, and he lying, laid in a far-away grave, which we shall never, never see!"

"But you were hurrying to meet papa and to welcome him," Pleasance reminded Anne, her own voice breaking down with grief, "and I did not want to see him just then; I grudged him the small sacrifice of my walk." And the forlorn girls mingled their innocent remorse with their sorrow.

The little station for which the girls were bound was four hours' journey from the junction. It was getting dusk when the train at last approached its destination. It had carried them out of the wooded southern county through intermediate ground into a new country — level, bare, with a spring bleakness in its miles of ditch-divided, well-watered pastures, and with old towns by the slow rivers, and little churches and hamlets scattered between.

But the girls had been there before, and were aware that they had only half a mile of quiet country road to traverse to reach the manor, while they had no luggage to render their transportation difficult.

Even that half-mile was hard upon Anne's throbbing head and trembling limbs. As for Pleasance, in the midst of her tribulation, she had a dim sense of pleasure in walking there, and in recalling the various objects that were faintly distinguishable.

"See, Anne, yonder is one of the wind-mills" — she could not help pointing out a gaunt object on the horizon — "and there must be others all round, for I counted as many as seven seen at a time when I was here before. I believe these are birds from the Broad," she added, with still more animation, as a flock of wild-fowl flew overhead, "and if it were not getting so dark," peering eagerly with her short-sighted eyes into the obscurity, "I am sure I could find the direction of the moor."

"Don't, Pleasance, don't," forbade Anne, with an accent of shrinking pain, for it seemed to her that her sister's voice, sounded elated, and what childish levity it would be in Pleasance if she could find satisfaction in any outward object after the dreadful misfortune which had befallen them!

Pleasance sank into rebuked silence. She, too, was shocked at her own thoughtlessness when she remembered that after the last time she had been there she had written a full description of all the novelties of the scene to their father. His short letters had still taken notice of and



encouraged their girlish confidences; and as beyond a little inspection of grammar and spelling the girls at Miss Cayley's school had been let write very much what they chose, Pleasance's letters to her father had been more of a pleasure than a task, and had proved, little as she remembered of him personally, a happy outlet for her expanding nature. The knowledge that the correspondence was closed perhaps gave Pleasance the liveliest present sense and foretaste of her loss.

At last, when Anne's footsteps had become feeble to halting, the manor came in sight.

If it had ever been a squire's seat, as its name seemed to imply, it had fallen out of its rank so many generations back, that only its rambling extent, and a cluster of huge, hoary, round-headed Spanish chestnuts and walnut-trees still rising behind the house, in a country where trees were scarce, remained as vestiges of its former estate. The house stood close to the road, which was but a byway through pasture fields leading past the farmhouse to the village of Saxford. Two low, wide gables, yellow-plastered, and surmounted with olive-green thatch—the whole having a warm look in the grey April twilight, formed the front, while the building extended backwards from the one gable in a long wavy line, bulging out here and there with age, and with the superstructures of different periods in its history, till it terminated in offices, outhouses for cattle, and a straw-yard. The windows were strewn broadcast—just below the thatch, at one side, in the middle, up and down, here and there. With regard to the windows themselves, some were mere slits, some tall and comparatively narrow, some broad and low, like the gables they pierced. Above the door was a triangular stone porch, on which mosses, lichens, and houseleeks flourished. From one window, which was only half screened, a rudely light glowed.

To the door, as the girls' feet approached it, came a stout elderly woman of some sixty years, wearing a stuff gown, with the cuffs turned up, a clean apron, and an old-fashioned approach to a cap, which covered decently her silver-grey braids of hair, while it bordered, if it did not shade, her face, which even in years was an apple face, round in its wrinkles, retaining streaks of scarlet, and lit up with twinkling eyes.

"Lor' 'a mussy," she cried, the moment she distinguished her visitors, "it be Miss Hatton and Miss Pleasance. Mawther

and wumman I were never so taken. I 'ont say you're not like flowers in May, but why han't you tow'd me you were a-coming, so that I might hev had things tidy and pretty, but now, when you d' walk up like tew sperrits in the darkening, nor'n's ready for you."

"You are here, and that is enough, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance, grasping the old woman's hand, and trying to make up for Anne's silence. "We could not tell you, for we did not know ourselves that we were coming, and here is my sister fit to sink."

"I never! and I, like an owd fool, keeping you standing on the doorstep axing you all mander on questions; but you'll not say another word till you're rested and wittled. Come into the kitchen, since the best room ain't aired. Throw off your things on the dresser, sit you down on each side of the chimley, for it d' feel damp and drizzly—them spring days go off so. Now, what 'll you 'a for supper?—a rasher, poached eggs, a half-dozen real Norfolk biffins, roasted as you had them, and praised them the last time—tell me, do?"

"Any of them—anything you like, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance, as the girls entered the low-browed kitchen, with its heavy beams hung with fitches, and its projecting chimney garlanded with onions and dried herbs.

"Anything that will give you the least trouble, Mrs. Balls," echoed Anne faintly, while she went after Pleasance, who was willingly casting aside her hat, jacket, and gloves, and followed her example with a half unconscious sigh of discomfort, as Anne glanced at the great, heavy, hacked, but well-scrubbed dresser, that looked as if it must have carried many a meal of boiled pork and cold greens, roasted pork and Norfolk dumplings.

"No, it ain't a bit what I like, but what you tew like," said the hostess emphatically. "As for trouble, don't 'ee think to affront me! Ain't I Molly Balls! and ain't you, my two misses, children of my cousin Pleasance as made the great marriage, and were quite the lady, but were allers the same kind gal to me? I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you all the dishes I hev said, on'y the one after the other, and you'll be eating the one as I d' be cooking the other, and I'll draw a pitcher of ale and a jug of cider; then, when you're warmed and filled and rested, you'll tell me why you've come athowt word sent, and kinder stammed me."

It was with difficulty that Mrs. Balls

could be restrained in her hospitable intent, and persuaded that the girls could not eat and drink, in any circumstances, like a couple of day-labourers or farm-lasses.

Anne and Pleasance sat each sunk and swallowed up in a great old oaken elbow-chair — possible relics of the manor when it was a true manor-house — with the fire which cooked their supper falling full upon, and playing with, their youthful figures, their wan, tear-dimmed faces, their heavy eyes, and their ruffled bare hair.

But, true to her word, though Mrs. Balls clearly perceived something was amiss, and although with the keen, seldom restrained gossiping propensities of her class she was dying with curiosity to get at the truth, so that she could neither eat nor drink with her guests, but felt, as she said to herself, as if her "inside were dried up," she put not another question. She contented herself after her preparations for the meal were ended, by sitting down opposite the girls, and with her elbows resting on the little round table drawn for their better accommodation before the fire, gazed her fill at them, unaware that she was doing anything to disturb them while they ate their supper, or, as she complained, "picked like sparrers." The description was true of Anne, who only swallowed with difficulty a few morsels, but Pleasance's healthy young appetite, to her shame, was ready for the food.

Mrs. Balls was the more willing to accept Pleasance's small feats in return for her hostess cares, since, with the conclusion of the meal, she was able, according to her understanding with herself, to say —

"Now, on'y one word — you ain't runned away? I thought your school and missus were of the right down good sort; but there is never no knowing, and them schools are most traps, it seems to me."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Balls; we were sent away, we were sent here," Anne managed to say, while she could not help hanging her head even before her dead mother's humble cousin, as she, a pattern girl, had never thought to do before mortal man or woman.

"Mrs. Balls," Pleasance broke forth with her youthful engrained candour, "word has come that poor papa is dead. The news was brought by a lady who said she was papa's sister," continued Pleasance, volubly enough, not alive to any disgrace in the statement, and not noticing that Anne winced at every word. "We never saw the lady before, and I

don't think she means to see any more of us, and I'm sure I don't care. I think the less we see of such relations — calling themselves relations — the better; but she arranged that we should leave Miss Cayley's this very day, and come to you."

"Dear hearts alive! bea'n't it a cruel shame?" exclaimed Mrs. Balls, with a flash of indignation. "You know it ain't that I ain't pleased and proud as a cropper to 'a you, and to be able to 'a you, as every poor single soul can't say to them as are her great relations; but to be brought up like gentlefolks, on'y to be dashed down on a day's notice."

"Nobody can dash us down," interposed Anne with piteous pride; "we are just come to you till we can look about us."

"You would be right welcome to come for good and all, Miss Hatton, if so be it were proper for you," replied Mrs. Balls, with homely earnestness that was not without dignity, "but you'll forgive me, that's of your blood, for axing if your gen'leman father, as ever behaved like a gen'leman to me — and I have none to say against him — han't left no perwision for his tew young ladies, as are more helpless than strapping country wenches with their fortune in their showder heads."

"I don't know much about it, Mrs. Balls," Pleasance hastened to say, feeling that the investigation was exquisitely painful to Anne.

"No, no! I dessay, my poor fine mawther, with all your know, what should you know about such things?" interrupted Mrs. Balls, half below her breath.

"But I think papa had very little to leave, and he could not tell that he was to die just yet, and not be able to do anything more for us. The lady who said she was his sister said something of money — a little, which we could not touch for an age, so that it does not seem much worth the thinking of — but we'll live together, and get along somehow. We are no worse than thousands of young orphan girls I have heard of. I am sure I shall be able to think of something."

"Hush, hush, Pleasance," Anne interrupted her sister, evidently infected by the spirit of adventure. "You don't know how my head aches, and surely there is time for all arrangements. But I must say to Mrs. Balls, are you sure that you will not be put about by our being here for a day or two, or a week or two?" Anne corrected herself with a sigh, "may not your master object?"

Anne spoke with the gentle considera-

tion which was all her own, but with the distinct reserve which was quite as much a part of her in dealing with a woman like Mrs. Balls. It was not that Anne had not been taught to regard all men as brethren, and did not keep the precept in her own way; but she was without the imagination which made Pleasance at home with high and low. Anne's scrupulousness was in constant danger of being hurt, and the more she had tried the harder she would have found it, in the happiest circumstances, to fraternize with those removed from her by education and habit.

"None on he," said Mrs. Balls cheerily. "It is Lawyer Lockwood now — him as 'a succeeded the owd squire, and lawyer though he be, he lets well alone, and knows his own place. He hev his business to mind — away over in the town o' Cheam, that is what they call a seaport, and he won't look over here once a month except when the milk is on. He d' know a good servant when he hev her, though you may larf to hear me say so. It were on'y Monday were a week that he hollered to me from his hoss's head, 'Aint you lonesome, dame?' — he allers calls me dame, like his owd uncle called me — 'biding here by yourself winter and summer in this crazy owd barn. Han't you better 'a some company?'"

"No company is better'n bad company, Lawyer Lockwood," I hollered back, for I clean forgot at that moment he had stepped into the owd squire's shoes, and I didn't know what fine company I 'ould have ere long. He larfed and rode on. And what thief in the wood tow'd you I could be put about with you and Miss Pleasance here, Miss Hatton? But your eyes d' be going together with sorrer and tiredness, you a' had your troubles this day, and I must see about your bed. I pound it you 'a travelled nigh a hundred miles — as you tow'd me when you were here before."

Within less than an hour Anne and Pleasance were laid down between Mrs. Balls's clean coarse sheets, in a dimity-hung bed, in a large, bare, brown room.

Pleasance had fallen asleep, after a few sad thoughts of what was little more than a tender memory, with a pensive wonder whether the girls at the Hayes would be putting aside their books for prayers, and if Miss Eckhard would be sorry that she had kept her, Pleasance, all the previous evening rewriting a badly-written exercise, and with some breathless expectations of the entirely unknown life in the

future, which were rather inspiring than otherwise. But Anne lay wide awake, ringing the changes on the dreary refrain, "Oh, papa, how could you do it? Oh, papa, poor papa, where are you now?"

## CHAPTER V.

## "MADAM."

"HAVE you slept at all, Anne?" asked Pleasance with a remorseful consciousness of her own sound sleep, as she looked in the morning into Anne's white face, with the great purple circles beneath the heavy eyes.

"I daresay I have," answered Anne, evasively; "one is so apt to think that one has not closed an eye; but it does not signify, we have a great deal to do to-day."

All Anne's late passiveness was gone and was succeeded by a feverish energy, but she spoke in a hoarse voice, and coughed an oppressed cough at the end of the sentence.

Pleasance was only too thankful to have Anne in her natural place, taking the rule, and was more than willing to subside into her rôle of the thoughtless, irresponsible, yet not indocile junior. But she recognized with dismay the tokens of illness in Anne. Pleasance's perceptions being sharpened by the recent shock to her nerves, she recollected in time how severe and trying Anne's colds were wont to be, and exclaimed, "You have caught cold, Anne!" and urged the precaution of her sister's remaining in bed and suffering Pleasance and Mrs. Balls to nurse her.

Anne, however, scouted this idea, and even smiled languidly at the notion of Pleasance as a nurse, while she said Mrs. Balls would drench her with possets and hot drinks, as if she were a favourite cow; whereas she meant to get up and shake off the slight cold, and be very busy to boot.

"It will never do now for me to give way," said Anne with shining eyes, "in my position now, it would be inexcusable, and the back is made for the burden."

"Very well, Anne," said Pleasance, quite ready to be persuaded that no care or anxiety was necessary, and very eager to hear what Anne proposed to do, while they dressed themselves, Anne discharging her usual office of dressing Pleasance's unruly hair. Pleasance made up to herself for the penance which her hair-arranging had always been to her, by peeping over one of Mrs. Balls's half-blinds, and watching for the appearance of horse, or cow, or pig, or feathered fowl in the stack-yard.

"Pleasance," said Anne, in an altered voice, which betrayed intense emotion, "I am determined to write to that woman and renounce all connection with her."

Pleasance did not require to ask what woman Anne meant, but she was impressed by the concentrated bitterness with which her sister spoke. As for Pleasance, though her girlish instincts had also been outraged, in a sense, by Mrs. Wyndham, yet if she had been left to herself, she would have thought and spoken no more of the stranger aunt.

Notwithstanding, when the idea was suggested to Pleasance, she was perfectly prepared to follow Anne's guidance, and to defy her aunt in the most recklessly imprudent fashion.

"What shall you say, Anne?" asked Pleasance, entering into the spirit of the thing.

"I hope I shall not be unnecessarily disrespectful," said Anne, in a quivering voice, and shaking in every limb as she spoke, "since she is papa's sister; but I am sure that papa never meant that she should come and wantonly insult us — his very silence about us to her implied as much — I think I shall be only remembering what is due to him, and doing as he would have had me to do, by telling her that we do not wish her to trouble herself any farther about us, and that we refuse to let her dictate to us with regard to the future."

In spite of Anne's precocious womanly intensity of feeling, it was a new experience to have her thus agitated and impetuous, while Pleasance stood by quiet and only moved in answer to Anne's emotion.

"Yes, of course, Anne, she knows nothing about us — she seemed to reckon us nuisances — she might propose to separate us next;" and under the force of that supposition Pleasance grew eager in her turn. "When will you write, Anne?"

"Immediately after breakfast, if Mrs. Balls has paper and pens and ink," returned Anne.

"And I can carry the letter to the village post-office, where Mrs. Balls sends her letters," said Pleasance.

"We must go to the village first," said Anne, sobering down and speaking almost solemnly; "we must ask Mrs. Balls to take us."

"Oh, but Anne, Mrs. Balls is always busy of a morning, even when she says the milk has not come on," exclaimed Pleasance, puzzled at the necessity.

"Still, she will go when I ask her," said Anne in a convinced tone. "Haven't you

thought that we must get things?" and Anne, with a little air of reproach, glanced down at her grey camlet gown. "I have half-a-sovereign and I think that you have half-a-crown still of our pocket-money; and I have been counting that may buy two black calicot gowns and black ribands for our straw hats like — like those Elizabeth and Susan had at Miss Cayley's when her sister died."

"But Anne," confessed Pleasance with compunction, "you forget the card-board I bought the last time that we were at Heavitree, and Miss Eckhard took the rest of the half-crown to keep for fines, as she said I was sure to throw away my money, and have nothing to pay when I had one of my impositions; and if I escaped, then the money would be there for me the next time we went into Heavitree."

"It can't be helped now, we must make the half-sovereign do, as poor people manage, perhaps Mrs. Balls will tell us how; and we must contrive to make the gowns and trim the hats for ourselves; I think I could do that. I need not say anything about your being more careful in the future, poor child, because we have to see in the first place about your having something to be careful with — at least there will be no more fines, Pleasance."

Strengthened by that small consolation, Pleasance accompanied her sister to the great manor kitchen, which Mrs. Balls had been employed in "cleaning up" and setting in order hours before, working softly with a care of disturbing her poor young, gently-bred cousins, for whom she had not failed to air the best room. This was a small and stuffy wooden-panelled parlour, with faded woollen curtains and old tapestry-worked chairs, which had fallen down out of "gentlefolk's housen," that had been coeval with the better days of the manor. Altogether it was much less pleasant, although it might be grander in Mrs. Balls's eyes than the kitchen. But she would not fail in any respect which she had ever paid to the "poor gals;" and she would let them have a room to retire to for their own chat, to be out of the way of her gossips, Mrs. Morse of the Brown Cow, and Mrs. Blennerhasset next door to it, even though Mrs. Balls had the sagacity to predict that the girls' stay would be longer than they anticipated; "but I ain't the wumman to turn the poor mawthers out, like them cowl-hearted gentry their father's kin. They 'a a sum of money to fall back on, and if they hadn't I 'ould work my fingers to the bone to give a help to my own cousin Pleasance Fowler's

children; and neither was Pleasance come on such low people for all she married to. The Fowlers were respectable yeomen these hundred years gone, bettern trash on gentry."

When Mrs. Balls had tempted Anne and Pleasance, to the best of her power, to make a good breakfast from her new bread and home-made butter, cups of coffee and bowls of cream, with a souce cheese, sausage-rolls, and cold apple turnover as *pièces de résistance*, she heard, and quickly consented to their request that she should go with them on their errand to the village.

"They'll be mis'able if they don't get to buy murnins," she said to herself, as she put on her substantial shawl and bonnet, "though I dunno that they have so much to murn for except loss of hope, and that's often the wust loss on all sure-ly, for all that father of theirs a done for them, to go a-trapesing and a-guzzling in furrin parts a-spending on his last penno, when he might a been laying his shoulder to the wheel and working like a man for his gals. I'd offer to lend them a guinea, though I never saw its yellor face again. I can stand trate fudder than that; thank the Lor' I've not been head dairymaid and housekeeper at the manor for nineteen years come Whissunday for nor'n; but it would go hard with the elder gal, Miss Hatton, her that so favours poor Pleasance her mother, to take a penno of mine, though her mother and me shared and shared alike, many's the day; and yet cousin Pleasance could not stomach a-forcing herself in among her husband's high relations. Wool, pride gets a fall, passon tells me, but pride d' differ, and I like my folk's pride, I do, root and branch."

Mrs. Balls, in her good-will, did not fail to remark that Anne had suffered from her journey of the day before, and made a suggestion that it might be the better for her to keep the house till she got her voice again, and was not croaking "like a frog at a rail." But when Anne assured her that there was very little the matter with her, and that she was quite fit to go to the village, Mrs. Balls did not take it upon her to contradict the young lady, and did not apprehend any risk from the excursion, seeing that all her experience was among brisk country girls who could not keep themselves up, and who took no harm from liberties used with the weather or their own constitutions.

The day was not a repetition of the last fine April day; it was one of those misty

sunless days, when in a watery country like that in which the manor was situated, all looks wan and sodden.

The road was far beyond the girls' thickest-soled boots, and took Mrs. Balls herself in her stout laced boots, as she expressed it, "up t' fetlock."

The fields had a thin white shroud over their pasture and over the broad ditches which instead of hedges formed the boundaries. Out of the shroud, horses and cattle, already put out to graze, loomed in elephantine proportions, while the nearest windmill and brown barge which came sailing out of the mist along one of the invisible slow rivers, appeared still more gaunt and spectral.

It was a colourless, cheerless day, unnatural to weirdness. Mrs. Balls said, "It rizes my corruption, for nor'n is like itself, and I feel the damp going into my blood like the smut into the corn."

The village of Saxford stood at the top of a steep ascent, where there was so much level land, and showed from below like a miniature city set on a hill. Close at hand it was an irregular assemblage of houses, mostly whitewashed and thatched-roofed, some of them tumble-down with age, none of them of higher pretension than another, except the little church built of grey flints standing somewhat apart at the end of a broad walk between hedges, and the village inn, bearing the sign of the Brown Cow, but even the inn and the church had thatched roofs. There was a primitive rudeness about the whole place and its inhabitants, from the sharp turnings and narrow windings, the steep ruts and the pools of water of the single street, to the loud rough voices of the stolid and careless, well-nigh aggressive, people, mostly women. They stood about their doors, and did not refrain from jostling Mrs. Balls while they hailed her with "A fine day, Missus Balls, now how be you?" and jostled still worse, in order to look right into their faces, the two "main genteel gals," drawing nearer her for protection.

Mrs. Balls did not fail to afford it, and to speak her mind plainly. "I be rarely well, Sairey Larkins," she duly replied to one of the questions after her health. "But there be summat wrong with your manners. Don't you see I'm with your betters? You make room for them." Sairey, a slovenly-dressed, blowsy-looking young married woman, wearing an outrageous crinoline beneath her torn gown, and having her hair roughly dragged over

a huge chignon, under a ragged greasy net, gaped and then laughed, not ill-naturedly, as at a good joke.

"Her mightn't a been so easy to deal with, had I not been here," muttered Mrs. Balls. "Them gals is hardest on gals of another feather, like fowls in the barnyard when they fly at a speckled bird, and which we've Scripture for. My young ladies mus'n go to the village by themselves, not yet awhile; why even Miss Pleasance d' look like a hunted hare."

The shop to which Mrs. Balls took the girls was the only shop in the village, and was a general store. Coarse groceries mingled with earthenware at one side of the window, and coarser haberdashery at the other. Within, in the middle of confusion and sluttishness, the greatest ease, deliberation, and sociality prevailed, between the shopkeepers—two women—and the customers.

Mrs. Balls found it desirable to introduce her two companions to the owners of the shop.

"I 'a brought two young ladies; Miss Hattons, daughters of my cousin Pleasance, as made the great marriage, you remember, Missus Grayling? And this be Missus Grayling and her widder sister, Missus Bradbeer. The young ladies 'a met with a loss, suddent; their father in furrin parts, and they want murnins, jest a put-by for the time they are here," Mrs. Balls added.

This was the compromise on which she had settled in the walk, between the rank which she was insisting upon for her visitors, and what was a poor order even for the "willage." When agricultural wages were at their best (and that best was considerably heightened in this quarter, by the neighbourhood of the sea-port of Cheam, with its demand for able-bodied men to go out as seamen and fishermen, and women to act as lodging-house keepers, or shop-girls, or to take service), the natives were as unrestrained in their indulgence in gaudy, even expensive clothes, as they were given on the same occasion to gross abuse of food and drink.

"You be come for a change, I lay it," remarked Mrs. Grayling, a long, lanky, sallow woman, in a cotton velvet jacket, over her skirt, and a dishevelled bunch of flowers as the most prominent covering to her moulted head. "Now what be the complaint your father died on? for I hear say there be a power of complaints about."

"Suddent, didn't I say, Mrs. Grayling?" interposed Mrs. Balls, quickly and with emphasis, "and the young ladies on'y

heard on't yesterday, and I dessay you've heard tell the feelings of gentlefolks ain't like ourn, they be kinder tender, and not fit to be trampled on."

"Whose a-trampling on feelings?" demanded Mrs. Grayling, with sharp protest; "and if gentlefolks, set en up! wunno speak o' their dead, the more shame to en, ses I, were they queens on their thrones."

"Wool you show Miss Hattons some on your clearest black calicots," said Mrs. Balls, taking no notice of the reflection, "as a go-by, and sin' the weather is setting up."

"Much the weather is setting up this mucky day," said Mrs. Grayling, contemptuously, "it's more like that the genteeler your frien's be the fewer pennos they 'a to spare, for I 'a noticed that pride and poverty do go together like mites and cheese, and since you and your frien's on'y come here for a go-by, Missus Balls, you may go by my shop altogether, and little loss." However, the perpetration of the small witticism relieved Mrs. Grayling's mind of the consequences of the provocation which it had received, raising her spirits and restoring her temper to its normal state of crusty solemn facetiousness. "As we 'ont be unneighbour like," she enjoined her sister, who was a humble facsimile of herself, in a knitted jacket over her skirt, and some rusty black ribands, in tokens of her widowhood, the salient point of her head-dress, "to bring out the black calicots, them with the little white spots like tears, or beads, or goodies, as you take them—it's like that the gentlefolks will prefer to think o' the goodies, sin' they're so delicate they might be washed away with the mere mention on tears—and spread them out afore Missus Balls and her fine gals."

Anne and Pleasance were partly confounded and partly uncomprehending, and they continued so after the choice of the calicots, and ribands, and black-edged paper, for which Anne was as solicitous as for anything else, since she would not have felt it proper to write her projected letter on any other.

Mrs. Balls took it upon her to do the chaffering at the conclusion of the purchase, and she and the mistress of the shop gave and took in the most composed manner, as if it were a thing of course, and without any hostile intention on either side, the most unvarnished accusations of cozening statements with regard to the quality and quantity of the goods on the one hand, and of meanness and suspicion in questioning the account on the other.



At last the bargain was ended, without a pitched battle, or enmity for life having been established between Mrs. Grayling and Mrs. Balls; on the contrary, with every evidence of the mutual respect and cordiality existing between the women, having been only confirmed by their encounter.

Mrs. Grayling would have "Missus Balls and the gals" keep out the cove by taking a sup of cherry brandy or ginger cordial. She sent Mrs. Bradbeer in a perfectly obliging manner for the glass of water which Pleasance ventured to ask, and while she was drinking it, Mrs. Grayling regaled Mrs. Balls with the latest and choicest scandal of the village.

But when Mrs. Balls and the girls left the shop, they were beset by another annoyance. Loud titters and giggles came from the shock heads of several half-grown girls, which were first projected and then withdrawn from behind a blacksmith's shed next the Brown Cow.

"It's them young Blennerhassets," said Mrs. Balls. "I'd wallop them an I could get at them;" but she did not speak otherwise than serenely.

It was such a strange region to Anne that it combined with her other load to crush her from the first.

Arrived at the manor, Mrs. Balls declared a little mournfully, though she did not intend a reproach, that she had lost a day, and pronounced herself more knocked up by a walk before noon than if she had churned a "stun" of butter, or pressed the whey from the curd for half-a-dozen cheeses. As for the girls, they withdrew to the company-room to write their letter.

Though the letter was composed at Anne's instigation, and was to be in her handwriting, a copy was scribbled by Pleasance, not only because Anne's head ached, but because Pleasance was the inventive genius of the two sisters. Writing—in a queer, little, cramped, yet not illegible handwriting, as different as possible from Anne's carefully-formed, symmetrical letters—came as naturally to Pleasance as water comes to a duck. It need hardly be said that composition, of which writing is an expression, was a native element.

But Pleasance paused on this occasion, and in place of scrambling over her ground with all her fancy prompted her, sat and looked gravely at the black edges of her paper and waited for instructions from Anne.

"Dear aunt," she did write of herself, and read aloud.

"Not 'dear aunt,' Pleasance," forbade Anne in strong opposition. "How could you think of writing 'dear' to such a woman, who blamed papa, and told us she meant to have nothing to do with us, letting us see she was ashamed of us?"

"But 'Aunt' looks so odd," said Pleasance, with a constraining sense of literary propriety, as Anne was constrained by propriety in other quarters, "and I must have a beginning; I must begin, too, with a personal address."

"Write 'Madam.'"

"But that is formal and formidable." Pleasance was still doubtful of the term, though she wrote it at Anne's bidding.

"I mean to be formal and formidable," said Anne; "at least, I mean to show her that we shall keep at as great a distance from her as she chooses to keep from us, and that we shall not be ruled by her, the same as if she had natural feeling for us."

"Will this do, Anne?" said Pleasance, after writing a few lines, and then she read, "'Madam, we are papa's daughters, and we should have done anything, as we ought, for papa; but as we have not known his relatives, and they do not mean to know us—even by name—more than they can help, and as papa left no message, either to us or to them, we beg to decline bring further interfered with and disposed of only to satisfy their pride, and as we believe that we may be kept out of their way.'"

"Yes, yes, Pleasance!" responded Anne eagerly.

"It is too long a sentence, I am afraid," meditated Pleasance, holding her pen between her teeth, and considering her production with some pride.

"Oh, never mind the length of sentences," said Anne a little fretfully. "Who minds that, save governesses and masters?"

"But you used to mind governesses and masters so much," complained Pleasance wonderingly.

"What I used to do, and what I have to do now, are very different. Please, Pleasance, don't sit with that pen in your mouth," poor Anne wound up with flagrant inconsistency. "Oh, my dear, you must not get into bad, awkward habits, now that there is nobody to correct you."

"I have you, Anne," said Pleasance cheerfully. "I think I may just add this to the letter:—'We have each other, and we shall do our best, without seeking the aid of anybody. We remain your obedient servants.' That is the proper close of



such letters, Anne, and we must both sign, 'Anne Hatton,' 'Pleasance Hatton.'"

So the letter, in its resentful imprudence and youthful heroism, was copied out in Anne's trim, clean handwriting, and signed by the girls.

Mrs. Balls knew nothing of its contents; it never entered the girls' heads to consult her. And if they had, the hot-headedness and rough recrimination which belonged to her want of education, would have overweighed the superior worldly wisdom of her years, and prevented her from dissuading her charges from sending such a letter to their nearest and most powerful relation. Even as it was, Mrs. Balls did hope, when Pleasance asked her about getting the letter posted, without any word of its contents (since Anne did not wish these to be spoken of), that the "gals" had done what they could to send away "sombry — grand relations, or schoolmistress" — for Mrs. Balls blamed all with whom the Hattons had had to do unquestioningly and impartially, for the scurvy way in which they had been treated. "with a flea in *their* lugs, to see how *they* 'ould like it."

By return of post there came a letter from Mrs. Wyndham bearing her husband's coat-of-arms. It was written with violet ink, and retained a trace of the perfume of her writing-desk. She accepted the discharge which her late brother's daughters had thought fit to give her from all obligations to them. She washed her hands of them after the ingratitude with which the trouble and annoyance to which she had exposed herself on their account had been received, and after the utterly unbecoming tone which the girls — no doubt instigated by their mother's relations — had adopted towards her. The few hundred pounds which her brother had left behind him, and to which his daughters might consider themselves entitled, had been placed in the funds, and might be had, when the girls came of age, or sooner, by applying and showing such cause as would satisfy Mr. Fairlie, Lincoln's Inn. She did not profess to know law, but she believed the arrangement would be found right. She wished the girls well, and bore them no malice, though she feared, from the specimen of their dispositions and intentions they had shown, that they were not likely to pursue a course which would lead them to respectability and prosperity in their station. But as they had desired, she had done with them, although she must remain their father's sister — "ALATHEA WYNDHAM."

This letter filled the girls, especially Pleasance, with triumph rather than any other feeling. They had attained their end; they were no more to be domineered over and taunted in cold blood, even on paper, by Mrs. Wyndham. They were their own mistresses, and if they had not liberty, what other good could they claim in their forlorn situation?

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### SOME ASPECTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP was long ago pronounced an exhausted subject — so exhausted that Addison, instead of attempting anything new, presented to his readers what he had evidently just lit upon himself, the wise maxims of the son of Sirach, which he assumes the men of taste of his day would think very well worth reading if they had discovered them in some Greek author. These maxims, in their weight, gravity, and acuteness, evidently struck the essayist as in pleasant contrast with the flat truisms into which a convivial age must inevitably fall on such a theme. Friendship and good-fellowship are undoubtedly synonymous terms in a good deal of the light literature of the last century, and the severer virtue treated from this point of view lends itself to the trite and commonplace. There were great friendships, and friendships not great in themselves, but between great men; but the sentiment itself of friendship was then mostly celebrated under a vinous influence. Burns, in his glorious sense of humour selecting this tie between two worthies, —

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither —

They had been fou for weeks thegither, —

gives the social and hilarious character of a good deal that was honoured by the name of friendship in those days. It was a sociable age, and people were not ashamed of their liking for one another's company, dignifying it rather with high-sounding titles. A wider world-embracing benevolence is the present fashion, and engrosses the platitudes of the hour. No poet now invites his intimate as Moore when George III. was king —

Friend of my soul, this goblet sip.

Sentimentality has turned over a new leaf. But as friendship proper, the marriage of two minds, had little to do with relations thus celebrated, it is not compromised by them. All the main ties which bind

human beings to one another remain ever the same in their broader characteristics, yet are each affected by the variations and growths of time; so that the position of husband, wife, father, and child towards one another vary in lesser points from age to age. So friendship is never so absolutely at one stage that its rights and duties are settled once for all. Everything that lives acknowledges its relation to time, and continues therefore to be a living topic on which the thought of the day may exercise itself—at any rate in reviewing the past in the light of the present.

Now, of course, the bond of friendship is constancy; but in some periods of time constancy seems to us a much easier virtue than at others, as it may be subjected to perfectly different trials. The more complicated society becomes and the more highly cultivated, the more people change from their own selves in opinion if not in character; and consequently the more difficult does constancy become, and even the duty of it more a question. In speculating on friendship we are obliged to look for typical examples. A man who has not used the advantages that his circumstances and times present to him, is not worth much speculating upon in such a question. The virtue of constancy, if it proceeds from lethargy or ignorance or indifference, is not for our purpose. He may be friendly, but not a specimen friend. But the moment men think for themselves, this constancy is in danger. Where the intellect is cultivated and allowed free expansion, it is as certain that "it will develop into a thousand various shapes, as that infinite hues, tints, and shades of colour will be reflected from the earth's surface." Now it is agreement which first draws men towards each other and constitutes the ground of friendship; but how rare it is for two friends of *equal powers of mind* to pursue and carry out the same subject of thought and inquiry and arrive at the same conclusion! And with difference comes collision of some sort. This fact is so far established in men's minds, that constancy to opinion is by no means the virtue it used to be. It has indeed had many a rude blow in our day. It is not at all the same credit to a man that it once was, that he has not changed from youth to middle life one of his views or principles of action; and if it is so, then constancy in our likings can hardly be maintained with the same unchangeableness which used to be thought admirable.

If friends to be ideal friends are to be

specimen men of their day—and all great examples of the virtue answer this demand—then a close, unbroken fidelity in thought and act must be indefinitely more difficult than it was when friendship first became a theme for the poet or moralist; it must be more difficult than when the external pressure of persecution held men to their colours as a point of honour. Though *en passant* we may observe that as the typical examples of friendship are mostly of young men one of whom at least dies early, the difficulty in question may only be in excess of what has always been. Now, at any rate, when thought takes its own line and is careless of precedent, the fire and eagerness that make a youthful friendship may develop ultimately in strength of opposite opinion; and though friendship may exist between men thus situated, yet it is hedged about by so many cautions, is cut off from so many essential pleasures, that it ceases to be an ideal. If people have grown to differ on the deepest questions, then friendship has to exercise itself in an intercourse by comparison superficial, or confine itself to substantial benefits, which are good things, but not what youth aims at in the first choice of a friend. It wants somebody with whom to interchange the most stirring intimate secret thoughts and feelings as they arise. Naturally it is in youth that this passion for interchanging ideas with a kindred mind shows itself—such a passion as awoke the friendship of Montalembert and Lacordaire, and in their case lasted long enough for the one to compose the ardent eulogium of the other dying in middle life. People commonly realize the supreme pleasure of this intimacy in high themes only after it is over—only till then, at least, are they eloquent expounders of it. If Jonathan had not died, not only should we have lost the most touching of all laments, but, without irreverence, may we not suppose of David that the delight of their intercourse and the depths of love and devotion he records, might never have come home to him with the suddenness and intensity necessary to strike out "words that burn"? Not only does death wake the heart and voice and expression, but it sets the friendship in a new, vivid, and accomplished light to the survivor. He did not know before, the fine and exquisite quality of the intimacy which had existed between himself and the man he mourns.

There are friendships which last unbroken through two long lives; but they will be found most commonly to be char-

acterized throughout by equability — Addison's word, which, however, suggests itself readily as defining a friendship without any of the heights or absorbing excesses of the relation. The passion of friendship is never adequately defined till it is a thing of the past; and we learn to reconcile ourselves to the idea of an early death breaking in upon hope and brilliant expectation, when we see that the sacrifice quickened the powers and sensibilities of the friend left behind. We are speaking of early death as an historical event. It is the sense of failure that troubles us in the thought of youthful promise never allowed to grow into action or performance. If a man however young, has *done* anything, we, looking back forty, a hundred, or a thousand years, do not grudge him a destiny which willed his short span. In this case we set it down among the taxes the world, as well as the individual, must pay for the supreme charm and privilege of intercourse with genius. So, while we pity Edward King, Milton's friend, "learned" at the age of twenty-five, for that he was betrayed to death in that fatal and perfidious bark; yet he did not live in vain if he inspired "Lycidas:" and we may comfort ourselves with the selfish reflection, that if the crazy vessel had carried him safe, we should have missed the poem, and got little probably in exchange; to say nothing of the likelihood that Milton would not have been as disposed to bestow his exquisite numbers upon his friend if he had lived long enough to come into collision with him, polemically or politically.

We cannot give attention to our subject at all without first turning to examples of distinguished or ideal friendships, and to the literature of a personal experience, in which its more passionate feelings and regrets are treasured. All people are open to the pathos of a warm, generous friendship cut short at its height. Our own day possesses, in the high popularity of one long and touching elegy, a proof of ready sympathy in the world of readers. But also friendship is a theme for more abstruse speculation where the emotions are less appealed to. Moralists discourse upon friendship as one of the virtues, and calmly discuss its requisites and duties. All agree in extolling their subject; but each treats it, more or less, from his own point of view, which sometimes seems to be chosen rather by circumstances of the time or of the individual need, than his personal character. Thus, in treating the question, we find utility dwelt upon more

prominently as an indispensable condition in a friend by Jeremy Taylor than by Bacon; because the *services* of friendship were, in the bishop's day, necessarily of a substantial order, while intercourse of mind is the thing dwelt upon by Bacon; the one regards the ideal friend as conferring benefits, the other as the recipient of thought. There is a tenderness in the great philosopher's tone, a poetry, which does not lie on the surface, at any rate, in his treatment of other relations. Take his commentary on the speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god;" he exclaims —

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. . . . We may affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness.

Going on to explain the offices of friendship —

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

The necessity of some other mind to which a man may lay his own open and bare weighs upon him. No doubt the dissimulation, the suppressions, reticences, disguises, which he assumes elsewhere to be the accomplishments essential in a man of the world playing his part in public affairs, he felt too much for human nature without this relief. No mind could stand the strain of perpetual guard and cunning and caution without an outlet; nor would he *think* to himself alone — his friend's mind must be a mirror in which to read his own.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. . . . It maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts; neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits

and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. . . . In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or a picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

It is not easy to think much real innermost harm of a man who could thus advocate an utter self-revelation of heart and intellect. Jeremy Taylor's dissertation on friendship is written at the request of a distinguished lady, Mrs. Katharine Philips, who asks him how far a dear and a perfect friendship is authorized by the principles of Christianity; and he begins by informing her that the word friendship, in the sense we commonly mean by it, is not so much as named in the New Testament. There is mention of "friendship with the world," but the word is nowhere else named, or to any other purpose, in the New Testament; and then he goes on to define what he supposes she means by the word. "But by friendships I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplar faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable. But then I must tell you that Christianity hath new-christened it, and called it charity." But having shown that we are to be friends with all mankind, he allows that our powers being limited, so friendship admits of degrees. We can pray, for example, for all, we can only converse with a few; and he narrows his first broad definition into, "Friendships are nothing but love and society mixed together — that is, a converse with them whom we love. Coming down at length to 'my *privado*,' with whom can be enjoyed the nearest love and nearest society of which we are capable." And of this ultimate and nearest degree, he says: —

Although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do no good. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent. For mistake not, no man can be loved for himself; our perfections in this world cannot reach so high; it is well if we would love God at that rate. . . . He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel, or defend my cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can and will,

when I need it, do me good; only this I add: into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon "loving me;" for it is a pleasure to be beloved.

And he concludes by deriding merely sentimental friendship — "but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no further," he rejects it, and will not spend his regard upon impertinent people "who are, it may be, loads to their family, but can never ease my loads." We agree to all this. No one can be called a friend at all who is not, to the best of his power, a friend in need; but this consideration of usefulness as a conscious element in the first choice can scarcely be assumed to enter into the minds of the contracting parties. Pleasure rather than profit is the constraining influence. It is first, to use our author's words, "he whom I fancy, he whom I love," before "he who may do me a benefit."

The capacity for friendship of a high order implies an unusual power of admiring and respecting, of estimating a character by its great points to the exclusion of small criticisms. Men are drawn to what they admire on that ground alone. If we allow our minds too much liberty of speculation upon character, and amuse ourselves by detecting the weak side, we cannot be friends with it in the grand scale, nor expand into enthusiasm. A fervent admiration quickens the powers of expression, and thus raises the self-estimate. Every true friendship makes a man more alive to what is good in himself, and gives him confidence. Respect even to adoration does not make much way unless it succeeds in conveying some impression of itself to its object. But the ideal friend has this gift of expression, and naturally puts into words the appreciation, the high estimate, the longing for sympathy that possesses him. Liking is of all things most contagious; it is not possible not to have leanings towards one who thinks more highly of you than you feel you deserve; or perhaps finds out what you consider your strong point, to which the world is as yet insensible. In specimen exemplary friendships, men are drawn by reciprocal approval. This capacity for admiration must be cultivated early. It is not often in middle life that people have ardour of temperament, or minds sufficiently at leisure, for new emotions.

Youth is the time, at any rate, in which to contract the habit of friendship; and all experience shows the ennobling influ-

ences, both moral and intellectual, of a friendship formed in the "glad, confident morning" of life by men attracted by what is good and best in each other's nature. As we have said, in too many cases the splendour of such examples is due to an early death in one of the parties to it. Death, which sanctifies so many things, throws an especial halo here, by perpetuating the relation at its height of ardour. Certainly it requires a large assemblance of qualities, and some good fortune as well, to maintain at its height for long years together a vigorous friendship. Calm natures can do it, because here the "equability" starts at a moderate temperature; but to be lively and influential, and still imbued with its first heat, and for intercourse to be unremitting from youth to age without a breach, is one of the rarest and most difficult feats of humanity, even in its noblest development. Of course it has difficulties beyond all other ties; for it is strictly voluntary: it is only held in force by the free-will of the contracting parties. Nor is the intercourse of that daily, hourly character which keeps members of a family in all its relations, it may be in fair and creditable unanimity, through the force of habit and association. In all other close relations also, there is no absolute equality — a point at least assumed between friends; for if there is not independence of thought and will, we miss an essential in the highest standard. As men get on in life, not only their views but their tempers declare themselves, and their constitutional differences assume colour. In youth, people are often attracted by their very dissimilitude; and if their intercourse calms down under the stronger influence of marriage and family life, these differences may still have their attraction, and hold people together in memory of their youth; but if the friendship is still *the* social tie of strongest force, there comes a time when opposite temperaments clash — when sensitiveness is wounded, when the more fiery nature demands what the gentler shrinks from. Upon the high questions that have occupied both their thoughts they find themselves in collision. The higher and more impersonal the subject, the more conscience is involved in the dispute, this clash of opinion or feeling is felt the harsher and more jarring; then comes a crisis, and henceforth there cannot be the same companionship. There has been a moment when intercourse was pain; a rent has been made that may be joined again, but which will always leave its

traces. There has been something to overlook, some need of forgiveness. We are supposing a great friendship thus imperilled, so will take a high example as furnished us in the letters and lives of two great men and great saints — St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazianzen.\* They lived, it is true, a long time ago; but a clear vision and eloquent pen has so well spanned the distance between the fourth century and the nineteenth, that our sympathies are brought into very lively exercise in the matter, both of the friendship that existed between them and the difference which disturbed it — through no selfish aim, no want of nobleness of character, or any cause detracting from our reverence, but from the incompatibility which time and circumstance developed, where both were immersed in the anxieties and the conduct of great events. These young Cappadocians and future fathers of the Church formed, at the age of twenty-one, a college friendship at Athens, where both won for themselves a high reputation for talents and attainments. Gregory, the poet, thus described their early intimacy at Athens: —

There, too, I gained a further gift of God,  
Who made me friends with one of wisdom  
high —

Without compeer in learning and in life:  
Ask ye his name? — In sooth 'twas Basil,  
since

My life's great gain. . . .

May I not boast how in our day we moved —  
A truest pair not without name in Greece;  
Had all things common, and one only soul,  
In lodgment of a double outward frame?  
One special bond, the thought of God above,  
And the high longing after holy things;  
And each of us was bold to trust in each,  
Unto the emptying of our deepest hearts.

It is not the place here to follow the course of these great champions and confessors of the faith from the asceticism of their youth to their middle age of active service in the struggle with error. In leaving Athens, they quitted the world while it entreated them to stay, duty leading them in different directions. A full correspondence was, however, maintained between the friends, the specimens of which give a pleasant idea of the letter-writing of that age, the high subjects on which their minds were engrossed not interfering with the gaiety and banter of familiar affection; Gregory yielding to his friend as the stronger character; "For you are my breath more than the air, and so

\* Historical Sketches, by J. H. Newman.

far only do I live, as I am in your company either present, or if absent by your image:" Basil, on his side, having ideas of friendship in the abstract which might make a breach with his dearest friend impossible; for thus he wrote to another when a slighter tie was in hazard: "A man ought to take much thought — nay, pass many sleepless nights, and seek his duty from God with many tears — ere he ventures to break up a friendship." Basil, as exarch of Cappadocia, in the forefront of the struggle with Arianism — and in those days these struggles were by no means confined to words — called upon his friend to take the office of bishop in a new see founded by him in a troublesome district. Gregory, whose whole nature recoiled from such a charge, reproached his friend for unkindness in placing him in a sphere so uncongenial, and, in soreness of spirit, wrote to him: "Give me peace and quietness above all things. Play the man; be strong; turn everything to your own glory, as rivers suck up the mountain torrent, thinking little of friendship or intimacy compared with high aims and piety; . . . while, for my part, so much shall I gain from this your friendship, not to trust in friends, not to put anything above God." Such, we are told, was the melancholy crisis of an estrangement which had been for some time in preparation. Henceforth no letters which have been preserved passed between them. Happily, however, saints may quarrel, at least may break with one another in some bitterness of spirit, and yet may set us an example in their differences. A lofty friendship, even when broken, responds to the maxim, "Love is an immortal thing. I will never despise him whom I could once think worthy of my love." To Gregory might safely be committed the commemorative oration over his estranged friend, of which the reverence and fond admiration are all the more sincere and touching, in that he could not even then forget his grievance: "For I will confess my feeling — which is other ways not unknown to the world — his extraordinary and unfriendly conduct towards me, of which time has not removed the pain" — going on, however, to find an excuse, "that, knowing how to reverence friendship, then only had he slighted it when it was a duty to prefer God." "This, O Basil, to thee from me, this offering to thee from a tongue once most dear to thee! — thy fellow in honour and in age."

Perhaps the question of the use we may make of friends comes out in this history. Basil had a difficult place to fill, and

thought that Gregory ought to overcome personal feeling to serve him; while Gregory clearly felt this a wound to the delicacy of the relation — he had been made use of.

It needs not only minds of stronger fibre and higher cast of thought than is the common heritage, but what has been called "the blessing and the discomfort of a sensitive mind," to form and qualify men for an eminent friendship. Yet the same quality enhances the difficulty of maintaining it unbroken. A time comes to every friendship when it is on its trial, as it were — when for the first time rights are gone into and claims scrutinized. In such a case the stronger, more energetic spirit must prevail; the less dominant has only the choice of submission or retirement, and loss of the first place. Perfect independence is not compatible with such a relation. It has too much of the conjugal character in it — the lower genius must give way.

Now, of course, it is only where friendship has been a very serious compact — when men are capable of carrying it to its ideal, that cases of this sort arise; great, magnanimous, dignified differences and dissolutions, unaccompanied by petty or mean recriminations, or ungenerous revelations. A quarrel between friends on a lower level is generally a very pitiful affair. In ordinary life marriage often comes to prevent such a scandal. In a happy, congenial marriage, husband and wife *must* be chief friends in a sense that, as a matter of course, excludes another from an equal place. The old friendship continues, but its exclusiveness is over, and it sinks naturally out of the absorbing into the easy stage.

We have taken first the friendships that are "a marriage of two minds" — a union so perfect that it satisfies all a man's needs for confidence, counsel, and comfort. But the more common nature wants friends of all sorts. What is called the genial temper needs no *privado*, but some for relaxation, some for advice, some for service, some to admire, some to be admired by, some to be merry with, some to be grave with and business-like. We look round and recognize few such friendships as are the theme of moralists and historians. They are the great alleviations of great minds under unusual pressure of circumstances; but in the more social aspect of the virtue, our own age has many a pleasant example. And notably Sir Walter Scott, whose heart was large enough for troops of friends, each of whom might have thought himself pre-eminently favoured.



He was equally great in the pleasures and the duties of the relation. His mind quick to catch the occasion when he might serve a friend; his affections warm, and sympathy overflowing, where these alone found exercise. And what he bestowed, he also desired on his own account. He was gracious, but not condescending. The tenderness that soothed and comforted so many in their trouble he was grateful for when his own trial came. He had none of the reserve, fastidiousness, shyness, diffidence, exclusiveness, which makes friendship difficult, but felt what is quoted in Cicero — "There is enough in every man that is willing to become a friend." "He takes to all of us," said his poor neighbours, "as if we were blood-relations." Rank was no hindrance, poverty no bar. He needed not one friend, but many, and of all degrees, to fit into and satisfy the various phases of his large nature. And yet he was not indiscriminate; he chose his friends for what was good and worthy in them; and had some to whom his heart and thoughts were open, who were necessary to him in a more intimate and especial sense. To all he was faithful; nor do we detect any trace of the too common effect of time in slackening ties which demand a tenacious regard to keep up. People's friends slip from them for want of a vigilant holding the absent in remembrance. Sir Walter Scott's correspondence continues various and faithful to the old names to the end. In no point is he more an example than in this of friendship — not as a feature of one period of his life, but as a constant influence to the end. No one more uniformly and implicitly followed the rule laid down by the son of Sirach — "The man who hath friends must behave himself friendly."

In youth, the charm and pleasure of confidences is so keen that friendship, or intimacy that goes by that name, is a natural resource. And true affection need have little to do in bringing it about. While the young thinker feels his way and works in the dark, it is delightful to unfold his crude ideas; friendship is then an intellectual necessity for the clearing of his mind and bringing it acquainted with its own resources; in which intercourse it may well happen that heads are brought together rather than hearts. Time works with the generality towards a more liberal disburdening of their minds; the public in the long run becomes with many men the friend into whose bosom they can most easily and naturally pour confidence; and friendship has served its turn in fit-

ting them for this more comprehensive intercourse. A friend out of the whole world "to give peace to the affections and support the judgment" has never been the need of these persons; it has been some one to whom to unburden and to review what is in themselves. When old friends are pronounced better than new, it means that friendship as men grow old is a need of the heart more certainly than we may ever pronounce it in the young and untried. Every old friend has been new once; but time only tries the real share the affections have had in the contract.

We are not sure that modern life with its change, bustle, multitude of books, and variety of relaxations, encourages, or indeed needs, the relation of intimate friendship in the degree that used to be taken for granted. "It is a sign of a common and vulgar friendship," says one authority, "only to be pleased with the company of a friend, and be as well without him." But people *have* to be without their friends, and they must be out of mind much of the time they are out of sight; for the present has the first claim upon all our attention, or we shall never keep pace with our duties. However, the absent friend must be often in our thoughts, and on our lips too; we must never forget him. And this brings us to a question material to our subject. How far may we discuss with others the character of our friend? It seems absurd to refuse such a natural indulgence, especially as the mere fact of friendship implies that the good in our friend stands in high esteem with us, and that it must be a pleasure to express the admiration and esteem we feel. Yet — allowing discussion at all — entering upon the qualities that make a man what he is, it is practically impossible but that drawbacks, qualifications, and criticism should creep in. Nobody can be praised long and unreservedly except in a testimonial or a funeral oration. We are not doing justice to our friend by mere indiscriminate eulogy. Men feel their praise to be worth more when they show discernment. Yet from such display of acuteness to damaging admission there is but a step, not really damaging, but jarring on the assumed tenderness of the relation. Pascal says that if people knew exactly what their friends say of them, there would not be four friends in the world; but this he said of French society in its most artificial, talkative stage, when every consideration was sacrificed to a *bon-mat*. Short of this, however, we doubt if any



man living, however devoted to his friend, would like to know that this friend had been behind the curtain during ten minutes of animated discussion on his characteristics, carried on by a party of well-wishers of whom he had been one. The fact is, praise is so soon said, and requires so much delicacy to give it point and distinction, that speech slides inevitably into criticism, using that word in the popular sense. The praise that warms our heart to a glow is never long-winded; it is condensed enough to live in the shortest memory; a sentence, a phrase, a word even, is its essence.

We may as well understand this as a fact, and, if we are outspoken in our candid estimate of our friend, comfort ourselves by the tacit compact that we freely allow him the same liberty towards ourselves. In the abstract, we are ready to acknowledge all this. We have adduced Scott as an example of fidelity; but can any one read his novels without being convinced that he owed a great deal of his knowledge of human nature's weaknesses and queernesses to an insight into his friends' characters? But such liberty is totally different from license. We should not speak even in slight or playful disparagement of our friend to strangers, or where we are likely to be misunderstood, or where the strength of our regard is not known, or where prejudice will take our admissions for more than they properly imply. Is there not a scale in this freedom of speech? We may speak of the less intimate friend to the more, but never treat of a grave defect in our friend to a mere acquaintance. This is the fault of Mrs. Candour and of the associates Pascal points at; while the pair of ideal friends are cut off from the indulgence of such free discussion altogether. Perhaps we may say that where a friendship is deep, close, faithful, and unflattering enough to exact a frank unreserved exposition of faults to each other, then they should be breathed to none else. The human mind is satisfied if it has delivered its testimony; but where such plain dealing would be taken amiss, and is not included in the bond, there we may be at liberty to deliver our mind to a judiciously chosen third party. Certain it is that few friendships would stand frequent admonition. People should understand and admire, and love one another to a very extraordinary degree for much of this sort of thing to be going on. And such people are too partial to one another not to be regardless or blind to much that strikes the outer

world. Some private pique or jealousy is so often at the bottom of fault-finding that it is naturally suspected, where reprehension becomes easy; that, or the irritability of a susceptible temper. Each needs a warning. "If he that is angry for every little thing breaks the vows of friendship, he that is over-ready with his counsels dangerously strains it. . . . Do not think thou didst contract an alliance with an angel when thou didst take thy friend into thy bosom." And we would add, when you find him on the wrong side of angelic, be careful to whom you impart your discovery; for to somebody, no doubt, it will and must come out. After all, self-respect is an excellent guide in settling the sort of weaknesses or errors we may attribute to our friend, and yet *call* him our friend. Thus we may call him, under irritation, inconsiderate but not selfish, extravagant but not mean, jealous but not faithless, negligent of us but not spiteful, rash or blundering but not designing, passionate but not ungenerous, awkward but not vulgar, ignorant but not dull. Not, we mean, that it is lawful to accumulate all these lesser blemishes on one head, but that in granting one or more of them we do not reflect on our own taste, motive, or discernment in the choice of an intimate. There is nothing in them that shows the quality of the mind crooked, perverse, evil-natured, narrow, or stupid. In fact, a few honest admissions, when we hear him disparaged, may often serve a friend a good turn, as justifying a warmer tone towards his good points than would otherwise seem in place. Put *them* in a strong light, and he rises in the general esteem. It is men's excellences which determine their place in the general estimate. Faults stand a chance of being condoned, when these are vouched for on the authority of intimate knowledge stimulated into enthusiasm. Experience has led to this general preference of discussing our friend's faults anywhere but to themselves, though we go against an early imbibed contrary rule, — it should cost such a tremendous effort to take our friend in hand for anything that is bad in his character and nature. Practice makes everything easy, and then the result is well pictured in the poet's illustration: —

A friendship that in frequent fits  
Of controversial rage emits  
The sparks of disputation,  
Like Hand-in-Hand insurance plates  
Most unavoidably creates  
The thought of conflagration.

Friendship cannot be confined to great

minds; people have their distinct ideas of it: somebody to feel comfortable with, to rely upon, to be able to say what they like to you with a security of being understood; who will hear them, perhaps help them,—is what they want. *Thought* is not a universal article of exchange—good-will and a sense of mutual fitness may refresh the soul at less cost, and help it towards that love to the brethren which Christianity requires. But friendship of this character breaks down if there is too much attempt to enforce its ideal claims and duties. People must be content to leave a great deal unexplained and unaccounted for, to submit to many seeming slights, to be quiet under a good deal for which temper demands apologies. Men cannot be compelled to friendship by a cocked pistol, says Sydney Smith. Nor must people ever use their wit at a crisis. Long-suffering and condoning are of the essence of all friendship. As Cowper says, “The warmest heart perhaps only feels by fits, and is often as insensible as the coldest.” Nobody must wonder or take offence if he fall foul of one of these cold fits when he expected enthusiastic sympathy. But none of these precautionary rules are meant to apply to the grand ideal friendship—to such we look up, but do not presume to dictate; only of them one is disposed to say, as well fall out as sink into placid indifference: death is the only dissolution of the tie we can admit. Swift writes some forcible, strange, bitter things on the anguish that a friendship of this order can inflict. “I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable.” Again: “Believe me, that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as much engaging as violent love. There is not a greater folly than entering into too strict and violent a friendship.” This, however, is spoken of his friendship with Stella, written when he hears she is dying, and dares not return to Ireland. “I would not for the universe be present at such a trial as seeing her depart.” This sounds like a miserable selfishness, but yet betrays a real horror of deep feeling. Swift’s is a character on which one must not pronounce hastily.

And this brings us to another branch of our subject—friendship between men and women. Friendship in its loftiest phase is always treated of as a manly virtue, partly because heroic friends are engaged in the great theatre of the world’s thought and action, and also because the

friendship of men and women is rarely allowed to be the quality pure, and unmixed with other sentiments; certainly it was not in our latest instance. For if in Swift it was friendship, in Stella it was something more. It is for this reason, probably, that it is only where any closer relation is forbidden or impossible that we find friendships between men and women acknowledged in weighty and grave literature. The biographies of saints, bishops, confessors of different ages, give signal instances of such friendships,—Fénélon and Madame Guyon, St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal, Lacordaire and Madame Swetchine. St. Theresa and some of the leading ecclesiastics of her time were friends in the noblest, truest, most profitable sense of the word. And where the nature is indisposed to a closer tie, as in Cowper’s case, friendships may be equally a possible and a beneficial relation. We do not, however, suppose it possible in any case—whatever the difference of the respective ages, whatever the gravity of the topics habitually treated or the severity of either or both characters thus contracted through sympathy in great ends—for the difference of sex to be forgotten, or that this difference shall not add an interest to the relation. There will always be the charm of two points of view comparing notes as it were; of the mixture of deference and submission towards each other, with on both sides a complacent sense of superiority. The man, whatever his reverence for the talents and virtues of the woman, is not dead to a certain tenderness of condescension; his mere recognition of her powers confers a favour. The woman grants him all he does not claim: he penetrates into the secrets of nature; he is most at home in the abstract; he sees farther into the realm of thought; but she understands *him*; he is her study, in a sense which is not mutual; and she enjoys an insight into character which she does not suspect in him. She is content to leave his vaster field unexplored, but values herself on her keenness of sight as far as it goes. She lets him reason, and if she offers counsel, it is the tone of St. Theresa—“Although it be true that we poor women are not fit to give advice, yet occasionally we hit the mark;” but all the same she has an instinct of her own which she trusts. Men, when they boast of understanding “the sex,” mean, as a rule, that part which alone interests them—the women who lay themselves out to please them, whose breath of life is man’s admiration. Wom-

en do not analyze empty fops with the interest the so-called men of the world find in penetrating the mind and motives of their correlatives, vain or frivolous women. They like to believe that minds of power, that strong characters and large intellects, have yet loopholes which leave their secret unconscious impulses open to the feminine instinct of perception, and knack of catching a hidden meaning.

Jeremy Taylor, with some touch of gallantry, declares himself, to the lady who asks his opinion, far from the morosity of those cynics who would not admit women into the communities of a noble friendship. Some wives he believes to have been the best friends in the world. "True, a female friend is not so good a counsellor as a wise man, and cannot so well defend my honour nor dispose of reliefs and assistances;" but a woman can love as passionately and converse as pleasantly, and retain a secret as faithfully, and be useful in her proper ministries. "We cannot grudge to virtuous and brave women that they be partners in a noble friendship, since their conversation can add so many moments to the felicity of our lives; and therefore, though a knife cannot enter as far as a sword, yet a knife may be more useful to some purposes, and in everything except it be against an enemy." Concluding with a judgment, influenced and perhaps biassed by the times in which he lived and wrote, a man is the best friend in trouble, but a woman may be equal to him in days of joy; a woman can as well increase our comforts, but cannot so well lessen our sorrows; and therefore we do not carry women with us when we go to fight; but in peaceful cities and times, virtuous women are the beauties of society and the prettinesses of friendship.

Sydney Smith, who had large capabilities for friendship of the genial sort, and argued that friendships should be formed with persons of all ages and conditions, and with both sexes, considered it a great happiness to form a sincere friendship with a woman; but, he continues, "a friendship among persons of different sexes rarely or ever takes place in this country. The austerity of our manners hardly admits of such a connection, compatible with the most perfect innocence, and a source of the highest possible delight to those who are fortunate enough to form it." True as this was in his case, it would not really be a desirable thing for such friendships to be common in ordinary society. They would in the case of the unmarried, it is true, commonly end in a closer connection;

but with the married an intimacy with one of another sex, in which both do not pretty equally share, would not tend to domestic happiness. A friendship in which there are no confidences hardly comes under the head discussed. Such were Sydney Smith's friendships with great ladies, and Walter Scott's with Joanna Baillie and others; in both cases sustained by correspondence, which no doubt was read at the family breakfast-tables of all concerned, and by which the reader is still entertained. Cowper was constitutionally adapted for friendship with women. His friendship with Mrs. Unwin was perfect in that it reached the height of the virtue without ever changing its character. We are tempted to show this aptitude by his letter to the widowed Lady Hesketh, a charming woman, his cousin, and lifelong, hearty friend.

She had written expressing some fears of their meeting after a long separation, from his over-expectation of happiness.

But what cause have you to fear? Am I not your cousin with whom you have wandered in the fields of Freemantle and St. Bevis Mount? who used to read to you, laugh with you, till our sides have ached, at everything or nothing? And am I in these respects at all altered? You will not find me so; but just as ready to laugh and to wander as you ever knew me. A cloud, perhaps, may come over me now and then, but from clouds I was never exempted. And are not you the identical cousin with whom I have performed all these feats? The very Harriet whom I saw for the first time at Dr. Grey's in Norfolk Street? If these things are so, and I am sure you cannot gainsay a syllable of them all, then this consequence follows — that I do not promise myself more pleasure from your company than I shall be sure to find. Then you are my cousin in whom I always delighted, and in whom I doubt not that I shall delight even to my latest hour.

All that has been said of friendship in general, applies, of course, to female friendships of which biography rather than history furnishes examples. It is the medium through which we know the really superior women of a past date. Friendship makes letter-writers — it is one of its offices and good works; especially are the friendships of women fruitful in this private domestic literature. The letters of Miss Carter and Miss Talbot show a friendship sustained on a very high level of thought and feelings; and others more recent and more familiar to the general readers furnish examples more than enough. Yet we are tempted to give one letter, the close of a long friendship, as a

testimony to the strength and fidelity of this relation perhaps especially among women. It is from Lady Charlotte Lindsay — noted for her wit and that plainness of features of which she remarked, on growing old, that time had taken away the bloom of her ugliness, and reduced her to the commonplace — to her friends the Miss Berrys. Both these ladies were between eighty and ninety, and how far the writer was on the wrong side of seventy we have no ready means of ascertaining.

*Dec. 14, 1849.* — I cannot wait till half past six, but must say a word now to thank you for all the kind tokens I got yesterday. You say that you are the most grateful of my friends. Dearest Mary, that gratitude is due to your Creator, who made you so lovable that I could not help loving you. But what gratitude do I owe Him, who, when I had the misfortune to survive all those who were nearest and dearest to me, disposed two hearts, like yours and dear Agnes's, to receive into your intimacy and warm affection a heart that must otherwise have withered in hopeless solitude! Whenever either of you feel low and discouraged, as we all do at times, say to yourselves, "There is one creature at least who owes to us the comfort of her latter days."

Letters are an invaluable sustainer of friendship, but no friendship can live on them. It is a delusion that a mere correspondence, whether daily, monthly, or weekly, can supply the aliment for a lively, tenacious, thorough friendship; there must be a personal intercourse; for one reason, the letters, to be intimate and unrestrained, and written in any mood, and upon the spur of the moment, cannot fail now and then to jar upon the receiver. When two people talk, they are alive to each other's state of temper and feeling. No one can guess the condition of his friend at the time he receives his letter. It may be written on impulse, and read in weariness, or in a testy mood. Or if cheerful, a jest falls on a sore place. A snub may be detected where none was meant, a thought written under the presence of strong feeling may be misunderstood. Letters cannot attempt to supply the place of conversation between two vigorous minds without making room for some of these hitches; and if the topics of the letters never touch on delicate themes, never approach points where there may be a difference of opinion, then they do not keep friendship alive at the proper heat. All great friendships live in personal intercourse, and therefore it is there are so few of them; and therefore that they do not remain unimpaired and in full strength to

old age: and therefore indolence should not stand in the way of as frequent meetings as the engagements of life will permit. We have such facilities for this frequent intercourse as the world never knew before; but may not the increased luxury of living throw in difficulties in a new direction? If we have to make great preparations for the due reception of our friend, the invitation often does not get sent. When Bishop Sanderson and his dear and most intimate friend, the learned Dr. Hammond, met "to enjoy a quiet conversation, and rest together for some days" at a time, we may be sure the fare would be simple, and where a good apple was with one the chosen delicacy, the dessert easily procured. It is the eye to eye, voice with voice encounter, that keeps such friendships alive, and the hospitalities of welcome are their great promoter.

But not only is personal intercourse necessary on these grounds; it must also be considered that human nature is not clear-sighted and confiding enough to trust a friend long out of sight. Fidelity to an idea, fidelity sustained under distance and perplexing circumstances, is among the hardest trials both to head and heart. In truth we are all puzzles to one another. We do not feel this under the excitement of close intimate contact, because we believe our friend's mind is laid bare and open to us. But, in fact, no amount of intimacy enables one man to arrive at any precise knowledge of the intellectual and moral capabilities of another. The tie of blood furnishes clues which no voluntary tie does, and helps to the knowledge we mean; but the poet truly says, even with such a key —

Not even the tenderest heart and next our  
own,  
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.

Take the intellect of our nearest associates. We think we know their strong and their weak points, their way of viewing things, the extent of their powers; yet how constantly we see men's judgment egregiously at fault when it comes to guess-work! When the authorship of an anonymous book is in question, what amazing suspicions are at once afloat! And it is the same with moral possibilities; we do not refer to such breaches of the moral law as are under the ban of popular contempt, because our friend is not only himself, but a member of society, which as a body scouts such actions; but he slips, through absence, so far out of his individuality, that we suspect him to be

subject and yielding to the common temptations which beset humanity. The friend at a distance is always more or less under trial; he is judged by appearances. When we are with him we trust him with implicit confidence; when he is far from us, our trust is of a different quality. Now here again for an illustration of our meaning; we need not seek an example among the common run of men. The biography of a saint supplies us with a case in point; and why should it not? for who is more alive than a saint to the inherent weakness of humanity? If ever there was a man loved and adored among his friends, St. John Chrysostom might be supposed to be that man. The biography\* from which we quote attributes to him the qualities which attract: a vigour, elasticity, and sunniness of mind all his own; "a bright, cheerful, gentle soul; a sensitive heart, a temperament open to emotion and impulse, and all this elevated, refined, transformed by a touch of heaven." He was eminently a natural character. This was the character of his oratory: "We should be very wrong to suppose that fine expressions or rounded periods or figures of speech were the credentials by which he claimed to be the first doctor of the East. He spoke because his heart, his head, were brimful of things to speak about." No wonder such a man, so great yet so open-hearted and accessible, had friends, "warm, eager, sympathetic, indignant, agonized friends," for he had also enemies bent on compassing his banishment and final destruction, and who carried their point and compassed his exile. After preaching his last sermon, he bade farewell to his friends, and lastly took leave in the baptistery of some broken-hearted, pious women. "Oh my daughters," he said, "come and hear what I have to say; my matters have an end, I see well; I have finished my course; it may be you will not see my face again." And then follows the narrative of those journeyings and hurrying from place to place amid intolerable hardships expressly designed to wear him to death. This inhuman scheme of his persecutors was not, however, apparent at first. Journeying from Constantinople with the soldiers that kept him, he could for some time both despatch letters to his friends there and hear from them at stated intervals: and here we come to the point for which our narrative is a preparation. Among

his correspondents were some of the devout ladies to whom he had just said farewell. Now, if there is a human being to be relied on in the matter of fidelity it is a good woman—a woman after the pattern of Lydia the seller of purple—towards such a pastor as we have here, in trouble and suffering. It is not only that he is good—a confessor—but that he is great. It is her glory and distinction to be in his favour, to be trusted by him. What an honour to receive letters from an eminent saint! what a privilege to minister to him still by replying to them with all the intelligence that bore upon his interests and affections! Such a woman was Theodora, and so honoured. But the fact is, it is not in human nature to make allowances for failures of the post when all the life that is worth anything hangs upon what it carries. Worn to death, feverish with fatigue, the point at each halt was letters from Constantinople; and when, time after time, this hope failed, the great John's faith in friendship broke down. Who does not love the saint with a new sense of kinship for his touch of natural impatience, so artlessly expressed, as he thus opens out on the luckless Theodora! "I am astonished at you: this is the fourth, if not the fifth letter I have sent you; and you have sent me but one. It pains me much that you have so soon forgotten me." Who does not pity poor Theodora, who "had doubtless been in continual prayers and tears, and could give her own account of her silence!" This, however, is but a trifling instance of the degree to which distance and absence can reduce confidence, and break down the thorough understanding which is assumed to be essential to a firm friendship. Not necessarily a *real* breakdown, for friends have but to see each other to renew the old converse, and doubts and misgivings vanish like a bad dream. After all, self-mistrust and self-depreciation are enough to account for this treachery of the imagination. A modest man may well wonder at devotion towards himself when the devotee is out of sight; and vain as human nature is, vanity is a very different thing from self-reliance.

But it is time to draw our remarks to a conclusion, though our subject, if indeed not exhausted, is so inexhaustible that there is difficulty in knowing where to stop. Some points, however, we may leave to the reader's memory, or to be pursued in his own spirit and line of thought. Such—

\* Historical Sketches.

That secrets are a sacred trust,  
That friends should be sincere and just,  
That constancy befits them,  
Are observations on the case  
That savour much of commonplace,  
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,  
An architect requires alone,  
To finish a fine building.  
The palace were but half complete,  
If he could possibly forget  
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumps upon your back  
How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed,  
To pardon or to bear it.

Friendship is a touchstone of merit. A man must have many good qualities, as well as a freedom from many uncouth ones, to be a friend in the true sense of the word, and having them, friendship keeps them in exercise; and therefore, to cultivate the virtue where the opportunity offers, must be a man's wisdom as well as his happiness.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE FAIR OF ST. NICODEME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY," ETC.

"Savoir d'où nous venons n'est pas bien difficile,  
Puisque c'était hier le jour de grand' merci  
Et que de Pluneret à Quimper la grand' route  
Est couverte en entier de pèlerins lassés,  
Qui viennent de quérir là-bas, quoi qu'il leur coûte,  
Les pardons accordés à tous ces jours passés."

LE RETOUR DU PARDON.

IF any one wants to get on a sudden quite out of the nineteenth century, and to find himself so freed from the surroundings of modern improvement and culture, that he is inclined to rub his eyes to make sure he is not dreaming, let him take the express train from Paris to Auray, in Brittany, and next day find his way to St. Nicodème — always remembering that this next day must be the first Saturday of August.

There is no very direct access to the fine old solitary church of St. Nicodème. The nearest station on the Auray and Pontivy line of railway is at St. Nicholas des Eaux; but even from here there is a tiring walk of some kilometres along the dusty high-road, and for reasons which will appear, it is not pleasant to drive from St. Nicholas; it is really more direct, although less interesting, to go from Auray to Baud

or Pontivy, and take a carriage from one or other of these places to St. Nicodème.

At Auray they seemed to know nothing about St. Nicodème or its *fête*, and even when we reached Baud, and asked for information, the station-master shook his head: "Yes, yes, there is a *pardon* — but when it occurs? — *ma foi*, it is some time in August, that is all I know."

This was discouraging, but as we found on the map St. Nicholas des Eaux looked close to St. Nicodème, we decided to go on there by rail, in search of more definite tidings.

We crossed the Blavet, a broad river here, running through a wooded valley. A little way from the station, up the *côte*, on the left bank of this stream, we came upon the quaint old village of St. Nicholas. It looks so primitive, so sequestered, that doubtless it is rarely visited; even Bretons seem to know nothing about it, and yet its position beside the lovely winding river, its straggling, irregular line of granite cottages, hardly to be called a street, running up from the river, shaded by huge spreading chestnut boughs that cross one another overhead, the quaint costumes of its people — nearly all the girls and women had distaffs in their hands — and the utter isolation in which they seem to live, give it the attraction of novelty to the traveller.

The solid granite dwellings composing this village are mostly built in twos and threes, with circular-headed doorways, and sometimes only one small square window. The upper half of the door is set open to admit light, the lower half is generally kept closed and bolted. Looking over some of these, we saw that a portion of the space within was given to the family, the rest to the cow-stable; the floor, as usual, was of uneven earth, on which stood handsome *armoires* in dark oak. Outside against some of the walls leant huge brass pans, and brooms made of fresh green boughs.

The sun was so bright overhead, that the interiors of the cottages looked very dark, and the absence of white caps among the women increased this gloom, the universal head-dress being a rusty black velvet or blue cloth hood, fitting the head closely and coming down on the shoulders in a pointed cape lined with scarlet, yellow, or green. Under one's feet the ground showed that corn had lately been thrashed there, and long-legged white pigs and lean fowls were eagerly picking up the stray grains scattered about, gleaming like gold as the sun found its way down to them through



the fan-like leaves of the chestnut-trees above.

Exquisite yellow-green vine-sprays clung about some of the cottages, and had flung themselves on to the thatch as if they meant to reach the chimneys, and these wreaths in their grace and beauty were in strange contrast to the clumsy-looking, large-featured, coarse faces that stared at us from under the faded hoods of the women and the large hats and matted locks of the men.

A little way up from the river, on the right, a path led to the church, and as this was locked, we seated ourselves at the foot of a wooden Calvary just outside it, while a woman fetched the key.

A good-natured looking peasant, with her child and distaff, came up shyly, and seated herself beside us. She could not speak much French, and the child, who, she said, learned it at school, was too shy to talk; but the woman was anxious to learn what had brought us to St. Nicholas. We asked about St. Nicodème. "But yes, there is a fair and a *pardon* there to-morrow and next day; the angel will come down and light the bonfire; he has gold wings, the angel—ah! that is indeed a sight worth coming to see!"

We asked if we could sleep at St. Nicholas, but our friend shook her head doubtfully. "There is the *cabaret* beside the river," she said, "but"—and she shrugged her shoulders. We had already had a glimpse of this, and had decided not even to eat there.

The clumsy woman, who had gone to fetch the key, came back with a red swollen face, and large tears roking down her cheeks—her Breton was unintelligible, but we learned from our friend that she was telling about a dying sister, who had suddenly grown worse—it was touching to see the sympathy created among the neighbours as the poor woman went back sobbing to her cottage—but they said the sister would linger some time yet.

A quaint group of women had now collected before the church, almost all dressed alike, black gowns—in some faded almost to green—the square opening of the under body trimmed with broad black ribbon velvet, velvet also round the cuffs of the tight-fitting black sleeves; down each front of the corset worn over the body was a row of silver buttons, set so close that the edges overlapped one another; the armholes of this corset were also bordered with very broad black velvet. The square opening in front of the body was filled by a white neck-

kerchief fastened at the throat by a pin; this relieved the otherwise sombre garb; for, except the apron and silver buttons, all the rest was black or dark blue, unless the wind, or any other accident, displayed the coloured lining of the hood. The aprons were of coarse striped woollen, of several colours; this stuff is spun and woven by the peasant women out of any woollen material they can get; they will even ravel out worn woollen stockings or an old petticoat, and spin the wool so collected into fresh yarn.

The women seemed surprised that we should care to visit the church; the inquisitive traveller was clearly a novelty to them. It is an ancient chapel of the priory of St. Gildas, the ruins of which still exist on the opposite side of the river. The interior of this church or chapel is very curious. Four praying figures project from the four central columns; below the waggon-headed roof is a richly carved wooden frieze, and in one of the transepts this carving is equally perfect and remarkable; grotesque heads are united by a waving border of serpents and dragons issuing from the carved mouths. The whitewashed beams, too, are carved, the ends fixed into huge dragon mouths, which project from the frieze. In one corner of the nave we saw a large bell; there was not a seat of any kind in the church; the whitewashed walls were green with damp, and the floor was of uneven clay; there was no sign of daily use about the place, and it felt so damp, that we were glad to get back into the golden sunshine outside.

A little way on beyond the church, down a narrow, green lane, still on the right, we came to a flight of broken, moss-grown stone steps. These led into a good-sized square enclosure, paved with broken flagstones and surrounded by ruined walls overgrown with trees and ivy; ferns and grasses springing from the joints of the stonework. In the centre stood a grand old fountain going fast to decay; brambles flaunted great red arms from the ivy-covered top, and between them showed a richly crocketed canopy, surmounting the empty niche of the saint of the fountain.

While we stood wondering whether this had not in former years been the bourne of some pilgrimage, a woman came down the steps carrying a pail in one hand and bearing a large brown pitcher on her head. She was dressed like the rest of the villagers, and had the same awkward, half-savage ways. She glared



at us for an instant from under her hood, and then knelt down and filled her pail and her pitcher, but so clumsily, and with such waste of water, that she must have soaked her heavy blue skirts and filled her *sabots* with the splashing; she certainly wore no stockings to suffer by the wetting. It was strange not to find a trace of the adroit deftness of French women in these large-eyed, sad-faced, clumsy village Bretonnes; coquetry and grace seemed equally unknown to them; as a Frenchman said, "*Il n'y a pas l'ombre de séduction chez ces femmes.*"

Coming down through the pretty little village again — wondering how it could be so near the world and yet so out of it — we found several women standing knitting at the cottage-doors; they were evidently waiting for our reappearance, but not one of them could speak French; a shake of the head, and a grin showing the long front teeth, and "*Ja, ja,*" was the universal answer to our questions. One of my companions opened his book to sketch a group of children perfect in their dress and attitudes, but after staring wonder-struck for a few minutes they all started away in dumb terror.

Now that we were sure about the *fête* we resolved to go on to Baud and return next morning to St. Nicodème, for it was evidently impossible to stay at St. Nicholas; the *cabaret* was wofully dirty, and the mistress pointed out to us, with much triumph, a hugh pile of dark-looking loaves on the filthy floor ready for the fair.

We asked if we could have a carriage, and she called a sulky-looking lad to answer us.

He came gnawing a straw.

"A carriage!" he said, contemptuously. "*Dame, oui,* I should think so. If *messieurs et dame* will come with me I will arrange for them with Jean Jacques."

We followed him up the road a few yards. At the door of a cottage sat an old beggar dressed in a ragged shirt, drab trousers and gaiters. Long grey hair streamed over his shoulders, and his bare chest showed through his open shirt-front.

A colloquy in Breton, and then to our dismay we learned that this dirty old bundle of rags was the Jean Jacques who would drive us to Baud, and that he would be ready directly.

"But is there no other vehicle?" we asked.

The sulky lad's contempt was beyond endurance. "No, there is no other ve-

hicle, and people should think themselves lucky to get this; it is quite possible that some one will arrive by the next train who will want Jean Jacques and his white horse, and then where will *messieurs et madame* be?"

After this harangue he ran away, and having settled the bargain with Jean Jacques, whose French was execrable, we walked disconsolately down to the river, Jean Jacques, in a very cracked voice, calling something in Breton, which a woman told us signified that he would be ready in five minutes.

We sauntered on to the bridge and enjoyed the lovely view up and down the river, but the five minutes grew into thirty at least.

At last we heard a shout, and turning round to look up the road, we saw our vehicle. On inspection it proved to be a miserable little cart, without any springs. Two sacks stuffed with bean-straw were laid across the seats, and a little white horse stood between the shafts.

Our driver was sweeping the inside of the cart most vigorously with a huge broom made of the green broom plant. He had washed himself, and had wonderfully smartened his appearance. The upper portion of his rags were hidden by a white flannel jacket trimmed with black velvet and small brass buttons; he wore a large flat black hat, also trimmed with black velvet; but the horse was deplorable, small, with drooping head, and looking as if his bones were unset, and he was only held together by his dirty white skin.

We clambered into the vehicle with heavy hearts; but no anticipation could have prepared us for the reality. Directly we started the jolting was terrible; and, besides this, the horse had a perpetual zigzag movement which sent us from side to side of the cart, and doubled the length of our journey. We tried to speak to our driver, but he shook his head imperiously, and answered in Breton, or French almost as incomprehensible. One might have taken him for a hideous old wizard with his gleaming eyes and flowing grey hair, but for his religious reverence. At every church and every Calvary we passed he slackened his pace, uncovered, and mumbled a long prayer, after which he always whipped his horse violently, and jolted us worse than ever.

That drive to Baud was certainly "like a hideous dream," though it lay through a picturesque country, the road on each side constantly bordered by tall, slender,

silver birch-trees, through which we got glimpses of the Montagnes Noires. The climax of our torture was reached when we rattled over the stones at Baud; we got down with thankful hearts at the little inn.

Next morning was full of sunshine; and, having secured an easy carriage and a good horse, we started at an early hour for St. Nicodème. We soon overtook vehicles of all kinds going in the same direction, chiefly long carts with three or four benches or planks set across them; and these were crammed with men, women, and children in holiday costume, the salient points in which were the white jackets and huge black hats of the men, and the long white *coiffes* of the women. Black was the prevailing colour of their jackets and skirts. There were also numbers of men and women on foot, trudging along the road, many of them driving their pretty little cows before them. Sometimes we passed an old woman struggling with a refractory pig.

The fine grey spire of the church of St. Nicodème was visible for some time before we reached it. At last we came to a road or lane on the right shaded by spreading chestnut-trees, and our driver stopped.

These Breton side-roads have a character peculiarly their own. In the north they are deeply sunk between high brake and furze covered banks, along the tops of which is often a concealed footpath; but in the south these banks are lower, and, as at St. Nicodème, huge trees grow behind them, and send their branches across from side to side so near the road that certainly the lofty hooded waggons of Normandy would find no room to pass under the leafy roof.

Our driver told us this side-road led to the church: and, indeed, without the information we should have guessed this, as people were hastening into the lane from all directions. Our driver added that the road was too rough for his vehicle to go over, so we dismounted.

The lane was full of strings of people, men, women, and children, hurrying towards the church. We found it necessary to walk heedfully, for the road was channelled with deep cart-ruts, and these were filled with mud and water. At the end of the lane we found ourselves in a bewildering throng of carts, horses, cows, pigs, and people crowded in front of and against the low stone wall that fences in the church and its celebrated fountain. At the moment a man had quite blocked

up further passage by calmly plaiting the long cream-coloured tail of his horse.

St. Nicodème is a handsome stone building of the sixteenth century, with a fine tower and spire; but it is its situation that is so charming. It stands in a sort of hollow; the ground rising from it on every side is planted chiefly with huge chestnut-trees. Under the shade of these, beyond and beside the church, we saw a great crowd of people, all seemingly farmers and peasants — there appeared no mixture of bourgeois element; but before going into this crowd we turned aside to see the fountain. A visit to this is evidently an important part of the duty of the day. Three or four old women came towards us at once with jugs and cups of the holy water to drink and wash our faces in, for which they expect a few centimes: the fountain is of rather later date than the church; in one of the three compartments into which it is divided stands the figure of St. Nicodème, on one side of him a man and a woman are kneeling — they offer him an ox. In the other niches are St. Abibon with two men, one on horseback, the other kneeling, and St. Gamaliel between two pilgrims, one of whom offers him a pig. These saints are all Jews.

Men, and women too, were bathing their faces and eyes in the fountain, and also drinking the water eagerly — the water is said to have antiseptic properties. Standing and lying about were dirty, picturesque beggars, intent on exhibiting their twisted and withered limbs and incurable wounds to passers-by.

The finely sculptured portal of the church was thronged with these sufferers — some of them eating their breakfasts out of little basins. One ragged child held out a scallop-shell for alms, keeping up a whine of supplication. Among these squalid objects a beautiful butterfly was hovering — a baby child stretched up its hand crying for the insect. The interior of the church had evidently been so recently whitewashed that there had been no time to wash the stains and splashes from the dirty flagstone pavement, and, as there were no chairs, this was covered by kneeling worshippers. The high altar was a blaze of lighted candles; grouped round it were some really rich crimson and white banners worked in gold; at a side altar a priest was saying a litany.

There were most picturesque figures among the kneeling worshippers, and through the groups two girls wandered up and down with bundles of lighters for the votive candles; some old women, too, car-

ried about bundles of these candles. Many of the kneelers pulled my skirts to attract attention to a wounded leg or arm, or to inform me in a whisper that they were ready to pray the Blessed Virgin and St. Nicodème to give me a safe journey if I had a few centimes to give away.

It was so cool within the church that the air felt oven-like when we came out again, although the grey old building was surrounded by huge spreading chestnut-trees. Close to the church, ranged under the green fan-like leaves, were booths hung with strings of rosaries, crosses, medals, badges; rings, ornamental pins for fastening the chemisettes and shawls of the peasant women, and other jewelry, were displayed in cases. Pretty silver rings bearing the image of St. Nicodème were selling rapidly at a fabulously low price.

In other booths were set forth a store of large gaudily coloured prints of various saints and sacred subjects; chief amongst them was a gorgeous full length of St. Nicodème, wearing the papal tiara, a violet cassock, green chasuble, and scarlet mantle. Over his head, in a golden nimbus, a bright green dove descended on the saint, who stood between a tall poplar-tree and a palm bursting into blossoms of various colours; there were hymns on either side of the paper. A carter with his whip under his arm, the heavy lash twisted round his neck, knelt down reverently to look at this gorgeous print, and a withered old man leaned over him to explain the words, which were in French; to them it was plainly as impressive as if it had been a work of art. Further on, the open glen behind the church was crowded with people, buying, selling, eating, drinking—here were booths for clothes and crockery, and stands for eatables and drinkables. An old man was selling sieves, wooden bowls, and boxes heaped up on the grass—sieves are in great demand at this harvest season.

Near the church, against the ivy-covered trunk of an enormous chestnut-tree, several men were seated, with lathered faces; two were being shaved, the others patiently waited their turn. The rapidity of the barbers was most amusing. Two used the soap-brush and two the razor, and their labours seemed to be unending. We thought the edge of the razor could not be worth much, judging by the stiff, stubbly-looking chins. It is customary to let the beard grow some weeks before the festival of St. Nicodème, and then to be clean shaved in the early morning. We

came upon many of these *al fresco* barber-shops under the trees in different parts of the fair.

As we walked through the crowd we saw how varied and picturesque the dress of the men was; the jacket generally of white flannel cut square at the neck, trimmed with black velvet, with a row of embroidery thereon and strings of metal buttons; the outside pockets of these jackets were cut into seven or eight vandykes bound with black velvet, each of the points being fastened by a brass or silver button. The black beaver or felt hats were enormous in the brim, very low-crowned, and trimmed with a band of broad black velvet fastened by a silver buckle, two ends hanging behind. The trousers and knee-breeches were chiefly blue or white linen, although some were of black and brown velveteen, loose, but without the bagginess so common in lower Brittany. The older men wore black gaiters reaching to the knees and fastened by a close row of tiny buttons. Round the waist many of them wore a broad, thick, buff leather belt, with quaint metal clasps. This hung so low and loosely that it seemed worn only for ornament. We asked a tall Breton farmer with bare feet thrust into his *sabots* what was the use of this belt. "It has none," he said, complacently; "I wear it for fashion's sake." The waistcoat was also white flannel, with so many rows of embroidered velvet that it had the effect of several waistcoats worn one above another; four or five dozen silver buttons were set in two rows down each side of the outer waistcoat so closely that the edges of the buttons overlapped. This costume was, perhaps, the most uncommon we saw. The older men wore their hair very long, hanging over their shoulders almost to their waists; their dark, gleaming eyes and thick, straight eyebrows gave them a fierce appearance.

Some of the men were tall, and they all stalked about among the women as if they were beings of a different order. Each sex herded chiefly in groups apart, except that the men took the centre of the fair as their right, and paced up and down like princes. There were no curious strangers present, except ourselves, and yet they took little notice of us. Even when we got farther up the glen and more into the crowd we saw no mixture of townsfolk; it was a festival of peasants.

We were specially struck by the face of a fine old man with flowing white hair, but most malevolent black eyes, who stood

fanning with his broad-leaved beaver hat a gridiron full of silvery sardines, frizzling and crackling over a pan of charcoal on the grass. When they were cooked, he speedily found customers for them. Close by was a stand covered with huge loaves of buckwheat bread, which were finding ready sale; and as we moved on we saw impromptu fire-places in all directions. On one side a huge steaming pipkin hung from a tripod of sticks; from this a coarse *ragoût* of meat and potatoes sent out a not too savoury smell. Farther on a large pot of coffee stood on a glowing lump of charcoal. And now we came upon booths with cold eatables displayed on the stalls: sausages of all kinds, and a sort of cold meat pudding, in great request, but by no means of enticing aspect, the meat being stewed in a goose-skin or a bladder with plenty of pepper. Farther back from the main avenue, under the trees, were carts full of immense cider-barrels covered with fresh green brake. A woman wearing the costume we had seen the day before at St. Nicholas stood at a table in front of one of these carts drawing cider as fast as she could into jugs, glasses, etc.; and all round her were groups of men talking together, and getting less silent and morose as they drank glass after glass and toasted one another.

A low stone wall, overgrown with grass, divided this wooded glen on the left from the country beyond, and atop of this wall a pleasant-looking country-woman in a well-starched, spotless white muslin *coiffe*, the two broad-hemmed lappets pinned together behind her head, had spread out her wares on a gay-coloured handkerchief. Caps, and collars, and chemisettes were displayed to the best advantage in this elevated position—she sat on the wall beside her goods, smiling and chattering with all who passed by, and driving a good trade too, though it was puzzling to know how her customers would dispose of such easily-crumpled articles in the ever-moving crowd.

So far we had been struck by the quiet and decorum of the scene, it was really too quiet—there was so little jollity in it, none of the repartee and the merry laughter we have so often heard in a Norman market. Men and women alike looked serious and self-contained—the happiest faces were those of the dear little children toddling and tumbling about in all directions; some of these, in their close-fitting skull caps, thick woollen skirts, reaching to their heels, and large white

collars, were perfect little Velasquez figures; others wore round hats, set on the back of their heads; almost all had clear complexions, and handsome, large, round dark eyes.

Still farther on we heard a rather monotonous beat of drum. There was a performance going on; but it seemed only to consist in the explanation, in a drawling recitative, of pictures exhibited by the showman. Behind this we found ourselves in the cattle-market, a part of the glen where the grass was less worn away and the trees more thickly planted. The sunshine here came in golden chequers and patterns through the broad leafy boughs on men who stood about plaiting and unplaiting the long tails of their horses, and on women who dragged their pretty little black and white cows along, sometimes by a rope fastened to the horns, sometimes by the horns themselves, but quite as often they hurried along regardless of everybody, with the cow's head gripped tightly under one arm, chattering eagerly in Breton. Pigs were also being hauled about, filling the air with noise. One woman had got a pig by the tail and dragged it squealing through the thickest of the crowd; another had fastened a rope to her pig's leg, and was coaxing it in a way that reminded us of the nursery story. There was plenty of noise here, rude rough voices, and much gesticulation, as they vociferated guttural Breton at one another; it was difficult to move, too, through the confused mass of people and animals. No one seemed to care or to look where he or she went—it was apparently assumed that every one would take care of himself or herself; lacking this, there was every chance of being knocked down and trampled under foot by the crowd or the cattle.

There had been an auction of beasts going on under the trees; groups of wild-looking men, with long hair streaming over their black embroidered jackets—they wore larger hats than any we had as yet seen—were talking fiercely about the cattle, with much gesticulation and with flashing eyes. These were Finistère men, from Scäer and Bannalec. We were told that the design embroidered on the back of their coats signified the blessed sacrament; they looked far more savage and determined than the white-coated men of Morbihan, but they were less sullen and silent.

There was abundant variety too in the costume of the women. We saw gorgeous green gowns, trimmed with broad, black

velvet, both on the skirt and on the sort of double body which answers to the coat and waistcoat of the men. The black velvet was covered with gold and scarlet embroidery. The head-gear of St. Nicholas, with the brilliant green, scarlet, or yellow linings, was most abundant; but there was besides a large proportion of white *coiffes* and caps and quaintly-shaped collars. Most of the women wore gold or silver hearts and crosses, depending from a velvet ribbon round the throat. Few of them showed any hair on their foreheads, and it is perhaps the absence of this, added to the large melancholy eyes, which gives so solemn an expression to the face of the Bretonne peasant. She tells you that she has her hair cut off because there is no room for it under the *coiffe*; besides, once married, women rarely show their hair; in reality, they sell it to the travelling barber who will give the best price for it.

Wherever space could be found among the trees long booths were set up, some of them garlanded with green boughs. Looking through one of the low-arched openings, we saw a striking rustic picture — tables running from one end to the other, covered with bottles and glasses, hard-featured men and women sitting alternately on each side. The men were evidently drinking cider hard, but at present, at any rate, the women had empty glasses in front of them, and were listening to the conversation their lords held with each other across the table — all looked as serious as if the *fête* were a funeral.

Formerly all the cattle of the neighbourhood, decorated with ribbons, were led in procession to the church to be blessed, drums beating and banners flying; but this custom seems to have been given up, though some animals are still offered to St. Nicodème, and these are sold afterwards at higher prices than the rest, as the presence of one of them in the stable is supposed to bring luck. The penitents go in procession barefooted and bearing lighted candles on the eve of the festival and receive absolution; and it is to be hoped that these were the visitors who left the *fête* early, for by three o'clock most of the men had been drinking hard.

Time was going fast, and we began to be curious as to the hour of the descent of the angel, which our friend at St. Nicholas said was the best part of the *fête*. Asking a smart young girl who sold lemonade, we learned that it would come down after vespers, and we made our way back through the crowd to the rising ground on the left of the church. Already the cider was be-

ginning to take effect: there was much more noise and chatter; the men stood about in groups, in eager discussion, using rapid, vehement gesticulation. The heat had become overpowering, the sun seemed to scorch us as we walked, but the chestnut-trees on this hillside were even larger than those below, and so long as we could remain under them there was dense and most refreshing shade.

The interest was now concentrated on a large open space around the calvary which stood on the rising ground. Close beside it was a tall pole, with a large heap of brushwood piled high up round its base. A man was going up a ladder placed against this pole, fixing on it, at intervals, hoops covered with red and blue paper, and finally he fastened a painted flag on the top of all.

Presently we saw that a cord was being lowered from the top of the lofty church-tower. Several eager watchers among the chestnut-trees below secured the end of this cord when it reached the ground, and brought it in triumph to a post at the foot of the pole, about one hundred yards from the church. The cord was fastened securely below a square box set on the top of the post, and from this time a breathless suspense hung over the swaying, rugged-looking crowd, that is, the elders and the children. The younger men and women seemed to choose this time for walking up and down, in and out, through the groups of gazers, some sending saucy, others sheepish glances at one another, without the exchange of any words. We were specially amused in watching three young, pretty, and very gaily-dressed girls, who walked up and down, looking neither right nor left, but evidently considering themselves the belles of the *fête*. A little man with twisted legs, with a joke for every one, seemed in universal favour. He was no doubt the *bazvalan*, the tailor match-maker of the neighbourhood. We saw his cunning dark face and keen, black restless eyes in all parts of the throng, and, to judge by his long colloquies with some of the older matrons, he was doing a profitable business, for it appears that Breton peasants' marriages are still made by means of that worthy. He was almost the only man who seemed to talk much to the women.

All at once the bell rang out for vespers; the *bazvalan* and most of the women and children flocked into church, followed by a few of the men.

Meantime the throng of men about us

increased — those who had been drinking in the booths came across to the calvary, and we had full opportunity of studying their dark remarkable faces.

There is no need for the Breton to disclaim, as he does, any kindred with the French; these peasants, especially the men of Morbihan and Finistère, are a race apart; with their long, dark, deep-set eyes gleaming from under thick dark eyebrows, their tangled hair spreading over the shoulders, and often reaching almost to the waist, their dark skins and long straight noses, and their quaint costume, they are wholly un-French. They are taller, too, and larger-framed than the generality of Frenchmen are; they look more powerful, both physically and mentally, and they have a seriousness, amounting to dignity, which is wholly distinctive.

Even when he is drunk, and this is a too frequent occurrence, the Breton strives to be self-controlled and quiet. When he is sober, there is a touch of the North American Indian in his stolid indifference, and also in the contempt with which he regards his spouse; for the Breton peasant-woman, spite of her rich costume on Sundays and gala-days, is after marriage a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, the slave of her, too often, drunken, unfeeling husband. It is possibly this slavery which takes away self-respect, and gives to the married Bretonne the clumsiness and half-savage manner, which must strike every stranger as much as her want of gaiety and light-heartedness.

All at once there was a stir among the crowd. It had been impossible to stand waiting near the pole exposed to the full blaze of the sun, so we had taken shelter under the huge chestnut-leaves; but we ventured into the sunshine now, for the excitement was contagious. Almost before we reached the pole, we saw coming down the cord a pretty little angel about three feet high, with bright golden wings. It stood an instant beside the post to which the rope was fastened, and then went up again and remained stationary outside the tower. The only sound heard in the breathless silence of the crowd being the click, click of the wheels on which the little creature moved.

This was a trial descent, it being necessary to make sure that the machinery acted properly before the real descent took place.

We stood our ground bravely for another quarter of an hour in the scorching sunshine. The heat has grown so intense that the sticks and furze bushes, piled up

round the pole in readiness for the bonfire, feel as if they came out of an oven. Suddenly the bells peal loudly, and a glittering procession comes singing out of the church, with lighted candles, crosses, and crimson and gold banners. First come the choristers, then the priests, and then a long train of men and women, chanting as they come. As soon as the procession has circled the hill, it halts; bang, bang, bang go the guns from the church-tower, and down comes the pretty little angel, this time very rapidly, its bright wings flashing in the sunshine; in one outstretched hand it holds a match, and touches first the box on the post, and then the bonfire — a peasant, with many coloured ribbons in his hat, who has been making all ready, helps the angel's work — there is a loud, deafening explosion, then a discharge of squibs and crackers from the box, and then the furze and faggots of the bonfire ignite and blaze fiercely. The heat has made the piled-up faggots like touchwood; the sudden blaze is electrifying; long tongues of red flame leap up till they reach the first of the hoops on the pole. — Bang, bang, bang! and off go the fireworks of which it is composed. The noise is tremendous and ear-splitting, and the flames go leaping higher and higher till all the suspended fireworks, including the flag at top, have exploded; blazing and banging, and dispersing themselves in shreds of flying fire above the heads of the excited crowd.

It was somewhat alarming to see the towering body of fierce red flame, brilliant even in the powerful sunshine, one moment carried up as if to reach the sky, and next swooping sideways in seeming pursuit of the flying shreds of burning paper that flew through the air; and in the midst of the stifling heat and smoke and din — for the crowd found a universal voice at last — the little golden-winged angel mounted to the steeple again, followed by uncouth howls of delight, which seemed to be the approved method of expressing satisfaction.

It was a good moment to study the faces of these stolid, self-contained Bretons, moved out of the calm reserve which to most of them must be a second nature. The faces were wonderfully wild and expressive. The long fierce black eyes gleamed with delight — and no doubt, in some, with religious fervour — as the bonfire blazed higher and higher, casting a lurid glare on all around, most unreal and theatrical in effect.

The whole scene seemed made for a painter; these tall, black-browed men,



with their powerful savage faces and long, streaming hair, their white flannel coats and huge black hats—all faces upturned to the red ever-mounting flame; every now and then some man or boy dashed frantically almost into the swaying fire and snatched one of the flying shreds of burning paper to preserve it as a relic; at a little distance behind the men, keeping apart, groups of women in their quaint costume, some wearing snowycaps, others with the sombre *coiffes* of St. Nicholas, with their bright linings. Near stood the tall calvary, its stone steps thronged with little awe-struck children, while beside it was the procession of clergy and choristers: in front the blazing bonfire, and all around the huge spreading boughs of the chestnut-trees crowning the green hill and circling its base; and in the distance, seen through the spreading boughs, the old grey church tower and spire towered over the booths grouped below.

The heat of the sun was still so intense, though evening was coming on, that the men could scarcely bear to keep their hats raised above their heads as the procession wound once more slowly round the calvary and returned to the church.

Perhaps the most striking effect of the whole scene was the contrast between the strong, wild excitement, betrayed more in look and gesture than by any prolonged outcry, and the trumpery cause that aroused it. It was difficult to believe that these excited creatures, plunging madly to secure charred fragments of red and blue paper, could be the grand, dignified-looking men we had been watching all the morning. Possibly the mixture of cider and religious enthusiasm helped somewhat to this result. We heard that the *fête* would last two days; but as there seemed to be no preparation made for either dancing or wrestling, we preferred to leave St. Nicodème before dusk, for more drinking was plainly to wind up the proceedings of the day, and it was evident that the greater number of the crowd would spend the night on the ground, either in the carts which showed everywhere among the tree-trunks, or on the grass under the chestnut boughs.

We found it very difficult to leave the *fête*. Around the booths and outside the church, carts and cattle seemed mingled in inextricable confusion; and even when we struggled through the leafy lane and regained the main road, it was thronged by groups as anxious to get away as we were; though several of these seemed to have lingered too long in the cider-booths.

We saw men, women, and children fast asleep beside the road, with cows, and sheep, and pigs grazing, and bleating, and grunting around them—in some cases straying so far down the dusty road that we wondered whether the owners would succeed in overtaking them. We passed one man, on horseback—half asleep—who, in happy ignorance of the ridiculous figure he cut, was seated with his face to the animal's tail, nodding and swaying from side to side so violently that he and his beast would certainly soon part company.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
HUMOUR.

A FASHION has sprung up of late years of regarding the sense of humour as one of the cardinal virtues. It naturally follows that everybody supposes that he possesses the quality himself, and that his neighbours do not. It is indeed rarer to meet man, woman, or child who will confess to any deficiency in humour than to a want of logic. Many people will confess that they are indolent, superstitious, unjust, fond of money, of good living, or of flattery: women will make a boast of cowardice and men of coarseness; but nobody ever admits that he or she can't see a joke or take an argument. If people were to be taken at their own valuation, logical acumen and a keen perception of the humorous would be the two most universal qualities in the world. Nothing, on the other hand, is more common than the most sweeping condemnation of other men or races. It wants a surgical operation, says the familiar phrase, to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. The French, says the ordinary Briton, have no sense of humour; the Germans are too elephantine, too metaphysical, too sentimental, or too what you will, to perceive humour; the Irish are witty, if you please, but wit is the antithesis of humour; the Americans have a kind of cynical irony which with them passes for humour, but it has not the true kindly genial flavour of the English article; and even amongst this favoured race how many possess the genuine faculty? All women notoriously hate humour; and the audience of the true humourist is limited even amongst males. Every humourist—except the sacred exceptions—is called a cynic. He disgusts three hearers for one whom he pleases. If you doubt it, try the ironical method with a popular



audience or in a newspaper article. You will soon discover that the lady who was seriously shocked when Sydney Smith proposed to take off his flesh and sit in his bones, or the Irish bishop who thought some statements in "Gulliver" incredible, possessed about the average sensibility. The most dangerous of all figures of speech is the ironical. Half your hearers think that you are laughing at virtue, and the other half have a puzzled impression that you are laughing at themselves. If you would succeed with a large audience, you may be dull, or bombastic, or sentimental, or flimsy, or muddled: but a touch of humour is the one deadly sin. And yet, we all swear that we love humour above all things. We enjoy Shakespeare's humour; but he has been dead a long time, and the bravest of men does not dare to say what he really thinks about the national poet; we are fond of Charles Lamb, but Lamb's writings were caviare to the public whilst he lived, and only made their way by slow degrees and the efforts of a select circle of admirers; we read Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, and perhaps to a calm observer that is the most conclusive proof of all that we have very little notion of what true humour means.

And yet everybody has shrunk like a coward at one time or other from the awful imputation, "You have no sense of humour." This phrase has become a commonplace: it is a kind of threat held *in terrorem* over the head of everybody who dares to differ from any accepted opinion. As soon as we see the remark coming, we cower and tremble; we force ourselves into the outward and visible signs of enjoyment; we are as much ashamed of ourselves as a young gentleman convicted of not knowing the difference between Madeira and Marsala; we feel as if we had been guilty of a breach of good manners. An absence of this peculiar taste is taken to be one of those congenital weaknesses which are not precisely vices, but which we are nevertheless more anxious to conceal than if they were actually immoral. For a good deal of this weakness I believe that we must blame the one great British humourist who still survives, I mean Mr. Carlyle. His humour is so genuine and keen and his personality so vigorous that he has fairly bullied us into accepting this view of the immeasurable value of humour in the world. We have not yet all admitted the doctrine of hero-worship; but we feel that the man without humour is more decidedly unpardonable than the valet who does not appreciate his master's humour.

To say anything against humour considered as an intellectual virtue, is therefore to oppose the overwhelming current of avowed opinion. But I have a strong suspicion that many persons will be secretly grateful for any protest against the creed thus forced upon them at the point of the bayonet, as a race of contented slaves is sometimes found to cherish a widely-spread feeling of revolt. The undertaking is the more promising because one may safely say that there has never been a period at which the quality most antithetic to humour — priggishness in all its forms and varieties, a sublime solemnity in uttering platitudes, a profound conviction that all the wisdom of the world is concentrated in a petty clique, a devoted belief that A or B has found out the very last word of historical or poetical or scientific dogma — flourished more vigorously. One often reads books of which the very existence seems to be incompatible with the contemporary existence of any one who can see a joke or laugh at a pompous humbug.

What is humour? That is one of the insoluble questions. Psychologists write about it, but not very successfully. Perhaps it is because no great philosopher was ever himself a humourist. Can any one imagine Kant, or Hegel, or Aristotle, or Descartes, or Coleridge, or Hume, or Mr. Mill, or Sir. W. Hamilton really enjoying a bit of Aristophanes, or Swift, or Rabelais? The thinker loves symmetry, the humourist hates it; and therefore the two classes are radically opposed; which, one may suppose, is one argument against the merits of humour. As philosophers have not succeeded in defining the quality, we need not seek to supply their place. One fact, however, will be admitted. Humour implies a keen delight in emotional contrasts. Wit, say the best observers, differs from humour in that wit is purely intellectual, whilst humour implies an admixture of sentiment. Witticisms are the electric sparks that flash out when some circuit of reasoning is unexpectedly completed; humour is the discharge which takes place when two currents of feeling, differing in temperature, are delicately blended. The humourist is the man who laughs through tears. In the fabric of his emotions the warp of melancholy is crossed by the woof of cheerfulness. (I am not acquainted with warps and woofs in common life, but they are mentioned in Gray's ode, and seem to be specially intended for literary use.) His writing is a play of cross-lights, sunshine, and

shadow dexterously intermingled or completely fused into a contradictory unity. He laughs in the midst of a prayer and is yet not consciously irreverent; in the very innermost mental recesses, consecrated to the deepest emotions, there are quaint grotesques and images due to the freaks of the wildest fancy; the temple in which he worships is partly an old curiosity-shop; he belongs to the sect which keeps monkeys in its sacred places. You cannot tell whether a cathedral will most affect him with an awe of the infinite or an exhibition of tumblers at a pantomime. He will even laugh at the Social Science Association. He specially hates a downright statement, true as Euclid, or solid as Adam Smith; and thinks that all scientific truth is as wearisome to the mind as a steel cuirass to the body. There is no way of twisting it into queer shapes. His logic is founded upon the axiom that of two contradictory propositions both must be true. He starts from the assumption that A is not A. And, above all, the humourist must also be an egotist. The oddities of his own character give him the utmost delight. He cherishes his whims and the arbitrary twists of his moral nature, for fear that he should lapse into straightforward simplicity of sentiment. All humour is in a sense dramatic. Every humorous sentiment is the embodiment of some special idiosyncrasy, or it would become commonplace. There have been modest humourists; nay, a humourist is invariably modest in one sense, for it is his cue to laugh at all vanity as at all uncompounded emotion. Conceit implies that the world is worth taking seriously and ought to take me seriously. The most rooted conviction of the humourist is that the world is a farce — a melancholy farce, indeed, for otherwise there would be no contradiction — but a farce where the sublime must never be separated from its shadow, the ridiculous. His very egotism, in short, is itself a contradiction. It implies the two beliefs that his personality is intensely interesting and yet intensely absurd. It is the egotism of Lamb or of Montaigne, who are always dwelling fondly on their own tastes and associations and biographical reminiscences, and yet quietly railing at that very fondness. Modest vanity, humble self-assertion, display of their own peculiarities as at once the most absorbing and the most trifling of all topics of thought, is of the very essence of the genuine humourist; and yet the most dogged of political economists

will be offended if you tell him he cannot relish humour!

Humour, therefore — the inference is surely irresistible — is a morbid secretion. If women and children do not appreciate humour, it is because the best part of creation is the simplest in its tastes. If Frenchmen have ceased to be humorous since Rabelais and Montaigne, it is because they are the keenest of logicians. If Germans are not humorous, it is because they love sentiment too heartily to laugh at it. If the Scotch are not humorous, it is because the Puritan conception of the world realizes the solemnity of life, and scorns all trifling with its awful realities. As humour is complex, the humourist is the product of conflicting forces; an occasional freak of nature, to be valued only by those who prefer oddity to beauty — a hundred-limbed Hindoo idol to a Greek statue. Had Sophocles, or Phidias, or Raphael, or Dante, or Milton, a sense of humour? Do you find humour in Thomas à Kempis, or in the Hebrew prophets? A loving apologist of the "Biglow Papers" has tried to defend his client from a foolish charge of profanity by discovering some touches of humour in Isaiah — as some one once associated dry humour with the Athanasian Creed. Everything is fair in apologetic writing, as in love and war. A passing gleam of irony may tinge some Scriptural denunciations of idolatrous folly just enough to excuse an apologist driven to his wits' end for an argument; but there is not enough to excuse anybody else. The spirit of humour — the mocking goblin who sits at the elbow of some men to chill enthusiasm, to prick all the bubbles of the ideal with the needle-point of prosaic fact, to give imagination the lie, like the soul in Raleigh's verses, to tell eloquence that it is bombast, and poetry that it is unreal, belongs to the lower earth. His master or his servant — for the familiar sprite is both ruler and slave to the wizard — is tethered to the ground and can never soar without danger of a sudden collapse. And therefore, like other spirits of the earth, he rules by our baser instincts, and his rule is but for a time. How much of all that passes for humorous is simply profane, or indecent, or brutal? Half the humorous stories that pass current in the world are unfit for publication. The great humourists, from Rabelais to Swift or Sterne, are no longer quotable in their naked reality; and as the world becomes more decorous humour becomes tongue-tied and obsolete:

Of the jests that survive, half, again, owe their merit to their inhumanity. Look at any of the current stories of Douglas Jerrold, who passed for a humourist in these later days. Every recorded jest of his that I have seen is a gross incivility made palatable by a pun. The substance of each phrase is, "You are a fool;" the art consists in so wrapping the insolence in a play of words that the hearers laugh, and the victim is deprived of sympathy. "It was your father, then, who was not so handsome?" is one of Talleyrand's brilliant retorts to a man who spoke of his mother's beauty. What is this but to say "You are an ugly beast," and yet to evade the legitimate resentment of the sufferer? If the poor wretch had some harmless vanity, and fancied that some reflection of a mother's beauty still lingered upon his misshapen features, would any man of decent kind-heartedness tear away this poor little salve to self-esteem for the sake of a laugh? "*Diseur de bons mots mauvais caractère*," says Pascal: and he never said a truer thing. If humour implies the love of emotional contrasts, the most effective contrasts can be attained by confronting reverence, or kindness, or the love of purity, with the coarse, the brutal, or the profane; and few are the humourists who can resist the temptation to use such weapons. The goblin who uses this base weapon is also, in his nature, mortal. Beauty is eternal and the grotesque temporary. The queer contrast ceases to amuse when a new order has swept away accidental associations of ideas. Only some inveterate scholar can really laugh now at a classical joke. Even a school-boy or a superficial reader can recognize the exquisite art of Horace, or the grandeur of Æschylus, or the eternal freshness of Homer. But can they really laugh even over Aristophanes or Lucian? Do they not rather painfully discover by logical inference that there was once a pungent essence in the verbal framework which is now so elaborately pointless? We may come nearer to our own days. Read an Elizabethan jest-book. Study the humour of Ben Jonson. Nay, read Shakespeare honestly and analyze your emotions. Is Nym's repetition of his cant-phrase very laughter-stirring? Does Mrs. Quickly stir the midriff like Mrs. Gamp? Can you not read Falstaff's story of the men in buckram without bringing tears into your eyes? Rabelais is a great name. Can anybody deliberately sit down and laugh "over a jolly chapter of Rabelais" unless he has laboriously qualified

himself for the purpose? I confess that for mere purposes of amusement I would rather study St. Thomas Aquinas, though I admit that Rabelais may be valuable in an antiquarian sense. Or to come nearer to our own day: take Fielding or Smollett, from both of whom (though Fielding, be it said in passing, was worth a dozen Smolletts) two or three generations of readers sucked inexpressible delight. Does it not seem to a modern reader as if some non-conducting medium were interposing itself between him and them? The polish is dimmed by the gathering mist. The voice has a dull, far-away sound, as though the speaker were receding into some distant dreamland, not continuous with this solid earth. Of course this is partly true of all writing; or men would not, as they do, prefer a third-rate novel of to-day to the greatest books of the past; but the laughter-moving element in any book is that which is least stable. It is a colour which fades as it comes from the brush.

The answer is, of course, obvious — there is an obvious answer to everything. The buffoonery, it is replied, becomes stale; the genuine humour, of which buffoonery is but the coarse outward manifestation, remains and is imperishable. Falstaff's men in buckram are dull enough; but the character of Falstaff is immortal. The humour of Cervantes is as little likely to perish as the intense imagination of Dante. Much humour is coarse and brutal. The humour of a fine nature is but the most delicate expression of exquisite tenderness from which no beauty can be hidden by its external husk, however grotesque and ugly. The true humourist dwells upon the contrasts of life, upon the strange mixtures of the earthly and heavenly in all concrete beings, to teach us the most important of lessons. He shows us that the beggar may be a hero in disguise, not that the hero is a humbug. Rather, we should say, the humourist, *qua* humourist, is equally ready for either duty. Goldsmith's vicar helps us to recognize simplicity and loving-kindness in the shabbiest of disguises. Swift, in his worst moments, would persuade us that all the fame of statesmen and soldiers is won by cowardice, avarice, and pettifogging corruption. Humour, by its nature, must be a double-edged weapon. It may poison our enthusiasm or check our contempt. Even when it dwells upon the simple virtues of a vicar of Wakefield, it would not for the world lose sight of his foibles. So soon as the good man had an adequate in-

come, or became capable of seeing through the tricks of a knave, he would cease to be interesting. And yet it is surely not right to respect humanity precisely in so far as it is coupled with impecuniosity and practical imbecility; and to esteem a good man heartily only so long as we can retain the belief that we are superior to his weaknesses. This way of patronizing the Christian virtues has something suspicious about it. The humourist who delights in your beautiful characters, so long as they are rather ridiculous, fails to care for them when they insist upon taking things seriously. The generation who were charmed by the vicar could never mock savagely enough at a Wesley or a Whitefield. Christianity was a charming object so long as it is only led to a little quiet eccentricity. It was a foible to be petted and fondled. When it took to a serious attack upon acknowledged evils, the humourists changed their tactics and insisted upon the ugliness much more than upon the beauty. Is it not equally true now? The humourist loves the kind of virtuous character who can be made into a pretty plaything; he will melt into tears over the semi-idiotic organist in "Martin Chuzzlewit," or any sentimental moralist who corrupts the poor by promiscuous charity, and curses the very name of Malthus. But let your benevolence be something more than a foible; an active, vigorous principle which tries, as clumsily and awkwardly and mistakenly as you please, really to knock some evil on the head; and then your humourist cannot find variations enough upon the old cry of hypocrite, humbug, impostor. How have humourists treated Lord Shaftesbury, for example? The Puritans, we are told, put down the old English drama; and people who think, as Charles Lamb apparently thought, that the main object of human existence was to write and see good plays, naturally inferred that the Puritans were a simple nuisance. As a matter of fact, the old English drama, like all other things, was put down because it put itself down. It had become intolerably corrupt, and went the way of all flesh. But the contrast between the two forces is typical. The dramatists represent the sense of humour; the laughing, mocking spirit which delights in contrast, and piques itself on never overlooking the sunny side of things. They had incomparably the best of the joke. The snivelling, canting, whining rogues were ridiculed with admirable spirit. The Puritans, however, had the best of it in the long run; for Puritanism

represents the conviction that, on the whole, the world is anything but a joke; and that a manly spirit will sometimes have to take it in the most grim and serious earnest. The conflict has gone on ever since, and will probably go on in one shape or another for some time to come. The humour, indeed, is not all on one side. The greatest of modern humourists is also the most thorough Puritan. The strongest perception of the serious issues which underlie our frivolous lives, the profoundest sense of the infinities which surround our petty world, may express itself in an irony more trenchant than solemn denunciation. Human nature is too oddly mixed to allow of such sharp divisions being perfectly accurate; and, having already renounced the attempt to define humour, I admit some thinkers who may fairly be called humorous are in alliance with the cause to which humourists, as such, are naturally opposed. Nor, again, do I wish to deny that as there is a time for everything, so there is a time for jesting, and, within, proper limits, a time even for the Elizabethan drama. Shakespeare was a good writer; and one or two of his successors deserve some of the things that have been said about them.

Why, if this, be true, is humour so highly valued? Our answer is easy. One of the best things that Pope ever said, and he has said more things deserving to be so called than perhaps any other writer, was that

Gentle dulness ever loves a joke.

I am almost daily reminded of the truth of this saying; I doubt not that it will be illustrated afresh for anybody who cares to defend my positions. He will find that the most vigorous defenders of a sense of humour will be precisely the people who are most incapable of humorous perception. I never, for example, knew a person thoroughly deaf to humour who did not worship Miss Austen, or, when her writings were assailed, defend themselves by saying that the assailant had no sense of humour. Miss Austen, in fact, seems to be the very type of that kind of humour which charms one large class of amiable persons; and Austenolatry is perhaps the most intolerant and dogmatic of literary creeds. To deny Miss Austen's marvellous literary skill would be simply to convict oneself of the grossest stupidity. It is probable, however, that as much skill may have been employed in painting a bit of old china as in Raphael's masterpieces. We do not therefore say that it possesses

equal merit. And, on the same principle, allowing all possible praise to Miss Austen within her own sphere, I should dispute the conclusion that she was therefore entitled to be ranked with the great authors who have sounded the depths of human passion, or found symbols for the finest speculations of the human intellect, instead of amusing themselves with the humours of a country tea-table. Comparative failure in the highest effects is more creditable than complete success in the lower. Now the popularity of Miss Austen with non-humorous persons (I should expressly admit, to avoid any false interpretation, that she is also popular with some humourists) shows what it is which mankind really understand by humour. They are really shocked by its more powerful manifestations. They call it cynicism. They like Dickens, who was beyond all doubt a true humourist, because he was not a thoroughgoing humourist; because he could drop his humour and become purely and simply maudlin at a moment's notice: that is to say, precisely because of the qualities which offend the more refined judges and the truest humourists. They like Miss Austen, on a similar ground, because her humour (to use a vulgar, but the only phrase) is drawn so excessively mild. There is not only nothing improper in her books, nothing which could prevent them from being given by a clergyman to his daughter as a birthday present; but there is not a single flash of biting satire. She is absolutely at peace with her most comfortable world. She never even hints at a suspicion that squires and parsons of the English type are not an essential part of the order of things; if she touches upon poverty, the only reflection suggested is one of gentle scorn for people who can't keep a butler themselves or take tea with people who do so. When the amiable Fanny Price in "Mansfield Park" finds that her mother has to eat cold mutton and mend the children's clothes, her only thought is to return to her rich uncle. The harsh hideous facts with which ninety-nine out of a hundred of our fellow-creatures are constantly struggling, are never admitted into this delightful world of well-warmed country-houses. Humour of the gentle variety which charms us in Miss Austen, or the humour of Addison's knight, or of Goldsmith's vicar, is indeed charming in its way and may well be popular. It is but the gentle smile with which an amiable character disarms our jealousy of virtue. You may really admire my Christian

charity, it seems to say, without grudging, for I wear coarse stockings and commit half-a-dozen harmless solecisms of manner. You need not be afraid that I shall call upon you to be heroic, or invite your attention to the seamy side of the world. All the evils to which flesh is heir can be sufficiently cured by the milk of human kindness. Sentimentality that won't make you cry, sympathy that will never become painful, quick observation that will never ask really awkward questions, these are sufficient weapons wherewith to conquer this hard world. A gentle optimism is the most popular of creeds, for we all want some excuse for turning away our eyes from certain facts. And optimism put so gracefully and deferentially is fascinating within its sphere. Life becomes an idyl with just enough spice of latent satire to prevent it from becoming insipid. Let us all drink plenty of milk punch and forget the laws of political economy, seems to be the moral of Dickens's "Christmas Carols;" and in a less boisterous form, fitted to feebler animal spirits, that seems to be the substantial creed of the gentler variety of humourist.

There is a time for such moods: and they have been interpreted with infinite grace and delicacy by some of the writers noticed; but between such humour and the humour of Swift or Fielding there is a whole world of difference. The mocking goblin has been put into livery, and can wait gracefully at a tea-table or become a pleasant assistant in a library. The "Berserker" spirit, which some critics find to be the essential element of English literature, is thoroughly quenched within him. No thought of revolting against the world, of outraging its decencies, flying in the face of its conventionalities, and pouring ridicule on its holiest creeds, is encouraged by him more than by a thorough English governess. Delight in such humour may therefore be comparable with dislike to humour in its most genuine forms. And consequently, humour of the old savage kind is pretty well obsolete. A wretched caricature of it exists in what is called American humour. The trick has become so stale that one may hope that it too will speedily expire. The whole art consists in speaking of something hideous in a tone of levity. Learn to make a feeble joke about murder and sudden death and you are qualified to set up as a true humourist. Learn the ordinary newspaper English, and apply it to some horrors where it is manifestly out of place, and you can thence-

forth make jokes by machinery. The true humourist might be brutal, but he had real intensity of feeling. When Swift discussed the propriety of converting Irish babies into an article of food, he went beyond all permissible limits and even defeated his own satirical aim by the coarseness of his images; but at least he showed concentrated wrath and righteous indignation. When the same method is applied by writers who really aim only at producing a grin, it rapidly becomes disgusting. The popularity of the sham article shows that our taste for the genuine has grown weak.

Is this a good thing? Does it show that we have become squeamish or tender-hearted? Are our nerves too weak for the old horseplay of our forefathers, or do we take too solemn a view of life to bear such trifling? These are questions not to be easily decided; and yet one must admit that when the historian of English æsthetic literature in the nineteenth century arises, there is one quality which he will certainly not find in excess. It may be tender, delicate, graceful, or anything you please; but nobody will ever call it manly. The general want of vigour is perhaps after all at the bottom of the deficiency in good hearty reckless humour; and therefore much as we may rejoice at the absence of some of its worst manifestations, I fear we shall not be able to congratulate ourselves unreservedly when we have reached the consummation to which we seem to be so rapidly tending, and can declare that the humorous has been finally banished from our literature.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### LITTLE BOBBY: A SKETCH IN PARIS.

"WELL, sir, I am glad to meet you here," said Mr. Armstead.

"Ha, ha! thanks, thanks, thanks very much, thanks," muttered Mr. Airey in reply. Mr. Airey had but lately arrived in Paris from Bond Street, Mr. Armstead from Beacon Street. The Londoner had run against the Bostonian at the corner of the Rue de la Paix.

"Are you going my way?" asked Mr. Airey, lightly.

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Armstead, with a courteous motion of the hand. As they moved along the broad pavement, the Englishman entertained his friend with a thousand remarks on men

and things. Paris always loosed his tongue; for while he tasted with delight the gaiety and sparkle of the place, he found at the same time much solid food for the moralist. When he was moralizing, he felt that he was doing his duty. And so with sense gratified and conscience in repose, a pleasant sun above him, and a good listener by his side, the sprightly gentleman would comment for hours on the frivolity of the Parisians. When he had brought to an end a nimble discourse on the probable haunts and customs of a passing *petit-gras*, he found that for the moment he was without another subject on which to dilate. So turning to his companion, like an amiable social inquisitor, he asked, "Now what do you find to do with yourself in Paris?"

Mr. Armstead, whose share in the conversation had consisted of occasional solemn bows of acknowledgment, now coughed, meditated for some moments, and then answered thoughtfully, "Well, I come down town and I walk around."

"But surely," cried the other, "for a man of your active habits — why, my dear Colonel Armstead, I —"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but drop the colonel, if *you* please."

Mr. Airey was vastly astonished. "I beg your pardon — I beg your pardon," he said, "but surely — why I always thought that you Americans were particularly fond of military titles."

"Well, sir, we have had some pretty serious killing lately, and some of us don't take quite so humorous a view of the profession as we did when it was confined to Indians and Mexicans."

"But still it is the custom in England and everywhere for a man who has served to keep his title. And you, who were distinguished — you surprise me, you surprise me very much."

Mr. Armstead acknowledged the compliment by bending his head and slightly waving his right hand. After a pause, during which his companion watched him with much curiosity, he said, "It was found that there was a certain awkwardness in sending out your superior officer for a bag of nails or a two-cent stamp."

Mr. Airey felt that like a second Columbus he had discovered a new America. This novel and interesting specimen must be drawn out, to be afterwards described and commented upon at all his clubs. He assumed an insinuating manner as he asked the leading question, "How do you like Paris?" Mr. Armstead took time to reply. "I like it," he said; "but I fear



there is a little too much of the New-Englander in my composition."

"And a capital good thing too," observed the other encouragingly.

"The Pilgrim Fathers would not have appeared to advantage on the Boulevards."

"Certainly not. And yet your countrymen are, as a rule—are they not?—devoted to Paris. You know, of course, the saying, 'Good Americans when they die go to Paris,' eh?"

The Bostonian bowed gravely at the quotation. "Some like it," he said, and added profoundly after a pause, "The American in Paris is too often a Parisian hampered by morality."

The Englishman would doubtless have commented at some length on this remark; but his eye was at the moment caught by something which would serve him even better for a text. Above a large window, which was modestly covered by muslin curtains, appeared the name and title of Madame Lalouette, ex-ière de M—. Over the name of the gentleman who had had the honour of employing Madame Lalouette, a piece of blank paper was carefully pasted. "Look, look!" cried Mr. Airey, in great excitement; "just look at the woman's ingenuity. She must have been threatened with legal proceedings, don't you see? So she sticks up that paper, which blots out the cause of offence, while it catches every eye and appeals to every imagination. 'Sophie, my child,' says one woman, 'of whom was this Madame Lalouette the *première*?' 'For me I cannot conceive,' says the other; 'but Madame de Corsaye is sure to know.' So they rush off to a third lady, and the milliner is advertised all over Paris by a single square of blank paper. It is magnificent!"

Here Mr. Airey paused for breath, and was straightway thrilled by the delightful consciousness of having been unusually brilliant.

"I know it," said Mr. Armstead; "M. Blank is an excruciating mystery to women, like the veiled prophet of Khorassan."

"Ha, ha! capital, capital! and, by Jove! she is a clever woman. Just look at that other dodge!"

"I have observed it," said the American. The large window of the ingenious *artiste* was draped with muslin, as if the mysteries of *la mode* were sacred as those of the Bona Dea; but at one side of the window was placed a tall sheet of looking-glass, some two feet wide. While the two friends were gazing at the temple of fashion, the one bubbled over with remarks

on the petty ingenuity of French women, the other watched them in silence as they passed that looking-glass. He remembered a method of snaring birds by like means, and smiled grimly. One lady just touched her bonnet in front, another her braids behind. One stopped and deliberately arranged the lace at the throat, another glanced hurriedly at the glass and then darted across the road a mute defiance of the observer. Even a bonnetless work-girl caught a look, as she slipped back to her work; and a large nurse, whose beauty was no more than health and amiability, shifted her small burden tenderly, while she laid some large fingers on the crisp border of her cap. The two gentlemen were still staring across the street, when a tiny brougham drove quickly up to the veiled window.

"Who is she? who can she be?" cried Mr. Airey, and added in a breath, "Upon my word, remarkably pretty. One can see in a moment the French woman of the world—grace, elegance, wit." "It is my wife," said Mr. Armstead, drily. The Englishman was overwhelmed with confusion: "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon; I had no idea, I —"

"Won't you allow me the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Armstead?"

"Thanks, thanks; delighted, I'm sure. But do you think we may go in—two men, you know?"

"I am not afraid for myself," said the Bostonian.

The front room of Madame Lalouette was tenanted only by gowns, erect upon wire frames. "Dress-extenders, eh?" said Mr. Airey. "Average women," observed Mr. Armstead; but there was a twinkle in his eye which softened the severity of his remark. From an inner apartment, which was seen through open folding-doors, came the rattle of two shrill French voices, one voluble in the language of the country, the other almost equally effective in a mixture of French and fantastic English. They were the voices of Madame Lalouette and of "Mees," so called in the establishment in recognition of her almost miraculous knowledge of our barbarous language. The double stream of persuasion, declamation, and exclamation was occasionally interrupted by a third voice, high but not loud, and with a very pleasant pronunciation of French. Evidently the lady was not yet satisfied, for her tone was a little pathetic. Mr. Airey hung back in alarm; but Mr. Armstead, courteously waving him forward, stalked through the open doors with the



unruffled calm of a Red Indian. "Prudence," he said, "will you permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Airey?"

"I am afraid, I really am awfully afraid that I am intruding here," said the polite Englishman.

"Why, no," said the lady, with a slight delay on each word to emphasize her negative; and she added, "you can help me to choose a winter jacket. Do you like that?" and she pointed to a garment, which was floating up and down the room on a most elegant young person, who had risen in life by the remarkable fall in her back.

"Charming, charming! upon my word exceedingly pretty!"

"Which do you mean?" asked the lady, demurely. Mr. Airey was delighted. These little American women have so much self-possession and so much spirit. They are so friendly without being fast. His heart warmed to her, as it does to all pretty women. He enjoys their society, as he delights in Paris. In their presence he feels himself kindled to wit: when they are gone, he will moralize on them by the hour. He is ever ready "to break a comparison or two" on a charming lady. "It must be a strange life," he observed, lowering his voice, "this sweeping up and down and bending of the body under other people's jackets."

"My figure is my fortune," remarked Mr. Armstead, who was standing very upright by his wife, and staring at the gliding garment.

"Why, it must be delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstead. "Only fancy being always sure to have on the very latest thing!"

"Good gracious! how frivolous!" thought Mr. Airey.

"It is evident that I must go to my banker's," said the lady's husband. "Shall I have the pleasure of your company, sir, or do you remain among the jackets?"

The lady looked an invitation prettily.

"How charming!" thought Mr. Airey; and he said, "I think, if Mrs. Armstead will allow me, I will stop and put her into her carriage." The lady smiled, and her husband stalked off alone to his banker. The Englishman now bloomed into talk with so much sprightliness and vivacity, that Madame Lalouette was reduced to a fixed smile of appreciation, and Mees could no longer display her unique power of language. Mrs. Armstead rewarded her cavalier with occasional smiles and nods, while she gave her undivided attention to the business before her. She liked

a prattle at her ear, and had the rare gift of seeming to understand it.

Having finally decided how the jacket was to be cut, how it was to be decorated, and what it was to cost, she became light-hearted, and for conversation's sake began to babble of her doubts. She wondered if she had chosen right. Did he think that the shape would go with the latest gowns? Was it too heavy? Was it not too light? Would it be *very* becoming? To all these questions she waited for no answer, but stepped daintily into her brougham. Then she gave the gentleman some fingers beautifully gloved through the window, and said smiling, "I have half a mind to go back and countermand it. Would you be so good as to tell me the time? Thank you so much. How late! And I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again. I guess I won't go back about the jacket. Home!" Thereupon she was swept away, leaving Mr. Airey with his hat in his hand. He stood holding his hat and staring after the carriage, until a fat French lady of fashion pushed him off the pavement, while her little darling of a dog ran between his legs. Having unwound himself from the animal's chain, and murmured an apology to its owner, Mr. Airey put on his hat and heaved a sigh. "I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again!" he repeated, as he moved away. "And they talk of the frivolity of French women! Poor little Bobby!" This moralist has a tender heart, and delights to exercise it. Pathetic were the pictures which he conjured up of the little innocent. He thought of Tiny Tim and little Paul Dombey. He fancied the sick child lying like a faded flower on his small bed, and lisping blessings on his mother, whose whole mind was concentrated on the choice of a winter jacket. She had forgotten the medicine *again*. How often had she forgotten it? Perhaps for months that little blighted child had been sighing for the lively tonic, or the dark-brown cod-liver oil; but the hand which should have administered the draught, whilst its fellow soothed the pillow of the sufferer, was poisoning bonnets or fingering fringes. Perhaps at that very moment poor little Bobby was looking his last look into his mother's eyes, and whispering, "Never mind, mother, it's too late. I sha'n't want the physic now. You may take it all yourself." "But this is weakness," said Mr. Airey to himself, as he found the tears in his eyes. He went home like a man bent on discharging a duty, and springing light as a French thinker from the particular to the general,

wrote in his diary, "American women have even less feeling than Parisian."

A week passed, and Mr. Airey had not called upon his Boston acquaintances. It was no small sacrifice. Had any one ever told him that he was in love with a married woman, his neatly-arranged hair would have risen and betrayed the thin places. Nevertheless, on some of those platforms which in countless number lie between the abyss of love and the heights of sublime indifference, the estimable gentleman moved with ease and grace. The pleasure which he felt in the society of a charming woman was, to some extent, unlike that which he derived from the conversation of his maiden aunt or his former tutor. The unlike element, whatever it may be, never troubled his conscience; but when he was forced to disapprove of an attractive woman, he manfully resisted his inclination for her company. He resisted his tendency to call upon the Armsteads for a full week. "Unmothered mother!—heartless, pitiless!" he frequently repeated to himself, recalling the words of Telemachus, and thereby raising himself to a heroic elevation. Yet he was decidedly bored. He had walked daily on the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Champs Elysées. He had stared into all the chocolate-shops, and gaped at the allegorical works of Rubens in the Louvre. He had moralized before the ruins of the Tuileries, and had scanned with approval that costly triumph of indigestible gingerbread, distant cousin of our own Albert Memorial, the new Opera-House. He had laughed under protest at M. Lecocq's last opera, and stared with blank amazement at the newest social problem of M. Dumas—a problem on the immediate solution of which the existence of society evidently depended, while he and the majority of mankind had been completely ignorant of its existence. Mr. Airey was bored; but still he would not yield. It is strange, if we consider his fixed determination, that he remembered the Armsteads' number so clearly; yet more strange that on the eighth day after their former meeting he had his hand on the bell of their apartment. Perhaps he went to moralize, perhaps to offer medicine. The door was opened by a French maid, who was crying in a most becoming fashion. The visitor's imagination was roused. "Is it Bobby?" he gasped. She nodded prettily. She could not speak for weeping. She led the way into the first room; and after a moment's

hesitation he followed her. The sight which he beheld was indeed surprising. On the table stood a bottle of physic, and by it the most delicate of sweetbreads untasted. Mr. Armstead, his somewhat rugged face softened by emotion, was bending like a breech-loader with the charge withdrawn, over a comfortable sofa. Opposite to him was his wife, who had sunk upon the floor, and with tears pouring down her cheeks was soothing the little sufferer. The little sufferer! Between husband and wife, propped by the softest pillows, draped by the softest shawls, important and deeply conscious of his importance, reclined the prince of pugs. Mr. Armstead came forward. "How do you do, sir?" he said, "I hoped that you were the physician. Have you any acquaintance with the maladies of dogs?" "None whatever," said Mr. Airey, tartly; "and indeed I am glad to see that you can interest yourself in a dog at such a moment." "At such a moment!" repeated the other slowly. "When little Bobby," began the Englishman, visibly affected. "Why, sir, this is little Bobby."

At the sound of his name, uttered in that measured tone which he knew so well, the sufferer turned a plaintive eye upon the intruder. "Behold how the great-minded suffer," he seemed to say. His skin was so loose, that it would have been well had an accomplished workwoman gathered it in at his waist. His coat was stary, and his tail, that sign of his nobility, uncurled. The lines about his ebon visage were deepened by illness. The face told of suffering, but of a certain pride in the interest which it excited. The large dark eye was turned upon Mr. Airey, but awoke no pity in his breast. That he should have expended a whole week's sentiment upon a sick dog! As well sit down in the ditch with the great Mr. Sterne to lament over a dead donkey. "I think I had better go," said the moralist, with a glance at Mrs. Armstead. "I am afraid that my wife is not equal to conversation at present. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you under happier circumstances." "Ah, thanks, I'm sure, ah," murmured the visitor, and he glanced again at the lady. She was wholly unconscious of his presence. She was holding the limp right hand of the patient in her own, and was bathing it with her tears. Mr. Airey departed abruptly.

The next morning, as the moralist was toying with his breakfast, and meditating fitfully on the New-England character, a

curious note was brought to him. It was shaped like a fan. He opened it with a sniff of scorn. "Another novelty!" he exclaimed testily. "Our mustard-pots are made like beer-jugs; we shall soon have beer-jugs in the shape of baths, and baths disguised as hansom cabs. Marvelous powers of invention truly!" He spread out the sham fan, and read the nimble-pointed characters:—

"DEAR MR. AIREY,—How you must have wondered at my strange conduct yesterday! I was in the deepest despair, and quite unfit to receive *anybody*. To-day all looks bright again. The dear doctor came soon after you left. He is reckoned *very* clever, and attends the dogs of the best people in Paris of all parties. The favourite hound of the Duc d'Aumerle, la Marquise de Baldefée's famous spaniels (of course you remember M. Casimir's brilliant *mot*), and M. Baretta's new poodle Fraternité, are among his patients. He says that our little Bobby has no serious malady, but recommends a warmer climate. So we start at once for the south, and shall winter at Nice. I should prefer the Nile, but hear that the boats are so irritating for dogs. Will you do me a great favour, and send me some cleansing tablets when you go back to London? I would not trouble you, but they are invaluable for Bobby's skin. My husband is in despair at having to leave without returning your visit. Perhaps we may meet somewhere in the south.—Very cordially yours,  
PRUDENCE ARMSTEAD."

"I buy tablets for that cur!" cried Mr. Airey. "Well, I suppose I shall," he added. He could eat no more breakfast. He took down his diary, and wrote in it with the air of one who fulfils an important duty—"American women are absurdly over-sensitive."

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From The Saturday Review.  
HELIGOLAND.

ON Tuesday evening the House of Lords had a debate on India, the greatest, while on Monday evening it had turned its attention to Heligoland, the smallest, possession of the British crown. As the number of persons who know where Heligoland is may perhaps be limited, we will mention that it is an island, or rather group of islands, in the German Ocean, twenty-five miles from the mouths of the Elbe, Weser, and Eider. The main island is divided

into the cliff and the low land. The cliff is a rock rising to an elevation of ninety to one hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea. The summit is a tolerably level plain, about forty-two hundred paces in circumference. The lowland adjoining has two good harbours. The circumference of the whole island does not exceed three miles. In former ages it was of much greater extent. It has been during many centuries much consumed by the waves, and lately it has been eaten up by rabbits. It was anciently the residence of a chief of the Sicambri, and the seat of worship of a Saxon deity. When the English took possession of it in 1807, during the war with Denmark, it became the depot for goods which were smuggled into Continental ports; the low land, which had been an uninhabited down, was covered with warehouses; and the population of the island increased to four thousand. More recently it has been a favourite site for gambling-tables, where perhaps the worship of the Saxon deity was continued. On the conclusion of peace in 1814 the English retained possession of the island, probably for the sake of its double harbour, and for the advantage which it offers for defence in having two wells of good water. The English erected batteries and a lighthouse. They placed there a governor and a garrison, but levied no taxes, and did not interfere with the internal government. It is of course under the superintendence of the Colonial Office, and Lord Carnarvon, who is indefatigable in the business of making things pleasant all round with colonists, has not neglected to propitiate the descendants of the Sicambri.

We are indebted to Lord Rosebery for calling our attention to this interesting colony by moving for papers relating to Heligoland. It has been said that by the capitulation of 1807 the ancient rights and liberties of the inhabitants were secured to them, and Lord Rosebery desires to ascertain what those ancient rights and liberties precisely were. It is believed, however, that every householder was entitled to be summoned to a council before any taxation could be imposed on him. Things remained almost unchanged until 1864, when Heligoland, like larger colonies, behoved to have a constitution. By an order in council of that year a legislative council was created. It consisted of twelve persons summoned by royal warrant; and when questions of taxation were involved, twelve burghers were to be added to the council by election. By this time, prob-

ably, some zealot desires to introduce representative government into the island, and we are quite prepared to hear that the recent plague of rabbits is ascribed to the want of parliamentary institutions. It appears that in 1866 the governor reported that the constitution was working admirably, and two years afterwards it was abolished. If it be true that, while the inhabitants had not paid the taxes imposed on them, the public debt which had amounted to 750*l.* was reduced to 600*l.*, we can only say that charity should begin at home, and we should like to have such a beautiful constitution among ourselves. We decline to adopt the suggestion which may possibly be offered that the debt was reduced out of the profits of the gambling-table. The Duke of Buckingham, when he was colonial secretary, is said to have gone in uniform in a man-of-war to Heligoland, and taken away its bauble of a constitution. The German newspapers, which naturally take a lively interest in the descendants of the Sicambri, have lately called attention to this alleged grievance, and they complain that, whereas we are always preaching liberty to other governments, we have summarily abolished the constitution of one of our own dependencies. Lord Carnarvon, in answer to Lord Rosebery, remarked that the Heligolanders are a sensitive race, as indeed are most of the races with which he is brought into official contact, and he feared that the production of the capitulation of 1807 would wound the susceptibilities of the dependency. Considering that this capitulation is, as he says, an historic document, and that its contents must be perfectly well known to those who were affected by it, Lord Carnarvon's anxiety is perhaps excessive. It may be remembered that Napoleon had by the Peace of Tilsit converted Russia from a dangerous enemy into a subservient friend. Our government apprehended that he and the emperor Alexander would employ the Danish fleet against us, and so we determined to seize it ourselves. Whatever may be thought of the justice of this resolution, there can be no question of the vigour with which it was executed. A fleet and army was immediately despatched; and, whereas the battle of Friedland was fought on the 14th June and the Peace of Tilsit concluded on 9th July, the surrender of the Danish fleet was exacted on the 7th September. As a branch of these operations, a small squadron was sent to Heligoland, and while our admiral was preparing to storm the place with his marines and seamen, a flag of truce arrived,

and next day was signed the capitulation which Lord Rosebery now wishes to have produced. Thus the island, which was much wanted as a refuge for our cruisers in these dangerous waters, became a possession of the British crown, and our traders, we may be sure, promptly utilized its commercial capabilities. The hope which we had founded on the stubborn courage of the Russian armies was dissipated as soon as Napoleon's military genius had full scope. But not even by his splendid victory at Friedland, nor by the confederacy which followed it, could he abate the pertinacity of our resistance. Whatever came of our allies we were never disappointed in ourselves, and it may be doubted whether the vigilance of our cruisers or the activity of our smugglers caused greater irritation to our enemy. It would have been better if we had not imitated the petty spite he showed. When we employed our naval power in cutting off supplies of drugs from Napoleon's confederates, Sydney Smith ridiculed our great scheme for closing, as he said, the ports and the bowels of Northern Europe.

It was against an earlier confederacy of the same kind that Nelson battled in 1801. Twice within seven years Copenhagen heard the thunder of our guns, and the capitulation of Heligoland commemorates our second attack on the nation with which we have now so close a tie. Yet Nelson wrote that the Danes were the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English. They might, however, be pardoned in those days for thinking that we had a way of dissembling our love. If, as is likely, the Heligolanders have now German sympathies, they may not feel any particular irritation at looking back at our attacks on Denmark, and at any rate they know their own history. Lord Carnarvon tells us that the capitulation did not confirm ancient rights and liberties. The island is now, he says, in a state of contentment and satisfaction, and he implies that it does not regret the constitution of 1864. If its people are happier than they were when they could pay off debt without collecting taxes, the Colonial Office has something to be proud of. They may be prosperous; but if they are contented they deserve to be described, in the indignant language of agitation, as wretches whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance. Their community is probably about as big as one of those "populous places" which lately exercised the sagacity of magistrates at quarter sessions. The colonial secretary, correcting Lord

Rosebery, stated that we supplied Heligoland with a constitution soon after it came into our possession. It had a legislative council consisting of six nominated members, with whom six others were to be associated under certain circumstances. The connection between the island and Denmark in those days was much closer than it afterwards became, and we regret to learn that, as a result of or contemporaneously with this Danish connection, it was impossible to recover debts or to enforce legal processes in the island, gambling-tables were set up, and, as Lord Carnarvon delicately puts it, "great difficulties arose" as to wrecking and salvage cases. The descendants of the Sicambri seem to have thought that of all slaves the most base is he that pays, and it may be plausibly conjectured that the Saxon deity who was worshipped on the island was identical with Mercury. The constitution of 1864 is described as "a change in the direction of local self-government," and it may be admitted that the islanders of that day did need an increase of self-government, but in a moral, not political, sense. An extension of the franchise was granted, and there are enthusiasts capable of believing that universal suffrage would cure a propensity to wrecking and gambling, and promote a law-abiding and debt-paying frame of mind. However, that experiment failed, as experiments have failed in larger colonies, and then the Duke of Buckingham went to the island, as above described, and abolished its constitution with the happiest possible results. Another speaker, being free from official regard for susceptible Sicambri, remarked that at that time it was impossible to serve a writ, and that Heligoland wanted not so much a constitution as a constable. In fact, it was a sort of Whitefriars with sea air; and even Lord Carnarvon seems to admit that an English officer called receiver of wrecks was quite as important in the new system as the lieutenant-governor or his council. So far as could be possible under the authority of the British crown, this island seems to have approximated to the condition ascribed by a witness in the case of the "Lennie" mutineers to (we think) Isle de Rhé. "I told them it was a republic, and there were no police, and they had better go ashore." Self-government, in the sense of keeping your hands from picking and stealing, was obviously the want of the islanders, and they have now acquired it. Lord Carnarvon does not directly question the assertion

that this island was a paradise under the lamented constitution of 1864; but he rather seems to suggest that it was something else, and he positively states the public debt has been further reduced since the advent of the wreck-receiver. In fact, there has been rather less liberty and rather more law. The debt of Heligoland does not, so far as we know, figure prominently in the transactions of the stock exchange, and the possessor of a few hundred pounds might probably constitute himself sole creditor of this dependency of the British crown. Lord Carnarvon omits to notice the alarming prevalence of rabbits, and we fear that a colonial secretary in uniform on board a man-of-war would produce small impression on them. But we could at all events turn out a few foxes on the island.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE POWER OF NAMES.

THE discussion which has been going on as to the royal title seems to be merely a discussion with regard to names, but the intense feeling it has provoked shows clearly that discussions with regard to names are not unfrequently as important as discussions with regard to things,—indeed, are discussions with regard to things in another form. For instance, in this case of India, while the discussion has seemed to be merely whether a title denoting the suzerainty of the queen over the Indian princes should be assumed by her in relation to India, the real point in dispute has probably been this,—whether, by crystallizing into a magnificent addition to the royal title, the queen's style as an Indian potentate, we should not be diverting popular attention from that which is most solid, historic, and enduring in the English throne,—that indeed which is and always must be at the basis of its power in India,—only to fix it on the comparatively accidental prestige that it has acquired in the last few years, by entering into the labours of a great commercial company, which had discovered for itself and utilized the governing capacities of our middle classes. No doubt, the many heroic and unheroic actions which led to the consolidation of our Indian government have altered the meaning attached to all phrases which denote British power, much more than we could easily alter the nature of that power by giving it a false name. Still, that is also possible. You

may and often do degrade a thing by misnaming it, as you elevate it by naming it aright. Indeed, for one case in which actions change gradually the meaning of names, there are probably dozens of cases in every nation's history in which names alter more rapidly the drift and tendency of actions, or else so misconstrue them to the imagination, that men do not know them for what they really are. Thus, in relation to any man usually described as a statesman, or a poet,\* or a scholar, there are, no doubt, a few cases now and then where what you know of the man helps to give a new and deeper significance to the names by which you describe him, but there are a great many more in which the phrase invests the man with a characteristic which far overshoots anything which you really know of him, and so puts a false image of him in his place in your memory. Every name which is not a depreciated bit of verbal currency, acts either as a ray of light bringing out the true form and colour of the object to which it is applied, or else as a bit of stained glass, which throws upon it an artificial dye not intrinsically belonging to it, but only imputed to it by the imagination of the person who thus attributes it; and in the latter case, the name is clearly a power which disguises the thing, instead of revealing it.

One of the greatest difficulties with which literature has to deal is to appreciate correctly the truth or falsehood in the literary use of names introduced by any great master of names, — like Mr. Carlyle, for instance, who bespangles history with his brilliant little imaginative lamps, sometimes shedding a true white light on the figure which he is contemplating, sometimes, again, wrapping it in the blue, or green, or rose-coloured flame of a Chinese paper lanthorn, and so giving a totally false impression, of the moral complexion at least, of the character delineated. The imagination of vivid minds naturally finds more fault with the inadequacies of language than with its excesses. We are always hearing poets complain of the poverty of words. As Mr. Arnold says of the poet, —

Hardly his voice at its best  
Gives you a glimpse of the awe,  
The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom,  
In the unlit gulf of himself.

But the opposite complaint would be quite as just, and far oftener to the point, — that hardly our life at its best gives us a glimpse of the awe, the vastness, the grandeur, the gloom, which the human

imagination has depicted and embodied in words. Realities, no doubt, go far beyond any names we can find for them in one way, but they fall far short of the life we suppose names to express in another way. Thus, to say nothing of the little child who supposed she must get well if the queen kissed her, since clearly she had a notion of queens which is not shared by grown-up people of even the most ignorant class, it is quite certain that almost every one attributes to high rank a sort of interior power and grandeur which it does not and cannot possess, and that most men's imaginations are very much influenced indeed, and very erroneously influenced, by the degree of the rank, — "duke" expressing a much larger amount of inward dignity than "baron," and "empress" a great deal more than "queen." In short, names always overweight the meaning of the thing to which they are applied, in the direction of the particular characteristic to which they specially apply. We forget that kings and queens are in the main men and women, and kings and queens, relatively at least, only to a very slight extent; that "constitutional, thin-lipped Hampden" was a sturdy Englishman in the main, and constitutional or thin-lipped only when you came to define in what it was that he differed from other sturdy Englishmen, like Strafford or Cromwell; that the poetry of love describes only a certain part of certain moods of human life, and leaves undescribed other most important parts even of the same moods, which last often more than neutralize the effect of those parts on which the poet dilates — that, in short, the more expressive a word is for its purpose, the more it diverts the mind from everything in that for which it stands, except the particular quality which it was selected to commemorate. One great reason of the delight which imaginative writers like Carlyle give, is that they make us forget the dim, ungraphic parts of life, and so turn the dull, opaque realities of the world into brilliant transparencies, all of which are vivid as well as visible, and which yet for that very reason are mere aspects, and often, indeed, not the most important, though much the most easily imagined and remembered aspects, of the truth. If we remember rightly Carlyle somewhere describes Paris on one of the nights of the Reign of Terror as "a naphtha-lighted city of the dead, traversed here and there by a flight of perturbed ghosts." Nothing surely could be more graphic, and nothing could give a better impression of the ghastly side of the terror



he was trying to depict. But at that moment there must have been tens of thousands in Paris who were occupied only with their own little domestic troubles and fears, and not with the political and moral convulsions which placed so many in fear of death. And yet language which describes as this does the dismay wrought in a city's closely-knit society by acts of violence, probably comes nearer to representing not only the dominant, but the most important aspect of things in that society, than language usually contrives to approach the external reality it is concerned with, — much nearer, indeed, than names of things and persons derived from the leading characteristic of such things and persons approach the true description of those things or persons. For the most part, names — and this is especially true of *graphic* names, which fix on individual peculiarities — are mere buoys floating on the surface of the mind, to mark where a certain group of qualities and characteristics are submerged, like sunken rocks, beneath the particular quality or characteristic which the name conveys; and those who act as if the name conveyed the chief information needed about the things, act just as a sailor would who recognized the buoy, but was not aware that anything more important and formidable lay beneath it. And this is the real power of names over men, — that when applied to conscious beings, they tend, as a rule, to make the character gravitate in the direction of the name. Names often act as promissory notes, which the bearer does all in his power to redeem at maturity. A man of science will think he is bound to show the difference between himself and a man who does not profess to be a man of science; and not unfrequently, in justifying his title to be a man of science, he will do something to render his title to other human or humane qualities which are still more important, ambiguous. A man of the world, in the same way, is very careful not to do anything that will diminish his right to be called a man of the world, and in that anxiety, he may render his right to be called a man of scrupulous equity and sincerity rather doubtful. An acknowledged statesman is apt to merge private in public duties, and an acknowledged thinker to make all life subservient to the effectiveness of his thoughts. We are swayed, — by pleasant names at all events, — *towards* the qualities which those names denote, too often to the exclusion of others quite as important, so that the name tends to verify itself, and sometimes

even to absorb the man into the characteristic which gives him his name. This, even more than the tendency to mislead those who do not bear, but who only use the name, is the reason why we ought to be so slow to give a new name containing definite moral associations of its own, like "empress" or "emperor," — which may, in the first instance, mislead those who apply, and finally more or less "educate" those who bear it.

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From The Saturday Review.  
AFFECTATION.

ALL epithets which commonly imply the existence of a feeling of slight approval or disapproval in the speaker's mind for the thing named are apt to be used very vaguely, and the term "affected" is no exception to this rule. Some people seem to call anything in another "affected" which they dislike, just as they term anything "nice" which they happen to like. Still even the most foggy minds probably attach some dim connotation to the term affectation, while by some few persons it is always used with a fairly distinct apprehension of its correct meaning. Hence it does not seem to be a hopeless task to attempt to define the term a little more exactly, and to find where its peculiar value as an ingredient of a well-sorted vocabulary really lies. In making this attempt we must obviously have recourse to the Socratic method of definition by an induction of various examples of the well-recognized application of the term.

Affectation is most commonly employed in reference to the details of external behaviour. To take a familiar instance, any trick of bodily gait or of manual or facial movement may be deemed affected. A man may have an affected way of bringing his forefinger to the side of his nose after the foreign manner, or a lady may have a way of seeming to relieve her trachea from some irritant by a characteristic "hm," which strikes us as being affected; or again a young girl may appear to be affected when she gives herself a certain dignity of deportment. Some people are able to keep up an affected condition of behaviour for a considerable period. Thus we know ladies who regularly assume and maintain a curiously unnatural tone of voice when entertaining their male visitors. In such a case as this it obviously requires intimate knowledge and

close observation to discover the affectation. In these instances, and in many others resembling them, we call an action affected because it springs from a deliberate wish to impress another person, instead of from some unreflecting impulse or mechanical habit. With respect to polite behaviour, it may be added that we look for a certain fixed habit of courtesy in people, and do not, for example, call a lady affected who uniformly adopts a gracious manner to her guests. So that what we mean by an affectation of elegance in behaviour is the conscious endeavour to assume something which does not flow easily from the fixed sources of habit. It follows from this that affected behaviour is very frequently a conscious imitation of something foreign to the person, more especially of something a little above his reach. Children's amusing affectations always show themselves as rather too obvious attempts to don the pretty manners of their elders. Imitation passes into affectation as soon as it becomes a conscious process, and this change seems to take place very early in the child's development. Affectation in adults as well as in children owes much of its ludicrousness to a conscious imitation of the words and actions of a superior age or social rank. It is this simple type of affectation which has so often been ridiculed in fable.

Another department of human life which offers a good field for the discovery of affectation is the region of emotional expression. When, for instance, a child or an adult expresses admiration of some spectacle by a long chain of extravagant superlatives and absurd images, we call the language exaggerated and affected. The expression is felt to be out of proportion to the feeling to be expressed. Again, a person may go on urging, so to speak, the presence of a certain emotion on his hearer long after the feeling has had time to relieve itself. A lady is expressing her regret at some little inconsiderateness, and, instead of making her apology in a few words, continues to reiterate her assurance of vexation, much to her companion's discomfort. Another common form of this affectation of sentiment is the habit of flowing over into feeling on every possible occasion. Some men and women seem to affect, for instance, an extraordinary degree of risibility, since the least provocative — something quite microscopic perhaps to others — sends them into long fits of explosive laughter. Then there are the young women who seem to be afflicted with a plethora of æsthetic senti-

ment, and are for ever breaking forth into gushing rhapsodies over the scenery last visited and the works of art last inspected. Judging by the ordinary standard of human nature, we are unable to believe in these excessive effusions of sentiment. What strikes one as most significant of affectation in these sentimental persons is that they appear to be equally excited by the most powerful and by the most insignificant stimulants. The very funny youth who sees a comical element in all kinds of things laughs just as uproariously and persistently at what seems the merest trifle as at something which others are able to recognize as really ludicrous. In all these instances the affectation lies in a suspected forcing of a feeling beyond its natural bounds by an act of deliberate volition. It is the doing with a conscious purpose a thing which we expect to be done instinctively by the mere force of feeling itself.

A case of affectation in sentiment which at first sight looks very different from those just specified is that of a person who does not so much seek to increase the visible dimensions of a feeling as abstain from checking a feeling within becoming bounds. Thus we are apt to call a lady affected who makes no visible effort to subdue a feeling of trepidation, or of a fastidious aversion at the sight, or even mention, of certain harmless little creatures. So, too, we call a young woman affected who apparently makes no effort to overcome her natural bashfulness in the presence of strangers. Whenever the term is carefully employed in reference to these cases, it seems to connote a positive as well as a negative element of volition. For we invariably suspect that the person would control the feeling but for a lurking wish to display as much sensibility or sentiment as possible. It is this latent intention to appear sensitive which really justifies the use of the epithet in such an instance; for, strictly speaking, we employ it incorrectly if we imply merely a moral weakness of will. And so we find that in these examples also the essence of affectation is the substitution of a conscious purpose for an instinctive process. The sentiment is deliberately nursed, so to speak, by an artificial expansion of its external expression.

It is to be observed that there seems to be a well-recognized distinction between affectation and hypocrisy in the expression of sentiment. If the hollow profession of sentiment is likely to deceive, and also to injure by misleading, we scarcely

speak of it as an affectation, but apply to it some stronger term of opprobrium. Moreover, though we are accustomed to regard as affectations mere exaggerations in the expression of certain feelings, such as those we have been describing, we should sometimes speak of a wholly illusory profession of the same sentiment as insincere or false. If a lady is rather too voluble in the expression of her regrets, she is said to be affected; if we have reason to believe that she feels no regret at all, we rather call her hypocritical. This shows that the term affectation, as applied to feeling, implies only a slight or harmless kind of simulation — a petty species of pretence which is rather comical from its patent hollowness, as well as from the silliness and vanity of its motive, than morally reprehensible. It is also worth noting, perhaps, that in the case of sentiment, as in that of mere external behaviour, we recognize such a thing as second nature — that is, a fixed habit of expressing a feeling on a certain occasion without any reflection at the moment. The rules of a rigid courtesy demand, for example, that we should always manifest a certain friendly interest in anything which our guest happens to be talking to us about; and so long as we do not exceed this quantity we are not likely to be accused of affectation. On the other hand, if we lay ourselves out to be specially sympathetic towards a person with whom we really have no particular interests in common, our conduct is rightly said to be affected; unless indeed it has some ulterior purpose besides that of simply making an impression on our guest's mind, in which case it will probably be characterized by some stronger epithet.

We may now pass to the second great region of affectation, that of literary and artistic style. When we accuse a writer of having an affected mannerism, we clearly liken him to those who show themselves affected in personal behaviour and in the profession of sentiment. The clearest case of affectation in art is where there is conscious imitation of another's manner. The usual form which this naturally takes is an attempt to array oneself in the fine plumage of more brilliant birds. The group of young aspirant poets and poetesses who uniformly follow in the wake of a leading popular poet, eagerly catching at all his peculiarities of manner, are rightly said to be affected. There is of course a vast deal of unconscious imitation of style in art, and it would be absurd to term every musician, for example, affected who

instinctively follows some one model of style. Where the imitation is seen to arise from a natural affinity of mind, it is not said to be affected. Not only so, even conscious imitation of style does not always amount to affectation. It is unreasonable to expect that every writer should always abstain from introducing an echo of some previous master's melody. The field of perfect originality in art is not large enough to allow us to make such a demand. If only the selection of the particular model is seen to be made with an intelligent purpose, from a conviction that the manner selected is most suitable for the object in hand, it has nothing unseemly. In short, only such imitation of another's style is affected as is consciously executed, and, moreover, springs from mere mental impotence and a silly propensity to try to appear more than one really is. The style of a writer or a painter may, however, be affected without being imitative. Just as an original eccentricity of behaviour becomes affected as soon as it is studied, so oddities of artistic manner grow into affectations when consciously cultivated for their own sake, and without any reference to their fitness or utility. Hence it is sometimes permissible to call an eccentricity of literary manner affected after it has been distinctly brought before the author's notice by adverse criticisms, though before this it may have been a wholly unconscious habit of mind. Nobody, for instance, can doubt that some of the later uncouthnesses of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Browning are correctly styled affectations. It is absurd to suppose that a writer can be wholly unconscious of mannerisms which have frequently been thrust as it were under his very eyes; and when one sees an author persevering in such eccentricities after these criticisms with rather more energy than before, and in cases where no other eye than his own, however kindly, can discover any advantage in their employment, it seems a fairly safe inference that the writer is obstinately affected. Yet it is no less clear that it is always more or less hazardous to predicate this quality of any man's style. For, after all, a man may bring himself to believe that his favourite mannerism is not only useful but essential to his art. In speaking, then, of artistic style as affected, we assume that the selection of all details of style should be a half-unconscious process guided only by the exigencies of the subject in hand. This idea is clearly indicated in the common expression "naturalness of style." A literary style is natural

when it springs from the author's individual nature, and is directed exclusively to the best expression of the idea of the moment. It is artificial and affected when it is made a distinct object of pursuit for its own sake, whether it be the original product of the person who uses it or consciously borrowed from another. So that, in this class of cases also, affectation connotes the presence of consciousness and deliberate volition with respect to a thing which ought, so to speak, to take care of itself by means of an instinctive or mechanical process.

In the affectations of art as well as in those of social life we may see the distinction between a comparatively harmless and a culpably insincere profession. Thus with respect to artistic imitation we draw a sharp line between affectation, or the adoption of another's style, and plagiarism, or the adoption of another's ideas. The latter term conveys a grave accusation of intellectual dishonesty, while the former is only in a very slight degree condemnatory. This difference is probably explained by the consideration that the borrowing of ideas is never, like the borrowing of style, to be excused on the ground of the limitation of the individual mind, for nobody has any business to write who has no ideas of his own to convey; also that the filching of an author's ideas is much more likely to impose on readers, and far more difficult to detect, than the adoption of an element of his style which lies patent, diffused, so to speak, over the whole surface of his writings.

We conclude, therefore, that the term affected has only a very slight amount of ethical force. In some cases it does no doubt imply the presence of some amount of falsification or simulation, but this is not of a serious character calling for stern disapprobation. On the other hand, people certainly do very often mean to express their strong dislike by this word, and we may reasonably infer that, as employed by the more refined and discerning, it strikes, so to speak, at a certain quality of deformity in the behaviour or action so described. In other words, an affectation is something which offends our æsthetic sentiment. This inference is fully borne out by a consideration of the essential qualities of affected actions. We have seen that they are such as possess a certain unnaturalness, being the result of conscious study and voluntary endeavour, instead of the spontaneous outflow of native or acquired disposition. The æsthetic charm of a good deal of human action re-

sides in its unconsciousness. A man whose every action was directed by deliberate purpose and reflection would be intensely wearisome to the æsthetic eye, which loves before all other things in human character and conduct spontaneity and ease. There is, too, in all affected conduct a further repulsiveness which is connected with a recognition of illusion and pretence. Contradiction is always unsightly, and the deliberate simulation of a natural quality strikes us as an æsthetic dissonance. At the same time there are many examples of affectation which do not so much displease our sense of fitness and harmony as awaken our feeling for the ludicrous. This holds good especially of all the attempts of people to robe themselves in the unsuitable manners of their superiors. Of course this interpretation applies only to the term as employed with a certain degree of precision by thoughtful persons. Unfortunately, however, these are very few, and the greater number of people who use the term do so in the most slovenly manner. It naturally follows that these same people are utterly careless in making sure that the persons they thus vaguely characterize have the quality attributed to them. It will be seen from what we have said that it is often a matter of great delicacy of insight to decide whether a particular ingredient of a man's behaviour or an oddity of style is really an affectation.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
ART NEEDLEWORK.

AMONG the artistic works which will shortly be despatched from this country to the Philadelphia Exhibition, few will be more attractive than the embroideries made by the ladies of the Kensington School of Art Needlework. The fabrics to be sent to the exhibition are gradually, as they are completed, being placed for a short time in the public room of the school, so that those interested in such matters may inspect them. Embroideries applied to articles of domestic use, such as doilies, tablecloths, panels for furniture, curtains, wall-hangings, etc., are shown. These works often show an amount of taste and skill which reflects credit upon the institution. But, though new life seems to have been given to artistic needlework, perfection is far off yet. The specimens often please on account of their novelty and freshness, but if we re-

call the simple and perfectly executed embroidery on Oriental cloths we cannot but be struck with the unsuitable and rough character of the worsted long and feather stitching of these modern English fabrics. On most of them the ornament is composed of bunches of flowers worked in long and short stitches, and these pull together and cockle the ground on which they are worked. This is particularly faulty in the case of cloths, which should either hang in natural folds or lie flat if spread out. Oriental embroiderers have given a preference to a tent-stitch or cross-stitch, worked closely. It causes no undulations, and leaves the cloth free to fall in natural folds. The introduction of embroidered panels into ebonized furniture makes a pretty effect, and examples of this work have been wrought after designs by Mr. Walter Crane. A set of wall-hangings designed by this artist displays his style of design on a much larger scale. Hitherto, Mr. Crane has been best known by his excellent illustrations of fairy-stories and nursery-rhymes; but designing for books is a different art from that of designing for wall-hangings and embroideries. The designer for these last should be well acquainted with the materials to be used and the method of their use. He should be competent to prescribe the stitches to be employed and provide the needleworkers with full and complete instructions. In the wall-hangings now under notice, flat surfaces of pink worsted stitched into regular layers, resembling in texture rather nicely-knitted stockings, serve to represent the flesh of Mr. Crane's female figures. An adaptation of a close chain-stitch would have been best. In one of Mr. Crane's hangings, two female figures are the chief subjects. The work is done in variously coloured crewels on white "sateen," a kind of damask. The figures are clad in flowing white garments; the lines of the folds are indicated by brown worsted, while the shadows are rendered in thin blue lines. Above the ornamental framework worked around these figures is a valance, the subject of which is a graceful composition of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos at their never-ending occupations. On each side of the whole of the work above-mentioned are pilasters — the ground of which is a figured silken material having a golden effect. On this ground is worked in sombre tints of their natural colours an original and very decorative arrangement of fruits, garlands of flowers, peacocks, monkeys, mermaids, etc. Through the

kindness of Mrs. Percy Wyndham an elaborate bookcase curtain, executed after a design by Mr. Morris, will be sent to Philadelphia on loan. But here, again, we must take exception to the clumsiness of the workmanship, which gives a barbaric character to the design. The details are thoroughly subservient to the general effect of the colour. They consist of straying unconventionalized vine-leaves and bunches of grapes, here and there intercepted by peacocks with half-spread tails; and the drawing of them calls for no special commendation.

Of a different class both of design and workmanship is the *portière* which is to be hung at the entrance of the exhibition court set apart for the productions of the needlework school. Mr. Pollen has supplied the drawings from which this work has been executed. The prominent portions of the embroidery are *appliqué* velvet forms of glaring umber colour, which completely eclipse the slight floral polychromatic arrangements apparently growing out of pungent gold couchings. To pass from Mr. Morris's grapes and peacocks to Mr. Pollen's pseudo-Venetian decoration is like going from repose to confusion. Mr. Bodley's curtains show the designer's knowledge of decorative needlework. The main part of the curtains is of cream-coloured Chinese silk edged with bands of salmon-coloured silk. On the junctures of the salmon and cream-coloured silks is traced, in embroidery stitch, a delicate mediæval pattern of roses and leaves intertwined. The outside borders are of broad bands of dull red-figured silk to which is applied a cut velvet conventional pattern of deeper red. The whole of this velvet *appliqué* is effectively outlined with sombre green cord twisted with gold. Another successful curtain border is that designed by Mr. Aitchison. It has been worked in coloured silks upon a rich dark-green velvet ground, which sets off the the gold thread outlines of the fanciful pink and yellow flowers interspersed among the delicate green leaves. But the most refined piece of work is the panel of "Music," designed by Mr. Burne Jones. The masterly drawing of the figures, the excellent balance of quantities in the composition, the modesty of the materials used, and the simplicity of the stitch, all combine to render this piece of needlework artistic in the highest sense. The groundwork is of pale brownish linen, and the embroidery on it is of darker brown crewels. Apollo is represented playing his lyre and seated on

a pedestal beneath outspreading fruit-trees. Below him are females performing on cymbals and harps. We understand that this is the first work of its kind made at the school, and in all respects it is successful. Another class of embroideries which will excite interest is that of the reproductions of old work. Foremost of these is a white satin quilt or *portière* embroidered in the richest manner with gold couchings relieved by outlines of red silk. The original of this copy was shown by the Countess Brownlow at the "special Loan Exhibition of Art Needlework held in 1873. Unfortunately, the quality of the modern gold thread—perhaps as good as could be procured—is far inferior in actual manufacture to that of the old, and in consequence, no doubt, the embroiderers found it impossible to reproduce the refined precision of the old couchings.

In conclusion, we may remark upon the advantage which the school enjoys in securing original designs from really good artists. By carefully studying and imitating stitching of the best periods the ladies at the school may look forward to acquiring distinction as art needlewomen. At present they should not rest contented with a success due rather to the novelty than the merit of their efforts.

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From The Liberal Review.  
GOING TO THE BAD.

"GOING to the bad!" This phrase, which is significant though slangy, is often applied to many of those who are moving about in our midst. Generally, however, it is used in reference to people who have already gone, rather than to persons who are going, to the "bad;" for by the time that the world begins to see that a man is travelling in a wrong direction it is invariably true that his case has become almost hopeless. He must be a very stupid person, indeed, if he cannot, in the earlier stages of his decline, hide his failings from the eyes not only of his immediate friends, who are easily hoodwinked, but also of his intimate acquaintances, who are invariably the first to detect his imperfections and perilous condition. Indeed, he may fall into a very wretched plight, and yet those who love him best may imagine that he is what he should be until, perhaps, some day he is the cause of an unpleasant revelation being made unto them. At the same time, it ought

not to be a difficult matter for those with whom a man's life is spent to notice when he is placing himself in danger; and it is a pity that they often fail to read signs and nip bad habits in the bud ere they have become second nature. If they were not obtuse, and were willing to do their duty, they might, in many a case, supply what would be a successful antidote to the poison which their patients imbibe abroad. For instance, it would be an easy matter for them to nullify some of the most important evil effects which a young man who is just entering upon life receives from the mixed crowd with which he is compelled to mingle. His partiality for low pleasures and discreditable company and his indifference to the unruffled atmosphere of home are not the growth of a moment, and could be stayed by judicious treatment. But being unnoticed in their earlier stages, they are too frequently unwittingly fostered until they reach such a pitch that it is almost impossible to contend successfully with them. In illustration of all this a typical case may be cited. A is an average young man of respectable position, who is in an office, his duties not being of a particularly onerous or attractive character. Consequently he has the opportunity, as he has the inclination, to "kill time" in as agreeable a manner as may be devised. The most pleasant way of whiling away dreary hours in a business centre appears to be to haunt restaurants, drinking-bars, and smoking-saloons, which are presided over by divinities whose manners are of the free-and-easy sort, so our hero naturally finds his way to these resorts. Here he encounters kindred souls who are one stage further on the road to the "bad" than he is, and by them is induced to advance yet another step. In due course, he is taught to sneer at virtue and to think it a fine thing to indulge in excesses of various kinds. When he has reached this point his home—which at its best, perhaps, is a cheerless, unsympathetic sort of place, in which he can find little to interest him—becomes distasteful, and so at night-time he is persuaded to wander afield in search of excitement. During his rambles he falls a victim to the harpies and swindlers—male and female—who exist by preying upon those who have fairly supplied pockets and lax morals. By-and-by he acquires a real love for drink, and deleterious liquids which at one time he consumed out of a spirit of bravado, he takes because he likes them. It is when he has arrived at this extremity



— he may have been years in doing so — that his pace accelerates, and people generally begin to see that he will get into trouble. His excesses lead him to neglect his business, and he loses caste in the commercial world, besides which his proceedings so impair his constitution and sap his energy that he becomes incapable of sustained exertion. Of course, his moral tone is lowered, so lowered indeed, in many instances, that he is not ashamed to sponge upon his friends and play the part of an amateur sharper. When he has sunk to this depth his parents, perchance, come to his assistance, and his father gives him another start in life, and yet another. But these only lead to further break-downs, and, consequently, he is at last either shipped off abroad or becomes a vagabond, who walks on the face of the earth, an eyesore to his friends and a torment to himself.

Now people who go to the "bad" in the manner indicated have, strictly speaking, only themselves to blame, and it may be argued that those who choose to make fools of themselves ought not to be shielded from the effects of their folly. Nevertheless, it may be pointed out that the offenders frequently wander astray at first as much through inadvertence as by virtue of their innate depravity. Putting on one side the fact that example is a potent force, which weak-natured people often find it impossible to resist, it may be safely asserted that many persons commit themselves imprudently in their desire to do something, and from the horror of sitting still with folded hands doing nothing. Thus, there is reason to believe that if homes were made more attractive, and if those who live in them were always provided with something to do, which would have the effect of exciting their interest and rousing their energies, they would not be led to seek diversions at a public billiard-room or a fast theatre. As it is, too many mothers are impatient of what disturbs the established order of things, and too many fathers are inclined to sulk and snarl if their comfort is in any way interfered with. Perhaps they ought not to be severely blamed on this account, for it is natural for elderly people to study their own comfort, and to be blind to many things which they ought to see, so long as they are not disturbed. But, then, neither should young men who are not of a literary turn of mind and therefore care not for books — by the way, we cannot all be literary — be severely censured for seeking what their nature de-

mands in quarters where they are exposed to danger. Let it be remembered that the man whose heart is thoroughly in his work or in his pleasures, is not likely to be tempted by attractions which, if denuded of their "naughtiness," and the false atmosphere by which they are surrounded, would excite the contempt of every reasonable person. It is the excitement which people derive from playing with edged tools, rather than a love of the tools themselves, which induces those who are "going to the bad" to trifle with them. The moral to be drawn from this is so obvious that we hope that the time will shortly arrive when reeking bar-parlours, the foetid haunts of sharpers, and highly embellished female divinities, will cease to do the amount of mischief which they now, unhappily, effect, to the discredit alike of the intelligence, morality, and taste of those who are injured by them.

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From The Athenæum.

#### NELSON AND SUVOROF.

St. Petersburg.

THE following correspondence between Nelson and Suvorof, which belongs to the collection of Baron Bühler, the amiable director of the archives of the ministry of foreign affairs at Moscow, is probably (although once printed in the *Russkii Arkhiv*) for the first time presented to the knowledge of the English public.

The letter of Nelson was received by Marshal Suvorof at Prague, where he stopped for some time on his return to Russia from Switzerland. His answer was drawn up by Baron Andrew Bühler (the father of its present possessor), although the part printed in italics was added by Suvorof himself. In consequence of an observation of Bühler, that the letter of Nelson was, in many respects, very remarkable, Suvorof handed it to him, with the words, "If the Englishman's fly-tracks please you, keep them as a souvenir." The letter of Suvorof, which still retains its envelope with the huge seal of the field-marshal, was obtained in London, many years ago, by Admiral Tchitchagof, and given to Baron Bühler. It is addressed: "*A Son Excellence, My Lord Baron Nelson, Amiral des flottes de Sa Majesté Britannique dans la Méditerranée, Chevalier des plusieurs ordres, etc., à Palerme,*" the word "Bronte," in Nelson's

signature, having apparently been mistaken for Baron.

In Suvorof's postscript, the phrase, "*Palerme n'est pas Cithère*," is evidently an allusion to Nelson's *liaison* with Lady Hamilton, who was then with him at Palermo. The last sentence is one of those apocalyptic fragmentary sayings of Suvorof, the sense of which it is difficult to ascertain. The letter of Nelson, which has lost its envelope, is written in a very original but plain and even script, much better than could have been expected from a man obliged to use his left hand. Whether Nelson felt offended at the reference to Lady Hamilton, or repented of the sudden whim which led to his letter, the correspondence was never continued; indeed, Suvorof died in the following May.

One word about spelling. Russian names, when translated into a foreign language, should always be written as they are pronounced, and then they will be pronounced correctly, and the fewer letters the better. *Suvorof* (which has the accent on the first *o*) was made by the Germans into *Suwarrow*, and I have seen it written so in English. Indeed, he himself, like many other Russians, used the German *w* instead of the French *v*.

E. SCHUYLER.

*Letter from Nelson to Suvarof.*

Palermo, Novbr. 22, 1799.

My Dear, Dear Prince and Brother — there is not that man in Europe who loves You equal to myself. All admire Your Great and Glorious achievements, as does Nelson, but he loves You for Your *despising* of Wealth, as it may stand in the way of Your duty, for being indeed the faithful servant of Your Sovereign, in this alone I presume to claim the dear name of Brother, I know that my achievements are not to be named with Yours. But the Bounty of my own Sovereign, that

of the Emperor of Russia and His Sicilian Majesty and the Grand Signor, have loaded me with honors and wealth, in these joined to You we show an example to the World that fidelity will be amply rewarded. This day has made me the Proudest man in Europe. \* I am told by a person who has seen You for many years that in our statue, persons and manners We are more alike than any two people ever were. We are certainly relations, and I entreat that You will never take from me the Dear Name of Your Affectionate Brother and sincere Friend,

BRONTE NELSON.

Prince Sowerow Rymnisky, etc.

*Answer of Suvorof.*

Prague, ce 1 | 12, Janvier, 1800.

Mon cher Baron et frère ! Si jamais souvenir m'est précieux, c'est bien celui d'un Amiral du premier mérite comme Vous. En considérant votre portrait, j'ai effectivement trouvé de la ressemblance entre nous deux ; on pourra donc dire que les beaux esprits se rencontrent et que nos idées se sont croisées. C'est une distinction de plus pour moi, dont je suis bien charmé ; mais plus encore de Vous ressembler du côté de Votre caractère.

Il n'y a pas de récompense, mon cher Amiral, dont Vos mérites éminents ne Vous rendent pas digne et à laquelle Votre frère et ami ne prend la part la plus vive. Jaloux de conserver ce titre, ainsi que Votre amitié, qui porte l'empreinte de la sincérité, je Vous prie de vouloir continuer à me donner de Vos nouvelles et de croire à la plus parfaite réciprocité de mes sentiments pour Vous, avec lesquels je suis à jamais Votre affectionné frère et sincère ami (*manu propria*) *Victoire, Gloire, Prospérité pour la nouvelle année.*

Prince Alexandre Italieiski,

Comte Suworow Rymnikski.

*P.S. Je vous croyais de Malte en Egypte pour y écraser le reste des surnaturels athées de notre tems par les Arabes ! Palerme n'est pas Cithère. Le magnanime Souverain est pour nous. Au reste, illustre frère, que ne donnés Vous pas au monde pour Iris des Aboukirs ! Bon an ! Bon siècle !*

P. A. It.

BRITISH MARBLES. — Why our native marbles should so long have been neglected by architects is one of the mysteries of fashion. They were known — that of Ipplepen, in South Devon, indeed, was prized — more than two hundred and fifty years ago, but in most cases they were till the other day scarcely used at all for building-purposes. The shelly limestone of Purbeck (far inferior as "marble" to many of the Devonshire kinds) is almost the only exception. It was, we all know, much valued by the mediæval church-builders. The black marble of Bakewell has always found a market. Alabaster, too, which occurs in the new red sandstone, had its day ; Burton-on-

Trent was famous for it, and the taste for "confectionery work" in monuments kept alive the demand for it all through the Stuart period. But, in general, British marbles have been chiefly worked into knickknacks for tourists, who, in Derbyshire, like to have a letter-weight of "duke's red," or an inkstand inlaid with "all sorts," and who in Devonshire must, of course, carry off a polished fragment of the breakwater. Till lately the ambition of our marble-workers hardly soared above chimney-pieces. Here and there may be found a memorial church into which nothing but English marble enters ; but, on the other hand, you may readily find a reredos, just put

up in the midst of a marble-district, of which the boast will be that "every bit of it came from abroad." Those who have seen the pillars in the Home and Colonial Offices, will never again doubt that Devonshire marble is quite worthy to stand beside that of Sienna. Gilpin said so a century ago in his "Picturesque Tour;" he even preferred the Devonshire stone; he thought there was less harshness of tone in it than in the foreign, while yet the tints were fully as rich in the former as in the latter. Limestone of almost every colour, hard enough to take a good polish, is to be found round Plymouth. Besides the well-known grey madrepores, there are in the quarries of Cattedown, Radford, Billacombe, Pomphlett, etc., rose-red, fine black veined with white, olive green, brilliant yellow, etc. Samples of many of these may be seen in the walls of the Plymouth houses, and in the paving-stones of the roads. Unpolished, they of course want a shower to bring out their various tints; but, as it generally rains at Plymouth, the visitor will seldom be disappointed.

Pall Mall Gazette.

**PUNCTUALITY AT CHURCH.** — If the worshippers be not as punctual as the minister — if there be steps heard in the aisle from the earliest whisper of the organ to the announcement of the text, and the sound of opening doors keeps time with the footfall of every new addition to the audience — there is disturbance, says the *New York Churchman*, of the quiet not only of the minister, but of every devout breast that is turned toward him. All are conscious of the interruption; and one of the number, who has most need to be calm and collected, must eminently suffer. Every new comer must affect, to some extent, his concentration of mind. In his efforts for the right discharge of his sacred duties, every footstep cannot but disturb his attention. The effect will be different in proportion to temperament; one will be affected more than another; but to all it must be more or less a disturbance. It may be thought to be enough to be in time for the chief part of the service, and particularly for the sermon; but if, on the part of the pew, we make bold to claim for prayer and praise an importance not second to that of the discourse, the pulpit will not gainsay the assertion. It will concur in the argument that supplication and psalmody, chapter and chant, heighten the value and deepen the emphasis of the word of exhortation. They promote that receptive frame and attitude of mind which the preacher seeks to possess, in the pew. The service which he conducts does not consist of unconnected parts; it is a compacted unity. From the first syllable to the last what passes is complete. Every word of morning and evening service

has its meaning and intention, and we should deny ourselves no portion of either. We should study the harmony of the whole, and make it quite a common enjoyment. It is a lyric piece, whose music should flow unbroken to the end, and when the last word of the benediction has fallen with its sweet influence on our ears, let us rest for a moment in hallowed silence, that the thoughts and feelings awakened and kindled within us may sink deep into our hearts, and remain with us through the whole. We should neither be slow to come nor in haste to go.

**PUNCTUALITY IN CHURCH.** — On this subject the *Monthly Harbinger* offers the following pungent remarks: — Impressed with the fact that there is no book or treatise in the known world which sets forth the advantages of late attendance on worship in the house of God, or which at all adequately defends the practice, and feeling that it would be an ineffable solace to thousands of professing Christians if this habit could be shown to be right, the shade of Thomas Didymus (who, being late, was absent when our Lord appeared to the other disciples) offers a prize of ten thousand shekels to the writer of the best essay on the subject, provided that he shall prove to the satisfaction of the world, the flesh, and the devil, who volunteer to be the adjudicators, the following points: — "That the habit of late attendance is perfectly scriptural; that God has granted, in all ages, peculiar blessings to those who keep him waiting for praise; that eminent saints have invariably chuckled over curtailed hours of worship. Especially should attention be called to the calm Sabbath spirit which he must possess who hurries away from his own door, and, in a hurry, flings himself into the house of God; to the thankfulness which he must feel as he knows that he is disturbing the devotions of others, and depressing and weakening the energies of the minister whom He has chosen to be over him in the Lord; also the happy effects which his examples produce on the children whom God has given him, and on his worldly neighbours: also should it be shown that there is a most marked and delightful contrast in the punctual attendance which he demands from his own servants, and the listless, loitering, lazy manner in which he keeps his engagements with the great God. Moreover, as some ladies have copied the example of the sterner sex, it will be well if convincing arguments can be invented to show that the time spent on a Sabbath morning in the arrangement of a lock of hair, the pose of a hat or bonnet, or the stretching of a new pair of gloves, is better employed than in arraying the soul for eternity."

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## A HOLIDAY.

OUT of the city, far away  
 With spring to-day !—  
 Where copses tufted with primrose  
 Give me repose,  
 Wood-sorrel and wild violet  
 Soothe my soul's fret,  
 The pure delicious vernal air  
 Blows away care,  
 The birds' reiterated songs  
 Heal fancied wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief  
 Drifts like a leaf,  
 And on its gently murmuring flow  
 Cares glide and go ;  
 The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,  
 The sprouting sedges  
 Waving beside the water's brink,  
 Come like cool drink  
 To fever'd lips, like fresh soft mead  
 To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I bed  
 My dreaming head  
 In grass ; I see far mountains blue,  
 Like heav'n in view,  
 Green world and sunny sky above  
 Alive with love ;  
 All, all, however came they there,  
 Divinely fair.

Is this the better oracle,  
 Or what streets tell ?  
 O base confusion, falsehood, strife,  
 Man puts in life !  
 Sink, thou life-measurer !— I can say  
 " I've lived a day ; "  
 And memory holds it now in keeping,  
 Awake or sleeping.

Fraser's Magazine.

## SONNET.

I PLUCKED some rose-leaves from a full-blown  
 flower,  
 And came to me this thought, that though  
 bereft  
 Of treasures sweet, yet are some rose-leaves  
 left,  
 Though but a tithe of our loved former dower.  
 And when I passed again, the garden bower  
 Was strewn with petals which the faint  
 wind bore  
 From off the unpicked stem ; a fragrance  
 o'er  
 The crimson forms crept slow in death's last  
 hour.  
 So, gentle lady, when in beauty's prime  
 I heeded not thy excellences rare,  
 But fondly thought that all-decaying time  
 Could never dim thy lustrous beauty fair,  
 Yet death's fell hand, strewing thy early  
 bloom,  
 Hath made a heaven of the darkest tomb.

Tinsley's Magazine.

J. H. J.

## THE OLD MILL.

ONE hundred years the mill has stood :  
 One hundred years the dashing flood  
 Has turned the wheel with roaring sound,  
 Through foaming waters, round and round.

One hundred years : and overhead  
 The same broad roof of blue is spread ;  
 And in the meadows, bright and green,  
 The miller's children still are seen.

And thus the world is still the same :  
 The sunset clouds are turned to flame ;  
 And while we live, and when we die,  
 The lark still carols in the sky.

And others rise to fill our place ;  
 We sleep, and others run the race :  
 And earth beneath and skies above  
 Are still the same ; and God is love.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

## MICHAEL ANGELO.

HIS spirit haunts the olive-laden banks,  
 The cypressed village-belfry in decay,  
 The marble hills whose silvery whiteness flanks  
 The vale he loved : all seems the former day  
 When he began in art's warm hand to thaw  
 The frosted rock, and petrify the beam  
 That round his chisel swerved until he saw  
 The spirit's beauty o'er the features gleam.

And yon old sunset, that with rosy dyes  
 Fades in the marble hollows, tells anew  
 Of Twilight's nodding brows and closing eyes,—  
 As when the statue from their depths he  
 drew  
 Which now in drowsy marble seems to wait,  
 Ere it go down, the waking of the dead,—  
 That simmers in half-sleep, as there it sate  
 When lifted dozing from its ancient bed.

There he first listened to the ringing note  
 That seemed in harmony with art to breathe  
 Out of the marble which the mallet smote,  
 As though a siren quickened underneath.  
 There he first dreamed how all forms fair be-  
 low  
 In yonder virgin cemetery lay,  
 Their beauty crusted over, like the snow  
 Eternal with the snow of yesterday.

He sees the wrestlers, the last gasping throe,  
 The pent-up strength, the all-resisting  
 strain ;  
 Yet, ere the victor strike that vengeful blow,  
 The rigid arm he grasps must snap in twain.  
 He sees Laocoon climb the serpent-wave  
 That plunges o'er him with a tempest's  
 might,  
 Hurrying his sons to the engulfing grave  
 That whirls them helpless from his suffering  
 sight.

DR. HAKE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
ETON COLLEGE.

THE old institution of Eton, which has gone on without much talk, though with a great deal of substantial prosperity and importance for centuries, has suddenly blossomed out into literature of various kinds,—not, we presume, by previous understanding, but by a sufficiently whimsical coincidence. While Eton has been clamouring in the newspapers for and against a recent exercise of authority which of itself was startling enough to claim the notice of the day, Eton has been rolling out of the more permanent press in big books, biographies, sketches, histories, as if all her chroniclers *se sont donnés le mot*, to seize upon this occasion for bringing her more and more completely before the world. We have etchings of Eton with appropriate letterpress, biographies of Etonians with appropriate portraits; and here, in the most dignified performance of all, “A History of Eton College,”\* carefully done, and ably illustrated, which must certainly afford the reader, whether he is or is not specially interested in Eton, as much information as he can require on the subject. There are, however, a great many people who are interested in Eton; and it is, *per se*, a picturesque institution, so full of attractive phases, and rich in its varied connections with social life, that it affords room for a great deal of commentary. Public schools altogether have, of recent days—must we say chiefly in consequence of the supreme difficulties which are apparently found in working them?—come into great fashion and favour as subjects of discussion. Perhaps the remarkable autocracy of Dr. Arnold, by creating a certain small school of prophets whose lives have been a perpetual chorus in his praise, was the real first cause of the current of public attention which, since the time of “Tom Brown,” has made it profitable for literature, light and otherwise, to make what it could of this subject. Before that time, except for a vague pride in our public schools, or an equally vague horror of

them, the general public gave the institution but small attention. We all remembered dimly how Cowper vituperated with something of that shrill passion peculiar to the amiable mind when unduly excited, and how Charles Lamb maundered in his delightful way. But Christ's Hospital, though it came to such fame in the little brotherhood of whom Lamb was the spokesman, did not look very delightful in his pages; and it has remained for the Arnoldian brotherhood to introduce a new deity into our mythology and a new ideal to our aspirations. The head-master is the god, and the public-schoolboy is the ideal, of this new creed, and a quickened interest in everything belonging to the sphere in which they flourish is the natural consequence; while all the recent overturning of the old constitutions, and modelling to suit modern ideas of their systems of government, have at once increased and given expression to the public interest. In the mean time the book before us presents us with a full account of Eton at all times and under all its changes. The smallness of the fountain-head and the bigness of the stream, the curious twist away from, yet never till now in direct contradiction of, the original meaning of the foundation, which the energetic life of the place has taken, are set before us as clearly as the natural effects of a landscape. It is an instance of the development theory which might please Mr. Darwin himself, without displeasing the most orthodox of Mr. Darwin's adversaries. Of the religious corporation and the educational institute which were founded together, the first was much the greatest at the beginning. The little school humbly placed under its guardianship has, however, been as the cuckoo's egg in this mild ecclesiastical nest; it has outgrown its secondary position and thrust out one by one the other claimants to the superior place, and at last is left in immediate conflict or grim truce with the parent sparrow herself in the person of those lingering old fellows—the last of their race—whom the young giant, flapping its wings, is now ready to swallow up altogether at a moment's notice—or without.

The foundation of Eton College presents

\* A History of Eton College. By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, M.A. Illustrated by P. H. Delamotte. Macmillan & Co.



to us a touching historical picture, one of those which affect both the imagination and the heart. The bold and energetic Plantagenet kings were all more or less notable persons in their own right, likely to make a commotion in the world even had they not been royal, and doing so royally with all the added force of their kingship. The change which occurs in history, when after all these stirring personages, a timid, gentle figure, sadly out of place in the imperial mantle, comes stealing on the stage with downcast eyes and feeble step, is curiously pathetic. More entirely out of place than the sixth Henry was it is impossible to conceive of any man being. "He was more fitted for a cowl than a crown," says the old chronicler; but he would have stood as poor a chance with the ambitious and enterprising churchmen of the time as with its princes. He was a retiring, gentle student, a weakly, ailing man, with the shadow of madness hanging over him, and all the shrinkings of a timid nature to hold him back; and he fell upon an exceptionally difficult time, with long arrears of unsettled questions before him to be brought to a conclusion somehow,—the matter of France, for instance, which his bold father had opened so brilliantly, and that matter of the succession which his sage and ambitious grandfather had vaulted over to gain the crown. How often does a strong man begin a course which he has to leave a feeble one to continue and fail in! The father who sets the mischief going, dies peaceably without being incommoded by it, and leaves it to fall upon the head of his innocent son. So it was with the weak young king left to undertake enterprises, and to answer for wrongs, which were none of his doing. But before he sank under the fatal burdens left to him, he managed to get one piece of congenial work executed under his very eyes. He founded Eton, appropriating to it the little waterside village which he must have watched in the sunshine since ever he was old enough to know anything. Windsor was the centre of his youthful life and studies, and with a natural instinct he chose a place close at hand, where he could watch over every new course of stone and bit of

carving that was put up, and every detail of order and discipline. There are plans still existing marked as being "the kyng's own voyse" in respect to the erection of the college buildings; and he never gave over planning for it and watching over it. In all his troubled and sorrowful reign it is the only thing apparent in which, on his own account, and as an individual man, Henry took pleasure; and this fact gives to the pious founder a pathetic interest. Had it only been given to him to be a peaceable schoolmaster, teaching "the art of grammar" to his poor scholars, or even the usher who assisted the master, how much happier might he have been! Instead of being dragged about by all those unruly nobles, and by that headstrong heroine Margaret, how much pleasanter to have nestled in the new walls, with a chamber to himself, as was the privilege of the master! But Henry VI. had to do as his birth compelled him, and could not take refuge in his school any more than Louis XVI. could in lockmaking. Poor king! alas, he had to give up that, and toil horribly without any hope, at alien matters, and finish up the work of father and grandfather, which he tried to do trembling, with tools that were too big for him, paying for his feebleness and his failures the poor forfeit of his life; but founding Eton all the same, which was something—snatching a precarious pleasure out of his kingship so long as there remained to him any real power!

The foundation of the new establishment was, however, very strangely different from the present institution as we find it. The chief feature in King Henry's plan was the college in distinction from the school—the religious corporation of provost and fellows, for whom he built his chapel, and to whom he secured various privileges of special indulgence from Rome to be attached to the church under their ministrations, and various properties of more immediate practical value. The provost, up to the present day, has the power, if he should choose to exercise it, secured to him forever of granting plenary indulgence at the Feast of the Assumption, commuting the vows of all penitents, and giving indulgences for seven years to

pilgrims who shall "devoutly visit his collegiate church on any of the festivals of the Blessed Virgin or of S. Nicholas, or on that of the translation of King Edward the Confessor." Alas! these precious privileges remain in abeyance, unasked for by profane moderns, who are more ready to caricature the excellent provost in the frivolous productions of the day, than to take advantage of the spiritual graces vested in him. Those graces, however, were obtained from the pope at the cost of many difficult negotiations, by special envoys sent to Rome, and were a great honour and distinction to the English king's pet institution. Perhaps some very High-Church provost in times to come may turn them to use again.

It does not appear, however, that these privileges were ever very profitable to the newly-established college. The penitents who crowded to the new shrine seem to have cost fully as much as the amount of their offerings. And we read of as many as thirty confessors who had to be brought from other ecclesiastical establishments, to help the Eton priests in confessing the multitude—an importation which cost money, as is ruefully recorded. Besides the cost, the difficulty of finding provisions for these fluctuating and periodical crowds was considerable, and had to be met by the establishment of fairs twice a year. One in August, at the Feast of the Assumption, specially for the pilgrims; the other at the beginning of Lent, in the interests of salt-fish and other Lenten provisions. No doubt these jovial accompaniments of the religious celebrations must have cheered the life of our mediæval schoolboys, and given them a fair share of distraction to lighten their not very profound studies: but the schoolboys are insignificant, and kept in the background—not much more important, indeed, than the bedesmen who formed part of the original institution, but were soon abolished. The college, however, had scarcely been set agoing, when it ran the risk of complete ruin and extinction. Edward IV. had no fancy for keeping up an institution so entirely associated with his predecessor; and we regret to confess, that poor king Henry's newly-appointed func-

tionaries hastened as one man to submit themselves to the new power, throwing off all allegiance and kindness towards their founder with characteristic ease and promptitude. Even before Edward had proclaimed himself king, they had managed to get a promise of protection from him; meek Henry's fostering care for nearly twenty years, during which Eton had been his dearest thought, appealing apparently to no weakness of fidelity in his robust clerical favourites. They showed more spirit, however, a few years later, when King Edward, untouched by this prompt submission, made a strenuous effort to abolish Eton altogether, attaching its existing members as pensioners and supernumeraries to the chapter of Windsor. On this occasion the provost, Westbury, took energetic measures for protesting against the proposed spoliation, and appealed formally to the pope, who had sanctioned King Edward's project; and during a painful interval of uncertainty the corporation seems to have held its ground, bravely enduring the diminution of its revenues which followed, receiving no stipend at all for one year, and for some time after much reduced allowances, but remaining victors in the end. The "pious founder," however, whose memory at a safe distance all Etonians have cherished, died, or was murdered, without any sign of regret from the rulers of his most important undertaking. Shortly after Henry's melancholy end they entertained Edward and his queen with great pomp and ceremony. Such is the fate of benefactors! Let us hope that the number of times since then when comfortable provosts and fellows have pledged in good wine his sacred memory, may have been some consolation to the mildest of all the Plantagenets.

Mr. Maxwell Lyte gives full particulars of the original plan, and of the modifications of the buildings in Henry's first intention. He, it is evident, contemplated at first a more magnificent church than the one which he afterwards found practicable—a not unusual occurrence. There are some quaint details of the school-buildings, which show the homely standard of domestic comfort. The room now

used as the lower school was for several centuries the only schoolroom in existence; the boys slept in rooms on the ground-floor, and the fellows and the master had each a separate chamber on the floor above. The chaplains, usher, and clerks, were assigned one room for every two persons. "And the occupants of the upper floor were specially charged to be careful not to inconvenience those below them by spilling beer, wine, or water." At a much later period, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the same imperfect flooring seems still to have existed, as we find from a serious complaint made against the retinue of the French ambassador, who, with his attendants, spent some time in partial confinement at Eton—a curious state prison. "Whereas," says this strange document, "their kitchen ys under the ussher's chamber, they have at sundry times thrust up spittes in such places as the bordes be not close joyned, and also discharged their dagges upon other places of the said bordes, to the great daunger of those that be above; but wch of them did it yt cannot be known, because they that be above cannot see them that be beneth, save that the first of January, about three of the clock at afternoon, oon of them was seen thrust upp a spitte wherwth hee had almost hitt a little boy that was in the chamber, and he that did this was in a graye fryze coat or jerkin." This quaint evidence of the imperfections of the lodging does not give us a very agreeable idea of the comfort of the poor ushers, liable to be invaded by the greasy spit of some saucy knave of the kitchen in the midst of their labours. Ushers have had their difficulties, it is evident, in all ages; and whether the perils of the present time are worse or better than the perils of the past, it would be difficult to say. The school, however, continues to occupy a subordinate place in the formal history of Eton for a long time. The head-master is only occasionally mentioned by name, and we are not even informed when it became necessary to add to the one usher appointed by the original constitution. The provost remained the important head of the corporation, the real representative of Eton almost up to the time when Dr. Keate, by right of a trenchant character and individuality, emerged from the obscure, and made himself and his school the observed of all observers; not, indeed, in the superb Arnold way, as a demigod and fashioner of men, but in a manner sufficiently piquant

and striking to attract the attention of the world.

It is a long leap, however, to Keate. During the centuries that elapsed before his time, the provosts of Eton played no unimportant part in the commonwealth; and with a very general faithfulness to the principle of the foundation, cherished learning, and did their best for scholarship, protecting the school from all reverses, and maintaining its connection with the sister college of King's, founded at the same time, for which it was the nursery, and from which it drew, in the great majority of cases, its dignitaries and officers. The reverend corporation conducted its affairs with the most prudent compliance during the various religious changes which took place in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Nothing could be more submissive or docile than the provost and fellows. They took down their decorations, their crucifixes, their images, and put them up again with a sweetness quite exemplary, veering about according as the royal compass guided from one point to another. When Edward VI. came to the throne, they sold their embroideries and church-ornaments. "Many private persons' parlours were hung with altar-cloths, their tables and beds covered with copes instead of carpets and coverlets. It was a sorry house and not worth naming which had not somewhat of this furniture in it, though it was only a fair large cushion, made of a cope or altar-cloth, to adorn their windows, or make their chairs to have something in them of a chair of state." Thus the corporation turned a penny by the changes; but as soon as Mary succeeded, they replaced their high altar, effaced the texts painted on the walls, turned out the married fellows in all haste, and bought a handsome new dress of white damask, embroidered with lilies, for our Lady of Eton. If, however, these variations may be little creditable to the men who changed with such facility from one phase of faith to another, they were certainly good for the institution, which thus escaped the convulsions of the time, and said its prayers now after one fashion, now after another, in comfortable indifference, without any breach of daily life or necessary studies. The provosts who carried the college through these troublesome times were not, however, men of much note; but a more brilliant group followed in the days of Elizabeth and James, beginning with the great scholar,

Sir Henry Savile, who brought the fragrance of literary fame to this centre of learning, which was as yet but little acquainted with any glory of that description. Savile was a layman, which he had, indeed, no right to be; but he was the most eminent and distinguished man who had ever occupied the chief place in Eton. The classical Renaissance, begun so long before, was in the full tide of print at this moment, putting forth everywhere careful editions of Greek and Latin authors, and teaching the world of students to read, and collate, and arrange, and edit — work most necessary and important, though never, perhaps, so attractive to the imagination as original production. Savile's great effort was an edition of the works of St. John Chrysostom, which he had printed under his own eye at Eton, his printing-presses working in some part of the building which is now converted into a house for the head-master. This work brought him, as was natural, more glory than profit. "The Elector Palatine gave him a handsome present of plate; the United Provinces gave him a chain worth £40; and the Venetian republic caused a medal to be engraved with his name: but the work sold very slowly." Greek type in those days was a subject of interest to the entire world of letters, and printers were themselves distinguished for learning and research. Savile, besides this laborious work, was the author of several scholarly productions, one of which, "a treatise on Roman warfare, was thought worthy of being translated into German long after his death." He was, however, something of a fine gentleman as well as a great scholar, and treated his poorer brethren in the republic of letters with lofty condescension. The only previous connection of Eton with literature was of a much less dignified kind — Udall, the head-master in the reign of Elizabeth, being the author of "the earliest English comedy now extant," a play called "Ralph Roister Doister," dear to antiquarians, which it is supposed was written to be acted by the boys. Savile, however, was altogether a man of greater pretensions and importance than any of his predecessors, and did his best to improve the character of the corporation, and secure learned scholars of the first rank as fellows of the college. It is said that the school flourished greatly under his sway.

After the death of Sir Henry Savile, Eton was very near coming into connection with a very great name indeed, no less a personage than Lord Bacon having

asked for the appointment. "It were a pretty cell for my fortunes," says this great applicant. "The college, if I chose, I do not doubt but I shall make to flow-ryish. His Majesty, whom I wayted on since, took notice of my wants, and said to me that as he was a king he would have care of me. This is a thing somebody must have, and costs his M. nothing." It is curious to think that this supreme intelligence should have actually taken trouble to get the place which he thought suitable for him, and failed. What a wonderful splendour was thus lost for Eton the historian does not seem to be very clearly conscious of; but it will probably affect the reader with something of that tantalized and vexed disappointment which is naturally felt when a great chance is lost. Bacon describes himself with some pathos as "a man out of sight and out of use," while he presses his ineffectual suit. "There will hardly fall (especially in the spent houre-glass of such a life as myne) anything so fitt for me, being a retreat to a place of study so near London," he says. But evidently the great philosopher had no chance, the qualities required for the office being summed up by the lord keeper in a sense which was much against Bacon. "It is somewhat necessary to be a good scholar," this great functionary admits; "but more, that he be a good husband and a careful manager, and a stayed man, which no man can be that is so much indebted as my Lord St. Albans." It gives one a curious thrill of sensation to see Bacon judged and set aside on the ground of not being "a good husband" — i.e., a thrifty administrator, and "a stayed man" — while such nobodies as Sir Albertus Morton, Sir Dudley Carleton, and Sir Robert Ayton, are spoken of for the appointment; and King James's "Steenie," the favourite Buckingham, is made the final judge in the matter — "whomsoever your lordship shall name," being the man to be chosen. What a strange picture does it give us of the muddle of mortal affairs, to find one of the greatest minds ever produced on English soil standing thus humbly in competition with a handful of insignificant courtiers! The humbled giant no doubt deserved his overthrow; but there is a mixture of the ludicrous with the melancholy in his application and rejection. Eton, during the whole of her long story, never came within speaking distance of so splendid a genius again.

However, happily, the provost who was selected was not altogether a nobody, though, oddly enough, no one could be

further from possessing those qualities of "good husband and careful manager," which had just been instanced as essential. Sir Henry Wotton, who received the appointment over the head of so great a competitor, was about as thriftless a personage as could have been found in England. He had begun life by nearly ruining Casaubon in Geneva, leaving him with careless want of feeling — though well enough aware that nothing but the rigidest Swiss thrift kept the poor scholar afloat — responsible for debts of such an amount as made good Isaac's hair stand on end. Wotton was, as his friend and biographer Walton informs us, "so careless of money as though our Saviour's words, 'Care not for the morrow,' were to be literally understood;" a disposition compatible with many excellences, but trying for the friends and sureties of the prodigal. However, he was not insignificant, but a pretty poet, and distinguished though rash and thoughtless man. It was he who wrote the famous definition of an ambassador, "*Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublice causa*," — as rash a public statement as his advice to a young diplomatist to "speak the truth" was witty. "You shall never be believed," he said; "and by this means your truth will secure yourself if you shall ever be called to any account; and 'twill put your adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."

A man in whom this light-hearted cynicism mingled with the charming sentiment and sense of melody which is to be found in his poems, could scarcely fail to add grace at least to his office. He was a great angler like his biographer; and it is a pleasant association with the soft scenery of the Thames at that tranquil spot to realize the presence of these two men, moored across the stream, or withdrawn upon the green bank among the willows for many a pleasant hour. What a serene paradise for the musing fishermen! — soft ripple of the water, green plenitude of shade, the soft blue of the May skies above, the plunge of here and there an active pike, the flutter of countless insects, all mingled in one melodious rustle and low monotone of sound. "He would rather live five May months than forty Decembers," the poet is reported to have said; and such a sentiment sounds more like the graceful cavalier who apostrophized the stars as "the common people of the skies," cast into shade by the moon rising, as were all lesser beauties

by the coming of his lady — than it is like a provost of Eton, not usually a very graceful or poetical functionary. Let us comfort ourselves, then, if we missed Bacon, that we got something at least much out of the traditionary official. This new kind of provost, genial and sympathetic as he was by nature, found an interest in the boys about him which such men seldom fail to feel. "He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in the school, in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning, and was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths whom he picked out of the school, and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at meals." His predecessor, Savile, had been severe, and "had a rooted distrust of clever youths who relied on their natural talents." "Give me the plodding student," he would say; "if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate: there be the wits." Wotton, with his own gentle genius to inspire him, restored the equilibrium, and gave the "wits" their due place again — which is rarely too high a place in the active and muscular world of a public school.

The next provost of note, and the last of any particular distinction, was Francis Rous, the Parliamentary. Mr. Maxwell Lyte, who is very tolerant of the changes of faith in the Reformation period, becomes mildly rabid as behoves a good Churchman, when the Commonwealth comes on the scene, and can find nothing to say in favour of the Puritan provost, against whom, however, he can find but little to object, though his inclination to do so is evident. Rous has a claim to a good word from every Scotch critic as the author of that metrical version of the psalms which has penetrated the mind of Scotland as thoroughly as the national ballads and songs, in which our "respect-it mither" has always delighted — and in many a well-known verse and pregnant line familiar as household words all over Scotland, has proved himself no contemptible poet. This version "is still used by Scotch Presbyterians," Mr. Maxwell Lyte informs us kindly, probably believing that to give utterance to the devotions of a whole country for two hundred years is a trifling feat not worth recording. "It must be owned, however," the historian says, that Rous "ever showed as warm an interest in the college as if he had been one of its legitimate members" — a condescending approbation for which the Puritan ought to be grateful. Rous was the last provost

with any pretension to more note and distinction in this world than belong to the "good husband and careful manager" of a great institution: and from this period the chief interest begins to change; the head-master assumes importance, and the school rises into prominence. Its numbers had been increasing slowly but surely during the gradual progress of the ages: the outside pupils, then called commensals as now oppidans, had swelled into an important element in the school, and the position of scholars on the foundation had become the object of hot competition, great personages even becoming supplicants to the provosts of the time for an admission. Wotton complains on one occasion that "this hath been the most distracted election that I verily believe had ever before been seen, since this nurse first gave milk, through no less than four commendatory and one mandatory letter from the king himself, besides intercessions and messengers from divers great personages for boys both in and out, enough to make us think ourselves shortly electors of the empire, if it hold on." Notwithstanding this high popularity, however, the life of the Eton scholars does not seem to have been at all delightful. There is an interesting and instructive record and contrast given in the two chapters which describe the school-life of Eton in the sixteenth and in the eighteenth centuries, which is well worth notice. At the first date we have a stern picture enough, resembling in very few points the freedom and happy variety of Etonian existence at the present day. Here is an account of the routine of one day's work in this rude morning of the school-history. It applies, of course, entirely to scholars, the commensals being as yet unimportant; probably the few who existed had a somewhat easier time of it as lodging out of college.

Like the boys of Wykeham's foundation, the Eton scholars rose early, being awakened at five in the morning by one of the præpostors, who thundered out "*Surgite*." While dressing they chanted prayers, probably consisting of Latin psalms in alternate verses. Each boy had to make his own bed, and to sweep the dust from under it into the middle of the long chamber, whence it was removed by four juniors selected for the purpose by the præpostors. All then went down-stairs two and two to wash, doubtless at the "children's pump" mentioned in the ancient books. There was no morning service for the boys in church as there was at Winchester; so, their ablutions ended, they proceeded at once to their respective places in the schoolroom.

The usher came in at six, and kneeling at the upper end of the room, said prayers. While he was engaged in teaching the lower forms, one of the præpostors made a list of those who were late for prayers, while the *præpostor immundanorum* had to examine the faces and hands of his schoolfellows in order to report any who appeared dirty to the head-master on his entry at seven o'clock. Work of various kinds was carried on till after nine, when there was a short interval, probably for breakfast, as at Winchester, though Malim makes no allusion to any such meal. At ten o'clock one of the præpostors shouted "*Ad preces consurgite*," to recall the boys to school, when, standing in order on either side of the room, they had to recite further prayers. Dinner was served at eleven o'clock, and the boys marched to the hall and back in double file. The work in school began again at mid-day and lasted continuously till three. The afternoon playtime ended at four, and was followed by another hour of lessons. At five the boys again left the school in procession, apparently for supper. The duties of the master and usher were now ended for the day, as the work between six and eight was carried on under the superintendence of monitors chosen from among the members of the seventh form. There was a slight break at seven o'clock for another meal, which probably consisted only of a draught of beer and a slice of bread. At eight the boys went to bed chanting prayers.

The studies of the boys, who led this almost monastic life, were apparently confined almost exclusively to Latin. Their real holidays were but three weeks in the year, beginning on Ascension Day. The Easter and Christmas holidays were spent at Eton, in a slight relaxation of work, the spare time apparently being filled up by writing lessons. In summer they had milder rules, were allowed to take a siesta in the schoolroom after dinner, and had *bever* at three — a draught of college beer to wit, which is still the summer privilege of the king's scholars, though the siesta is no longer a matter of rule. On the feast of Saints Philip and James they were allowed to go out at four in the morning to get branches of may with which to decorate Long Chamber, a custom also kept up until Long Chamber was happily abolished. They had a "nutting" also in autumn. On all the holy days between the feast of the translation of King Edward (October 13) and Easter they had to get up at four, to receive religious instruction before beginning the ordinary lessons of the day. Imagine, O luxurious Etonians, those miserable winter mornings! no breakfast to be looked for till nine o'clock, the beds to be made with chill blue hands, the shivering march into the schoolroom



in the blackness of the dark and cold! The oppidans or commensals probably were a little better off; though their fare cannot have been sumptuous, as the first Eton bill which has been preserved indicates the sum of sixteen shillings and sevenpence for the boy's expenses for the "half;" or perhaps the time was shorter, as it is described as a "quarter." In Eton jargon, as everybody knows, there are three "halves" in the year. These out-boys lodged in houses in Eton, but dined and supped in hall according to their pretensions, some at the high table with the chaplains and ushers, others along with the collegers, a custom long since rendered impracticable by the increasing numbers. All the pupils wore black frieze gowns, a relic of which costume remains in the gown of the collegers, which is now worn only during school and on occasions of state.

Two centuries later, however, we find the rules much modified. By this time the chance lodgings at Eton, with meals in hall, and work done in school, had given way to the regular dame's house, with its private table and studies. The school had outgrown both the quaint old schoolroom — which is now used by the lower boys alone — and the beautiful hall now appropriated to the use of the collegers or foundation scholars. The number of commensals or oppidans had risen to something more than three hundred by the beginning of the century. The tutorial system had been established, and most of the existing rules of Eton were already to be found in more or less perfect operation. Holidays were much more frequent. In a regular week Tuesday was a whole holiday, Thursday a half-holiday, and Saturday a "play at four." "The half-holiday on Thursday in regular weeks used to be granted by the provost at the request of a number of the sixth form who had done a specially good exercise. The boy who was thus 'sent up for play' was allowed to absent himself from eleven o'clock school on Thursday, in order to copy out on gilt-edged paper the exercise which he had to present to the provost at noon." This formula is still preserved so far as the term "sent up for play" is concerned, though the half-holiday is now a rule of the school, independent of the performances of the sixth form, the arrangement being that Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are all half-holidays. Whole holidays now are only on saints' days, or on some special occasion. Strangers to Eton must not suppose, however (but this is a

digression), that these three half-holidays represent unbounded leisure and play. They are often just as much occupied as the "whole school days," by private work with the tutors or special studies. The range of study in the eighteenth century had much widened from the narrow limits of the sixteenth. Greek now shared with Latin in almost equal parts, with a much wider range of books; and though "writing lessons" did not come in to fill all gaps as of old, the younger boys were still "exercised" in that "and in arithmetic, while some of the fifth form now and then learned a little geography, or even algebra." "Those who stayed in Eton long enough went through part of Euclid, and thus would proceed to college 'competent scholars.'" At this time the staff of teachers had been increased by the appointment of eight assistant masters: one master and one usher — now respectively entitled the head-master and the lower master — being all that was contemplated or appointed by King Henry. These alone were members of the college. The assistants, as has been pointedly shown in recent days, were unthought of at that early period, as they are still unconsidered, though avowedly necessary persons, with no particular standing-ground and no rights. To complete the contrast with the standard of two hundred years before, the Eton boy's bills of the eighteenth century (the said boy being no less a personage than Mr. William Pitt) came to the sum of £29 os. 3d. This, however, includes the tailor's, shoemaker's, hatter's, and barber's bills, with surgeon's attendance, and all the extras which swell a modern bill to three times this sum; but at all events it was a great advance from the 16s. of the earlier account, and it is an amusing gauge of the way in which expenses have risen, as well as of the wonderful lessening in value of that commodity called money, which fluctuates in value more than bread or beef.

Here is an amusing letter, showing the amount of work that was going on at the time, which Mr. Maxwell Lyte prints very seriously, not without some amazement evidently at the tutor's spelling and diction, though there seems little doubt that it is playfully intended as the boy's own version of his labours. It is addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, evidently by a private tutor in charge of his son — a thing permitted up to very recent times.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE, — I am to make my Lord Lincoln's excuses for not writing, which, considering all things, a'n't

bad ones. He has twice as much book, and desire to play as ever he had in his life, and can't find a moment's leisure. From construing and pearcing Greek, he is gon to make verses, and from verses to prose, and from prose to Greek again; what time for letters? and what a change from Claremont! Nevertheless, ye number of boys in ye same case with himself makes ye pill go down, though it is a bitter one. He has been examined by ye doctor, and is placed in ye 4th form, last remove, till further trial, tho' I am of opinion 'tis better to keep him there than to hurry him through the school too fast.

This tremendous amount of Greek and composition in lower fourth, not a very lofty division of the school, is imposing; and no doubt Lord Lincoln's parents were proud of, if alarmed by, the prose and the verses, and all this *pearcing* (a happy blunder) of crabbed Greek.

The Eton apotheosis of the head-master was not attained till the beginning of the present century in the person of Dr. Keate. Provosts had been sinking, and the head-masters rising, in importance for some time previously; but Keate was one of those energetic and whimsical figures which seize upon the popular imagination. He was not of the heroic kind. Nothing in the least resembling the reputation of Dr. Arnold has ever been known in Eton. Perhaps its greater size prevents the growth of so intense a personal influence, or perhaps it is simply that Providence has never favoured the greater institution with a person worthy of such domination. Nobody can doubt the attachment of Etonians to their school, or their readiness to display, at least in their earlier days, a very promising inclination to find in a popular master every quality that young imaginations can demand, or are ready to supply. But no hero, framing and shaping the minds about him, has ever appeared on the banks of the Thames, which is somewhat curious. Keate has had no congregation of neophytes to spread his honour and glory; but he swayed the school like the captain of a ship, keeping it in a state of half-amused, half-alarmed subjection, a droll little figure, birch in hand, which he was always ready to use at a moment's notice, — testy, intemperate, severe, just, honest, kind-hearted, and ludicrous, an embodiment of living paradox such as the world is always glad to meet with. Dr. Keate got his appointment in 1809, on the succession of the suave and courtly Goodall to the provost's somewhat diminished throne, and held it for a quarter of a century to the amusement of all England, and

with results of the most encouraging description so far as Eton was concerned, where he stormed and flogged himself into the very highest popularity. What this popularity rested upon, it seems rather hard to say, except upon the whimsicality and unfailing fund of amusement which even the boys between the floggings found in the fiery little despot, whose very appearance, in the "fancy dress partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, partly that of a widow-woman" which Mr. Kinglake humorously describes, was full of characteristic absurdity, defiant of and indifferent to ridicule.

The school was regulated in his day by the same rules, customs, and text-books which had prevailed during the previous century, and it is clear that he took no steps to improve these. The standards of education were not high, nor were the assistant masters distinguished; but in default of brilliant gifts or great power as a master, Keate had character, which is of all endowments the one most universally and immediately acknowledged both among boys and men. Nowhere could there have been found a more trenchant and decided human being. By this means he impressed himself upon the place and the age, and the memory of his pupils — a man whose very outline is unmistakable, whose actions are all so like him that he has, of course, been saddled with the responsibility of many which are merely happy inventions, so easy was it to copy the kind of thing which everybody knew he would do. Much more interesting and fine developments of nature are thrown into the shade always by this clean-cut realism which requires no divination, but forces a conception of itself upon the meanest capacity; but Keate's birch was as inseparable from him as his character. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said the quaint little despot, with his shaggy eyebrows and fiery glances. "Mind that; it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you." Another anecdote narrates how a boy, who had been wrongly condemned, brought forward an *alibi*; "but this did not save him: for as he enumerated his actions in detail, Keate interposed, at the end of every sentence, 'Then I'll flog you for that!'" It is also told of him that, having accidentally received the names of a number of candidates for confirmation on a slip of paper like that used for the "bill," which usually contains the names of the condemned, he insisted upon flogging through the

list of catechumens, laying on his strokes all the more heavily on the ground that the boys were setting up a most irreverent plea to evade punishment. The hot-headed haste which would not pause even to ascertain the truth or falsehood of such an excuse, is poorly compensated by the drollery of the incident, at which, however, it is impossible not to laugh.

That such uncompromising discipline should have subdued the school in every moment of rebellion, and got the upper hand of a great many boyish attempts at resistance, is certainly true; but it is equally true that the rebellions which required such settlement are very much concentrated within Keate's days, and were probably as much produced as they were settled by his unfailing birch. On one occasion, when a whole division was threatened with punishment, and had made up its mind to resist, the energetic head-master solved the difficulty by sending the respective tutors to fetch the boys to him at night out of bed, and flogging them thus triumphantly in detail with perfect success — more than eighty of them exercising his accustomed arm at that unlikely moment, when combination and organized resistance was impossible. The incident is very odd, and the triumph was incontestable; but then, under no master but Keate did a whole division ever swear resistance before — and this ought to be recorded on the other side. However, persistent character, especially when it has so much of the comic element combined with it, always makes an impression; and up to this moment Keate is the man whom the ordinary reader will remember as the most notable representative of Eton. That such a droll head-master has ever flourished before or after him, as well as none so characteristic and remarkable, it is unnecessary to say.

The Newcastle Scholarship was founded in 1829, during Keate's reign, and has ever since remained the chief distinction which can be gained at Eton. It is indeed the only intellectual struggle which may be said to move the school to interest. In the higher divisions, at least, the discussion of who are likely to get a place in the "Select" is almost as animated as that more generally exciting question, who is to be in the eleven; though indeed we fear this is saying almost too much. It is, at least, the only distinction which approaches within a hundred miles, in social importance, of the all-imposing dignity of the eleven or the eight.

Dr. Keate's successor, Dr. Hawtrey, a man as refined and elegant in mind as the other was abrupt and hasty, was, however, the first reforming head-master of Eton. He it was who introduced, or permitted to be introduced, in a faltering and tentative way, into the school the study of mathematics, which has now taken so important a place; and it was he who helped to abolish the crying evil of the "Long Chamber." It is almost incredible that the abuses of this Long Chamber should have been in actual existence until so late a period as 1846, — the collegers — first object of the founder's care, and by far the most important portion of the school, if its original institution was taken into consideration — being huddled together, up to that date, as they were in the fifteenth century, with no attempt to improve their lodging, and very little to conform even their fare to the changes of the time. The Long Chamber had accommodation for fifty-two boys, who were crowded together without any possibility of privacy.

Chairs and tables did not exist, except for the privileged few, and the wind whistled through the gaping casements. Candlesticks were made by folding a leaf torn out of a schoolbook, and cutting a hole in the middle of it to receive a candle. A college servant was supposed to sweep the room daily, to make the beds, and, in winter, to light the fires; but this was all, and he did not sleep on the premises. In point of fact, the lower boys always had to make the beds of the sixteen seniors; and also to fetch water for them overnight from the pump in Weston's Yard. They themselves, and members of the fifth form, had no chance of washing in college. From 9 A.M. till early school on the following morning, the collegers were left to do as they pleased, free from any sort of supervision. The food which the college provided was in its way as bad as the accommodation. The dinner in the middle of the day invariably consisted of mutton, potatoes, bread, and beer, with the addition of a pudding on Sundays. For those who got the first cuts the mutton was good enough, though dreadfully monotonous; but the younger boys fared badly. A few hours later cold mutton was served up under the name of supper, to the few who cared to come. The college did not provide any breakfast or tea. "In 1834," wrote a critic, not untruly, "the inmates of a workhouse or jail are better fed and lodged than the scholars of Eton." As a matter of fact, almost every colliager hired a room in the town, technically "out of bounds" — and, as such, neither recognized nor visited by any master — wherein to have his breakfast and tea, and prepare his lessons. This of course added to the collegers' expenses, which could never be reckoned at less than £80 a year.

Boys whose parents could not pay for a private room, "underwent privations that might have broken down a cabin-boy, and would be thought inhuman if inflicted upon a galley-slave."

It is an unfortunate kind of conservatism which clings to such painful traditions of the past simply because it is the past; and yet it is a kind which is always to be found in old institutions, to the great discredit and disadvantage of that enlightened conservatism which understands how to reform. These evils were amended in 1846, chiefly by the exertions of Provost Hodgson, who devoted himself to this effort and carried it out successfully; the king's scholars being thus placed on a footing of equality in respect to comfort with the other members of the school, to whom they are almost invariably equal in birth and breeding, and superior in intelligence and industry; the tradition of work being as completely identified with "college," as that of easy idleness, unfortunately, is or has been with the school in general. It is extraordinary to think, notwithstanding the miserable accommodation thus provided, and all the hardships involved, how great was the competition for these scholarships, at least in earlier times; the advantages, however, were great, involving not only the education at Eton, such as it was, but an easy transference without any troublesome test of examination to the corresponding scholarships in King's College, Cambridge, the other great institution of Henry VI., and in due time a fellowship there; which reconducted the scholar back again if he chose, to such power and emolument as was to be had at Eton. The same routine continues still to some degree, though strict examinations have become the rule; and though the tradition which made a "King's man" the natural candidate for every vacant place in the school has begun to yield to the universal competition of the times. Still, however, all but the last generation of masters at Eton have been almost as a matter of course fellows of King's.

Mr. Maxwell Lyte gives a spirited account of the remarkable institution of *Montem*, the triennial saturnalia or carnival of the school, which, however, was abolished as a fruitful source of abuses by the same public-spirited and courageous head-master Hawtrey, by this time advanced to the position of provost. This was done to the general satisfaction of everybody concerned, the school behaving, as the school often does in an emer-

gency, with a judgment and good sense worthy of maturer intelligences, and making no stand for the indulgence after the evils of its continuance had been pointed out. In this, as in many other points which we cannot pause to point out, the book before us gives a most satisfactory account of the progress of an institution which, coming humbly into being under the mild king's shadow, when kings themselves lived roughly, and when the art of grammar was the highest education dreamt of, has followed faithfully the rising fortunes of the nation, and progressed and expanded along with it. A handful of "poor and indigent scholars," "a college of sad priests," sparingly endowed, has grown into one of the largest and wealthiest of English institutions. The "sad priests" have been converted long ere now into rubicund and comfortable family men, and are just on the point of yielding their places altogether to the newly-appointed lay governors; but the new generations still jostle each other through the old quadrangle, and stream into King Henry's beautiful chapel, the only portion of the institution which has been preserved without change — as perhaps it is the only one in which change would be the reverse of an advantage. It is long now since there have been more hundreds of boys in the school than there were tens in Henry's foundation — boys a thousand times better cared for, more luxurious, more fortunate, better taught; for whose accommodation we of the modern centuries have cleverly built new schools that are like railway stations, and new houses that are a happy compound of the work-house and the barrack. But the old buildings retain their grave and natural beauty unimpaired. In all other arts we may have progressed, but in this art we have made anything but progress. All that we have done to the beautiful collegiate church, popularly called Eton Chapel, has been to cover up its mural paintings by indifferent canopy work, after having made considerable advances in the wise enterprise of sweeping them off altogether. Otherwise this fine building is as it was delivered over to England by its founder, the only thing from which incapacity happily staves off our meddling fingers — a work in which the fifteenth century was perfect, but of which we have lost the secret. Of this, and of many other picturesque corners of the old architecture, besides some charming views upon the river, always young and always fresh, which no antiquity can change, Mr. Dela-

motte, the able and graceful illustrator of Mr. Maxwell Lyte's work, has given us a large number of examples. These charming pictures will recall many a delight to the old Etonian; and the book altogether is one which the sons of Eton, always affectionate and admiring, will appreciate to the bottom of their hearts.

There are a few small errors in the brief paragraphs appropriated to the recent history of Eton which it would be ill-natured to point out; and its present condition is but little touched upon in the present volume, though it would be naturally to the present generation the most interesting chapter of all. Great changes have happened within the old institution; but there seems little appearance that Eton will either fall off in any noticeable way, or that she will take any leading or initiative part in the future history of education, any more than she has done in the past. Her position has always been rather that of a representative than that of a leader. She has followed the general advance of instruction rather than marched in the van, as was natural for the chosen instructress of those classes to which many other things are more, or at least equally, important than technical education. The cultivation of those qualities which regulate all intercourse between man and man, and which are so important to the future rulers of the world, those delicate sciences of *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre*, which have scarcely acquired names in our vulgar tongue, have been flatteringly supposed to form a large portion of her system of instruction: at all events, the world has gone upon the idea that this was the case, and that knowledge of its manifold and complicated self was one of the great faculties of its pet school. Thus Eton has been rather a gauge of the intellectual advance of the country than one of its impulses; a test much fitter than any exceptional standard of individuals, the highest of whom is almost always in advance of his age. A vast school like Eton cannot be in advance of its age. It has all the *vis inertiae* of wealth and long establishment to hold it back, and bonds of tradition which are too dear, even to those who see their disadvantages, to be lightly broken. Thus its advances have been very slow, and often made with forced and unharmonious action. Recent legislation has altered fundamentally the constitution of the school without being able to subdue those peculiarities of its ancient character, and the result is, for the moment at least, of a somewhat anomalous

and wonderful description. A forced crop of new studies, modern sciences rushing in to jostle that old patriarchal science of numbers which had but just attained some real confidence in its position, itself a stranger and novice in regions given up to the "art of grammar" from time immemorial, have at least all the prejudices of the day in their favour. But how the new experiments in government, already unsuccessfully tried in other schools, are to answer here, remains a question.

Putting, however, these politics of the subject aside, and looking at Eton from its external aspect only, it is curious to note how the broadest, fullest, most happy development of boyish life that the world has ever known, should have burst out of that homely bud of King Henry's semi-monastic foundation. Between the spare living, hard commons, bare lodging, cold and dark and monotonous, through which the original "poor and indigent scholars" struggled into their little bit of learning, what a contrast to the abundant, luxurious, sunshiny existence, full of variety and brightness, which makes his time at Eton the happiest time of a boy's life! The cosy little comfortable room in which he has all his treasures round him, his pictures and little decorations, his books, his tokens of home; the constant exercise, which keeps him healthy and lively — games of all manly kinds, pursued with more stir of mind and emulation than are the studies; the studies themselves, accompanied by careful guidance all through — his tutor always at hand to be consulted on every difficulty and protect him in every scrape — and carried on in rooms, every bit of wall in which is marked with names now known over all the world, and which have all the prestige of antiquity and importance about them; the fine fields and trees; the beautiful river; the distinctions of all sorts to be won; the social grades to be ascended, — no life could be more full. The Eton boy has the life of a public man before he has reached his nineteenth year. If he gets into "a good set" to begin with, his progress upward is as easily marked as might be that of a young diplomat or soldier. At first the distinctions of work, indeed, tell little; and a clever small boy, if he is not careful to avoid the reputation of a "sap," may find himself arrested in his social progress by his very talents. But as soon as he gets a place in his house eleven, and is entitled to "his colours," he has got his start in that great career; after which the

boats and the field, the eleven or the eight, are steps of rank which rise before him, a succession of distinctions. On the other hand, by the time he has reached "the first hundred," talent begins to tell, and even supposing he has never got any "colours" at all, and cannot "do" anything, he has still a chance of fame from character and ability; though mere intellectual gifts without some weight of character fail generally to make much impression on the school. Then comes the struggle for the Newcastle, which is, as we have said, the great intellectual excitement of the school — the summer examination of the first hundred — and the glory and responsibilities of sixth form; balanced, alas! more than balanced, on the athletic side by distinctions more easily understood — the prizes of the yearly match at Lord's, and the yearly boat-race at Henley. Then comes "Pop" and the "Eton society," club and parliament of those acknowledged superiors of the school, whose influence is more potent than that of the authorities themselves. Often, indeed, boys not of the first rank get hoisted into "Pop" by special athletic distinctions, while boys renowned for scholarship alone are kept back; but scarcely any lads of real character and ability fail to get admission sooner or later. No member of Parliament occupies a prouder position than does the sixth-form boy who is a member of Pop, and upon whom the common crowd look with admiration as a "swell" — who speaks in the debates in that famous assembly, and is responsible in some degree for the discipline of the school, and walks about the Eton streets with a frank consciousness of his own importance which attends no other stage in life. Few if any boys who begin life badly, who are in an indifferent "set," whose tastes are low, or their conduct bad, ever reach within speaking distance of this oligarchy. They have thus, as we have said, an entire public life before they reach the age of manhood, and can scarcely fail to learn something of those arts of government which are so precious in after-life, as well as of the self-control which accompanies responsibility. The multitude never get so far at all; but then the multitude never in any case attains a supreme position, and ordinary mortals cannot hope without effort or exertion to become kings of men.

And happy is the lot even of that undistinguished multitude. What if it has "pupil-room" to think of now and then, and hard copies of verses and tedious

"construing" to go through with "m'tutor" before the lesson is done in school; has it not "after twelves" and "after fours," in which nothing but pleasure has any claim upon the happy hours; and better still, that summer "after six," when heaven and earth conspire to make the urchins blessed? Then with a rush the black-coated boys disappear, and all the place is still for a breathless minute; when back they pour "changed" in every shade of grey, in straw hats or caps, in easy boating or cricket shoes, as motley a multitude as five minutes since they were monotonous and uniform. How gay the place becomes all about, the playing-fields all bright with house-colours, and "Sixpenny" so covered that "you can scarce see the grass for" boys; while up the river for a good mile there is nothing to be seen but boats big and small, outriggers, gigs, fours, and pairs, keeping with minutest correctness their "side" as they flit up and down, now and then swamping for mere fun if the evening is very warm, training for races, coaching their neighbours, playing every freak that the imagination can suggest! Lock-up is not till nine; and how long those soft evenings are, the sunshine lingering on the great dream-castle of Windsor, and loath to leave the old red turrets which have seen so many generations at play under those elms! Winter is not quite so sweet; for even when luxury and comfort have gone as far as possible, and when the fire is lit to dress by, and the last moment of possible rest allowed, it cannot but be dark at seven o'clock on a December morning, and it cannot be but cold work sallying forth to school at that unchristian hour; but this is a grievance common to all who suffer under the misfortune of being young enough to go to school; and what mortal can be happier than the moving mass of mud who twists himself out of the "bully" on the football-field without even a collar-bone broken or an arm out of joint, with the proud consciousness that he has gained a goal for his house?

This is what King Henry's little band of choristers have come to. They have a highly trained and highly paid choir of their own nowadays, who sing Handel and Mozart for them with as much science and care as any cathedral choir. If they do not absolutely set themselves against the process, they are almost sure to acquire some scholarship on their way through the school; and even if they do, they will still get a great deal of happiness out of it, which is something. Lucky boys! If



they do not spend a kindly thought now and then on the sad and sickly prince up yonder at Windsor, who created this school for them and all its delights, they do that "pious founder" cruel injustice. He was the weakling of his race; but not the strongest of them has left behind him a piece of work which has lasted so well or been so successful as the college of our blessed Lady at Eton, which has flourished for more than four centuries, and shows every intention of flourishing for twice as many more, should the world and England last as long.

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THE DILEMMA.

CHAPTER LIII.

It was in the little inn-parlour, last occupied perchance by some light-hearted pleasure-party halting awhile during a boating excursion on the river, that the unfortunate Falkland told in faltering sentences the strange story of his deliverance to the bewildered friend who sat listening to the sad tale, his heart too full of sorrow and emotion to find room for words of comfort or consolation.

Lying in the narrow street of Mustaphabad on the eventful evening which brought succour to the residency garrison; having fallen from his horse while gallantly leading the assault against the rebel soldiery; grievously wounded and almost insensible from the blows which had left their awful marks on the mutilated features — on that noble face which had served as a beacon throughout the defence of the residency to animate the garrison, — Falkland knew not what had happened to him till he became aware that his mangled body was being carried over the plain in a closed palanquin. There was a halt at one time, through one fiery afternoon, when the palanquin was brought within some house, and he hoped, so far as he had the power of forming hopes, that he had been set down to die. The halt was made, as he heard afterwards, while the fate of the rebel nawab remained in suspense, whose trial and execution have been recounted in these pages. It was thought by the fugitives that the nawab might make terms for his life by disclosing their possession of the captive; but when the news came of his execution, the gang which had escaped hurried off with their prisoner, making for

the swamps and forests at the foot of the great mountains.

How could he describe the sufferings he endured? At first, indeed, the stupor in which he lay saved him from consciousness of his condition; but after a time, he knew not how long, he came to be aware of the dreadful state of his wounds. "But why try to describe what no words can tell?" said the unfortunate sufferer; "I was in that state when all desire of life had left me, all care for escape and return to home and friends; I prayed only for death: but yet, although in this loathsome state, I had still enough of the man left in me to withhold from taking my own life. Thus went on the dreadful days. How mortal man could have borne it, looking back on what I passed through, I hardly understand. Sometimes a merciful insensibility came over me; but then after a time I would awake again to the horrors of my condition. My captors were not all brutal; one man especially did his best to tend me in his rough fashion: but most of them shuddered as they passed my way, as well they might; and even if all had been humane, there could be little done to help the wounded. There were many of the party scarce able to drag themselves along for their wounds; even rags were scarce, and we seldom remained halted for a single night. At times my memory failed me altogether, and I forgot what I had been; forgot that I had — that I had a wife, mourning, perchance, my death: but one thing I had at last the sanity and strength to do, to cut off the mangled arm which lay rotting by my side;" and raising, as he spoke, the cloak which he still wore, Falkland showed the sleeve of his coat hanging loose from his left shoulder.

"From that time," he continued, "I began to mend slowly. I could swallow food, and sometimes, when our fugitive party halted, I was able to sit up; and now for the first time I came to realize the possibility that I might recover, and a desire to escape from my captors began to possess me. Our party was greatly diminished; many had died, some had made off, several were killed, for they, too, were subject to attack and plunder by the villagers for the sake of the money and jewels they were supposed to carry about with them. And now the leaders began to sound me about terms of ransom. We had been joined at different times by other fugitives, and some of the band were now, I believe, the chiefs of the rebellion, to whom no mercy would be shown, but who they themselves believed would be hunted

down by the avenging and victorious British, unless they could offer sufficient terms to induce the government to forego its just revenge. They thought they held this pledge in me; and so strong is the desire for life in even those who have least to live for, that I found myself ready to listen to their proposals.

"The scheme was to send a messenger to the nearest British territory with a letter from me, saying that they would give me up if assured of their own lives. There was great doubt and hesitation about taking this step; they feared that if my existence and their whereabouts were known, the government would be incited to further efforts in pursuit, and that I might be recovered and themselves caught without making terms. Thus they could not determine what to do. I did not show any eagerness to fall into their plans, for I did not know the history of these men, and how far they might have steeped themselves in crime too deep to be expiated by my ransom; and bitterer than to perish in the wilderness would have been a refusal of the government to rescue me on these terms.

"They wanted me to write in the Persian character that they might know what I said; I refused to write except in English; thus for several days the negotiation made no progress.

"But with the prospect of deliverance, the love of life grew stronger. My senses, so long chilled to the miseries of the life I was leading, were awakening to the desire for escape; and the sort of plan I had in my mind might have been carried out, but for a slight thing that happened one day.

"The palanquin-bearers, by this time, had all died or run away, and the women of their zenanas, whom the fugitives were carrying with them, and myself, were travelling on some miserable ponies, when, on fording a little stream at the foot of the mountains, I got off my pony to drink. The water ran bright and clear, reflecting every object like a mirror; and stooping down on the bank I loosened the bandage from my face, and then I saw—O good God!—I saw for the first time that fate had cut me off forever from all that made life dear."

As Falkland said these words he pushed—whether by design or chance—the large-brimmed hat which he was wearing from off his head, and displayed the ghastly sight which had so far been partially covered, and of which Yorke had caught only a momentary glimpse at the

time of their first meeting. The right side of the face was not maimed, but contorted; but the left side was defaced by awful scars, and a deep hollow marked the socket of the sightless eye. Happily he could not see the involuntary shudder of his sorrowing friend.

"From that moment," continued the unhappy man, "I cast away all thought of rescue. To return home seemed then to be worse than any death; and to my poor puzzled brain it seemed as if I must wander a ragged fugitive about these jungles till God should give me a release. Why I did not myself put an end to my wretched existence I hardly know, nor on what grounds I justified myself in prolonging it. It is deemed a noble thing to give up life for one's country—why not, then, to save those whom we hold dearest from pain and sorrow, and perhaps worse? But the narrow groove of sentiment in which we are taught to think restrained me, and the time went by when I could with reason have laid hands upon myself.

"How at last I got away, with the two men who had treated me better than the others, and who wanted to separate from the rest of the party, would be too long to tell. We went always northward, sometime in danger and hard pressed, at others well treated. My condition, I suppose, made me an object of pity; for no European has ever before or since passed through those parts with life. One of the khans especially treated us well. My two companions took service in his army, and he gave me money to pursue my journey. By his help, and that of the good Jesuit missionaries on the road, I made my way at last down the great river to the seaboard. How long the weary journey took I know not; the count of time often failed me.

"Arrived on the coast, I was received by the Catholic bishop, to whose care I had been commended, and with this good man I passed some weeks—or it may have been months—getting the rest I sorely needed. As he was a foreigner, and did not speak English, it was easy to keep the secret of my identity; but to him, I think, I should have made known my name, for I was in need of money, and could at once have procured it from the bankers there on saying who I was; but I wanted—you will understand what I wanted—to know first whether others were still dependent on me whom it might be needful to assist.

"The English merchants at this seaport used to send the bishop the Indian papers; for although he had kept my arrival secret,

and I saw no European but himself, the rumour had got abroad that a refugee from the mutiny had arrived there overland down the great river; and great sympathy, I understood, was shown, as well as curiosity, for further particulars of the journey. But the only newspapers available were of too recent date for my purpose; there was no allusion to the events I had taken part in. I could read with pride that the mutiny was being suppressed, and our cause triumphant throughout the land; but there were no tidings of — of the one person whose fate was bound up with mine. I could not tell if she were alive or dead.

"In that state I remained irresolute; at times, indeed, I think I must have lost my senses, for the memory of what passed while at that place is almost blank: but I had determined at last to write to — to her, to tell her of my escape, and bid her farewell forever, and then announcing myself to the government to make a provision for her comfort, keeping a trifle for myself to live upon in some retirement; and I had even written the letters for the purpose, and was preparing to embark for Europe — for I thought that when she heard of my escape and condition she would want to make a duty of coming to me, and I was determined to spare her the shock and the sacrifice — when one day the steamer arrived from Calcutta. The friendly merchant, as usual, sent the good bishop a pile of Indian papers, and in it I saw — you know what, her marriage!

"Yorke, I do not blame her. I was punished for my folly and selfishness. I might have known that her heart was always with her cousin; but I took advantage of my friendship with her father to press my suit, while that man was kept at a distance, both absent and discredited. What was I, to fasten my withered old body to that fresh young creature? What more natural than that, after a decent interval, she should turn to her first love? I blame her not: while she was mine, no wife could be more loyal; but now I can see only too plainly that her love for me was far different from the passionate devotion I felt for her. No words can tell how dearly I loved her.

"This news decided my fate. She must be saved from disgrace, at any rate. My escape must now remain a secret forever. She did not want for money, so the one motive which might have led me to divulge it no longer remained. I left the shelter of the good bishop's house, having borrowed with his help sufficient for my pur-

pose, and once more appeared among my fellow-men; but people understood my reason for concealing my features, and no one sought to force my confidence. I took ship for Europe, and wandered about, seeking for health I could not find, visiting old scenes full of tender associations, avoiding my own countrymen. I had enough for my small wants. A modest property had passed to a cousin of mine; to him alone have I divulged myself: it is agreed that he shall keep my secret, and retain a portion of the estate.

"Thus the time has gone on. How long it has been I hardly know; at times my memory fails me altogether. Do you know, Yorke, that until we met just now I had forgotten your very existence, although the residency days are fresh enough in other respects; my mind, I suppose, is so full of certain things that there is no room for more. Now since we have met, I remember all about you, and what a gallant share you took in the defence.

"You will ask what am I doing here, and how my being here accords with my vaunted resolutions. I might have gone on in retirement to the end of the few days that remain for me, when I met our old friend Mackenzie Maxwell. It was at some baths where I had gone to see if I could get relief from the torture from this remnant of a limb that afflicts me at times; he recognized me, and betrayed the discovery as you did. From him I learnt of Kirke's downfall, and of his leaving India, and that he had taken service in Egypt. He was well placed there, Maxwell said, and was to send money regularly home, and Olivia — and her children — would not want; Maxwell was in correspondence with her. Do you know, Yorke, I felt glad to hear they were separated; I even found myself wishing that Kirke might never return, and she be left a widow again.

"Maxwell and I soon parted: he was very good, and wanted to nurse me and have me to live with him; but this could not be. The secret would be found out; besides, a leper such as I am is not fit to live with anybody. So we parted, but he was to send me word if any help was needed. And that is what has brought me to England. The remittances from Egypt soon stopped; Kirke has marched far away into Upper Egypt, and no news has come of him for many weeks. She draws his half-pay, which he got when he left the army; but what is that? And for her too, brought up in luxury, and never taught to think about money! She was

in actual want when Maxwell found her out again. Poor child! she may have been ashamed to tell him she was in debt, and so put off writing. It was only the other day he found her living in this poor cottage.

"I could not be brave enough to stay away any longer. Maxwell would do what is needful, but I could not let my—my wife be a burden on him. We are carrying out a little plan which will place her in comparative comfort. She came here from miserable London lodgings in the autumn; the place is damp and cold for her, but she could not pay her way from it again. Maxwell has now found a suitable home in a better climate, where she will move immediately. He has gone to make the final arrangements."

Such was the tale told by the unhappy man, the wreck of the gallant Falkland, to the sorrowful listener. Not all at once, or in one continuous story; only by degrees did the unfortunate sufferer find words, and the listener was too stricken with grief at first to press him with inquiries: but after a time Falkland was able to proceed with his narrative, and Yorke to help him on by asking questions; and in the influence, perhaps, of the sympathy of his newly-found friend, and the long silence broken, the once proud and reserved man at last overcame the difficulty of speaking, and for many hours of the long evening the two sat together in the little parlour, by the dim firelight, while Falkland told the sad story of which an abstract has here been given.

"No," said he, in reply to a question put by his friend, "I have no purpose to disclose myself. From the terror which such a discovery would cause her in every way she shall of course be saved. No, I did not come here to shock her with the dismal sight of my mutilated features; but I could not resist the overwhelming desire which possesses me to look on her once more. I have been here two days, and she has not left the house. When Maxwell comes again he may be able to persuade her to take a walk with him past this house. The one desire which possesses me is to see her sweet face once again, before I drag myself away into some corner, to await the end which a merciful God will surely not defer much longer. Maxwell tried to dissuade me, but I felt that I could know no peace if I allowed this chance to pass away. I must see her dear face once more before I die. Sad it will be, and changed, I know, for he tells me she has suffered much; but it

is still the face of truth and innocence: and oh! Yorke, it is the one satisfaction I am allowed to feel as the innocent cause myself of her unhappy situation, that even if I had not come between her and her first love—for such I know now Kirke must have been—it would not have saved her from her present state of want and desertion."

It seemed to Yorke as if it added to the grotesque horror of the situation, that their conversation should have been interrupted by the entrance of the landlady bringing Falkland's supper, and to tell him that his own meal awaited him in the other room. She had evidently learnt so much of her lodger's habits as to know that he wanted to be alone while taking food; and Yorke readily divining his wish, retired for a while, and notwithstanding the excitement of the situation, found himself able to eat his own meal—found himself indeed hungry from his long fast, and discussing coolly with the landlady the commonplaces of the day,—doing so the more readily in order to divert the curiosity which she displayed on finding that he was acquainted with the invalid gentleman, whose object in staying at the inn at such a season she naturally wanted to find out.

And now, as the hours went on, spent chiefly by Yorke in listening to his companion, the time came for him to decide what to do for the night. It was only half an hour's walk to "The Beeches," but the house would probably be closed by that time, and his return so late might excite curiosity; while to pursue the business of the morning, as would be expected of him if he went back to "The Beeches," would in his present frame of mind be utterly distasteful. Indeed, for the time, Yorke felt wholly unlike a lover; his heart was too full of the emotions kindled by this sudden awakening of old associations to find room for the selfish pleasure of the hour. To stay at the inn, on the other hand, was hardly practicable, and Falkland was evidently tired and needing rest. Besides, Mrs. Polwheedle, whom all this time he had quite forgotten, might be in real distress and need of his services. So taking leave of his unfortunate friend, and promising to return again shortly, he started off on foot, there being no conveyance available, to catch the last train up to town from Shoalbrook; and hurrying along the muddy road, had time to think at leisure over the strange revelation which that day had brought before him, while almost dismayed to find him-

self reviewing it so calmly. The exercise was indeed a welcome relief to the excitement and distress of mind which this discovery had caused. Unhappy Falkland! who could wish that his life had been spared? And so changed as he was in every way, not only in feature, but in manner and mind! Yorke remembered now, what had not struck him at the time, that his ill-starred friend had not once asked him a single question about himself. Everything that had happened since his own misfortune seemed to be a blank to him, save what affected the unhappy woman whose fate was bound up with his own forlorn existence. He was still as unselfish and noble-minded as ever; — was not his present life one continued act of devotion and self-denial? — but the Falkland he once knew would have turned the conversation away from his own adventures and interests to inquiries about the life and aims of his friend. But suffering and misfortune had broken down his once strong character.

Such were the sad reflections that came uppermost to Yorke tramping through the mud and rain, till on reaching the station he took his seat in a carriage full of noisy people returning from some convivial entertainment at Castleroyal, who had evidently taken as much wine as they could carry, and whose boisterous merriment seemed like a devilish satire on the sufferings of the unhappy persons whom he had just left by the river-side — the unfortunate wife all unconscious in her loneliness of the presence of the still more unhappy husband, close by, but hiding from her.

Arrived at his lodgings, and letting himself in, Yorke went to his room without disturbing the people of the house, to lie tossing on his bed, recalling the sad scenes which he had witnessed, seeking in vain for a way of deliverance for the unfortunate husband and wife from the difficulty which beset them. But in the end nature asserted itself; young, healthy, and tired, he at last fell asleep, and slept as soundly as if there had been nothing to disturb his rest.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

It was late when Yorke awoke next day; for the houskeeper, unaware of his return, had not called him, and the forenoon was well advanced before he got to the hotel where Mrs. Polwheedle was staying.

The lady was at home and received him in the public sitting-room, unoccupied at the time by any one else. Mrs. Pol-

wheedle, like the rest of the world, had grown older since he saw her last, more than seven years before, on the day following the relief of the residency, and was no longer to be called a middle-aged lady; but she carried her years well, and, attired in decent half-mourning, she seemed softer and pleasanter than of yore. Accosting her visitor with warmth as an old friend, she seemed suddenly to be quite affected at seeing him; and a certain amount of tearful emotion on her part, and friendly condolence on his, had to be gone through before, on his taking a seat beside her on a big velvet couch at the end of the large room, she plunged into the business which had led her to summon him.

"Oh, Mr. Yorke, — Colonel Yorke, I mean — I beg your pardon I'm sure, but there have been so many changes since we met, and when my dear Polwheedle" — here the handkerchief came again into requisition, and Yorke waited patiently till she was able to proceed, — "Oh, Colonel Yorke, I have seen — what do you think? — you will hardly believe me, but it is true — who do you think I have seen? I have seen him with my own eyes, — Falkland, poor Falkland — that we all made sure was killed — come back to life!" and her emotion struggling with the excitement at having such news to communicate, Mrs. Polwheedle fairly burst into tears.

"Yes," she said, as soon as she was sufficiently composed to be able to find words again, "I am sure there is no mistake about it; I wish there was, God forgive me for saying so. I was coming up from Tunbridge — I was staying there on a visit to the John Polwheedles — poor dear Polwheedle's younger brother, you know — they have a very nice place, and keep their carriage, and everything very comfortable: well, I had got to the station and was looking after my luggage — for one is obliged to look after one's own things in this country, with so many bad characters about — when a lady, at least I don't know that she was a lady exactly, but she was very well-dressed, with a real seal-skin jacket, trimmed with elegant fur; but Lor' bless me! everybody dresses well in England nowadays, there is such heaps of money: well, this lady slipped and fell on the pavement — at least she would have fallen if a gentlemen had not caught her. He had on a large cloak and a big slouched hat. There she lay in his arms — his arm, I should say, for, poor fellow, he had lost the other; and of course a little crowd began to collect, and I was looking out for

my pockets, for it was just the time for the swell-mob to be at their tricks, when the gentleman says to her in a low voice, 'You are not much hurt, I hope?' 'Not much, thank you,' said the lady, in a mincing sort of way—at least I am sure she was not a lady, she had that dreadful cockney accent—it's worse than the *chi-chi* any day, and it's my belief the falling down was all a sham,—'not much hurt,' she said; 'would you just help me to a cab?'

"Perhaps you will kindly do what is needful," said the gentleman, turning round towards me—for I had come up quite close, you know, to see if I could be of use; and before I could say a word he had handed her over to me, and had walked off, leaving me with this creature dangling in my arms. It's my firm belief, Yorke, the woman was no better than she should be; for as soon as she found out it was one of her own sex who was holding her up, she rose and walked right away, without ever so much as saying 'Thank you,' just as if there was nothing whatever the matter; no more, you may depend, there wasn't. But, dear me, this is not what I wanted to tell you. It was about the gentleman. Colonel Yorke, if you'll believe me, and if I never speak a word again, that gentleman was Falkland, as sure as I am a living widow. I knew him by his voice; you know what a nice voice he always had—low, but so clear; I should have known that voice among a thousand: but when he turned round I saw one side of his face for an instant, the other was all bandaged up, and then I was sure of it, although it was dreadfully altered. As for me, I felt as if I was rooted to the ground, and I thought I should have fainted away; in fact, it is a mercy something did not happen to me, being subject as I am to a flow of blood to the head; and when I got the use of my legs again he was gone.

"You may fancy my state of mind. I came up to draw my pension—for you know I like to look after my own money matters myself, and save bankers' bills—and here I am going on for the third day in town, and living in this expensive hotel too, and I have not been to the India Office yet; and there are the Joneses in South Wales—they are relatives of my poor Jones, you know—expecting me to spend Christmas with them. I really don't know what to do. I have written to Jane Polwheedle, that's my sister-in-law——"

"Good heavens!" cried Yorke, interrupting her for the first time, "you surely have not written to tell her of this discovery."

"Oh no, my dear colonel," returned Mrs. Polwheedle, looking very sagacious. "I merely said that my nerves had been upset by an accident I saw at the railway station; but I felt I must find some old friend to talk it over quietly with, or I should break down under the secret. I tried to find out Mackenzie Maxwell—he that was residency doctor at Mustaphabad, you know, and a great friend of poor Falkland—but he has gone out of town. And then I thought of you. I heard you were in England, and I went to Senior's and found that they were your agents, and that you were staying only a few miles off, and they promised to telegraph, and here you are; and I have scarcely been able to sleep a wink or touch a bit of food since this happened. And now I am sure I don't know what is to be done."

Yorke asked if it was long since she had heard of the Kirkes.

Not since Mrs. Kirke came to England, was the reply. Kirke had written himself from Egypt, some time back, to say he hoped to pay what he owed her soon, and mentioned that his wife had gone on to England.

"Then had Kirke borrowed money from you too?"

"No, it was a trifle his wife owed me; it was when we were living together in the hills—after we got away from the residency, you know. Lor' bless you! she had no more notion of money than a child; and if I had not taken her in to chum with me, and managed the housekeeping and all that, the servants would have robbed the very clothes off her back. Well, when the wedding-day came, there was a small balance due on the account, and she, poor thing, came to me and said that she had made over all her money to Kirke, and given him a memo. of the debt, for him to pay at once; and I daresay she believed he did pay it, but he didn't: he got married and went off without paying me; and when I sent him a little reminder to Mustaphabad, he wrote to put me off, and then the smash came, and I didn't like to trouble them. But he wrote afterwards of his own accord from Egypt, as I said, although I have quite made up my mind never to see any more of my money."

"How much was the amount?"

"Well, it was about three hundred and seventy rupees—no great sum to be sure; still, as a poor widow myself——"

"That would be about thirty-seven pounds, wouldn't it, Mrs. Polwheedle? I have some funds which have been made available for meeting Mrs.—that is, for



meeting Kirke's obligations of this sort, so you will allow me to discharge this one at once."

The good lady for an instant looked pleased at the idea of recovering the long-standing debt, but presently wagged her head with a knowing smile. "No, no, my young friend; I know where those available funds come from. Your purse must be a pretty long one if it is to pay all that man's debts, I can tell you. Of course I should like to see my money again; that's only natural. I haven't too much to live on, you know; only my widow's pension, and the special allowance they give me on account of poor Polwheedle's services, and his small savings, and the trifle left by poor Jones; still, I'm not going to take your money. If you must give it to somebody, give it to her, poor thing; she is sure to be in want of it, wherever she is; for all she was so tall and grand-looking, she was as helpless as an infant about housekeeping and money matters, and is still, you may depend; and I'll be bound that man in Egypt is not too free with his remittances."

"So you have no idea where Mrs. Kirke is?" said Yorke presently, asking himself whether her old acquaintance might not perchance be some help to the poor wife in her present distress, and yet doubtful as to the prudence of telling Mrs. Polwheedle what he knew.

"I haven't an idea; but I hope and trust she won't meet poor Falkland, wherever she is. It would kill her, I do believe. Colonel Yorke, I was always against that second marriage. I mistrusted the man, for all he was such a handsome man, and such a fine soldier; and now this seems like a judgment on her for marrying so soon. Why, I was seven years a widow after I lost my poor Jones, before I accepted Polwheedle. He wanted me to shorten the time; but I was quite firm. There's a want of delicacy, to my mind, in marrying again under seven years; don't you think so? After seven years it's a different thing, of course; but a woman should be delicate before everything."

Presently the conversation came back to the subject of Yorke's visit, and Mrs. Polwheedle for the first time expressed her surprise at what, if she had not been so full of her own story, might have struck her at first, that Yorke had not appeared so much astonished at her news as was to be expected.

Then Yorke told her that he too had seen Falkland — the recognition, like hers,

having been accidental — and expected to see him again very shortly; although he evaded Mrs. Polwheedle's very natural curiosity to know where and how the meeting had happened. Falkland, he added, did not know that he had been recognized by anybody else; for his sake and for Olivia's, the secret must be kept; and he used all the earnestness of manner he could summon for the occasion, in exhorting Mrs. Polwheedle on no account to divulge it.

The lady at once promised compliance, but so readily and lightly that Yorke felt sure the promise would not be kept, and was filled with dismay at this new complication; still more when he heard that Mrs. Polwheedle was expecting to meet some of the old residency garrison that very day. She was to dine with Mrs. Peart, whose husband had been killed in the defence. "She has just taken a house at Notting Hill, you know, for herself and Kitty."

"Kitty?"

"Yes; didn't you know that Kitty Spragge had come home? Kitty Peart that was. Yes, she has brought home all the children; they landed a fortnight ago — a bad time to arrive; but they got an empty steamer, which is a good thing when you have such a lot of children. Fancy that chit of a girl, as she used to be at the residency, the mother of five children, and the eldest not six! No, no," continued the lady, wagging her head knowingly, in reply to a question, "young Spragge hasn't come himself, and he isn't likely to, either, with such a family to provide for. He has had enough to do to send them, let alone coming himself: he had to borrow five thousand rupees from the Agra bank for their passage-money and outfit; and when will he be able to pay that off, do you suppose? with him on four hundred and ninety-six rupees a month, and no chance of any promotion? You would hardly know Kitty again, she has grown so stout. Yes, I am going to take an early dinner with them, and then we are going with the eldest boy to the circus. I like to see good horsemanship myself; it reminds one so of one's young days. But I can't get that poor fellow out of my head."

Then Yorke, rising to go, again urged her to secrecy. As long as they kept the matter to themselves, he pointed out, they perhaps might be able to help the unfortunate persons concerned in their difficulty. And he would come back soon and consult her as to what was best to be done. But if once the matter went be-



yond themselves, their use and influence would be gone. This implied bribe had its effect, and Yorke would not leave until he had again extracted a solemn promise from her not to breathe a whisper of what she knew to Mrs. Peart or any one else.

"So you won't stay and take a little lunch?" said the lady, as they shook hands for the last time. "I have ordered it for half past one o'clock punctually; just a cutlet and mashed potatoes, and a little bitter beer; but you are such a great man now," she continued, as he declined her hospitality, "I suppose you would not care to stop and keep company with an old woman like me. Dear me! to think that you were a mere griff, as one may say, when the mutiny broke out, and now here you are a colonel and all the rest of it. And if my poor Polwheedle had been spared, what honours he would have come in for, as commandant of the garrison, and responsible for everything! They would have made him a K.C.B. for certain; don't you think so? and then I should have been my Lady Pol—" but the emotion called up by this picture of the greatness which should have been her portion, prevented the completion of the sentence, and Yorke left her standing at the end of the big drawing-room, wiping away the tears which welled up at the recital of her loss, while the large mirror reflected the tremulous movement of her ample figure.

#### CHAPTER LV.

ON leaving the hotel, Yorke hastened to seek out Mackenzie Maxwell and consult with him on the momentous subject with which he was oppressed, and which seemed for the time to dwarf all the other business of life into utter insignificance. Yet he could not help thinking with a sort of languid wonder as he hastened along, how small a part of the interview just ended had been devoted to the astonishing news which led to it. Mrs. Polwheedle had seen Falkland, and was still able to think about her luncheon and her visits; and except for the gratification afforded her by having a listener, nothing had come out of Yorke's compliance with her urgent summons. And he himself too, notwithstanding this revelation, found already his thoughts at times wandering to other things.

At Maxwell's club, where he had not been seen for two days, Yorke obtained the address of his lodgings, and on inquiring at the latter place learned that the

doctor had gone out of town, but was expected back that afternoon; and Yorke spent the hours restlessly wandering to and fro between his own club and the house, too anxious and excited to do aught else. At last, as it was growing dark, he was just leaving the house after making another of many fruitless inquiries, when a cab drove up with his friend inside.

Maxwell recognizing Yorke as he stepped out gave him at first a hearty greeting; then as he stopped to pay the driver, an expression of reserve came over him, and he stood hesitating on the pavement, not inviting Yorke to enter the house, but as if waiting for him to go away.

"I understand your doubts," said Yorke presently, approaching him closely and speaking in a low voice; "but there is no secret to be kept from me; I know all."

An expression of surprise and relief came over Maxwell's face, succeeded by one of distrust and anxiety. How much of the awful secret did Yorke know?

"I have seen *her*," continued the other, "and I have seen *him*. It was by a strange chance. Will you not lead the way in, that we may speak about this in private?"

Then, seated in the sitting-room whither Maxwell now conducted him, Yorke told him the events of the past evening, and the two friends mutually confessed the relief they found in being able to have this confidence on the subject.

"I can't tell you," said the old doctor, "what a burden this secret has been to me; and when I met you last, I felt that if I did not run away, I should be tempted to make a clear breast of it and consult you. And indeed I should have been well pleased to think that the poor lassie should have another friend at hand, for a friend I know you would be; although, of course, you can't be expected to feel for her as I do, who was like a brother to both father and husband. And I would have asked you at once to come down and see her; but then there was *his* secret to keep too, so I was obliged to give you the cold shoulder for a bit, d'ye see? But I am truly glad to think that I have some one to talk the matter over with, for you are a man that can be trusted with a secret."

Maxwell then went on to explain the arrangement that had just been made. Comfortable lodgings had been taken for Olivia at a sheltered point on the south coast. Early to-morrow he meant to go down to Shoalbrook, to try and manage

that the outcast should have one view of his wife, as Falkland had already explained, before she started with Maxwell for her new home.

And could not he do anything to help the stricken pair? Yorke asked, and explained to his friend how he was staying in the neighbourhood, urging his strong desire to be of service. At least he could come forward to aid with his purse; so much of the distress as money could alleviate he might help to fend off from the unfortunate Olivia.

But Maxwell said that there was no need for that now. No doubt she had been left in terrible straits at one time, before she made herself known to Maxwell; for having been brought up abroad, and the aunt with whom she lived as a girl being dead, she had found herself a stranger in England, friendless and almost without money. But Falkland had enough to keep her from want, and if not, Maxwell himself had more than sufficient for his own simple needs, and was not likely to let the daughter of his old friend suffer, now that her condition was known. No, there was no need of money; "and you, my dear fellow," continued the doctor, "must have plenty of use for all you have got, for you are just at the time of life when a man is likely to have not more than he wants. I suppose you will be having a wife of your own soon. But no doubt the poor girl will be glad to see you now and again, to talk over old times. And perhaps her husband — perhaps Kirke will be coming home, or at any rate sending her some money. He has assigned his half-pay to her already, and it was that she was living upon when she wrote to me — a bare starvation allowance, of course, for one never accustomed to think about money. I don't suppose there is intentional neglect; he seemed always to be very fond of her; it is simply, I suspect, the behaviour of a selfish man, in dreadful embarrassment and at a distance. But we must take care he does not discover the secret; there is no saying how he might take it, or how it might affect his treatment of her. Her best chance of happiness, poor thing, is in being united to him again, horrible though the idea seems. And this is what Falkland, nobly unselfish as ever, himself wishes."

But Maxwell showed great alarm when Yorke told him of his interview with Mrs. Polwheedle. He concurred with the latter in thinking it was hardly to be expected that the secret could now be kept. This new aspect of affairs made them

look black indeed. Fresh and greater unhappiness awaited these unfortunate persons if the secrets were divulged. He, too, must see Mrs. Polwheedle, and endeavour to hold her to secrecy.

Thus the two friends discussed the sad history of Falkland and Olivia, not talking quickly, for their hearts were too full, but in undertones, and with frequent gaps between reply and question, looking down as they spoke at the embers of the fire before which they sat in the dark room, as Yorke learned from the good doctor further particulars about Olivia's adventures since she left India. Truly a time of trouble and suffering from first to last, with which she was ill fitted in every sense to struggle.

At last Yorke rose to go. Engrossing though the subject of their conversation was, there must be an end of it. Maxwell had business to do, and he himself must be leaving town. But they were to meet again next morning at the riverside inn.

One question Maxwell put as he was leaving the room. Had Falkland mentioned to Yorke the circumstances of his meeting with himself, and did he describe at all how he had passed the last seven years?

Yorke replied that Falkland mentioned the recognition as having been accidental, and that he had frequently referred to his loss of memory, and the difficulty he found in recalling the past.

Maxwell shook his head sadly. "I may as well tell you the whole truth," he said. "These injuries to the head have affected the brain in more ways than one. When I first met our poor friend he was under restraint abroad. He has been perfectly lucid ever since; but I have reason to believe that the greater part of his time since his return to Europe has been passed in this way in different places. Happily for him he has no recollection of these times. But you have seen for yourself what a mere wreck he is in every way of the noble Falkland whom we once knew. Would to God he had really been taken from us when we thought we had lost him!"

Yorke on leaving Maxwell's lodgings hurried to the station. He would just be in time to catch a train for Hamwell, and the best thing he could do would be to go to "The Beeches." There he would be near to both Olivia and Falkland, and ready to keep his appointment on the morrow; and he remembered, too, what all this time he had almost forgotten, that some explanation was due to his hosts for his sudden

disappearance; still more, that a further explanation must be had with Lucy, and an understanding come to with her father. And yet for the time the prospect of having to do this seemed utterly distasteful. The very notion that he should be scheming plans for happiness and wedded life appeared like a sacrilege to the memory of his first love in her lonely wretchedness.

The train passed through Shoalbrook Junction, stopping there for a minute; the carriage was full as usual of business men returning home, each with his little basket of fish or game: some slept, others discussed the evening papers; while hard by, on the bank of the river which flowed swiftly on, were the two unhappy beings whose tragic fate he was watching, unable to avert.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. THRALE (PIOZZI): THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—1741 TO 1780.

AMONG the crowd of remarkable Englishwomen of the eighteenth century there is none concerning whom so much has been written, in her lifetime and afterwards, and whose story is so mixed up with the literary history of that period, as Hester Lynch Salusbury, known as Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Piozzi, who for twenty years was the most popular leader of literary society in London, and the acknowledged "provider and conductress" of Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Thrale was not a little proud of her good old Welsh descent, and knew the Salusbury pedigree by heart, from old Adam de Saltzburg, who "came to England with the Conqueror," downwards. She was born in a little cottage at Bodville, in Caernarvonshire, in January 1741. Her parents were cousins—the mother, a daughter of Sir Thomas Salusbury Cotton, Bart., of Combermere in Cheshire and Llewenny Hall in Denbighshire; and the father, John Salusbury, of the Salusburies of Bachygraig, a younger branch of the same stock. Her mother's fortune of 10,000*l.* was spent in paying the debts of her husband; and, when John Salusbury inherited Bachygraig, he so impoverished it by looking for lead in its soil that he ended by emigrating to Nova Scotia—his wife and little girl remaining behind, and living as they best could upon the hospi-

talities of richer Salusburies in various parts of the country. The brightest years of Hester's youth were spent with her mother at Offley Place, in Hertfordshire, the domain of her paternal uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury, a judge of the admiralty, who had married a wealthy heiress; where, when the Nova Scotia adventure had resulted only in duels and discontents, John Salusbury rejoined his family. Uncle Thomas's heiress wife died while Hester was still a child; and then Hester's mother was to all intents and purposes the mistress of Offley Place, and her little girl was tacitly recognized as her childless uncle's heir. "Here," says Mrs. Thrale, "I reigned long, a fondled favourite;" and her richest recollections of youth and hope were connected with this Hertfordshire home.

Among Hester's early friends were Dr. Collier, a kind-hearted old dominie, who taught her Latin, logic, and rhetoric, and his friend James Harris, author of a learned treatise upon language and universal grammar. In her later life Mrs. Thrale remembered the conversations and correspondences she had had with these two old sages with an almost tearful enthusiasm.

It was in London, in one of the winters of those happy Offley years, that Hogarth made her sit for his picture of "The Lady's Last Stake." He promised her the painting should be hers; but he died soon, and it fell into other hands; and many years afterwards she saw her own young face hanging on the walls of a public exhibition in Pall Mall.

Hester Salusbury was still in her early teens when she blushed into authorship, and her first scribblings appeared anonymously, without the knowledge of her mother or Dr. Collier, in *St. James's Chronicle*. Her uncle shared his affections pretty equally between her and his horses. His stud was the finest in all the country round; and his house was haunted, she tells us, by young wealthy sportsmen, whom she mimicked for Dr. Collier's amusement, preferring still the dominie's learned talk and Latin lessons to the gayest wooer among them. And so matters went on until, one day, when her father and Dr. Collier were both absent from Offley Place, her uncle Thomas brought news from London that a friend of his, "a real sportsman," was coming to pay them a visit. The next day Mr. Thrale arrived; and it was not long before he won the heart, not of Hester, but of Hester's mother, who with the uncle

warmly favoured his suit of her daughter. Hester's father, as soon as he discovered the matrimonial project, proudly resented Thrale's proposal. A family quarrel followed, and Hester with her parents removed to London. Then Uncle Thomas, left to his own devices, fell in love with a gay widow, his neighbour, and the home at Offley Place was irrevocably lost. The poor spendthrift father, with his family pride and red-hot temper, died in December 1762. His widow inherited Bachygraig for her life, charged with 5,000*l.* for Hester, to which sum her uncle added another 5,000*l.*; and this ten thousand, with the expectation of Offley Place, constituted her wedding-portion. She was married to Mr. Thrale, on October 11th, 1763, when she was twenty-two years and nine months old. "My uncle," she says, "went himself with me to church, gave me away, dined with us at Streatham Park, returned to Hertfordshire, wedded the widow, and then scarce ever saw or wrote to either of us; leaving me to conciliate as I could a husband, who was indeed much kinder than I counted on, to a plain girl, who had not one attraction in his eyes, and on whom he had never thrown five minutes of his time away in any interview unwitnessed by company even till after our wedding-day was done."

And so was begun, quietly and sadly enough, it seems, for the only two actors at present on the stage, that memorable and fascinating comedy of real life at Streatham Park which played itself out during the next twenty years.

Thrale's father, known among the friends of the son as "old Thrale," was a son of a still remoter Thrale, a poor man of that same Offley village where Hester spent her youth, and of his wife Sukey, daughter of a miller named Halsey, at St. Albans in the same county. Sukey's brother, Edmund Halsey, had run away from his home, and in the course of years acquired a fortune in Child's brewery, Southwark, and married old Child's daughter. He sent for sister Sukey's son to London, "said he would make a man of him, and did so." Halsey and his nephew, Ralph Thrale, worked together until Halsey's death, by which time Ralph was rich enough to buy the brewhouse of his cousin, Halsey's daughter and heiress, who had married Lord Cobham. He lived to amass a large fortune, and was at one time member of Parliament for Southwark. "He educated his son," says Mrs. Thrale, "and three daughters, quite in a high style. His son he wisely connected with the Cobhams and their rela-

tions — Grenvilles, Lytteltons, and Pitts — to whom he lent money, while they lent assistance of every other kind, so that my Mr. Thrale was bred up at Stowe, and Stoke, and Oxford, and every genteel place." His father allowed him, on leaving the university, a thousand a year, and sent him abroad with Lord Westcote, the rich old brewer paying the expenses of both young men, that his son might have the benefit of a lord for his travelling-companion. And so young Thrale had grown up with a taste for horses and other equally expensive pleasures, and was, "when he came down to Offley to see his father's birthplace, a very handsome and well-accomplished gentleman." When, however, the young brewer proposed to marry, he found no lady whom he could persuade to live with him in the Borough, where a dwelling-house was attached to the brewery. And Hester Salusbury might also have refused to do this, but that she never saw either the Borough house or Streatham Park until she was taken to dwell there. After her marriage she found plenty to observe and to brood over in her new home besides the dinginess of its neighbourhood. Her husband, seventeen years her senior, of a grave, taciturn disposition, and with no literary tastes, assumed with her at once the position of "master;" which epithet afterwards became a household word in the family. Her "master" forbade her old pet amusement of riding and hunting as unfeminine, and reserved the joys of his hunting-box at Croydon for his own special use. She was also forbidden to interfere in domestic matters, and was not expected to know what was for dinner until it was on the table. Her mother continued to live with her whenever they were at Streatham, removing in the winter to her own mansion in Dean Street, Soho; "and thither," says Mrs. Thrale, "I went, oh, how willingly! to visit her every day."

Among her husband's bachelor acquaintances was Mr. Arthur Murphy, of some note in the literary world as a dramatist, a thoroughly pleasant fellow, with a light heart, plenty of sense, and a considerable dash of the *bon vivant*. Mrs. Thrale took to him at once, and liked him better than Simon Luttrell, or Georgey Bodens, or the gossiping old Jesuit physician who used to tell her the family secrets. It is sufficiently plain that, by the time they had been married a year, the Thrales had forfeited many times over their claim to the traditional flitch of bacon; and never was a greater boon con-

ferred on a discontented wife than when Mr. Murphy one day persuaded Thrale over their wine "to wish for Dr. Johnson's conversation, extolling it in terms," says Mrs. Thrale, "which that of no other person could have deserved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company and find an excuse for the invitation." Their plans were accordingly laid; and Murphy, one winter afternoon, brought his friend, the great doctor, to dine in the Borough, to meet a certain young shoemaker, who was also a poet — Murphy cautioning Mrs. Thrale beforehand not to be surprised at Johnson's dress, figure, and behaviour. This first visit was a decided success. Johnson advised the shoemaker to give his nights and days to the study of Addison — which the shoemaker did not proceed to do; and on every subsequent Thursday through that winter of 1764-5 Johnson was again the guest of the Thrales.

The friendship thus begun matured itself on both sides until, one summer day in 1766, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale called upon Johnson in Fleet Street, and, finding him seriously ill and oppressed with melancholy, persuaded him to go on a long visit to Streatham Park. This visit extended over four months; and from that time until 1782 there was always a room set apart for Dr. Johnson both in the Borough and at Streatham. For almost all the remainder of his life, indeed, Johnson lived more with the Thrales than at his own home; spending usually the middle of each week with them, and reserving the Friday evenings for his club, and his Saturday and Sundays for Desmoulins, Williams, and the rest of the menagerie in his own den in Fleet Street.

Mrs. Thrale had heard of Dr. Johnson since she was a child in Hogarth's studio. The witty artist used to tell among his friends an excellent story, which Boswell has preserved, of his first meeting with Johnson in the house of Richardson the novelist. Hogarth and his host were talking together of the recent execution of Dr. Cameron, who had taken part in the rebellion of 1745, and Hogarth was attempting to justify George II. for what most people regarded as very like a murder in cold blood. "While he was talking, he perceived a person standing at a window in the room, shaking his head, and rolling himself about in a strange ridiculous manner. He concluded that he was an idiot whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson as a very good man. To his great surprise, however,

this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst into an invective against George II., as one who upon all occasions was unrelenting and barbarous, mentioning many instances," etc. "In short," continues the story, "he displayed such a power of eloquence that Hogarth looked at him with astonishment and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired." But, although Hogarth could laugh at Johnson when he liked, he was none the less one of his admirers, and was very earnest that his young friend Hester Salusbury should obtain the acquaintance, and if possible the friendship, of a man "whose conversation," he told her, "was to the talk of other men like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's." But, now, when at last the rich cadence of Johnson's voice was heard under her roof, it was not only for the sake of his brilliant and learned talk that she gave him so warm a welcome. His friendship with her and her husband was, in the truest sense, an alliance, affecting the habits of life and thought of all three.

From the first Johnson appears to have exerted himself to raise Mrs. Thrale's position in her husband's house. Thrale's well-covered table, and his clever wife, were both to Johnson's taste, as also the "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" which lay stored in the brewer's mighty vats. But the fox-hounds at Croydon were an incubus; nor was it long before Thrale himself was stimulated by Johnson's eloquence to new pursuits. "The scene," says his wife, "was soon to change. Fox-hounds were sold, and a seat in Parliament was suggested by our new inmate as more suitable to his dignity, more desirable in every respect." It is doubtful whether the change from the hunting-field to the House of Commons was a good one for a man of apoplectic tendencies; but in the mean time it had the effect of bringing Mrs. Thrale at once to the front. "I grew useful now, *almost* necessary; wrote the advertisements, looked to the treats; and people to whom I was till then unknown admired how happy Mr. Thrale must be in such a wonder of a wife."

An extensive circle and a round of social duties were the immediate result of her husband's Parliamentary life. But the society of nonentities was the least pleasure that Dr. Johnson's reforms procured for her. If he did not at once flood her rooms with the society of the Literary Club

and the *bas-bleus*, he at least brought her a never-failing supply, day after day, of precisely that kind of literary gossip and anecdote which she delighted in. She would hear of "The Traveller" of the Irish Goldsmith, published on December 19th, 1764, and would be told which lines in it were Dr. Johnson's. On one memorable evening, when Johnson was called abruptly from her dinner-table, returning in three hours, she would listen curiously to the story of the poor author who had sent for him to his lodgings in Islington,—how Johnson had found him drinking Madeira wine and fretting over a novel which lay on his table ready for the press, while his enraged landlady and the bailiffs were besieging him for rent; and how Johnson had extricated the author from his difficulty by carrying off the manuscript to the bookseller and exchanging it for a sum of ready money. It was not till ten years afterwards, Mrs. Thrale tells us, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour suggested to her that he was the man; and then Johnson confessed that he was so, and that the novel which he had sold so expeditiously for 60*l.* was "The Vicar of Wakefield." Boswell was away on his travels when first the Thrales and Johnson became intimate; and there had been summers at Streatham and journeys to "Brighthelmstone" before he returned. Near at hand, however, were the lions of the Literary Club, established in 1763 or 1764, the original members of which were Johnson himself, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Topham Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Nugent, while others were added from time to time. This group included Johnson's most intimate associates, most of whom were considerably younger than himself, while all looked up to him as a kind of literary prophet or leader.

At first only heard of, these men became in time habitually the guests of Mrs. Thrale and her hospitable husband. Everybody was glad of access to a house where Johnson was sure to be found; indeed, it was often hopeless to look for him elsewhere, and the difficulty of securing his company at dinner was a subject of joke with Goldsmith:—

When come to the place where we all had to dine,  
A chair-lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine,  
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come.

"For I knew it," he cried; "both eternally fail,

The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale."

Garrick the actor was another of the Johnsonian set who became intimate at Streatham Park; and, when Mrs. Thrale told him she remembered having sat on his knee while he fed her with cakes, more than twenty years ago, he did not like the story! Boswell was first invited to Streatham in 1768. "On the 5th of October," he says, "I complied with this obliging invitation, and found at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every circumstance which can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked to with an awe tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess."

This, indeed, may be said to have been the golden age of their friendship. "On the birthday of our eldest daughter, and that of our friend Dr. Johnson, the 17th and 18th of September," says Mrs. Thrale, "we every year made up a little dance and supper to divert our servants and their friends, putting the summer-house into their hands for the two evenings, to fill with acquaintance and merriment. Francis (Johnson's black servant) and his white wife were invited of course. She was eminently pretty, and he was jealous, as my maids told me. On the first of these days' amusements, I know not what year, Frank took offence at some attentions paid to his Desdemona, and walked away next morning to London in wrath. His master and I, driving the same road an hour after, overtook him. 'What is the matter, child,' says Dr. Johnson, 'that you leave Streatham to-day? *Art sick?*' 'He is jealous,' whispered I. 'Are you jealous of your wife, you stupid block-head?' cries out his master in another tone. The fellow hesitated; and 'To be sure, sir; I don't quite approve, sir,' was the stammering reply. 'Why, what do they *do* to her, man? Do the footmen kiss her?' 'No, sir, no! Kiss my *wife*, sir! *I hope not*, sir!' 'Why, what *do* they do to her, my lad?' 'Why, nothing sir! I'm sure, sir!' 'Why, then, go back directly and dance, you dog, do! and let's hear no more of such empty lamentations.'"

Here is another of Mrs. Thrale's stories of Streatham life:—

"Dr. Johnson was always exceedingly fond of chemistry, and we made up a sort



of laboratory at Streatham one summer, and diverted ourselves with drawing essences and colouring liquors. But the danger Mr. Thrale found his friend in, one day when I was driven to London and he had got the children and servants round him to see some experiments performed, put an end to all our entertainments; so well was the master of the house persuaded that his short sight would have been his destruction in a moment, by bringing him close to a fierce and violent flame. Indeed, it was a perpetual miracle that he did not set himself on fire reading abed, as was his constant custom, when exceedingly unable even to keep clear of mischief with our best help; and, accordingly, the fore-top of all his wigs was burnt by the candle down to the very network. Mr. Thrale's *valet-de-chambre* for that reason kept one always in his own hands, with which he met him at the parlour door when the bell had called him down to dinner; and, as he went up-stairs to sleep in the afternoon, the same man constantly followed him with another."

Johnson took a lively interest in Mr. Thrale's Parliamentary work. He accompanied Mrs. Thrale in her canvassing expeditions, when she learned by heart every nook of Southwark; and his first and favourite political pamphlet, "The False Alarm," was written in her house "between eight o'clock on Wednesday night and twelve o'clock on Thursday night; and we read it," she adds, "to Mr. Thrale when he came very late home from the House of Commons." This was in 1770. In the same year Mr. Thrale was carried from London to Streatham, insensible and dangerously ill." He recovered; but it was not long after this event that what Mrs. Thrale called "the distresses of 1772" set in.

Mr. Thrale had become involved in a fruitless speculation, suggested to him in the first instance by a quack chemist, and, without the knowledge of his family or friends, had constructed a costly manufactory of some curiously useless concoction for the preservation of wood from decay. Twenty thousand hogsheads of "this pernicious mess," as Mrs. Thrale called it, were being brewed in East Smithfield, in which all their money, and a great deal of government money besides, was swallowed up. "We had, in the commercial phrase, no beer to start for customers. We had no money to purchase with. Our clerks, insulted long, rebelled and *ratted*, but I held them in. A sudden run men-

aced the house, and death hovered over the head of its principal." The energies and sympathies of every member of the family were stimulated in this hour of distress. Until now Dr. Johnson and Thrale's mother-in-law had never been on good terms, and Mrs. Salusbury had persisted in preferring her newspaper to the doctor's conversation. Now, however, a common anxiety united them. Poor Thrale was driven to threaten suicide, and Johnson set himself to comfort the frightened women. "Fear not," he said, "the menaces of suicide; the man who has two such females to console him never yet killed himself, and will not now." Each did and gave what they could. Dr. Johnson scarcely left Thrale a moment, and "tried every artifice to amuse, as well as every argument to console him." But money, in round thousands, was after all the only effectual medicine for the broken-hearted brewer. In their distress they applied to their surest friends first. Down at Brighton there lived an old gouty solicitor, retired from business, the friend and contemporary of old Ralph Thrale. He had money; but how should they get at him, and at his heart, with this long troublesome story? "Well," says Mrs. Thrale, "first we made free with our mother's money, her little savings, about 3,000*l.*—'twas all she had; and, big as I was with child, I drove down to Bright-helmstone to beg of Mr. Scrase 6,000*l.* more—he gave it us—and Perkins, the head clerk, had never done repeating my short letter to our master, which only said: 'I have done my errand, and you soon shall see returned, *whole*, as I hope, your heavy but faithful messenger, H. L. T.' " Other friends in due time volunteered their assistance, and the crisis was over. But the business was burdened with a debt of 130,000*l.* "Yet in nine years," continues Mrs. Thrale, "was every shilling paid; one, if not two, elections well contested; and we might at Mr. Thrale's death have had money had he been willing to listen to advice. . . . The baby that I carried lived an *hour*—my mother a year; but she left our minds more easy." Dr. Johnson wrote for this kind and much-suffering mother an affectionate epitaph in finely sounding Latin; and the descendant of old Adam de Saltzburg—"Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1773"—slept in peace.

The events of the last three years had linked Johnson and the Thrales more closely than ever. "And who will be my biographer, do you think?" said he to



Mrs. Thrale, when she was talking with him, one day in July 1773, of the events of his youth. "Goldsmith, no doubt," she replied, "and he will do it the best among us." "No, Goldy won't do," Johnson thinks; and they talk together of Dr. Taylor of Ashborne, and other old friends of Johnson, who know his life and love him better. "After my coming to London," he said, "to drive the world about a little, you must all go to Jack Hawkesworth for anecdotes. I lived in great familiarity with him, though I think there was not much affection, from the year 1753 till the time Mr. Thrale and you took me up. I intend, however," he continued, "to disappoint the rogues, and either make you write the life with Taylor's intelligence, or, which is better, do it myself after outliving you all."

The journey of Boswell and Johnson to the Hebrides took place in the autumn of 1773, and it was in Skye that he wrote the graceful Latin ode to Mrs. Thrale, consisting of five stanzas, which ends thus:—

Seu viri curas, pia nupta, mulcet,  
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,  
Sive cum libris novitate pascit  
Sedula mentem;  
Sit memor nostri, fideique merces  
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum  
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen  
Littora Skiaë.

The following is a literal translation of the entire ode:—

I am roaming through lands where the barren rock mingles its stony ruins with the clouds; where the savage country laughs at the unfruitful labours of the peasant.

I am wandering among races of uncultivated men; where life, adorned by no culture, is neglected and deformed, and, foul with the smoke of peat, lurks obscure.

Amid the hardships of this long tour, amid the babble of an unknown tongue, in how many strains do I ask myself, "How fares sweet Thrale?"

Whether she, dutiful spouse, soothes her husband's cares, or whether, indulgent mother, she fondles her offspring, or whether, amid the society of books, she nourishes her mind with new knowledge;

May she be mindful of me! May faith, the reward of faith, remain constant! And may the shores of Skye learn to resound the name of Thrale so justly dear.\*

While her name was resounding thus eloquently among the mountains of the

\* More than forty years after this ode was written Sir Walter Scott visited Skye with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to ask "what was the first idea in every one's mind at landing." All answered, separately, that it was Johnson's Latin ode.

Celt, Mrs. Thrale herself was hard at work in the counting-house of the brewery, and superintending the conduct of her Welsh estates. Mr. Perkins, head clerk, was away on a commercial journey, and to him she wrote: "Mr. Thrale is still upon his little tour. I opened a letter from you at the counting-house this morning, and am sorry to find you have so much trouble with Grant and his affairs. . . . Careless, of the 'Blue Posts,' has turned refractory, and applied to Hoare's people, who have sent him in their beer. I called on him to-day, however, and by dint of an unwearied solicitation (for I kept him at the coach-side a full half-hour) I got his order for six butts more as the final trial."

It was a terrible disappointment to this energetic little woman of business to discover, upon the death, in 1773, of her uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury, that he had bequeathed Offley Place and its 2,000*l.* a year of revenue to a distant relative, thus depriving her of what she had hitherto regarded as her inheritance. And the blow fell with peculiar heaviness now, when she would so gladly have brought some grist of her own to the mill.

In 1774 Johnson spent some weeks at Streatham, "to be nursed;" and in the autumn of that year he accompanied the Thrales and their eldest child, Hester, whom they called "Queeney," upon a tour in Wales, where they visited various Welsh relations, and looked up Bachy-graig, the family mansion of Mrs. Thrale's father. They found a ruined house, two hundred years old, and no garden. Johnson had dreamt of something finer, and was disappointed. Mrs. Thrale was equally disappointed on this occasion in Johnson. He was eminently a poor traveller, short-sighted and deaf, and could not believe in beauties which he neither heard nor saw. His irritable temper was also a sore trial to his travelling-companions. "I remember, sir," said Mrs. Thrale long afterwards, when the talk one evening at Streatham was of Johnson's severe and bitter speeches, "I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility to the people. 'Madam,' you said, 'let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise?' 'Why, I'll tell you, sir,' said I: 'when I am with you and Mr. Thrale and Queeney, I am obliged to be civil for four.'"

Nor was it only in Wales that the in-

civilities of Johnson annoyed Mrs. Thrale. Mr. Thrale would sometimes check him by saying coldly, "There, there! now we have had enough for one lecture, Dr. Johnson; we will not be upon education any more till after dinner, if you please." He lived, Mrs. Thrale tells us, always upon the verge of a quarrel; and she relates how one evening, for example, she came into the room where he and a gentleman had been conversing, and found that a lady who had walked in two minutes before "had blown them both into a flame" by whispering something to Johnson's companion. It was in vain to make explanations, or to attempt to pacify him; the doctor's suspicions were all alive. "And have a care, sir," he was saying just as Mrs. Thrale entered the room; "the old lion will not bear to be tickled." The gentleman was pale with rage, the lady weeping at the confusion she had caused; "and," adds Mrs. Thrale, "I could only say with Lady Macbeth —

So! you've displaced the mirth, broke the  
good meeting  
With most admired disorder."

It was as much as Mrs. Thrale could do during the next two or three years to keep her wits clear and her heart from breaking. Business troubles were, it is true, subsiding; but others and heavier were taking their place, which no buoyancy of spirit could overcome, nor friendly skill alleviate. Her husband's health was broken; her children were falling ill, and two or three of them died in rapid succession. No wonder she replied to the dictatorial and exacting letters of her old friend with some petulance: "You ask, dear sir, if I keep your letters. To be sure I do. . . . My only reason to suppose that we should dislike looking over the correspondence twelve or twenty years hence was because the sight of it would not revive the memory of cheerful times at all. God forbid that I should be less happy then than now, when I am perpetually bringing or losing babies, both very dreadful operations to me, and which tear mind and body in pieces very cruelly." And again: "You say, too, that I shall not grow wiser in twelve years, which is a bad account of futurity; but if I grow happier I shall grow wiser, for, being less chained down to surrounding circumstances, what power of thinking my mind naturally possesses will have fair play at least." The death of their eldest son, in 1776, then a promising youth already at school, and the pride of Streatham Park, was a heart-break-

ing matter to both parents. "Poor dear, sweet, little boy!" Johnson wrote tenderly on hearing the news of his death; "I loved him as I never expect to love any other little boy: but I could not love him as a parent. I know that such a love is a laceration of the mind. I know that a whole system of hopes and designs and expectations is swept away at once, and nothing is left but bottomless vacuity. What you feel I have felt, and hope that your disquiet will be shorter than mine." The old man is remembering his wife, dead twenty-four years ago, and the tears are falling while he writes.

It was two years after this event when Dr. Burney took his daughter, the authoress of "Evelina," to visit Mr. and Mrs. Thrale at Streatham. By that time Streatham Park had come to be the headquarters of literary society; and for the young novelist, still trembling on the threshold of public life, this was, to use her own words, "the most consequential day she had spent since her birth." The white house upon the common, pleasantly situated in a fine paddock, with hothouses and kitchen-gardens about it, and its lake well stocked with perch, peeps out vividly enough from the pages of her amusing "Diary and Letters." The central feature of the house itself was the library. Here the books had been selected by Dr. Johnson, and the friendly faces which hung above them were, one and all, the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Over the fireplace were Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter, "pretty Queeney," as Johnson used to call her. Mr. Thrale was above the door which led to his study; and the collection round the room included Dr. Johnson, Mr. Murphy, Burke, Dr. Burney, Garrick, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua himself, and other intimate friends of the hospitable brewer. These formed the nucleus of the society of Streatham Park; these were the great few who have made the memory of the white house on the common immortal. But in 1778, as in 1765, the two most familiar faces by the Streatham fireside were still Mr. Murphy's and Dr. Johnson's. There was also a Lady Ladd, Thrale's sister, once a beauty, six feet high, and with very strong opinions concerning "the respect due from the lower class of the people." "I know my place," she would say, "and I always take it, and I've no notion of not taking it; but Mrs. Thrale lets all sorts of people do just as they've a mind by her." Dr. Johnson and Lady Ladd were very good friends; and, when he accosted her ladyship in verse —

With patches, paint, and jewels on,  
 Sure Phillis is not twenty-one;  
 But, if at night you Phillis see,  
 The dame at least is forty-three!—

"I know enough of that forty-three," she would cry good-naturedly; "I don't desire to hear any more of it!"

A distinguished visitor at Streatham was Mrs. Montagu, authoress of the "Essay on the Genius and Learning of Shakespeare," the most blue of the blue-stocking ladies who did homage to Johnson.

"To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough," says Mrs. Thrale. Dr. Johnson begins to seesaw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun; then suddenly addresses Miss Burney—"Down with her, Burney! down with her, spare her not! attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and, when I was beginning the world and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits, and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered; but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul. So, at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!" But the prim little novelist will not bark, and Dr. Johnson "Evelinas" her, folds his ample arm around her not reluctant waist, and blows her trumpet for her—in vain. Mrs. Thrale also is charmed with her novel, and lionizes her to her heart's content, but good-naturedly attacks her morbid shyness. "Now you have a new edition coming out, why should you not put your name to it?" Cries Burney, "Oh, ma'am, I would not for the world!" "And why not?" exclaims her hostess; "come, let us have done now with all this diddle-daddle!" When at last Miss Burney was roughly handled by the pamphleteers of the day, and half starved herself for vexation, Mrs. Thrale wrote upbraiding her behaviour, but added: "What hurts me most is lest you should like me the less for this letter. Yet I will be true to my own sentiments and send it; if you think me coarse and indelicate, I can't help it. You are twenty odd years old, and I am past thirty-six—there's the true difference." (The little lady was past thirty-eight, if the unhappy truth be told.) "I have lost seven children, and been cheated out of two thousand a year, and I cannot, indeed I cannot, sigh and sorrow over pamphlets and paragraphs."

But, although Burney could not bark, she could bite. Among the vivid and sarcastic pictures she has drawn of the guests at Streatham is one of Boswell, just arrived from Scotland, and on a morning visit to Streatham, where she met him for the first time. At luncheon "little Burney" sat next to Johnson, and Boswell, driven from his usual post of honour, and knowing nothing as yet of "Evelina" or its authoress, sulkily drew another chair, as near as he could place it, behind them. His attention to Johnson's talk as usual amounted almost to pain. "His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered." While he was in this rapt state, Dr. Johnson, who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, called out good-naturedly, "Bozzy!" and discovering by the sound of the reply how close Bozzy was, turned angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly on his knee, said in a tone of displeasure, "What do you do there, sir? Go to the table, sir!" Off went poor Bozzy in sore affright to a distant seat; but presently was running about to look for something he wished to exhibit to the company. "What are you thinking of, sir?" cried the doctor again authoritatively; "why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, sir!"—adding, with hidden fun, as he recollected a favourite character in "Evelina," "Running about in the middle of meals! One would take you for a *Brangton*!"

Among the Streathamite ladies was Miss Sophia Streatfield, a pupil of Mr. Thrale's old dominie, Dr. Collier, of Offley. She was about five years younger than Mrs. Thrale, and her beauty, coquetry, and reputation for learning made her a formidable rival. Mr. Thrale's head was completely turned by her, and his little wife, who endured with tolerable good-humour his flirtations which she did not see, was considerably provoked by this one which went on at a gala pace under her own eyes. A golden age was this for blue-stockings in England! Mrs. Thrale was as jealous of Sophia's Greek as she was of her beauty. "Here is Sophia Streatfield again," she writes in her diary, "handsomer than ever, and flushed with new conquests. The Bishop of Chester feels her power, I am sure. She showed me a letter from him that was as tender and had all the tokens upon it

as strong as ever I remember to have seen 'em. I repeated to her out of Pope's Homer. 'Very well, Sophy,' says I:

'Range undisturbed among the hostile crew,  
But touch not Hector; Hector is my due.'

'Miss Streatfield,' says my master, 'could have quoted these lines in Greek.' His saying so piqued me because it was true. I wish I understood Greek!" Nor were Mr. Thrale and the Bishop of Chester Sophy's only victims. The respectable head of poor dear Dr. Burney was also turned, much to the vexation of Miss Fanny. "How she contrives," continues indignant Mrs. Thrale, "to keep bishops and brewers and doctors and directors of the East India Company all in chains so, and almost all at the same time, would amaze a wiser person than me. I can only say" (the little lady is growing terrible!) "let us mark the end!" At first, these ebullitions of wrath were confined to her private diary, which she called her *Thraliana*; but the irritation increased, and at length there was a "scene." She told the story herself many years afterwards. There was a large dinner-party at their house. Johnson sat on one side of Mrs. Thrale, Burke on the other; and Sophia Streatfield was among the guests. Thrale was on this occasion superfluously attentive to the white-throated siren, while his wife, "then near her confinement, and dismally low-spirited," looked on. Presently her husband asked her to give up her place at the head of the table to Sophy, who had a sore throat and did not like her seat near the door. It *was* a little too hard, and seemed to the poor lady the last drop in her cup of woe. So, bursting into tears, she made some petulant speech — "that perhaps ere long the lady might be at the head of Mr. Thrale's table without displacing the mistress of the house" — and so left the apartment. "I retired," she says, "to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation as I best could, when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them, I resolved to give a *jobation* to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him if he noticed what passed, what I suffered, and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I cannot help remarking with what blandness and composure you *witnessed* the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but

towards a man who gives good dinners you were meekness itself!' Johnson," she added, "coloured, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

For six years after their first meeting, Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale continued in a close intimacy; but Mrs. Thrale was not long in taking a correct measure of her friend's character, and was sometimes weary enough of her affectation, her pride, and glaring egotism. Nevertheless she liked her. Fanny was in the very heart of the gay world, and had, in spite of her prudery, no little knowledge of its ways. Mrs. Thrale's fondness for having notables about her too often landed her in dilemmas; but her easy temper and natural lightheartedness helped her wonderfully through them. And when Fanny amused her, fondled her, ill-treated her, Mrs. Thrale would see through it all, and love her still. Accordingly, the young authoress was from the first a privileged "Streathamite," spending a large portion of her time with the Thrales, both in town and in their country quarters.

But, whether among "blues" or beauties, in the pump-rooms and ball-rooms of fashionable watering-places, or in gay London drawing-rooms, Mrs. Thrale was pretty sure to be the queen of her company, with a character for unrivalled "wit," extensive reading, and sweet vivacity of temper. And, besides all these, did she not stand pre-eminent above the women of her time in the favour of Dr. Johnson? She was not one to depreciate the distinction. True it was that this friendship between her and the "leviathan of literature" brought her nowadays occasionally more of pain than of happiness. Johnson had spoken truly when he said such sorrows as hers must sweep away a whole system of hopes, and designs, and expectations. And, although he had forgotten that he said it, the fact remained. The pillar needed supporting at last. But, in the mean time, Johnson himself was growing daily more abjectly dependent upon the love of his friends. The calamity of old age, which he had all his life dreaded, was now upon him. His infirmities were increasing — his deafness, his near-sightedness, his rapacious appetite, his exacting, despotic temper. But, with all this, what would Mrs. Thrale's life have been, had he been out of it? For were there not still some outbreaks of the old tenderness, a falling back into the pleasant acquiescent mood of long ago? And who else like that old man could

bring back at his will her youth, her dead children's voices, her gay spirit?

Never in her best days had her spirits been gayer than on one memorable evening in the winter of 1779-80, at Dr. Burney's house in St. Martin's Street, where a number of people had been invited to meet the Thrals and Dr. Johnson. In the company were Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Crewe, the one a "wit" of some celebrity and authoress of an "Ode to Indifference," the other the most admired court beauty of her day. All of them had come to talk and to hear Dr. Johnson talk, and it is probable, too, that Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Thrale were looking forward to a friendly tilt to themselves in the course of the evening. But among the guests was a new singer from Paris, a Signor Piozzi, and Dr. Burney must, forsooth, exhibit his new lion before the old ones were allowed to roar. Now, Dr. Johnson did not know a fugue of Bach from a street cry, nor were some others present much wiser. When, therefore, Piozzi took his place at the piano and sung them one *scena* after another, it was for most of them simply a monopoly of noise on his part, and for them, a condemnation to silence. Mrs. Thrale alone was at her ease. She feared nobody; not Dr. Johnson, sitting abstractedly with his back to the piano; not the plaintive Greville, who was perhaps conning her own "Ode;" nor the beautiful Crewe, with her shepherdess airs and court smiles. A sudden sense of the ridiculous position they are in lifts her spirits altogether beyond her own control; and, while the rest of the guests are sitting round the room in frigid silence, she glides on tiptoe behind the singer, and begins imitating his gestures, squaring her little elbows, shrugging her shoulders, casting up her eyes — doing all of the *aria parlante*, in short, except its music. Dr. Johnson does not see the dumb show, but the ladies open their eyes wider, and Dr. Burney is shocked. With an air of dignified censure, the historian of music conducts the culprit back to her chair, whispering remonstrance; and Mrs. Thrale, with admirable good temper, accepts his rebuke and sits down like a pretty little miss, for the rest of a humdrum party: in her own heart, however — need we doubt it? — thinking Dr. Burney "a blockhead," to have wasted such a chance of a brilliant evening.

ROSALINE ORME MASSON.

From Good Words.

## WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### ONE WAYFARER FAILS.

THOUGH Anne Hatton's first attention had been turned to the wiping-out of the affront which she believed her father's sister had put upon her father and his daughters, by their repudiating the brief authority which Mrs. Wyndham had exercised over them, Anne had not been without the consideration of plans for herself and Pleasance; she had been full of them, working at them incessantly with a restless, excited brain.

Pleasance was cherishing a diversity of schemes, and fitful, airy projects. Now it was that Anne and she should manufacture an immense number of little pin-cushions, penwipers, etc. The girls at the Hayes had lightened their heavier labours by contriving and constructing such for birthday and Christmas presents and charity bazaars in which friends of some of the pupils were interested. They could be disposed of to a "repository," whatever that might be, or wherever it might be found, and live on the proceeds — as Pleasance had read of distressed ladies supporting themselves, in those good old-fashioned novels which Miss Cayley had not forbidden to her pupils.

Next, it was a new idea, culled from a modern American novel, that Anne and she should set up a little shop — only not in Saxford, where people stared and wrangled so, and girls were so saucy — and sell things, tea, or worsted, or, better, books; or try to get a little farm, which Mrs. Balls would tell them how to take care of, and have horses and donkeys, and cows and hens, all of their own, and sell corn and hay, butter and milk, and eggs and cheese, like Mrs. Balls's master.

In these occupations Pleasance recognized a new life and many delights, with some cares, of course, but no degradation — how could there be? Anne and she would still be Anne and Pleasance, retaining all that was worth having of their individual selves, with their gifts or graces, and they would be doing what was honest and right under the circumstances. No more harm could come to them than came to Rosalind and Celia when they withdrew from the usurping duke's court, and lived as shepherd and shepherdess in the forest of Ardennes, or to Imogen, when she

cooked roots for her unknown brothers in the cave of Belisarius. No doubt it would have been nicer to have been Rosalind and Celia or Imogen, but manners had changed, and people could not have everything they wished. She might well say that when poor papa had died away, all by himself, in the wilds of America.

Anne's great trust was in an application to Miss Cayley. She had not been so fond of Miss Cayley as Pleasance had been; still she had full faith in her old teacher's good-will, and naturally retained an impression of her power and influence, much greater than the claims of even an old-established, respected schoolmistress could warrant.

Neither Anne nor Pleasance knew anything of a possible change in Miss Cayley's circumstances, as changes were not mooted in the school before they came to pass.

Anne was certain that Miss Cayley could do something for them if she would, and Anne was pretty sure that she would, though she could not be equally certain of what Miss Cayley might think of their letter to their aunt. But Miss Cayley, clever and good as she was, was not one of papa's daughters to judge how they had been hurt and humiliated, Anne reflected proudly.

If Miss Cayley could not take the two girls back into her own school as pupil-teachers, to be in a measure at the beck of Anne's old school-enemy, Maria Hollis—a galling transformation to Anne with all her sense—then Miss Cayley would get the girls placed together (Anne must be with Pleasance to look after her, what would become of Pleasance, in spite of her wonderful cleverness, if she were out of Anne's sight?) on a similar footing, in another school. In a few years the girls would have completed their education, and be fit to undertake a school of their own. The necessity of their being together, and the impossibility of Anne's letting Pleasance go anywhere by herself, precluded the notion of the sisters meeting fortune separately as governesses.

Anne's visions were only a little less impracticable than Pleasance's, but happily Anne did not know this, and was slightly comforted in her sorrow, pain, and misery,—for her present position involved these elements in the highest degree to the delicate, sensitive, womanly girl of fifteen—in contemplating the result of an application to Miss Cayley at a little distance.

There was no such pressing haste in writing to her as there had been in writing

to Mrs. Wyndham. Anne's blood did not boil, and her fingers tremble to write the second letter, as blood and fingers had boiled and trembled to write the first. Mrs. Balls, their mother's cousin, was quite willing to have the girls for a longer or shorter time, and assured them that they did not put her about.

Anne could not deny to herself, and had difficulty in concealing from the others, that she was wretched at the manor, where, indeed, the only previous visit which she had paid in very different circumstances had gone sorely against the grain with her. But she felt she would be wretched now anywhere, and the cold which she had caught, instead of decreasing, was gathering strength and preying upon her, inclining her to supineness. Not Anne's head alone, but her chest and side ached horribly at intervals. She could not sleep at nights for her cough; she could not eat, but turned loathingly from the homely luxuries which Mrs. Balls set before the sisters, with much unconventionality and unrestraint. When the first ceremoniousness of her cousin's children's presence wore off, Mrs. Balls fell back into her habit of eating when hungry and drinking when thirsty off corners of uncovered tables, and in the midst of other and most incongruous occupations.

There was a certain charm to Pleasance in taking tea, standing, with her hat on. She did not mind that Mrs. Balls never turned down her cuffs for dinner, and would rise up in the middle of the meal to go as far as the outhouses to see for herself what the lowing of a cow meant, or to fetch in a turkey's egg which she had forgotten, and feared might prove irresistible to a farm-servant of doubtful morality, or to an egg-loving terrier.

But Anne did mind, and experienced continual chagrin and disgust from such ways. She wondered dully that she cared when so much worse had come upon her; but she could not help caring, and her lethargy was every now and then goaded into a longing for instant action, by the vexation of perceiving how readily Pleasance accommodated herself to the changed surroundings, nay, how she enjoyed them. She would chatter by the hour to Mrs. Balls, made a whole circle of acquaintances in the animal world of the offices and poultry-yard, was deeply interested in the lambs and calves, and proud to be allowed to feed the latter, interested even in the pigs, and absorbed in the sitting of hens, and hatching of chickens.

Anne was constantly dreading that



Pleasance would make friends with more than the animal world, would degenerate into joining in Mrs. Balls's gossip, with Mrs. Morse of the Brown Cow, or Mrs. Blennerhasset, the blacksmith's wife, who seemed to have so much more time than ladies such as Miss Cayley had. They would saunter from the village to the manor, to inquire into the prospects of Mrs. Balls's harvest of milk and cheese for this season, to buy and carry home little jugs of cream for tea, a basketful of new-laid eggs, or a couple of young hens for some special family supper, and would sit and rest, and refresh themselves with Mrs. Balls's cider and beer, while in their strong eastern Doric they pulled to pieces all the congenial topics of the village.

But Anne was not able to go back to the Hayes, if Miss Cayley sent for the girls on hearing their plight, till her cold was better. In the mean time it was hardly worth while to unpack the school-books, and set down Pleasance to her tasks. Anne would have set her down, though Pleasance's cleverness had placed her in the same class with Anne, and above Anne in the class, still the elder sister had never lost the supremacy over the younger, and could have wielded it, if it had been worth while.

Pleasance could not have lived at this time, even a week, without a book of some kind in addition to the little pocket-Bibles and prayer-books out of which the sisters had been taught to read their daily lessons — lessons of another description than mere school-lessons, and out of which Pleasance edified Mrs. Balls by reading to her on the rainy Sunday after the Hattons arrived, so that Mrs. Balls could pick up the clearly-read words "jest as 'twere parson saying 'em." Pleasance had taken out one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which was amongst her stock, and with that in her hand, or underneath her arm, and all the farm-animals to study, she felt herself fully armed for occupation and entertainment till Anne should be well again.

Anne could not know that Miss Cayley had already received that call which she had been anticipating, and had judged herself bound to sell the good-will and the fixtures of the school at the Hayes to Miss Smith, who had saved money, and possessed relatives in affluent circumstances ready to assist her with a loan, in order that Miss Cayley might pay her share of debt to a creditor poorer than his debtor, while she must begin life anew in another quarter. The school, left behind in all

the engrossing amazement and turmoil of a sudden change of government, had already put the figures of the Hattons, with the nine-days' wonder of their abrupt departure, far into the background.

Though Anne was daily and surely growing very ill instead of well, Pleasance had been so long accustomed to her sister's being pulled down and having to struggle up again under colds, that, after a momentary trepidation on finding Anne ailing, she thought little more about the matter. Mrs. Balls took alarm at last.

"It ain't mere pining," she considered, "the gal looks wus'n her mother the last time Cousin Pleasance turned aside and come and seed me arter some of their travels — for it is my mind her gen'leman of a husband dragged the breath out on her body with his going here and there — her here may take arter the mother in more'n looks. Miss Pleasance?"

Mrs. Balls appealed to Pleasance, sitting reading in the window, while Anne had consented to remain in bed, being in fact no longer able to come out of it and stand without sick giddiness, "Did you ever hear say your sister were like to go into a waste?"

"Never, Mrs. Balls," cried Pleasance, catching the words with her quick intelligence causing her to understand their meaning, so that she started up in dismay, flinging down her book, "how could you think of such a thing?" Pleasance said angrily, the suggestion was so barbarous if it were not so absurd. "Anne has often had cold and influenza before, she only needs a little rest and nursing."

"Sure-ly and softly, Miss Pleasance, I'm on'y a stoopid body that's kinder frightened," said Mrs. Balls cautiously.

"You may say so, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance eagerly, "if you had seen the little Mitfords in measles, or the Bovilles in scarlatina, you might have been concerned, but to take alarm at a cold!" and Pleasance picked up her book and walked out of the room. She sang as she went to the sisters' bedroom and planted herself there, hanging about Anne, trying to get her to speak and smile, Pleasance's eyes dwelling wistfully on Anne. When Pleasance could do nothing else, she loaded Anne with clumsy, often troublesome attentions, never quitting the bedside, save to take her food, which she did by mouthfuls — rooted from that moment to the spot where her treasure was, yet all the time declaring that her treasure was in no danger, there was very little the matter with



Anne, and that she, Pleasance, had no doubt Anne would be nearly well the next day.

Anne was not so ill as not to mark the change and puzzle over it.

Within the next twelve hours, in the middle of the night, Anne, who had been tossing about, started up in bed.

"What is it, Anne? I am awake," said Pleasance in a troubled voice, and it was the first time that she had been found awake, save when she was the victim of toothache, in the whole course of her life.

"It is the pain, Pleasance; it is back again, and so sharp in my side, it will not let me breathe."

Pleasance stumbled up, and roused Mrs. Balls, who while slow to detect the approach of illness in a girl like Anne Hatton, was much more available when the illness was there, and had assumed a marked character. The Saxford villagers, with Mrs. Balls in their neighbourhood, did not walk in and out of each other's houses, at all hours, and in all circumstances, and acquire no familiarity with violent sickness, or power of relieving it.

But Mrs. Balls's applications only partially relieved Anne, and in the morning, while taking care to speak reassuringly to Pleasance, Mrs. Balls announced that she had sent for the parish doctor.

"And I'll send for passon, ere all be done, if I'm not far wrong," she added to herself very gravely when she had closed the door on Pleasance. "Eh, what a peck o' troubles to come on me, and wus on them poor gals!"

The doctor was a hard-worked man, with little time or thought to spare for one patient over another, and thinking almost entirely, as was necessary, of physical needs; yet he received an impression from the discrepancies between his patient and her sister, and his worthy old acquaintance Mrs. Balls and her household. He stayed for a moment to listen to the mistress of the house's voluble explanation of the case, after he had told her that Miss Hatton's complaint was pleurisy more advanced than he liked to see, it must have been hanging about her ever since she had caught cold, she was certainly in a critical condition. He added, "You had better send for the young lady's aunt whom you speak of."

"I couldn't, and I oulnd't," said Mrs. Balls doggedly. "Why t'ould kill she — an it ha'n't killed she already."

"Very well, you know best," said the doctor, looking at his watch. "But remember I have warned you what may be

apprehended, and you must take the responsibility."

Mrs. Balls was not inclined to take the responsibility entirely. "I'm a welly good church 'oman," she said artfully to Pleasance, "and when so much as my finger aches I like to a' the benefit of passon's prayers. What do he be there for, an' it be not to preach and pray us well — soul and body?"

Miss Cayley had been a good church-woman also, and the girls had been accustomed to see her clergyman, whose children were among their school-companions, often at the Hayes, preparing the confirmation-class which was ready for him, every year. He had been a man fond of and familiar with the children — among whom his own were numbered — and willing to be of use to them, so that in their illnesses he had, when in the house, come up to their rooms, as much to speak a fatherly, cheering word of patience, as to read a short prayer to them.

Pleasance's short-sighted eyes, painfully open and strained already, only opened a little wider. It was not so much out of the ordinary course, that the clergyman, though a stranger in this instance, should come and see Anne, who had not been able to go to church. Pleasance thought what was true, that Anne would rather like it.

The clergyman of Saxford and the neighbourhood was nearly as hard-worked as its doctor, and he was not so well able for his work. He was a good, but gentle, shy man, with little imagination; and though his conscientious labours had doubtless made their mark out of sight, in what was seen it did not seem that the vicar had coped effectually with the thick slough of agricultural ignorance, which had at Saxford an admixture of wild self-will, derived from the vicinity of the village to the seaport of Cheam.

The vicar saw nearly as many sick-beds as the doctor, and had to do his work there much more in the dark, so far as his patients were concerned. Vicar and doctor, when they paid their hurried visits to the manor, were following each other to the death-bed of the head of a family, a careless liver, like many in that parish, and who was leaving a large helpless family behind him.

Mrs. Balls poured into the ears of the cumbered vicar, as she had poured into the ears of the cumbered doctor, the tale of the Hattons' tribulations, and as in the former instance, the vicar, after seeing Anne, praying with her and exchanging a

few words of not insincere but formal kindness with the girls, said to Mrs. Balls as she was showing him out, "You had better send for the poor young lady's aunt."

"Bor!" exclaimed Mrs. Balls, quite forgetting to whom she was speaking; "she mun be wuss, and past hope afore I do; and if I evened Miss Pleasance to that, she 'ould fly at me, poor mawther, like June a-guarding on her puppies. Both them gals hate the wumman as if she were pisen, they ha'n't been able to take her name into their mouths, sin' the night on the day she druv them out of their school and they were forced to come here."

"I think you must exaggerate matters," said the vicar, mildly; "I cannot suppose that girls would be so vindictive, and in so undesirable a frame of mind. They appeared nice-looking, well-behaved girls when I was with them. I fear your patient is very ill; but I have not another moment to spare. Think over what I have said, Mrs. Balls."

"Dang it!" said Mrs. Balls to herself, looking after the vicar's retreating figure, still oblivious of her words and their relation, "it d' be little help men, even with the most know, give a poor wumman."

Mrs. Balls returned to Anne and Pleasance, and found the one too accustomed to illness, and too nearly sinking into sick stupefaction from the medicine which she had taken to allay fever, to be awake to a sense of danger, and to extraordinary measures in keeping with extraordinary circumstances. And Pleasance's set face of resolute incredulity, like a mask, was so strangely unlike her natural mobile face that it alone brought the water into Mrs. Balls's eyes. "Young though she be, she be bound to kick again the pricks, and we dunno want Scriptor to tell us, that be main hard pricking."

The next day the doctor was so busy with a mother hanging between life and death, after the birth of the last of her seven young children — in addition to the father of that other helpless household, hovering on the brink of leaving it desolate — and with the two sufferers living three miles apart — that he could only look in for five minutes in his rounds, and when he saw his presence was to be of no avail at the manor, deliver his weighty sentences to Mrs. Balls.

"No better; considerably worse; the disease running its course, with still less stamina to resist than to feed it; might take a sudden fatal turn any hour; the pa-

tient to be closely watched, whoever was sent for."

The vicar came and heard that Anne was asleep — a sleep heavy, yet restless, from which, with passionate yearning, Pleasance hoped everything, and built herself up in the hope, almost with childish exultation. But Anne awoke (oh, the woeful awakening to Pleasance!) manifestly more choking for breath, with a greater tendency to light-headedness than before. In the mean time the vicar had gone, leaving his compliments and inquiries.

Mrs. Balls had done everything that she could think of, except bring in some of her village cronies to exercise their skill and pronounce their opinions without reserve upon Anne. Pleasance opposed the idea, when it was hinted to her, at once and so vigorously, as being totally uncongenial to Anne, that Mrs. Balls dropped it, without farther ado, contenting herself with long gossips in the kitchen and loud whisperings at the house-door with friends dropping in, and with the more confidential of the farm-servants.

That night Mrs. Balls made her preparations to sit up with Anne, and Pleasance did not dare to object, while she herself had to lie down in her usual place in order to content Anne, who through the gathering haze of sore illness and partial delirium, would still have refused to rest, if Pleasance had not been, as was wont, by her side.

Mrs. Balls, after her elaborate arrangements, soon fell fast asleep in the chair, a little back from the bed, in which she had stationed herself. Pleasance, who had not slept for two nights, save by the shortest snatches, and who felt as if, however stiff and aching her body might be, she should never sleep again, lay in forced stillness in the dim light of the unsnuffed candle, and held her breath as if she needed to hold it, to listen to Anne's laboured breathing, and to pray over and over again a piteous, desperate prayer to God to spare Anne to Pleasance.

In the middle of the night, about the same time that Anne had aroused Pleasance to Anne's access of illness, two nights before, she started up again, with the torpor in which she was lying as it were rent asunder, and nervous acuteness restored to the soul looking out of the gleaming eyes, set in the little face, chalky white where it was not burning red.

"Pleasance," said Anne, panting to find breath to speak, "I am very ill."

Something clutched like a vice hard and cold at Pleasance's young heart, but love gave her simple wisdom and strength to answer, "Yes, Anne, but we are doing all we can to help you, and oh, we hope you'll soon be better."

"I'll never be better," answered Anne, with the same startling, gasping energy, "and I brought it on myself, for I could not make up my mind to the change, I took it so to heart. Oh, I'm sorry now," she said, with the clear sight and the deep regret of the dying, "for we had so much left — each other, youth, health, breath" — Anne struggled to say the word, while her breast heaved for the thing which the word expressed — "the sun in the sky — we might have been happy yet."

"Please God, we'll be happy yet, Anne," implored Pleasance.

"Not here," said Anne. "Oh, Pleasance, I'm frightened."

The last alarms had seized on the timid creature, and a scared terror arose in her eyes, while the sweat-drops gathered on her forehead.

"Anne, Anne, you were so good," said Pleasance, rising up on her knees, in desperate appeal from Anne against herself, back again to Anne, and to another than Anne.

"No, no," Anne shrank still more at the assertion, "I was bad when I had the chance — I have been hating that woman and despising Mrs. Balls who took us in, I have been angry with you — and even without all that, to go out alone into the darkness, with nothing beyond save the great white throne, Pleasance, Pleasance," Anne cried for help.

At that great and bitter cry what had remained of the childhood of Pleasance, with its lightness, thoughtlessness, and irresponsibility, died out as in a moment and forever. She answered the cry; she must answer it. It seemed as if she had capacity enlarged and power given her — she knew not whence — to answer it. She half supported Anne, as Pleasance knelt in the bed, and held in hers the fluttering, chilling hands.

"Anne, I cannot go instead of you, I cannot go with you, but think of God in Christ, Anne," said Pleasance in a voice clear, well-nigh loud, which she could not have recognized as her own, which nobody could have recognized, "think of our Father in heaven to whom we have gone every day of our lives, and not only when we were confirmed and took our communion together last month — and we meant it, though we might be very silly and fool-

ish. But Christ knows our weakness, and will not condemn us for being weak."

"Say it again, Pleasance, speak of Christ," said Anne.

And Pleasance spoke; she never knew what she said, but Anne, though her breath came after longer intervals and with huskier, more rattling impediments, became more composed. Or was it a film gathering before her eyes, a ringing in her ears, and a numbness stealing over her excited brain?

Once again she threw off the stupor and stretched out her arms while Pleasance held her hands, as if Anne did not feel Pleasance's touch, but was groping after it.

"Oh, what will you do, Pleasance? how can I leave you?" moaned Anne.

"Never mind me, dear," said Pleasance, with generosity's last best effort.

Mrs. Balls had her sleep — in which she had been dreaming of her cousin Pleasance, young and blooming — broken in upon by the noise. She started up and came towards the bed.

"Eh! my lass, what's this?" she cried, and then she did nothing; but stood while the ruddy streaks of colour in her complexion paled, and her lips fell apart. She was waiting humbly in the presence of a sovereign before whose surpassing greatness the great and small of the earth quail alike. She did not even seek to remove Pleasance from the cramped, crouching position which she had assumed, that Anne might cling to her, partially raised on Pleasance's shoulder, till the only sound in the room had passed with a faint sob away, and there was silence which could be felt.

Then Mrs. Balls came forward and touched Pleasance, at the same time disengaging Anne's drooping figure from her sister's hold. "It d' be over, my dear; she's gone."

Mrs. Balls half expected Pleasance not to believe the intimation, or at least to resist the conviction and cling to the dead with frantic outcry; but the awe of the journey on which Anne had gone was on Pleasance. With the awe there was the anguish of a loneliness which pierced through the unreality and the exaltation of the last few moments, when Pleasance could not tell whether she herself had been in the body or out of the body, and smote Pleasance as with a sharp wound. Unless Christ in heaven, of whom she had spoken to Anne, and who might be so near and yet was so far, she had nobody now. Papa was gone; Anne gone. Pleas-

ance clutched Mrs. Balls's gown and her head fell heavily on Mrs. Balls's breast. She suffered Mrs. Balls to lead her from the room. Pleasance knew, with a knowledge which thrilled through every nerve of her body and every perception of her soul, that Anne was there no longer to hear and to answer her.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### AT THE BOTTOM ALONE.

PLEASANCE'S grief was a dumb grief. She was stricken in her turn still and motionless as Anne had been under a different shock. Mrs. Balls was appalled at the transformation of her former lively companion, and at the manifestation of a sorrow which was past her comprehension, being so unlike her own loud groans which brought quick relief and the free pourings-forth of her troubles which lightened the burden.

"It mun be in their blood or breeding—so the poor quiet girl that's gone sat like a stock or stone for the few days she were here—till I lay the blood congealed at her heart and the mortal affront strook to it. What's the use on so much know, when it on'y makes men and wummen so thin-skinned in theys souls that they cannot stand a dunt, or cry out and 'a done with their murnin'. Friens is all very well, but frien's must part, we all know that, and we ain't singular when it is our frien's as are took, so where's the good o' over-much frettin'? Let the gals be fond on each other, poor mawthers, they had none else to be fond on—till they had got young men of their ownst, and then they might 'a got more sorrers—while they were here; it 'ould never have been me that 'ould said one word again it; but now that t' one is took, is t' other to quarrel with her wittles, and sit and petrify into a moniment for lack of her sister? I call that a fair flyin' in the face o' Providence."

But Mrs. Balls had not the heart to remonstrate roughly with Pleasance, in place of roughness she showed the girl all manner of homely tenderness, and she consulted both the doctor and the parson on her account, as she had consulted them on Anne's behalf, in vain.

The doctor, though far from an inhumane man, was provoked at being plagued with a trifle, when he had so many matters of life and death on his hands. "Tuts, tuts," he said, "grief does not kill—at least, not often, and this girl has not her sister's constitution, she is a

well-grown, strong girl—let her alone, she'll come round; if she do not sleep of nights, she may have a drop of your hot cider, or if her stomach is too dainty, a glass of sherry-negus, that's all she'll need."

The vicar talked and read and prayed with Pleasance, gently and earnestly, bade her be resigned, give her sister and trust herself to God, and what more could he have done?

Pleasance was sensible of his kindness, and even said a single word of thanks to him "prettily," to Mrs. Balls's satisfaction, though she was too miserable to respond to it in any other way. How could he, more than any other man, tell her where Anne was gone, or what was her present state? How could he fill the yawning chasm in Pleasance's heart and existence? It was easy and no doubt right for him to bid her be at peace, but how could she rest or look up with one-half of her gone?—for Anne was like part of her, and that part was torn from her by a violent wrench and laid out of sight and sound in the cold grave.

It seemed more practical for the vicar to give his assistance to Mrs. Balls in announcing the death to the girl's relations, and arranging with them for the funeral.

But here the good man was again foiled. Mrs. Balls would not have the gentlefolks apprised. They had dealt with the girls, their own flesh and blood, not so far removed, as well as her flesh and blood, "wus'n dawgs"—clad the elder in her winding-sheet, and broken the younger's heart and spirit. It would be mockery to summon the cruel kindred to see and rejoice over their wicked work.

Mrs. Balls, independent in her views, as indeed were most of the natives of Saxford and Cheam, would not see things in a softened light, and preserved her wrath and disgust in spite of the vicar's puzzled protest.

No; she would not speak to Miss Pleasance, the poor child was not fit to hear such matters discussed, and was incapable of deciding one way or another, and Mrs. Balls would decide for her. Her cousin's child should not owe her burial to the grudging donation and reluctant attendance of the relations who had compassed her death. Why, the very dead would rise from her coffin to oppose such a misdeed.

Mrs. Balls had heard that the two girls would succeed to some money (she rated it in her own mind at perhaps twenty or thirty pounds), but neither would she take

from it a sum wherewith to discharge the expenses of the last offices to Anne. Miss Pleasance would have enough need of the bit of money which had come all to her in God's providence, and she was heartily welcome to have it untouched. Mrs. Balls would defray the cost of Anne's funeral, she could afford it; and it was all she could do for the girl, her cousin's daughter, who had come to her in her need and whom she had kept for so short a time.

The vicar, however he might differ from Mrs. Balls as to the judiciousness and propriety of the intention, had no power to prevent its being put into execution.

Pleasance took all that followed passively. She was, as Mrs. Balls said, quite too young to rouse herself to enter into such details. And young as she was, she was walking through the valley of death as it were on her own account, as well as on that of another.

For Anne was, indeed, part of Pleasance, the two sisters had grown together side by side. Pleasance never remembered a time when she was without Anne to look up to, and to refer to in her stage of seniority, and prematurely developed, old-fashioned precision and staidness, equal to all ordinary demands—back to the period when Pleasance could faintly recall her sick and sinking mother, and her absent-minded, harassed father, by both of whom she had been constantly turned over to Anne's safe-keeping.

Anne had been mother and sister in one, watching and providing for Pleasance's well-being, even before the two little girls were committed, on their father's going abroad, to Miss Cayley; and though Pleasance had been afterwards in the charge of Miss Cayley and of sundry governesses, she had always been under Anne's protection and guidance in the first and nearest sense; and it had been with reference to Anne, more than to any other person, that Pleasance had never yet stood alone.

All through these years of childhood and growing girlhood the sisters had been thus united, ministering to and dependent the one on the other. Anne had not been utterly incapable of youthful giddiness and self-absorption; but she had never been seriously unfaithful to or forgetful of what, without direct words from her elders, had been her trust. Pleasance, with her far greater ability and wider sympathies and aspirations, had been saucy and cross at times, but she had never seriously ques-

tioned or rebelled against her sister's authority. She had stood above Anne in her classes, she had regularly coached Anne in their lessons; but out of the class and apart from the lessons, Pleasance had been a child to Anne, and had continued more of a child to the rest of the world, because of the existence of that primitive relation.

Until that miserable morning at the Hayes, which had brought to the Hattons the tidings of their father's death, and sent them out into the world, Pleasance had not once raised her voice and given an independent decision on their joint juvenile affairs.

Until that last night, when in its piteous, dreary watches Anne had cried in her extremity to Pleasance, and Pleasance had risen in her whole being to answer her, Pleasance had not consciously come to a single conclusion for herself, or taken practically upon herself to settle one of their difficulties.

Now she was a young girl maimed and shattered in spirit, as well as desolate. And as the poet holds that the frost of death may at one touch ripen the soul, so the frost of sorrow had, in these few days, ripened wonderfully, and in the circumstances terribly, Pleasance's capacities for loving and suffering.

Not a month before, in their ordinary school-life, Anne had been the more proudly devoted and attached sister of the two; but had Pleasance died then, Anne, in her loving lamentation, would have been more open to resignation and consolation than Pleasance was in these later days. Anne had been prostrated by the very strangeness of the overthrow and destruction of all her hopes for the present and the future; but if her father's death had come in the course of nature, and had not been followed by any humiliating disastrous revelation—if even Pleasance had died in the same course of nature—Anne had in her far more of the instincts of submission—religious and reasonable—to God and to the inevitable, than Pleasance possessed.

Pleasance, in whose heart there sprang forth at one stroke a flood-tide of love, which had lost its object and could find no outlet, and which in place of fertilizing her nature, seemed only to have risen there too late to devastate it, had to contend with the strong young spirit which cannot surrender its treasure without a desperate fight—not the less keen and wild that it is altogether desperate from the beginning, which has to strive in the

dimness and ghastliness of a very place of dragons, where reason is fettered, and faith is tottering, and love is bleeding at every pore, to answer questions which are unanswerable in this world.

In the farm-kitchen beside Mrs. Balls, who carefully tended Pleasance's body at this time, but was as incapable of so much as entering by the outer door into her spirit's tribulation, as all other men and women were incapable of passing into the inner sanctuary where the struggle was waged, Pleasance, a young girl of thirteen, had to maintain and survive the warfare. It is perfectly possible, though it cannot happen often, that such warfare may come to a girl of thirteen, as to a woman of thirty; and if the girl survive it, she far more than the woman will bear its traces to her dying day.

In order to survive it there must be — not as Pleasance was sometimes tempted to long for, in the heat of the conflict, sickness like Anne's, bodily disease of some kind, if not to cut her down also, to counterbalance and neutralize the anguish of the spirit — but the fresh vigorous constitution like Pleasance's, which in the middle of its distress retains the power of refreshing itself — though it be but to renew the encounter — by intervals of such utter weariness, as in a healthy body and spirit is followed by blessed oblivion and profound rest.

And there must be occasional Heaven-sent glimpses of far-away victory and restoration, reunion and complete explanation — surely divine as they are brief — bathing while they last the tempest-tossed soul in a very radiance of light and balm of peace.

There must be also occasional outbursts of more child-like and woman-like grief, to relax the strain and give temporary lightening to the overcharged heart. "God help our women," says a writer, "when they cannot weep," and God will help those women and children whose strait is beyond weeping to weep at times, and lose themselves in a very rain of tears and storm of sobs, until their grief and its expression is for the moment spent together, else they would go mad or die.

So Pleasance lived through the dark days, not even perceptibly worn or haggard, she was so young, until the day of Anne's funeral. She was to walk at it along with Mrs. Balls, wearing one of the black calicot gowns which Anne had provided and partly made as their mourning for their father, and to which Mrs. Balls

had added, without being able to draw a choice from Pleasance on what was to the elder woman an important subject, a black woollen cloak and hood, such as were commonly worn by women of different degrees, who acted as chief mourners at funerals in the neighbourhood of the manor. Pleasance, to Mrs. Balls's surprise, was quite calm both in anticipation of and in realization of the ceremony.

In fact it was a relief to Pleasance to be doing something — however dimly remote — for Anne, and undergoing a hard ordeal, as she knew Anne would have thought it, for her sake. It was one of the tortures of Pleasance's newly-called forth streams of love to feel that they were wasted so far as Anne was concerned — to recall all that Anne had done for her, and know that never again in this world could she do anything for Anne, to show the depth of the gratitude which had so long lain dormant, and which had taken every benefit as a matter of course, or the fervour of the affection which had been wont to be shallow and careless as if a day like this might not come when no service could be either rendered or received.

When the death-bell began to toll at the little church of Saxford, and to have its tolling carried on the wind so far as the manor, Pleasance started and shivered a little, but she recovered herself the next moment.

The funeral party consisted only of Mrs. Balls and Pleasance, with two of the undertaker's men, and four of the under-servants on the manor farm. The vicar was to meet them at the little church. The doctor had too much to do keeping the living out of the grave to think of following the dead to their long home.

When the coffin had been carried out by its bearers and they stood before the house where there were no hearse and no coach, as the distance was short to the country people, Mrs. Balls called Pleasance from the room where she had sat apart, put the girl's arm on hers to support her, and the procession started.

They followed the same road by which Anne and Pleasance had walked to the village with Mrs. Balls the day after their arrival; and the day, though much less dreary than the former, was still not altogether different. There was yet a spring haze on the meadows, such as often lingers in spring and autumn in these regions, but it was light and floating with the sun gilding it, and the pale blue beyond; so that the mist in place of hanging heavily over and obscuring the fields, the wind-



mills, and the barges, seemed only to veil them with a slight indefinable grace, and to serve to bring out more vividly the green and grey and brown colours.

Pleasance was conscious of the kind of day, though she walked as in a dream; there even stirred within her in connection with the consciousness, a passing memory of the daffodils which she had been going to gather by the Covey woods the day Mrs. Wyndham came to the Hayes.

It was the same village, with the same people in clusters at their doors, staring still, but refraining from jostling Mrs. Balls and Pleasance as they passed by, on this occasion.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the vicar strewed the earth upon it, and said, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," Pleasance started again and shivered, with a stronger shiver than at the first sound of the bell, but she did not cry beneath her hood, as Mrs. Balls was crying; and when the service was over, and Mrs. Balls said, "Come, my dear," Pleasance took one long look and turned, and went as she had gone from the room where Anne lay dead.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A NEW LIFE.

PLEASANCE came out of that time as a half-drowned man is restored from death-in-life insensibility, or as a sick man leaves behind him the grisly phantoms of fever. She was but thirteen, and had a sound nature, and a good and honest heart in which God's grace was stirring.

Pleasance must return to life and do her part in it, she knew that, as well as that Anne was no longer there to do it with her. The remembrance of Anne was vivid, and not half effaced like those of her mother and father, and would be cherished by Pleasance and remain a powerful influence in her life; in that sense Anne was still there, and for anything that Pleasance knew, Anne's spirit, which had so craved to help her, might behold and care for her younger sister from the skies. Pleasance wished that with all her heart. But in no other sense was Anne there.

Pleasance had never been able to feel, when standing in Saxford churchyard, that it was Anne who was under the nameless mound, where the newly-cut turf had not had time to grow green. It did not signify that the mound remained before Pleasance's eyes for days and nights together, that she was sometimes drawn to it as by cords to try if the sight and touch of it

would allay the ceaseless aching void in her heart and life, and that she had vexed and frightened Mrs. Balls several times by slipping out and going along the village road, and up to the church and churchyard, careless of any remark which she might provoke from the rude village girls who had annoyed her, on her first appearance in the village. After she had attained her object, "and gone to the grave and wept," or stood dry-eyed there, she could hardly even realize that it was Anne's grave. No, wherever, or in whatever spiritual state, Anne might be, this mound could be nothing save sacred earth and turf to Pleasance, and could have but a temporary association with Anne.

Therefore, though Pleasance, for the sake of the association, would have a reverent tenderness for the churchyard and the grave, whether she was near or far from them, and would go many a time to look on them, she soon ceased to seek Anne there.

Pleasance understood that she was alone in the world, and must take her course, irrespective of what had gone before, and, under Providence, she shaped it for herself.

April had given place to May, with blue iris and golden wallflower in the remnant of what had been the old manor garden behind the house, and soft tender green leaves on the late chestnuts and walnuts at the foot of the old garden.

The busy season, the crown of the year in Mrs. Balls's life, what gave her position and importance, was coming to her. The manor, like other farms in a county where farms emerged into downs, and into the flat sandy coast of the German Ocean, was partly a grazing, partly a dairy farm. In the first months of the year a herd of calves were reared on the farm to keep up the supply of oxen in the far-stretching meadows, but with early summer the calves were weaned, and the milk was turned into the composition of cheeses, for which the manor had a local renown.

The cheeses were Mrs. Balls's department, she took an interest in the cows and their produce all the year round, but apart from the cheeses, the cows were deputed to other and to masculine care, in order that Mrs. Balls might concentrate her power on her own speciality.

Though the cheese-season lasted only from May to September or October, the limitation was far from implying that Mrs. Balls's office was a sinecure. While the season lasted, she and her subordinates — young women who were hired for the time



from the village of Saxford — worked almost as hard as reapers on a harvest-field, or as the women who came from the far north to the seaport of Cheam, when the herring shoals were off the sandbanks, to assist in the unsavoury task of curing the herrings.

Neither was the labour lightened by scientific contrivance, as on some of the great cheese-farms of England. Mrs. Balls's master, the old squire, had been averse to improvements, and his nephew and heir, Lawyer Lockwood, who retained his profession, and for the most part its title, in a quarter peculiarly given to bestow titles, threw his energy into whatever litigation he had on hand, and was content to keep his farm with its considerable profits as he had found it.

The tubs of milk stood as they had always done, in long rows in the out-houses, each woman still squeezed and ladled the green whey from the milk-white curd, and when it was firm enough to be put into a mould, carried it out to be pressed under one of the equally long rows of heavy moss-grown grey stones screwed into frames which were ranged, under a rude wooden shed, down one side of the old garden. The working of these frames, the putting in and taking out, reversing and paring into shape of the cheeses in the moulds, and the depositing them and turning them daily, till they dried on shelves fixed with due consideration of light and air in the empty rooms of the manor, formed the laborious sequel to the first process.

The mere anticipation of all the bustle and trouble, and the anxiety lest her exertions and the good milk with them should be wasted, and Mrs. Balls's character be forever sunk in the eyes of authority by a summer of spoiled cheeses, were now engrossing her mind and slightly weighing upon her spirits, though she was naturally a lively active woman, who took kindly to hard work and honourable responsibility.

The melancholy episode of her grandly-married cousin's children, with their reverse of fortune, and Anne's death, of which Mrs. Balls, according to her philosophy, felt without any unkindness that she had already had enough, was driven a good deal out of her mind; she nearly forgot Pleasance creeping dejectedly about the manor and its garden, and silently eating her meals. It was to a pre-occupied, engrossed woman, though only with the contemplation of the clean tubs, and ladles, and pitchers for the whey, standing ready for the fresh cheese-making, that Pleas-

ance went up, as Mrs. Balls stood with her arms in her sides in one of the manor out-houses, and said, "Mrs. Balls, I am going to ask you the greatest favour that you ever were asked in your life."

"And what be that, Miss Pleasance," asked Mrs. Balls, a little absently, though she was sufficiently impressed to turn round and look at the speaker.

Pleasance in her black dress had lost entirely the childish air which had lingered about her expressive face and well-grown girlish figure at the Hayes. Her very brown hair which used to have a juvenile unruliness that had cost Anne much concern, seemed to have laid aside its exuberance and irrepressibleness as it remained drawn tightly back, and plaited into a knot at the back of the head. Her black cotton dress hung in regular undisturbed folds, and the wide white apron — of which Mrs. Balls had counselled the adoption — added the last touch of care and thought to Pleasance's dress.

"Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance again with great seriousness, "will you give over calling me 'Miss Pleasance,' and let me be from this time Pleasance, and like your own niece or child? Will you put me at one of those tubs with the other girls, and see if I can earn my living as they do; and if I can, will you let me stay on always amongst them and be one of them?"

"What 'a took the girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Balls, sitting down in her surprise on an empty tub-stool, "you ain't fit, nor, for such work."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Balls," urged Pleasance, "I'm very strong, else, don't you see, I should have been ill before now?" she added with a weary little sigh. "I have always been a strong, hardened kind of girl, for I think hardy must mean hardened, after all, and you should see that I would not shirk work, or be nice and full of fancies. Of course, if you do not like it, it cannot be, but oh, if you would only let me try; for it is the only way I can think of to take to now."

"Miss Pleasance, my dear, you be right welcome to stop here and 'a the best I can give you, without soiling your fingers. You d' be my own cousin's child, and I 'a nobry in the world nearer to me, leastways in this part. I 'a never married, and I 'ad ne'er a sister, your mother were bessern a younger sister to me, when we were together. My brothers 'a done well for theyselves, without needing from me, about them foundries, Birmingham ways. I know this is a poor place for the likes on you, but if you care to bide on as you

are" — Mrs. Balls spoke from the impulse of her warm heart on the moment, making a proposition which her slower reason would not have ended in justifying; for that matter, it had already caused her disquiet that Miss Pleasance should be living on, moping and wasting the months in idleness with her, and she had planned consulting her parson and her squire, Lawyer Lockwood, on what could be thought of for Pleasance.

But Pleasance did not avail herself of the rash suggestion.

"Live on idle with you, Mrs. Balls, and you telling me that you will not know where to turn, but will fall asleep with sheer weariness on your very feet for the next four months, you could not suppose that I would do that," said Pleasance, in a hurt tone. "I am sure that would be a hundred times worse than anything else."

"You would be throwin' away of your fine edication," urged Mrs. Balls, to whom throwing away anything formed always one of the greatest scandals.

"Yes, my education is there," said Pleasance meditatively, "it is part of me now, and I cannot get rid of it. I cannot throw it away, as I might be tempted to do; but must it stand in my way? can it do me much harm?"

"It ain't harm, but good, it ought to do you," said Mrs. Balls; "why, if we looked about, and set friends to inquire, we might hear of some schulin that you might do."

"I don't think anybody would trust me to do it for a great while yet," said Pleasance. "The youngest governess at the Hayes was four or five years older than I am, and I should be losing some of the things that teachers must be able for in the mean time; and I don't wish it, Mrs. Balls; I don't wish to go among people who might turn and break my heart," ended Pleasance in a low tone of suppressed emotion, the determined suppression of which was noticeable in a girl of her years.

"I ain't again' you there," said Mrs. Balls emphatically; "them is happier in my mind that's below tants and gibes; and a footing that is atween servant and mistress, and neither one nor t'other, is the most ticklish footing on all. If you could bring your mind to being like your mother was, afore she had the misfortune to meet your father, a hard-working, bloomin', happy village lass, though come of good yeomen people; but it can't be easy, though you may think it, arter you

'a been reared among gentlefolks; as soon rear chicks at your kitchen fire on oven-crumbs, and then send 'em to scrape for seeds in the mire of the yard."

"I told you I was hardy," said Pleasance, "and what others could do, I could bring myself to do; the roughest work is no disgrace; we were not taught that at Miss Cayley's. I know it would not be easy, but I don't want easy things now, even if I could get them. I want to work hard, not to be able to think and remember too much," said Pleasance with a quaver in her voice; "and to be very tired at nights, so as to go to sleep at once."

This was the first hint that she had given Mrs. Balls of the desolation which crushed the girl at night, when she went to the empty room and bed which Anne had always shared with her.

"My poor brave mawther!" said Mrs. Balls full of pity, "you don't know what you're saying; that's about it."

"I always thought that I should rather like to keep a shop, or have a farm," continued Pleasance hastily, shrinking from pity, and trying to give a lighter turn to the conversation.

"Bless us! cheese-making ain't having a farm," said Mrs. Balls, shaking her head at the folly of the comparison. "Donno you think"—she stopped and hesitated, for Mrs. Balls was one of those women who have a strong repugnance to mention the name of the dead on ordinary occasions, and who keep it for solemn seasons, much as religious books are kept for Sundays—"she ouldn't 'a borne your coming down to the ranks. She ouldn't 'a liked it."

"I have thought of that, night and day," said Pleasance eagerly; "but that was not what she said at the last. She was sorry we had minded so much what we had lost, and she must know still better now. Oh! Mrs. Balls, if Anne knows anything at all of what is passing here—where she is—she must know that I cannot go on without her, as I should have done if we had been still together. I should miss her every moment, I should fret my heart out, I could not do it."

"Softly, softly, Miss Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls, having an objection to Pleasance's speaking of what the dead might know or might not know; "It were profane-like," meddling with what we had no business with, to her practical, yet compliant and complacent nature. "You ouldn't think though it goes again' my own stum-

mach, just writing a word," said Mrs. Balls, with some thought of her own responsibility, "to the fine lady, your aunt."

"No, no!" cried Pleasance, flushing purple, and then waxing as white as Anne in her coffin, and going on to speak with a vehemence that quivered through her whole body, and which caused Mrs. Balls to start to her feet and mutter to herself, "Laws! she ain't gone into a frenzy!"

"Don't speak of her, Mrs. Balls. I try to forgive, I pray to forgive her, as Anne must forgive her now; but she killed Anne, you know she killed Anne, as I think it would kill me to see her again, or to go among people like her, and have it all to bear over again."

"That you sha'n't," said Mrs. Balls decidedly. "I ain't the one as 'ould drive you to be put upon; and if you like to try your hand at dairy-work for a change, as good as a play for you, till you see if you like it, or could ever take to it serious, it may do you good, I see no objection, I says, as long as you are with me and can be spared."

"But you must not spare me, Mrs. Balls; I won't be spared," said Pleasance, speaking cheerfully in the manner that Mrs. Balls liked, to show her gratitude, while Pleasance was still shaking with her recent agitation.

So Pleasance—in her shabbiest old gown, with sleeves and skirts alike tucked up, and further protected by a still more extensive apron furnished with a bib—took her place in the row of tubs on the first day of the cheese-making, amidst stares and giggles and nudges to each other from the Saxford girls, but amidst no worse, because Mrs. Balls was mistress in her own dominion.

Pleasance felt no degradation, as she might have done, even in spite of the teaching—more generous than usual—of Miss Cayley's school, if she had been sent against her will to such a post.

And, however wearied, she did not give in or withdraw, but remained squeezing out and lading the green whey from the fresh supplies of milk, along with the most tried and trained workers. When the girls saw that not only she did not shirk her task, and would not accept unnecessary assistance (which, dissembling their hostility in order to win favour with Mrs. Balls, the girls would have given her), but that she watched what the others did, and was emulous to do the same—to strain as much whey, to carry as heavy a burden of curd, to screw the cheese-press

for herself at the risk of letting it down on her fingers or her toes, all the while steadily refusing such rest or refreshment as was not granted to the girls in general, but would have been allowed to her—a shade of wondering respect began to mingle with their contemptuous toleration.

Pleasance continued to work amongst the dairy-girls till they grew accustomed to her presence, and freely exchanged in her hearing the usual gossip with which they lightened their labour. She heard a good deal that was small and silly, as indeed she had heard as much at the Hayes, and a good deal more that was far coarser in tone than any previous conversation that had ever reached her ears; but she heard nothing that was positively bad, because there was not above one bad girl at the most, among the rough Saxford girls gathered together at the manor, and her badness was kept under by the preponderance of goodness, such as it was, and by the neighbourhood of Mrs. Balls.

Pleasance heard how Sally Larkins had appeared at church with a bran new shawl; and Kitty Blennerhasset had taken out a smelling-bottle as if she were sick, and caused everybody to laugh, and parson to look round; and 'Arry Owen had been and had words with his master, because he had been as tight as tight could be when Car Reeves had sat hours with him in Host Pearson's alehouse to try and get him out, last fair at Applethorpe; and Bill Nobs had smashed his wife in drink the night before last, and given her two black eyes, and Butcher Smith had cut a paring off a beefsteak for her to tie over them while she was in bed—serve her right, for she were always a worriting other people when she could not get at her man.

At another time, Pleasance, with the quick curiosity which belonged to her age and cleverness, would not only have listened and been interested, but would have asked pertinent questions, and possibly made comments on all which struck her as odd; but she was not merely languid from her recent great sorrow, and could only let pass—as if it were at a distance from and only within sound of her—the girls' idle chatter, but it seemed as if that sorrow had put a gulf between her and them which she would never be able to surmount.

On their side the girls were secretly styling Pleasance a proud, stuck-up thing, and saying if they had her away from old Moll Balls, they would give her a bit of

their minds, and let her see what they thought of her coming in among them, and taking up a place at a tub.

As it was, protected by Mrs. Balls, and kept up by her own resolution, Pleasance's attempt at dairy-work proved a success. In a few weeks she grew as expert as any of the younger workers—nay, as the spirit in her would not be beaten or outstripped, she would achieve quite exceptional feats, for her age and strength, in the number of cheeses which she put through her hands in a given time, together with their creditable quality. Mrs. Balls became quite proud of her cousin's proficiency, and insisted on seeing her paid with the usual wages, which, however, Pleasance was equally firm in transferring to her hostess as a small payment for her board.

Long before the end of the cheese-season Mrs. Balls had learnt to say "Pleasance" without any ceremonious prefix, to feel what a nice thing it would be for her, Mrs. Balls, now that she was getting up in years, to have such a girl with her as a permanent young companion and friend. After the cheese-making there remained the house-keeping, which Pleasance could share, and of which she was as ignorant as she had been of the secrets of the dairy, and Mrs. Balls recalled to mind an ancient course of dressmaking which she herself had gone through in her youth, and which she proposed imparting to Pleasance, that she might be more thoroughly furnished in the character of country woman that her mother had filled. In the mean time Pleasance's little bit of money might lie like a nest-egg, and gather for her.

Pleasance was willing to learn anything and everything. She had wonderfully few qualms, and those she succeeded in swallowing silently in her steadfastness and craving after reality and thoroughness; she even desired something that Mrs. Balls opposed for a long time after she had given in to everything else, that she, Pleasance, should go out in the spring with the village girls, who, besides being dairy-women, were field-workers, among the turnip, bean, hay, and occasional wheat fields of the farm.

Pleasance had made her choice, and she meant to abide by it, not looking back and not being weak enough to accept a compromise. No doubt she was helped in the persistence, singular in so young a girl, with which she held to her purpose, by the sense of the catastrophe in which her former life had ended. The tragedy of Anne's death turned her, with something

of an ineffable shock, from all her earlier experience with the regrets it involved, and set her face like iron against it.

There were only one or two instances in which Pleasance broke down in her resolve, and departed from the line which she had drawn for herself.

So long as the extreme bustle and fatigue of the cheese-making lasted, she had been able to live without recurring to her old beloved comrades of books, which, with the exception of Anne's Bible and prayer-book that Pleasance had taken for her own, she had put away. "A working girl has nothing to do with other books," Pleasance had said to herself with an austere narrowness which she would have condemned in another.

But when the pressure of the summer's work was over, and Pleasance, though she still had work that she set herself to fulfil, had also half hours and whole hours of leisure, and this at the time when her mind began to regain its elasticity and recover its interests, the craving for the old indulgence, the natural resource of every sympathetic and imaginative intellect, which has received any cultivation, grew to be so painful and irresistible with Pleasance, reduced as she was to the sole companionship of Mrs. Balls, that the girl yielded on this point. She could not continue to keep herself from books, or debar herself from ever looking into them, even though she was not without a conviction that by doing so she was widening still further the breach which she was aware existed between herself and the village girls, and even between herself and her kinswoman, Mrs. Balls.

Pleasance's books consisted chiefly of a school Shakespeare, people's volumes of Sir Walter Scott, the earlier poems of Tennyson, with those school courses of literature which contain a little of everything, both in poetry and prose, from Chaucer and Bacon to Hood and Dickens.

Pleasance had gone a little way in French, Italian, and German, during her school-days, and had a Racine, a Tasso, and a Schiller, with the dictionaries of their respective languages; but she was not so intellectually besotted as to think of having recourse to them in her low estate.

When she read in those later times she confined herself to English, and that reading was not all loss, when she was taught by Shakespeare, in many an illustration of his own words, that "sweet are the uses of adversity," and when she found under Sir Walter Scott's pen numberless pic-

tures of the worth and charm of human life, in all circumstances and under every sky.

Pleasance, labouring under an obligation of social politeness, would offer to read aloud her dozen or score of pages to Mrs. Balls, and Mrs. Balls was pleased because it "pleased the gal;" but there the profit ended, for, except in listening to those words in the Bible and prayer-book with which she was familiar, Mrs. Balls could not follow reading aloud, and in her private mind held it to be a luxury fit only for gentlefolks.

If Pleasance read, she never wrote, for she had nobody to write to. She had a notion that it would no longer be suitable for her to maintain a connection, even if she had possessed time and inclination, with her former teachers and schoolfellows.

But with the loss of Pleasance's unconscious source of self-expression and imitative creation, she fell back curiously on another capability of which she had formerly made but little.

Pleasance had been learning to draw, but had been regarded as making very little of the art, and had never been able to compass such neat, clean copies of her governess' drawings as Anne had accumulated.

But now with the stump of a drawing-pencil, replaced when it was exhausted by a penny pencil from Mrs. Grayling's store, Pleasance fell, at odd moments, into outlining the windmills, the barges, the Spanish chestnuts and walnut-trees at the foot of the garden, the old-fashioned flowers, and, above all, the denizens of the farmyard, all that, in other days, she would have copied in descriptive sketches in pen and ink, in letters for her father or to girls at home, during the holidays.

Very rough and barbarously primitive were these drawings, yet they were unmistakably life-studies with life in them, which Mrs. Balls could appreciate better than the life in printed pages.

"Why, Pleasance, I'm stammed, you 'a took Jenny and the new cow and the turkey-cock on them torn mossels of paper as there be no mistakin' on them, as the photographer from Cheam couldn't 'a done it better. Couldn't you take me now?"

Pleasance tried, but Mrs. Balls's likeness was a great failure, and she was so much mortified at the way in which her Sunday bonnet, which she had put on for the purpose of the sitting, came out in Pleasance's strokes that she never requested the artist to renew the attempt.

She left Pleasance to her reproduction of windmills and barges, beasts and birds.

With the beasts and birds, indeed, Pleasance had that peculiar acquaintance and friendship which is said to be the portion of all great animal-painters. Pleasance would never be a painter of any kind, but by dint of love and something of the artist in her she was able to supply the distinguishing attributes of the animals that were the great consolation and among the chief companions of her life.

Pleasance had come to know and to be on more or less affectionate terms with every horse and cow, every cock and hen, in the pastures and about the farm-doors, even as she had been intimate with the house-dog and caged birds at the Hayes. She had just such an outlying acquaintance with the haunts and habits of the plovers and snipes which belonged to the nearest broods as she had yearned to acquire with the squirrels and the hedgehogs in the Covey woods. This gain was something to Pleasance; it would have gone some way to reconcile her to a life among wild Indians or Esquimaux, if she could have extended her visiting-list to monkeys and moose-deer, even to jackals and bears.

Mrs. Balls fixed some of Pleasance's little drawings with pins — from which they were always dropping — among the herbs above the kitchen chimney-piece, and showed them off to Mrs. Morse or Mrs. Blennerhasset, who sniffed at them, and told each other Mrs. Balls was a fool about that "gal."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Balls showed the drawings also to her parson and her landlord.

The vicar put on his spectacles to look at them. "Very pretty," he said, which was exactly what the wild drawings were not; "but don't you think, Mrs. Balls, drawing is an inconsistent employment for your young niece — hem — cousin, who has made up her mind to stay with you? If she had consented to come up to the vicarage to see Mrs. Fennel, or even to go into my wife's class in the Sunday-school — Mrs. Fennel has bigger girls — we might have found out any talents and little accomplishments she had, and seen if anything could have been made of them; but as it is, don't you think she can't afford such a pursuit?"

The vicar had felt slightly aggrieved by Pleasance's absolutely declining to establish any connection with the vicarage, or any house of the same rank in the parish. He suspected, not being an imaginative man, that the girl had inherited low tastes

from her mother. He thought it would be better in the end to let her fall back without opposition into the station from which her mother had been taken. At the same time he feared naturally that which Pleasance was shunning for herself—the admixture of habits and views, the halting between two lives as between two opinions, which would certainly prove ruinous to the girl.

Lawyer Lockwood did not even put on his spectacles. He thrust his hands in his pockets and said, “I am glad you have got a companion, dame, but I think it is a pity for both of you that she is a bit genteel and school-girlish. You are a sensible woman, and if you really mind her good you will keep her at the cheese-making, or at least at shirt-making, and not encourage her to scratch with a pencil in a way that any boy at a charity-school could far outdo.”

“She hev a little bit of money of her own,” said Mrs. Balls, with some spirit, for Pleasance.

“How does that come?” asked the inquisitive lawyer.

“Oh, it were her father’s, and is in the hands of his people.”

“Then I guess she won’t come into it till she be of age, which is a good bit ahead yet; and in the mean time I would not bring her up to be a fool, if I were you, Mrs. Balls.”

“The gentlemen are quite right, Mrs. Balls,” said Pleasance, with a mixture of pride and vexation, when she heard the report. “Please don’t show anybody any more of these wretched scratches. I wish I could keep from doing them, but I shall burn them after this.”

“That you sha’n’t,” said Mrs. Balls, “I d’ believe it is en-vy, and nought elsen, in passon and Lawyer Lockwood, because their own wife and daughters can’t do the like.”

“Nonsense, Mrs. Balls. I dare say Mrs. Fennel and the Miss Lockwoods can paint in water-colours and in sepia, as Miss Eckhard could paint at Miss Cayley’s.”

“I ’a a right to my fancy as well as any passon or Lawyer Lockwood on them, and my fancy is bits of pictures of the beasteses, and I shall ’a them stuck all over the walls, and not above the chimley-piece alone, if I like.”

“Then they will be falling down and catching fire, and getting the house burned,” said Pleasance. “You don’t want to have a kitchen like the vicar of Wakefield’s?”

“Who be the wicar of Wakefield? He don’t take arter our wicar, that’s plain.”

From Fraser’s Magazine.

NORMAN MACLEOD.\*

POOR relations, it is well understood, know all about their rich relations: but the rich relations know very little about the poor. So it is that all educated folk in Scotland (Sydney Smith’s *knuckle-end of England*) know all about England, while educated folk in England are, even yet, many times profoundly ignorant of all things Scotch. So it is that all men of fair culture among the clergy of the Church of Scotland are well up in their knowledge of the Church of England, while the typical Anglican knows and cares extremely little about the Scotch Church. There are exceptions. The Dean of Westminster, always much interested in any ecclesiastical curiosity, is very fully informed as to the history, constitution, and *personnel* of the National Establishment in Scotland: and the Archbishop of Canterbury, brought up in her communion, is still in various respects (to a Scotch eye) visibly influenced by his Presbyterian up-bringing. An exalted personage, too, vulgarly esteemed as the earthly head of the Anglican Church, has become, by more than twenty years’ experience, a warm and well-informed friend of the Church of her northern kingdom. Still, English interest in Scotch ecclesiastical affairs is cool. Not even the brilliant and incisive “Life of Dr. Robert Lee” by Dr. Story of Rosneath sufficed to draw adequate notice to the career of a really remarkable man, placed in exceptional circumstances. All this the writer feels, with some sense of disheartening, as he begins his brief account of the greatest man who has been numbered among the Scotch clergy for many a day and year.

Yet if any clergyman of the Church of Scotland in recent times has broken beyond the provincial limit of reputation, it is Norman Macleod. One feels, however, that his reputation south of the Tweed rests on an unsatisfactory foundation. It comes of causes away from the real nature of the man. Court favour, and the editorship of a monthly magazine of wide circu-

\* *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D., Minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow; one of Her Majesty’s Chaplains; Dean of Chapel Royal; Dean of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle.* By his Brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A., one of Her Majesty’s Chaplains. Two Volumes. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co. 1876.



lation, made his name familiar to multitudes who never heard the name of any other Scotch clergyman. It is little known in England how extraordinary a man he was, and how singular was his standing in his own country. I wish I could carry some impression of what manner of man he was to those who shall read these pages.

His place in Scotland was unlike that of any other man among its three millions and a half. His Christian name was a household word. Nobody in Scotland talked of *Dr. Macleod*. It was always *Norman*. On February 8, 1876, a letter appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, written evidently by a clever working-man, upon the vexed question of piece-work. Something must be done, the writer says, towards drawing masters and men together and making them understand each other: and he ends his letter with the vain wish, "O for Norman back again!" Norman in his youth habitually called Wordsworth by the affectionate though irreverent name of *Billy*: but that was peculiar to himself and his friends. His own Christian name, like that of Robert Burns, was current like that of a king or queen. A clergyman entering a sick-room found an old woman reading a tract. She said, "One of Norman's." A St. Andrews professor, travelling from Edinburgh to London, was waiting on the platform at Carstairs when the Glasgow part of the train came in. "Is Norman in the train?" was his enquiry of the guard. "Yes," was the reply: "here he is." Arriving in a steamer at the Broomielaw, the traveller has entered a cab with the instruction, "Drive me to Norman's:" and has been brought in due time to the much-beaten threshold. This was in a city with a population of over six hundred thousand. I have just read a published letter from a domestic servant. In it are the words, "The late Norman Macleod: a man whom I never saw, but when I read the account of his death, I felt a blank in my life." There is no exaggeration in these things. To a Scotchman they are mere matters of course.

What-like human being he was who, dying at sixty, had for at least ten years held this place in Scotland, is shown in this biography by his younger brother. In a word, the book is extremely well done. It is written with ability, good sense, and good taste. And though the Macleods are clannish, as Highlanders should be, there is really no puffery. All that is said by Mr. Donald Macleod of his brother's preaching, speech-making, conversation, and organization and vivifying of parish

work, is unexaggerated truth, to the writer's personal knowledge. Indeed, much more might have been said of the amazing eloquence which few who have heard it will ever forget. As for the man himself, anything less like the prim and narrow ideal which is in many minds of the Presbyterian preacher could not by possibility be. That ideal, it may be said, has perished from the minds of those who know the clergy of the Scotch Church as now existing. And for the unfortunate sentence which disposed of the entire class as "poor bewildered ploughmen," it was strange to recall it in the presence of that thorough man of the world, who had seen many lands and cities, and grown familiar with all sorts and conditions of men; wise alike in his management of princes and paupers. He was a great jolly Christian bohemian, using the most unconventional language freely in his talk, sitting with the Prince of Wales in the smoking-room at Dunrobin till half past three in the morning,\* yet never sinking below the highest level of the respect of even such as knew him most familiarly: of a happy, unanxious nature, intensely enjoying the moral and physical good things of this life, scenery, society, music, books, dinner. "Dined jollily," you read in his diary: and the word *jolly* is of frequent occurrence. It was the right word, and true, till overwork and failing health at the close brought the first touches of depression. Then, beneath this, there was the substantial nature of the great preacher, the zealous missionary, the sympathetic visitor of the sick and poor, the devoted parish priest: the man who crowded into his life thrice the actual work of many a busy man. He was a great moral dynamic power: his contagious energy and heartiness could push on even the most inert: he could "galvanize a divvot," which in English is a piece of turf, and in Scotch means such-like a mortal man. He was a wonderfully eloquent and impressive preacher: "The greatest and most convincing preacher I ever heard," was the estimate of Sir Arthur Helps, whose opinion was worth something. The solitary one among Scotch divines who was commonly placed before him was Dr. Caird, principal of the University of Glasgow, who for thirty years has stood without question first among Scotch preachers. Guthrie and Macleod you would bracket as equal. Still more remarkable was his power as a platform speaker. When a great meeting of people

\* Vol. ii. p. 332.

was getting very tired, through many long-winded and remarkably sensible orations, he had but to rise, and instantly attention was keen, and there was life everywhere. Norman Macleod was never dull: that could not be in the nature of things. And you felt you were getting a tremendous push in the direction in which he wanted to make you to go. His speech was always kept to the last: no one need think to speak after him. I have heard him preach and speak many times: I never knew him make a failure: and sometimes, at the call of a great occasion, I have seen him produce on a great multitude an impression which I cannot imagine as exceeded by human words. It is no wonder that Dean Stanley longed for the day when Macleod might preach in the nave of some vast cathedral. Like all Scotch clergymen of any account, he loved the Anglican Church as his own: and it might well have been. But it was not to be.

The spontaneous and incessant flow of lively, pathetic, and humorous thought from him was wonderful. You could not talk with him for five minutes without discerning that here was an exceptional man. If you met him on the street, while his high health continued, he had something bright and brief to say: and he did not repeat himself. Latterly, indeed, you saw the pump at work: it was hard to daily meet scores of men, each of whom expected something uncommon. But it was while sitting up, late at night, in the company of two or three congenial friends, that Norman Macleod was at his greatest. The riotous fun, passing momentarily but never unfitly to the deepest pathos and most solemn reflection,—for his laughter and his tears were never far asunder,—none who witnessed can forget. Like most great orators, he had a strong power of mimicry, and he could represent the most diverse subjects equally well: a Highland drover, and a young guardsman anxious to convey that though he made no loud professions he hoped he had chosen right,—each was perfect. The charm of his manner was indescribable: yet there was no more courtly gentleman than the life-enjoying Celt, no more earnest preacher and believer than he who returning from a mission to America first made known in Scotland the unsolemn lay of “Old Dan Tucker.” It was extraordinary, how he passed from the profoundest tragedy to the wildest merriment: and both were very real. After one of his great speeches, in which he seemed possessed of apostolic zeal for some good cause, and was indeed

so possessed, he could speedily let the bow unbend. I heard him end a grand missionary address to students by saying with a faltering voice that, if that work broke down, “some of us will be glad to find a grave.” There he stopped: and dead silence followed, not untouched with unaccustomed tears. Ten minutes after he was saying in the liveliest fashion to a friend, “I have got some splendid weeds: come down to-night and try them.” But indeed in the pulpit, on the platform, in the general assembly, in his back-study (an extraordinary place in a laundry where he sought escape from ceaseless interruption), or in the smoking-room, you could not say where he was greatest: but you felt that everywhere he was a streaming fountain of influence, and a man among a million men.

For the last twenty-one years of his life he held (as he records in his diary with due thankfulness) the best living in Scotland: after all, not £1,200 a year. It was the Barony parish of Glasgow, with a population of near one hundred thousand souls. This parish has its church under the shadow of Glasgow Cathedral: but the Reformation brought some losses with its gains, and it is related that the last Lord Derby, issuing from the cathedral, was transfixed by the sight of the Barony church, but after some delay exclaimed, “Well, I once saw an uglier church than that.” He did not say where. It would be interesting to know. In this hideous erection Norman Macleod preached: always to a great congregation. He organized parochial machinery, he built churches, he pleaded eloquently and effectively for every good work: he made his presence felt through Glasgow, through Scotland: he was the greatest Scotchman living his life in Scotland, at the time he died. It is very sad to think how that intense enjoyment of life, that tremendous energy to push on the laggard, are quenched: quenched for near four years past; and that the man if living would now not be sixty-four. And those who never saw nor heard him cannot possibly understand what he was. His writings, though lively and clever, give no idea of Norman Macleod. What he produced must be vivified by his personality. And he was so pushed and over-driven by excessive work, that he never had time to do his best with his pen. It is said (I do not know if it be true) that at the last what he published was spoken off at the rate of rapid speaking and taken down by a shorthand writer. Many thousands remember

him vividly now: the manly presence of the big life-enjoying man: the powerful voice with the strong Gaelic accent that told of Morven and the misty islands: and the portraits given in the biography bring him back as if he lived to such as knew him well. But in a few years there will remain only a fading tradition of what-like he was, and how he preached and talked: and those who read his works will wonder wherein lay the magical charm of Norman. Possibly the reader may think that the writer speaks too warmly: but it is not so. Nor do private considerations sway him. The writer, though he knew Macleod well for twenty years, was not one of the inner circle of his special friends: and was certainly not bound to him by any sense of obligation. Yet, as concerns Macleod's gifts and genius, the writer could honestly speak of him more warmly than his brother has done. It would be hard to exaggerate his power of interesting, impressing, and charming all with whom he came into friendly relations.

Not every one, indeed, was drawn to Norman Macleod with that enthusiastic faith which appeared in his more especial friends, of whom Principal Shairp of St. Andrews may be taken as the type. The manner, strongly recalling that of Bishop Wilberforce, did not take so well with such as had not in themselves something responsive to it. The Celtic temperament, with much that is most lovable, no doubt has its side which less commends itself to the graver approval of the Saxon. The Celtic clannishness takes forms which are not particularly agreeable to those not of the clan. It was said of Archbishop Whately that to be his relation set a man at a positive disadvantage with him in the exercise of his patronage and the exertion of his influence. The charge of undervaluing those of his own blood could by no means be brought against Norman Macleod. After all, it is more pleasing that a family should be a little society for mutual exaltation than (as in some cases) for mutual degradation. And it is only fair to say that there is no advancement which the members of the clan have reached, which they have not by common consent fairly earned: while as for Norman himself, even the uncompromising men whom he rubbed against the grain would be constrained to admit that nothing which he ever attained was more than a poor reward for such a man.

He was born at Campbeltown, a little town in a remote part of Argyleshire, on June 3, 1812. His father, a man of great

ability and magnificent *physique*, was incumbent of the parish: but was soon translated to the living of Campsie, near Glasgow. In the university of that city Norman was educated. He was always vivaciously clever, but made no figure in university work: he had not the nature for that kind of eminence: and, like most clever lads who could not by any effort have attained university honours, he professed to hold them cheap. It will hardly do, looking over the Glasgow prize-lists, and noting what the most distinguished *there* have done in after-life, to doubt that, save for an exceptive bohemian here and there, they are fairly adequate tests of available ability. If this paper were to be thrice the length I can make it, and if the readers of *Fraser* cared a brass farthing about the question, it would be easy for a Glasgow student to prove it so. But it was well for Macleod that his student-life was what it was. His genius owed little to university training; he had no pretension to scholarship, but his reading was wide, if desultory: his knowledge extensive, though inaccurate: and he saved his energies through those years in which many brilliant scholars undermine their constitution, entering practical life early-old. He was tutor in a Yorkshire family for several years; and with his pupil lived for some time at Weimar. Here he "was passionately fond of music, sang well to the guitar, sketched cleverly, was as keen a waltzer as any *attaché* in Weimar, and threw himself with a vivid sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital." Here, too, he so far broke the bonds of a Scotch training as to write, more than forty years since, with much contempt of "being obliged to have his piety measured by reading a newspaper on Sunday, or such trash." While finishing his studies for the Church, he saw the shadows of coming events in Scotland. He writes, in 1835:—

"Our very clergy are dragging us down to lick the dust, and the influence of the mob is making our young men a subservient set of fellows. I see among our better-thinking clergy a strong Episcopalian spirit: they are beginning to see the use of a set form of worship. And who can look at the critical, self-sufficient faces of one-half of our congregations during prayers, and the labour and puffing and blowing of some aspirant to a church, and not deplore the absence of some set prayers which would keep the feelings of many right-thinking Christians from being hurt every Sabbath?"

At the same time he took part in resisting a preposterous proposal on the part of some narrow-minded students of divinity to turn *Blackwood's Magazine* out of the divinity-hall library, from which they had already excluded the *Edinburgh Review*. It may seem incredible: but these ears have heard an eminent Scotch clergyman declare that "no one who knew the truth as it is in Jesus could read Shakespeare." Says Macleod, —

"Poor Maga was peppered with a whole volley of anathemas: and if it were not for some fellows of sense who were determined to give old Christopher a lift on his stilts, he would have hobbled down the turnpike stair to make room for a dripping Baptist or oily-haired Methodist. Oh, I hate cant: I detest it, from my heart of hearts!"

His first living was the parish of Loudoun, in Ayrshire. He was presented to it by the Marchioness of Hastings, widow of the Indian governor-general: and many instances are recorded which show the terms of friendship on which he stood to the family. When one of the daughters was married to the Marquis of Bute, Macleod performed the ceremony. Of that union sprang the prototype, in vulgar belief, of *Lothair*. Another sister was the well-known Lady Flora Hastings. A curious fashion of that family was (as may be seen in great printed volumes) to use, in writing of their father, the capital letters at the beginning of pronouns which people in general employ only in the case of the divine persons in the Trinity. In 1843, Norman was translated to the parish of Dalkeith; where the ducal house of Buccleugh, not conforming to the National Church, was by no means so congenial as that of Hastings: nor did its head appear to realize how remarkable a man was his parish clergyman, not valuing his ministrations nearly so highly as in after years did the personage who can "make a duke." In 1851, he was appointed to the Barony parish of Glasgow: and in that great charge, and holding the most prominent place in the second city of the empire, Macleod found his right place, and never left it. What a bishop he would have been! But the Scotch Church has no such dignities, and he had reached the end of his tether. The little dignities of the deanery of the Thistle and the chaplaincy to the queen followed by-and-by. These have, of late years, been on the whole given very justly: but never with more general approval than when given to Norman.

There is a great deal of downright truth told by Macleod as to the deplorable schism of 1843. But no one who wishes well to Scotland cares to look back on that sad time of fierce and unchristian strife, not to be paralleled in the history of the Church, and soon (it may be hoped) to be forgotten. In the autumn of that year, the writer, then a boy, heard Norman preach for the first time. It was in a country church in Ayrshire, on a fast-day. The congregation was tired and sleepy, having already heard a most dreary discourse. Norman ascended the pulpit, looking (I thought then) very like some of the portraits of Byron. The collect before sermon at once aroused the people. It was not couched in liturgical phrase, such as may now be heard in Scotch churches, the result of what old-fashioned clergymen call "the *prayer-movement*." But the words come back, and the tone, and the silent hush in the church: "Teach us to remember that for every sermon we hear, we must render an account at the Day of Judgment." It was plainly a new suggestion: the people had never bargained for *that*. Then came the sermon, which was I think the very first I ever listened to from beginning to end. I could give an accurate account of it to-day: but I will not. The sorest consequences to the Church of the secession of 1843 were in the deplorable appointments made in some cases to the charges vacated by eminent men who "went out." It would be easy to mention some. And it is much to be regretted that Macleod went to Dalkeith, declining an Edinburgh charge to which he was presented. Things would have been very different: not in that parish only, but through all the Scotch metropolises. However, Dalkeith is near Edinburgh: and whenever it was known that Norman was to preach or speak there, or in Glasgow, eager crowds assembled. He started and edited a little monthly magazine, not very good or successful. Where taken in, it was rarely thought worth binding, and sets of it are seldom seen. In 1860 came *Good Words*, which he edited. How the streets of Glasgow were placarded with the notices that it was to begin! The immense energy of the publisher, Mr. Strahan: the large publicity given by advertising to an unprecedented degree: the rumours of such payment to authors as had never before been given for periodical writing: excited interest, and gradually secured a vast circulation. Norman wrote a great deal in this magazine: gradually emanci-

pating his style from that of a Scotch sermon, and attaining one of a higher literary character. But it was not here that his strength lay.

His life went on in a ceaseless round of preaching, speech-making, church-building, pastoral work, foreign travel, social enjoyment: and his fame spread wider and wider. Being once invited to preach before the queen at Crathie, he left such a remembrance of him that henceforward he was perpetually there during her Majesty's visits; and he became by degrees (as letters in this work equally honourable to all parties show) a trusted and valued friend. The character of his theology changed insensibly: becoming what for lack of a better name may be called broad: though he ever clung with firm faith to the main facts and truths of the Christian religion. A great event in his life, and a painful experience, was the outcry which followed a speech he made in the presbytery of Glasgow on the observance of the Lord's Day, and its authority. The speech was of near four hours' length: no full record of it remains: but those who heard it still say that it was most startling to hear; and assuredly it roused the country when it was read as reported in the newspapers. As to the observance of the day, probably the ground taken is that now generally taken by educated people. But the views set forth as to its authority seemed very strange to most Scotch folk. The binding authority of the fourth commandment was flatly denied: the obligation of the day was made to rest on its manifest advantages and long sacred associations: and in the orator's eagerness, the other nine commandments seemed to be held as cheap as the fourth. It need not be said that the higher morality of the New Testament, and its eternal obligation, were strongly recognized. But all this passed the understanding of many decent people. I once heard a simple clergyman say, "The best answer to Norman's speech is to go out to his house and take away his silver spoons." Norman's influence seemed gone. He was furiously abused, sorrowfully mourned over: much prayed for, and much cursed, both commonly by the same individuals. "Ministers of the gospel passed him without recognition: *one of these, more zealous than the rest, hissed him on the street.*" This last statement seems incredible,—but only to English people. Every spiteful, envious little creature thought that now was the chance of a kick at the great

man. Apart from bigotry and folly, the case was difficult. Macleod had plainly contradicted the articles of his Church: and there were those who would have been willing to depose and turn out the strongest man in it. "I suppose there is room enough for him without," I heard a dignified clergyman say in a Church court: and the truculent suggestion of another was that "execution should be done." But worthier thoughts prevailed: and the presbytery of Glasgow, by an act of wise tolerance, while it could not pass by without notice an unquestionable infraction of the standards, was content to record its regret that so eminent a clergyman should have set out views which appeared unorthodox, and its hope that he would not do it any more. Norman would retract nothing. They did not ask him. And the conclusion was in the highest degree creditable to the really wise and good men who swayed the councils of that court.

"Their admonition was not pronounced but recorded. And I said that it was interesting as being probably the last which should be addressed to any minister of the Church for teaching as I did, and that I would show it some day to my son as an ecclesiastical fossil. They only smiled and said he would never discover it. All was good-humour."

Honour to the tolerant, wise, and kindly presbytery of Glasgow! Could an illustrious law-breaker have been let more easily down? And law-breaker he was, beyond doubt.

Of the multitude of squibs, in prose and verse, which the occasion brought forth, by far the best known to the writer appeared in a little publication called "The Comet," published in the University of St. Andrews, and written by the students. It was written, of course, by an admirer of Norman, and it cleverly hit off the sum of his moral teaching, in the vulgarer and stupider minds. It began—

Have you heard of valiant Norman,  
Norman of the ample vest, —  
How he fought the ten commandments,  
In the synod of the West?

It went on to personify the decalogue as a vague and awful beast, much like the Jabberwock of the renowned ballad. Norman encountered this creature, with much bravery: but the contest was unequal, and he was beaten and swallowed down by it. But even yet, he adhered to his principles, as these are summarized in the compendious statement of his creed with which the poem ends:—

Still from out the monster's stomach,  
In the choicest Glasgow brogue,  
He is heard to CURSE THE SABBATH,  
And to BAN THE DECALOGUE!

I once read the entire romantic legend to the great subject of it. But the pain had been too recent and too sharp: and I regret to say he did not appear to see much fun in it.

Rapid as was Macleod's temporary loss of position, even so rapid was his rehabilitation. Just a year after he had feared the supreme court of the Church might depose him, it unanimously asked him to go to India as the Church's ambassador to visit all the missions there: and a year later he was, with a general enthusiasm quite exceptional as to such appointments, placed in its chair, as moderator of the General Assembly. By a transparent fiction, to hold this office is commonly spoken of as the highest honour that can befall a Scotch clergyman. It might be so, if it were not sometimes given to utter nobodies; or to men known only as conspicuous failures. The college of past moderators nominates: and it is a strong thing for the Assembly to reject their nominee, however unworthy. Yet in one or two recent instances the thing was nearly done. "When are you to be moderator?" was the question once asked at Holyrood of an eminent preacher who soon after attained that dignity, such as it is. His answer was prompt: "Never! I never emptied a church: I have filled several, but I never emptied one." The qualification was lacking which some of his predecessors had in great degree, of unpopularity with the multitude. Macleod's closing address as moderator was a very noble one.

Some passages are given from a startling sermon on education after death, which very strongly controvert the received belief that "as the tree falls, so it must lie:" and which, if published during Norman's life, would assuredly have got him into greater trouble than even his anti-Sabbath speech. The general idea set forth is one which was perpetually taught by the excellent Erskine of Linlathen. And the endeavours made in many quarters to restore the public worship of the Scotch Church to greater propriety and dignity met Macleod's hearty support. It is difficult now to believe that ten years ago, clergymen not suspected of insanity declared that the innovations of kneeling

at prayer and standing at praise, and the introduction of the organ into churches, were "of the instigation of the devil:" and that the most malignant abuse, and all possible persecution, were the lot of the too enlightened men who favoured these things.

"Public opinion since then has so much changed in reference to such matters, that it is difficult to realize the excitement which was produced by the use of read prayers and instrumental music, or to believe that it was for a while doubtful whether the Church would tolerate any changes in her service, such as the increasing culture of the country every day demanded more loudly."

The useful life drew to its too early close. Macleod's was not a constitution to last long: and he had worked it very hard. The visit to India, during which he preached and spoke incessantly, told heavily upon him. He was breaking before he went: but after his return he never seemed the same man. Yet in February 1872, though much aged and bent, I heard him make at St. Andrews one of the most touching and powerful speeches ever made by man: and in May of the same year, with the end now quite close at hand, he made his last speech in the General Assembly, which by common consent of those who heard it was his greatest. But it was a dying effort: his exhaustion was painful to witness. The speech was made on Thursday May 30. On Sunday June 16 he died. And on Thursday June 20, — that day three weeks he had made his great speech of near two hours to a breathless multitude, — he was laid to rest in the churchyard of Campsie, amid such marks of public mourning as had not been seen in Scotland for many a year.

Among recent Scotch clergymen, Caird, Guthrie and Macgregor have preached as popularly, and Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral as well. Professor Robertson of Edinburgh and Dr. Candlish were as energetic and successful in impelling other men to do or suffer. Dr. Robert Lee did more towards mending the National worship. Dr. Macleod Campbell, Principal Tulloch, and Dr. Crawford excelled him as theologians. Dr. Crombie and Dr. MacGill were far before him as scholars. But taking him for all in all, by far the greatest Scotch minister of the last thirty years was Norman Macleod.

A. K. H. B.



From The Quarterly Review.  
THE NORMAN KINGDOM IN SICILY.\*

THE completion of Signor Amari's "History of the Mussulmans in Sicily" is a matter of congratulation, not only to the historical student, but to the learned world of Europe. It is not too much to say that it will take rank with the very first literary works of the century. Signor Amari adds another name to that distinguished list of Italian exiles who have devoted their banishment to the study of the past with a view to the illustration of the present. And he shows his pre-eminent qualifications for the task by selecting that period of his country's history (Signor Amari, we believe, is a Sicilian) which to the superficial eye may appear to be a break in its continual development. His book is a vindication of the continuity of Sicilian life and history. Not that he gives any support to the old notions of a Sicilian nationality with an existence ever since the time of the Siculi. Rather he does for Sicily the work which M. de Tocqueville has done for modern France in the "*Ancien Régime*." He shows that much of what it has been customary to attribute to Greek, Norman, and Aragonese origin or influence has often really been the creation of the infidel rulers of the land. What at present, however, we desire to call attention to is the subject of Signor Amari's last volume: the Norman conquest of Sicily and southern Italy, and the Norman kingdom. Putting aside its connection with European politics, papal and imperial—a subject comparatively well known—we would rather illustrate the remarkable union in that state of the diverse elements of civilization which Sicily then possessed—Greek, Arabic, Italian, and Norman. Signor Amari will himself be our principal authority, but we shall make use also of the old work of Gregorio—a work by no means superseded—and of that distinguished series of contemporary chroniclers, the most cultivated and most readable of mediæval historians, Malaterra, Falcandus, the Monk of Telesia, and others.

First of all, therefore, we shall endeavour to estimate the character of the conquerors and the nature of their conquest. We shall then proceed to illustrate the mingling of diverse civilizations and races

in the state, and show what really was the condition of these subject nationalities.

The Norman conquest of southern Italy and Sicily occupies a mean position between a barbarian inroad of Vandals in Africa or Saxons in England and a modern political conquest of Schleswig or Alsace. We cannot help comparing it with another and almost contemporary Norman conquest, that of England by William. Both were exploits of the same race, and started from the same soil. And yet in their circumstances and results there is an equally great resemblance and diversity. The armament that sailed from St. Valéry was a national enterprise commanded by the national chief. The Normans of the south were knights-errant, owing allegiance to no recognized head. William before he started for the conquest of his island-kingdom had by dint of his own energy and perseverance acquired for himself a political and military superiority in his dominions that no man dared to gain-say. Amongst soldiers of fortune, on the other hand, one man is the equal of another, and it was after the supremacy of the race had been established that the house of Hauteville had to win its hardest victory, over its own fellow-conquerors. On the field of Hastings, England met Normandy, Harold met William; Harold was defeated and slain, England was conquered once for all. In the south it was far otherwise. There were divers races to contend with and to vanquish in detail. The first attempt to expel the Greeks ends in discomfiture; thirty years elapse between the settlement at Aversa and the assumption of the ducal title by Guiscard; thirty years are necessary for the conquest of Sicily. But when the work is done the results are similar. Norman impress on the subject peoples forms firm and united nations. The conquerors adapt themselves to the conquered and become their champions. The existence of the Mediterranean kingdom was brilliant, but short-lived. It had shot forth into its brightest bloom and was already on the point of perishing before the northern realm had asserted its national unity.

The conquerors themselves in north and south were essentially the same men. Both are described by implication in a well-known and often-quoted passage of Malaterra.\* Nevertheless the Sicilian princes have a character of their own, and it is a character that appears to have risen with their fortunes. There is a distinct

\* 1. *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia*. Scritta da Michele Amari. 3 voll. Firenze, 1854-72.

2. *Storia di Sicilia sotto Guglielmo il buono*. Scritta da Isidoro Lalumia. Firenze, 1867.

3. *Considerazioni sulla storia di Sicilia*. Da Rosario Gregorio. 5 voll. Palermo, 1805-10.

\* Gibbon, vol. vii., chap. 56, p. 106.

progress from Robert to Roger, and from Roger the great count to Roger the king. Here is a description of the latter by a contemporary, the Monk of Telesia:—"He was a lover of justice, and most severe avenger of crime. He abhorred lying, did everything by rule, and never promised what he did not mean to perform. He was energetic, but not rash, guarded in language, and self-controlled in action. He never persecuted his private enemies, and in war he endeavoured on all occasions to gain his point without shedding of blood, and to avoid risking the lives *even (sic)* of his own soldiers. He tempered his affability in such a way that familiarity might not breed contempt. Justice and peace were universally observed throughout his dominions." He possessed, too, the invariable Norman characteristic of attracting to his court men of learning and distinction of whatever race or language. His great compatriot, the first Norman king of England, may have surpassed him in the constancy of his married life, though Roger, judged by the standard of his country as well as of his age, was above the average in domestic morality. In other respects the Sicilian bears away the palm from the Englishman. The praises with which William's latest panegyrist\* has loaded him apply with equal force to the king of Sicily. And his memory is not sullied by a deed of cruel vengeance for a personal affront at Alençon, nor did he receive his death-wound amid the ashes of a Mantes.

Such was the Siculo-Norman character at its best, and we have but to turn to Roger's son to see it at its worst. William, not without reason called the Bad, was at once treacherous, vindictive, and cruel. He placed unbounded confidence in unscrupulous favourites, not so much through weakness as through indolence. He disregarded all the duties of his position, and made use of it merely as affording the means for giving himself up to the pleasures of the chase and the harem. When roused by danger from his sensual seclusion he showed himself an undoubted son of the house of Hauteville in the vigour and determination with which he attacked and subdued his enemies. But it was in his wiles alone that he resembled Guiscard, and his punishments were merciless without being just. It may perhaps safely be assumed that the average character of the Norman baron was midway between the vices of William and the virtues of Roger.

As regards the number of the conquering race Signor Amari estimates it at not more than one per cent. of the population,\* and the immigrants belonged exclusively to the higher classes of feudatories and barons. An Arab chronicler describes the result of the conquest of Sicily as consisting in the establishment of the "Franks and Romans" in the island beside the Mahometans.† The Norman chroniclers are generally silent as regards the important part played by these foreign auxiliaries. Yet no immigration of knights or adventurers from Normandy proper appears to have taken place subsequent to 1060. Nay, the contemporary testimony of William of Apulia is of itself conclusive. The original Norman settlement at Aversa is described by him as an asylum for all bold and lawless spirits of whatever nationality:—

Si quis vicinorum *pernitiosus* ad illos  
Confugiebat, eum gratanter suscipiebant.

Other states have had a not more distinguished origin, followed by a not less glorious history.

These lands which the Norman warriors conquered had ever been the debatable ground between East and West. In former ages the contest had been between Greek and Phœnician, Roman and Carthaginian, Aryan and Semite; latterly it had been between Christian and Moslem, Latin and Greek, Catholic and Orthodox. Southern Italy and Sicily had played the part of a Southern "middle-ridge" between the lords of the old and the new Rome. The work of Belisarius on the mainland was speedily undone by the Lombards. Their power, weakened by the might of Charlemagne and internal dissensions, was finally broken by a combination between the Eastern and Western emperors. The allied empires were victorious; but owing to the untimely death of Lewis the fruits of victory remained with the Greeks, and captured Bari became the capital of the restored theme of Longobardia. Great in nominal extent, the Greek power had little reality except in the immediate neighbourhood of Bari and of the Terra di Otranto. Further Calabria had never been won by the barbarians, but it was subject to perpetual harryings by the Arabs of Sicily. Naples and Amalfi, virtually independent republics, acknowledged the distant supremacy of the Byzantine emperor rather than the protection of any

\* Freeman, Norm. Conq., ii., p. 163 sq.

\* Arch. Stor. Ital., pp. 28, 29.

† Storia, iii., 218 n.

neighbouring count—a protection which might too easily be converted into a tyranny. The Lombards retained their own laws and customs, but they were despised by their Greek lords, and ground down by fiscal oppression. Hence arose perpetual revolts, perpetual attempts to expel the foreigner. The Saxon emperors came to the aid of those whom they affected to consider their own oppressed subjects; but without success. The first two Othos had to retire discomfited, the third died in Campania in the bloom of youth. The Lombards now sought help from the warrior-pilgrims who had landed on their shores, and yet the first attempt of the Normans also ended in signal disaster. And when the day of deliverance came at Melfi, the natives merely underwent a change of rulers. Southern Italy was regained for the West; the new masters of the Lombards were of like race with their subjects, and the Normans, if not more liked, were perhaps less hated than the Greeks.

The previous history of Sicily had been different. Owing to its position the island remained in possession of the Greeks from the time of Belisarius till its conquest by the Arabs in the ninth century. After being subject to the African caliphs for one hundred years, it acquired independent emirs of its own. Under infidel dominion respect was had for the laws and customs of the previous inhabitants; art and science flourished; but political dissensions which ensued after the separation from Africa weakened the powers of defence, and the resistance which Roger encountered, though often determined, was never united.

Such being the character of the conquerors and the circumstances of the subject peoples, it is easy to understand the peculiar features of the conquest itself; and both in manner and in result the conquest of the mainland differed greatly from that of the island kingdom.

We cannot follow the chroniclers into the details of the conquest. It will suffice to call attention to the nature of the foundation at Melfi. It was based on a *federal* principle. Each of the twelve chiefs obtained a city and district of his own, and each a distinct quarter in the federal capital. There too all general councils were to be held, thence all general edicts promulgated. William of the Iron Hand, the eldest of the sons of Tancred, was chief of the confederacy—chief by election of his peers. He acknowledged a titular supremacy in the Lombard prince

of Salerno, whilst his brother and successor, Drogo, four years afterwards, following the example of the early Norman counts of Aversa, received investiture from the hands of the Western emperor. The original conquest of Apulia, therefore, was at once feudal and federal. Not so that of Sicily. Feudal institutions and customs were introduced into the island by the conquerors for the regulation of their own political and social life, but federalism never.

Furthermore, these many masters at Melfi were a perpetual source of weakness to the Norman power. Guiscard reduced them to subjection, but on his death the minority of his children—that curse of the Norman-Sicilian kingdom—undid his work. Each successive sovereign had to recover this supremacy for himself, and the desertion of the Apulian barons at the battle of Benevento was but the last act in a long drama of treachery.

Whilst on the mainland the Normans affected to be champions of liberty against foreign oppressors, in Sicily they assumed the character of crusaders. The conquest of the island was a holy war of Christian against infidel. “I would desire,” says Guiscard to his knights, “to deliver the Christians and the Catholics from their subjection to the unbeliever. I desire much to rescue them from this oppression, and to avenge the injury done to God.” Such ever afterwards was the orthodox mode of speaking of the conquest. Neither Robert nor Roger, it is true, wanted any fellow-crusaders to join them in their enterprise. They embarked in it at their own risk, and they meant to reap the benefit of it for themselves. That the Sicilian Christians in most cases helped the conquerors against the infidel is probable; that they did not in all has been conclusively shown by Signor Amari.

Let us turn now from the conquerors to the conquered, and examine, with the help of Signor Amari, what was the social and political condition of the Greek and Mussulman subjects of the Norman kingdom. We shall find that during the best period toleration, religious and political, was a reality. We shall find the Greek, the Mussulman, and the Lombard (for in the country round Etna there was a large Lombard colony, then lately settled and still there resident) living peacefully side by side under the powerful protection of the Norman princes.

When Palermo was surrendered by the Mussulmans to Roger, a Greek archbishop was found in the city enjoying full liberty

for the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions.\* The toleration which the Greeks enjoyed under the Mussulman domination they enjoyed no less under their new masters. Though their form of Christianity was not re-established in the land on the overthrow of the infidel, there were ecclesiastical foundations in both parts of the kingdom which, although no longer retaining the orthodox ritual, were Greek in character and filled by Greeks. The Greek documents from the monastery of La Cava, on the mainland, and from that of Fragalà, in Sicily, occupy the greater part of the two great collections of Trinchera† and Spata.‡ In the course of the twelfth century Latin attestations appear here and there amongst the Greek signatures to the Greek documents; they are generally those of royal officers, men of Norman or Italian origin. At Fragalà Greek attestations are found as late as 1409. The fact that Frederic published his constitutions both in the Greek and Latin languages is a sufficient evidence of the importance of the Greek population during his reign, if it were not already demonstrated by the prosperity of Messina and that end of Sicily which was mainly inhabited by Greeks. Nevertheless although so retentive of their national life and language that at the present day there are communities of Greeks in the Terra di Otranto and Calabria considered by competent authority§ to be quite distinct from the Albanian and other colonists of the last and preceding centuries, speaking a Grecian dialect, and still possessing a ballad literature in that dialect, they never appear to have taken an active part in the politics of the kingdom. The story of the priest Scholarios (Amari, iii., pp. 257-9) is worth referring to as an illustration of this.

Greek influence is most visible in the sphere of art, but of that we cannot speak at present. Not only was mosaic a Greek art, but the sacred language in which the legends and scrolls were written was Greek. The etiquette and costumes of the Norman court were closely modelled on those of Constantinople. In the fourteenth century the instructors of Petrarch and Boccaccio were Greeks from Calabria; and a patriotic Neapolitan (Trinchera) laments, and perhaps with some

justice, that the classicists of the Renaissance paid so little regard to the surviving Hellenism of southern Italy. The Greeks may perhaps have taught the Normans the importance of naval strength in the Mediterranean — at any rate the administration of the navy was Greek, as were its best admirals; and strangely enough it was over the Greek empire that it obtained its most signal victories. In ecclesiastical affairs also there can be little doubt that the early Norman kings were strengthened in their opposition to papal encroachments, and in their arrogating to themselves authority in things ecclesiastical as well as civil, by their knowledge of the power of the emperor in the orthodox Church. It may be worth while once more to point out the baselessness of the tradition that the manufacture of silk was introduced into the West from Greece after the sack of Athens, Thebes, and Corinth in 1149. Greek operatives may for the first time have been employed after that event, but the *tiraz*, or silk-manufacture, was an appendage of the palaces of all Mussulman princes, at Cordova, at Kairoan, and at Palermo. The Arabic inscription on the imperial mantle at Nuremberg furnishes itself conclusive proof, for it tells us that the mantle was made for King Roger at Palermo in 1133, in the royal manufactory, "the dwelling-place of happiness, of light, of glory, of perfection," etc. A representation of the mantle and a translation of the inscription is to be found in Bock's "*Kleinodien des Heiligen Römischen Reichs*."

If toleration of Greeks was remarkable at this period, toleration of Mussulmans was still more so. The condition of the Mussulman subjects of the Norman kingdom, and their relation to and influence upon their rulers, constitute one of the most interesting studies in mediæval history. As the conquest of Sicily was gradual and diverse, so the treatment of the vanquished was various. At Messina the Saracen inhabitants were massacred with the connivance and probably at the instigation of the Greek populace. Greek fanaticism was always sanguinary, and Messina retained its bad name throughout the Norman epoch, and not without reason, for the "treachery of Greece and the fickleness of pirates" (Falcandus). A fugitive Mussulman puts his own sister to death with his own hand that she may not have to forswear her religion and fall into the hands of Christian ravishers. In the north-eastern part of Sicily, the Val Demone, the Saracens were practi-

\* Malaterra, ii., 45.

† "*Syllabus Membranarum Græcarum*," etc. Napoli, 1865.

‡ *Pergamene Greche esistenti nel grande Archivio di Palermo*. Palermo, 1861.

§ Sr. Pitre in the "*Canti popolari dell'Italia meridionale*."

cally exterminated. We find them at Petralia and at Traina (Malaterra, ii., 14 and 29), but the bulk of the population of that division was Greek, just as the bulk of the population of the Val di Noto and almost the entire population of the Val di Mazarà was Saracen. At Girgenti, for instance, the infidels were so powerful that the bishop was obliged to build himself a castle in self-defence, and he made use of the ancient temples of Agrigentum as a quarry for its construction. "May the earth lie heavy on his bones," is Signor Amari's imprecation. We say, "Amen."

We are fortunate in possessing a contemporary testimony of an enlightened Mussulman traveller with regard to the condition of his co-religionists in Sicily during the reign of William the Good. Ebn Grobhair, a native of Valencia in Spain, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca landed at Messina. Thence sailing to Cefalù and Termini, he proceeded by land through Palermo to Trapani, from which port he eventually sailed for Spain. The narrative of his journey, which took place in the winter of 1184-5, was translated by Signor Amari in the "*Archivio storico Italiano*" for 1847.

From that narrative we gather that there was a very great difference in position between the Saracens of the cities and those in the country. The latter, the poorer cultivators of the soil and agricultural labourers, with the introduction of feudal tenure, were reduced to a state of villeinage, and shared the life of the lowest serfs. Thus a large gift of Mussulman serfs was made by Roger to the church of Cefalù, and in such cases oppression would be aggravated by religious fanaticism. Much land, however, was still held by Mussulman proprietors, and on these estates the Islamite labourer would be well treated. Of this class of proprietors Abu'l Cassem was a distinguished member. Possessed of large estates in the island, a domain which had descended to him from first-born to first-born, and of many houses in Palermo itself, houses, says the traveller, "which resembled magnificent and extensive palaces," a patron of poets, a Mussulman Mæcnas, as Lalumia has termed him, he is denounced as holding a treasonable correspondence with his countrymen in Africa, subjected to a large fine, and deprived of his property. Subsequently restored to favour, he is intrusted again with office under the government. Reinstated though he was, he found life amongst Christians so irksome, surrounding cir-

cumstances so eminently calculated to induce him to forsake Islam or to drive him from the country, that he resolved to sell all that he possessed and migrate to Africa. "Consider, therefore," says our author, "in what a wretched condition a man of such wealth and authority must have found himself when he determined to abandon the home of his forefathers with sons and daughters and all his property." Those of the upper class of Mussulmans who did not leave their country, like Abu'l Cassem, held aloof from politics, while the unprincipled made outward profession of conversion to Christianity, remaining all the while Mussulman at heart. Christian churches were open as sanctuaries to unbelievers, but the unbeliever by taking sanctuary *ipso facto* renounced Islam.

This religious toleration was entirely the work of the Norman kings themselves, and it was only under compulsion that they ever succeeded in inducing their subjects to observe the principle. The rational judgment pronounced by Falcandus upon the *kaid* Peter, and the still more remarkable championship of the cause of that fallen statesman by the Count of Molisé, are almost the only exceptions to the rule.\* The king found in the Mahometans his most faithful soldiers, his most cultivated companions, and his best officials. The palace and court of Palermo were almost completely officered by Mahometans in fact, if not always in name. But with the growth of stability in the realm national feelings were created. The patriotic party demanded that the young king William should be brought up as a *Sicilian*. A new nobility of office arose, and daily increased in power. At first, whilst the feudal baronage was still to be dreaded, this official nobility protected the Saracens, many members of it themselves professing Islam. After, however, the coalition of the feudal baronage, the nationalists, and the officials had brought about the fall of Stephen of Perche, young William's foreign tutor, the two latter parties obtained the chief share in the government, and united were strong enough to do without direct Saracen help, whilst the ecclesiastical element in the council was always eager for persecution. The Saracens had still the king to defend them. And as long as William lived his protection was sure. With his death dissension between Christian and Saracen begins, and dissension prepares the way

\* See Muratori, vii., pp. 303 D, and 308 D. E

for the German. Tancred, the elect of the nation, is again the Saracens' friend. He brings them back to Palermo from their hiding-places and fastnesses in the mountains. His work is cut short by death. Again during the minority of Frederic persecutions break out, again the persecuted flee to the mountains. Frederic in 1223 reduces the greater part of them to subjection, and transfers a large body of them to Luceria in Apulia. The palace and court of Palermo still derive their lustre from Oriental luxury and culture, and in this respect Frederic is a true successor of the Norman kings. The anarchy and persecution, however, of the intervening period had converted a wealthy, peaceful, and cultivated population into Italian mercenaries and Sicilian brigands.

A clear idea of what toleration was in Sicily whilst it lasted, and of the general condition of the Mussulman inhabitants, will best be obtained from Grobhair himself:—

The road [from Termini to Palermo] looked like a market, [says he] it was so much trodden and full of people coming and going. The bands of Christians that we met saluted us immediately, and treated us with politeness and familiarity; so much so that we saw that the mode of government and the mildness of the treatment of the Mussulmans were sufficient to tempt the minds of the ignorant. May God protect all the followers of Mahomet, and deliver them from these temptations by his power and grace. [The custom-officer who received the pilgrims at Palermo muttered the Mahometan salutation between his teeth] at which we marvelled greatly. Amongst the Mussulmans at Palermo [he proceeds] there are still left traces of the true faith. They maintain the greater part of their mosques in good repair; they are summoned to prayer by the voice of the muezzin; they have suburbs of their own in which they live unmingled with the Christians, and markets in which they alone have shops. They have a *cadi* of their own, who administers justice to them. . . . The king of Sicily himself is singular for his good disposition and his frequent employment of Mussulmans. Eunuchs are about his person, all of whom, or the greater part, are firmly attached, though secretly, to the religion of Islam. The king has great confidence in the Mussulmans, and entrusts to them the most important and delicate business. The superintendent of his kitchen is a Mussulman, and the king has a body-guard of negro Mussulman slaves, commanded by one of themselves. His vizier and his chamberlain are always chosen from amongst the above-mentioned eunuchs. . . . In truth no Christian prince reigns more mildly, enjoys more wealth, and lives more delicately than he. He resembles the Mussul-

man kings in his pleasures no less than in the order of his laws, the manner of government, the distinction of classes of his subjects, and the pageantry and luxury of his court. . . . He is thirty years of age: may God prolong his life in good health for the benefit of the Mussulmans. Another remarkable thing about him is that he reads and writes Arabic. One of his chief eunuchs told us this, and that he has taken as his *alamah* or sacred motto, "Praise be to God, praise is due to him." His father's *alamah* was, "Praise be to God in recognition of his benefits." The female slaves and concubines that he keeps in the palace are all of the Mussulman faith. Furthermore, the above-mentioned servant John, one of the pages in the *tiraz* (the silk-manufactory, the harem), where the garments of the king are embroidered in gold, revealed to us a no less marvellous fact, namely, that the Frank Christian ladies staying in the palace become Mussulman, being converted by the female slaves that we have mentioned. The king knows nothing of the fact, yet these ladies were very zealous in good works. The same John told us that once during an earthquake, the king, whilst in his palace, heard on all sides his women and eunuchs uttering prayers to God and the prophet. When they caught sight of the king they were alarmed; but he reassured them, saying, "Let every one pray to the God whom he adores, he who has faith in his God will obtain peace."

The sovereign who uttered these words based his toleration on the widest grounds. Unfortunately, before the end of his reign, by his too close connection with the Roman Church, he was induced to extend ecclesiastical jurisdiction so that the bishops took cognizance of certain cases between Mussulman and Christian (Lalumia, p. 187). Thereby he opened the door to persecution, and he broke through the original principle of the constitution by which Mussulmans were only to be tried by Mussulman judges, according to their own law of the Koran. Looking backward and forward from the reign of William, we can better understand the character of the courts of Roger and Frederic. The abuse heaped on Frederic by his ecclesiastical foes, their accusations of heresy and apostasy, are well known. The Palermitan court of Frederic, however, was but an inheritance from the "good" King William. The *rapprochement* between East and West, between Latin, Greek, and Arabic culture, in which and in the consequences resulting therefrom was supposed to lie the great value to Europe of the Crusades, had been made already in Sicily. The principles of toleration embodied by Frederic in the treaty of Jerusalem were ex-



actly those previously applied by his Norman ancestors in Sicily. And there, instead of fitfully for a few months or years at a time, this *rapprochement* lasted continuously for two centuries. There the peoples came really to know one another, and to react upon one another. It was the stronger elements in each of these various civilizations that survived. In art, science, and manufacture, in culture and philosophy, Orientalism, Greek and Arabic, prevailed. In war and politics Latinism was victorious. It was the high privilege of the Normans to preside over this fusion of the streams of mind, and right worthy directors of the movement they proved themselves to be. The Nemesis of history seems, however, to have grudged Sicily her good fortune. For the last time east and west, north and south, had met in arms upon the Trinacrian soil. Victory had remained with the west, and the allegiance to Constantinople, to Bagdad, to Cordova, and to Kairoan was forever broken. Nevertheless, the glorious independence of Sicily was but short-lived, and since she has ceased to be the battle-ground of rival civilizations she has remained outside the main stream of history.

We cannot resist noticing in a sentence or two how the three elements of which civilization in the Norman kingdom consisted have impressed themselves on the architecture of the country. Though the fusion itself is concealed by the mists of a distant past, at Palermo, Monreale, and Cefalù we have abiding memorials of the fact. The interest of the subject has brought most competent observers into the field, and in the works of Hittorf and Zanth, of Gally Knight, and above all of Serra di Falco and Gravina, the principal buildings are laid before us in all their detail. With a few trifling exceptions, of which the most important is the baths at Cefalù, we have the high authority of Signor Amari for stating that no building of importance at present survives in Sicily which can be with certainty attributed to the period of Mussulman rule. The claims of the Cuba and the Zisa at Palermo have been conclusively disposed of. Nevertheless the great buildings of the period are in their essence, that is to say in the principle of construction, which is almost invariably that of the pointed arch, Saracenic. A typical example is to be found in the well-known Ponte d' Ammiraglio near Palermo. The Normans ordered the buildings, but it was the Saracens who were the actual builders. On the other

hand Greek influence shows itself in the mosaic ornamentation, Latin in the form — the basilican — given to the ecclesiastical edifices. The wooden roofs at Cefalù and Monreale as contrasted with the Saracenic ceiling of the Capella Regia and the gradual but very slight admixture of figure sculpture in the west door of Monreale show that in some departments there was a struggle in progress. Into such details, and into the interesting subject of the south-Italian architecture of the period, illustrated by the magnificent work of Schulz, it is impossible to enter.

We have endeavoured to call attention to that part of the subject which is of most interest to the general reader — the condition of the subject nationalities. But there are many other respects in which the Norman kingdom in Sicily is well worthy of study. The jurist and political philosopher will find a mine of study in the constitutions of Roger, William, and Frederic, whilst the practical reformer may derive some useful hints therefrom on such subjects as medical education and sanitary regulation. The high-sounding title claimed by Roger of "king of Sicily, Italy, and Africa," suggests the manifold foreign relations in which a central Mediterranean state would be involved, a state holding in its dominion both shores of the inland sea. Many of the enigmas of the life and reign of Frederic II. can only be solved by a knowledge of the history of what was his true fatherland. It was the union of the crowns of the empire and "the kingdom" upon a single head that brought the struggle of the empire and the papacy to a crisis. The possession of the kingdom was worth the struggle; the loss of it was the loss of Italy. To the history of municipal institutions, to the history of commerce and of social life in Italy, the annals of the Norman kingdom make considerable contributions. And it was in Norman Sicily that the first words of Italian poetry were uttered, that Italian literature began. These subjects and others are all touched upon more or less by Signor Amari, whose work we cannot, in conclusion, on account of both its historical and literary value, too strongly recommend to our readers.

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From Chambers' Journal.

A VISIT TO A JAPANESE SILVER-MINE.

A WRITER in the *Hiogo News* lately paid a visit to the great silver-mines of

Ikuno, Japan, where European machinery has been introduced with great success; and as his account of what he saw is of considerable interest, we condense from it the following notes. On the hillside above the works, the objects which first attract the visitor's notice are the house (on a small platform) of the stationary engine, used to work the shaft now being driven down into the rock; a number of places like large rabbit-holes; and a tramway which runs round the face of the hill and connects these holes with a series of shoots down which the ore is passed to the works. These holes turn out to be galleries (six feet by six), which already measure eight miles in length; in them is seen the process of removing the ore by blasting, the fuses for which were at first imported from abroad, but are now made on the premises, at a saving of more than seventy-five per cent. The ore is broken up into pieces at the mouths of the shoots; the least rich lumps and those containing a large amount of other minerals are set apart for consumption at convenience; while the best pieces are sorted into five classes, their estimated values ranging from about sixteen to one thousand pounds per ton. These are pounded into dust in crushing-mills, and the dust baked in ovens with common salt (chloride of sodium). Hitherto the silver has been combined with sulphur, but in these ovens a chemical change takes place, the chlorine of the common salt combining with the silver and the ten or twelve per cent. of gold which the ore contains, and the sulphur of

the silver combining with the sodium of the salt to make epsom salt, which goes into the river and poisons the fish. The ore — now a red earth — is then, by means of water and iron balls, thoroughly mixed with a large quantity of quicksilver by the aid of revolving drums. Under this process the quicksilver takes up the precious metal, and when the amalgamation is complete, the drums are emptied and the mud washed away. The combined metals are next treated by hydraulic pressure against a leather sieve, through which free mercury is extruded, leaving a putty-like brilliant white amalgam. Heated in iron retorts, the remaining mercury in the amalgam is driven off into a condenser to be used again; and the resulting lumps of metal having been fused with borax, which brings away some scoriæ and other impurities in the form of scum, are run into moulds and sent to the mint at Osaka. The metal contains, in the form in which it leaves Ikuno, about seventy per cent. of silver and ten of gold, the remaining twenty per cent. being nearly pure copper. The power utilized to drive the machinery at the Ikuno mines is mainly water, which is brought four miles and a half in an artificial canal, and may be taken for nine months in the year at two hundred and fifty gallons per second, with a fall of one hundred feet. During the rest of the year this water-supply fails, and the works are driven by steam. The Japanese government derives a handsome revenue from these mines, which will be greatly increased when the copper is worked independently.

WORSE THAN BEING ON A JURY. — The conclave of Gregory X. lasted two years, during which the Church of Rome was without an infallible head. Clement IV., the predecessor of Gregory, died at Viterbo, and the cardinals, not being able to agree upon the choice of a successor, were preparing to leave the town, when St. Buonaventura, the disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, persuaded the inhabitants to shut their gates, and not to let the cardinals go till a pope was made. The people took the saint's advice, and not only shut the gates of the town, but set a guard over the cardinals at the doors of the palace in which they met, and informed them that they could not even leave the palace until they had elected their pope. However, even then the cardinals could come to no agreement; they went on from month to month and month to month, still voting without producing the

requisite majority, till one day the Cardinal del Porto exclaimed that the Holy Ghost could never come down and inspire their choice as long as they had a roof over their heads. The people of Viterbo took this profane joke seriously, and unroofed the palace. This measure, again, was still ineffectual, and the cardinals, it seemed, would never have arrived at any determination had the device not been hit upon of diminishing the supplies of their tables. This measure succeeded. Hunger effected more than rain or wind had done, and Gregory X. was elected. Gregory X., on his election, issued the bull that all future popes should be elected in conclave — that is, by an assembly of cardinals locked up together, and subject to specified restrictions as to diet and attendance until the election was over.

"Papal Conclaves," in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORIES IN THE UNITED STATES. — In the *Austrian Journal* for March 15, Dr. Hann gives some interesting notes on the results furnished by the Signal Office in its annual reports for the two stations, Mount Washington, six thousand feet, and Pike's Peak, fourteen thousand feet above the sea. He complains, with justice, of the very scanty amount of information published for the stations. The temperature at Mount Washington resembles that at Hoch Obir in Carinthia, which is at a slightly higher level, and is also somewhat warmer. Pike's Peak enjoys a climate much like that of Nova Zembla, and if we compare it with Etna, at a similar elevation to its own, the chief difference to be found is in the greater heat of the summer at the American station. The decrease of temperature with height for Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, and Denver, leads to the interesting result that this is least in cold weather, so that we cannot look to the descent of air from the upper regions of the atmosphere as accounting for intense cold. Dr. Hann reflects very severely on the practice of reducing barometer readings to sea-level, which for such a height as fourteen thousand feet is calculated to mislead entirely. In conclusion he expresses his sincere regret that the observations are not published *in extenso*.

AN interesting work has lately been published at Caracas (Venezuela), entitled "The Basque Element in the History of Venezuela." The author, Don Arístides Rojas, traces, in pure and idiomatic Castilian, the history of the early Basque immigrants, whom he characterizes as "warlike, proud, generous, simple, holding fast their secular traditions, primitive and austere customs and untrammelled independence, their civil liberty and deference to the popular will." The book was written at the instigation of the University of Caracas, to commemorate the erection in that city, some few years since, of a statue to Simon Bolivar, or Bolibar, as Señor Rojas prefers to designate "the liberator of America" (the B being Euscaro, and the V Latin). The introduction of the Basque element, according to Señor Rojas, dates back to the reign of Philip the Fifth, when the "Guipuzcoan Company" was established, and sent its pioneers to clear the forests, plant the virgin soil, and fight the Dutch. In allusion to the descendants of these colonizing Basques, Señor Rojas observes: "Still there was something greater than the reclamation and cultivation of the soil, greater than the glory and vanities of the

world; that something was the family, the domestic hearth. Herein is the great virtue of the Basque wherever you find him: perseverance in right and well-doing, honour in his trading and rigid home sanctity, these are the inheritance of his ancestors;" these virtues characterizing their descendants to the present day. Venezuela was one of the first of the Spanish-American colonies to cast off the yoke of the mother country, and the whole history of this event in connection with Bolivar is descanted upon at length by Señor Rojas.

Athenæum.

LETTERS received in Sydney from Signor d'Albertis, the Italian naturalist, we learn from the *Times*, who has been for some time resident on Yule Island, on the coast of New Guinea, give further accounts of the belt of coast land, twenty to twenty-five miles in width, of which he is able to speak, and so much of the land beyond this limit as was visible from the summit of a hill about 1,200 feet high. From this eminence he saw a large extent of plains, indented with lagoons, with the river Amama (the Hilda of the "Basilisk") flowing downward from a northerly direction to its junction with the Nicura, which discharges its waters into the sea. Apparently, this stream is deep enough to be navigable far into the interior, but its channel is seriously obstructed by fallen timbers. He ascended the Nicura River for a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, and found it fringed with mangroves for the first ten miles, after which these gave place to splendid thickets of the Nipa palm, while the eucalyptus and the grass-tree flourish at some distance from the stream. He crossed the Amama several times, and describes it as flowing through a large and fertile valley, apparently uninhabited, and well adapted for pastoral purposes. Nowhere did he find the natives possessing any knowledge of gold, silver, or any other metal. He confirms what has been said by Mr. Wallace and other travellers as regards the island being peopled by two races, the one mentally and physically superior to the other; the invaders having driven the indigenous tribes into the interior. The earlier inhabitants of New Guinea have darker skins than their conquerors, are shorter in stature, and their countenances are more prognathous than those of the coast tribes. The western side of New Guinea appears to be chiefly inhabited by the indigenous Papuans, and the eastern by a superior race.

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## SAILED TO-DAY.

Sailed to-day :  
Faced the grey seas and white winter skies,  
None watching from the quay with straining  
eyes.

Sailed to-day :  
Far in his distant home, sad faces bow  
And whisper, "Is his ship unanchored now?"

Sailed to-day :  
A tearless mother muses on the morn  
They bade her cheer, because her boy was  
born.

Sailed to-day :  
And those who loved him best urged on his  
flight.  
The bitter message reached him but last night.

Sailed to-day :  
With laugh and boon companions left behind  
To mock him in the ghostly midnight wind.

Sailed to-day :  
The day of loving parting is so sad,  
But we have learned to think such day is glad.

Sailed to-day :  
We mourn with torture-tears that drop within,  
Whiten our hair, and wear our faces thin.

Sailed to-day :  
O cold gray seas ! O sullen winter skies !  
Will there be ever summer in our eyes ?

Sailed to-day :  
Well, ships go out, but they come back again —  
A day of joy completes long months of pain.

Sailed to-day :  
And some ships go with lead and come with  
gold —  
Sad hearts have hopes too daring to be told.

Sailed to-day :  
Shall we not always feel this biting cold ?  
There is no summer when the heart is old.

Sailed to-day !  
O God ! who to the farthest deep goes down,  
Who knows the strangers in the foreign town,

Out of our reach is still in reach of you,  
The God who cares for sparrows loves him  
who

Sailed to-day !  
ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.  
Cassell's Magazine.

## IN CHURCH.

WE read the story olden  
In a purple light and golden,  
As beneath the western window we stood en-  
tranced, and gazed,  
While the pitying eyes of love  
Shone on us from above,  
In the sad, sweet face, upon the cross upraised.

My quiv'ring eyelids glisten'd,  
As I silent stood, and listen'd,  
While your glad voice rose triumphant on the  
organ's outspread wings.  
Ah, my darling ! far away  
Is that wondrous summer day,  
And the voice I love among the angels sings.

Once more I read the story,  
In the brilliant western glory,  
And hope and peace breathe round me in this  
calm and sacred place.  
I will love thee while I wait,  
And within the golden gate,  
We shall meet where we indeed shall see His  
face.

## ANY POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

IMMORTAL Verse ! Is mine the strain  
To last and live ? As ages wane  
Will one be found to twine the bays,  
And praise me then as now you praise ?

Will there be one to praise ? Ah, no !  
My laurel leaf may never grow ;  
My bust is in the quarry yet, —  
Oblivion weaves my coronet.

Immortal for a month — a week !  
The garlands wither as I speak ;  
The song will die, the harp's unstrung, —  
But, singing, have I vainly sung ?

You deign'd to lend an ear the while  
I trill'd my lay. I won your smile.  
Now, let it die, or let it live, —  
My verse was all I had to give.

The linnet flies on wistful wings,  
And finds a bower, and lights and sings ;  
Enough if my poor verse endures  
To light and live — to die in yours.

Cornhill Magazine. FREDERICK LOCKER.

## SPRING IS COMING.

By the bursting of the leaves,  
By the lengthening of the eves, —  
Spring is coming.  
By the flowers that scent the air,  
By the skies more blue and fair,  
By the singing everywhere, —  
Spring is coming.

All the woods and fields rejoice, —  
Spring is coming.

Only here and there a voice —  
Here of buds the worm has worn,  
Here of birds whose nest is torn ;  
There of those whose life is pent  
Far from pleasant sight and scent —  
Wails, as if their life's distress  
Won a new, wild bitterness ; —  
Spring is coming.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.

# THE POLITICAL CHANGES OF THIRTY YEARS.

IN the year 1847 England had been at peace for a generation, which might be divided into two pretty equal halves. During the first she had been chiefly under the dominion of conservative, during the second of liberal ideas. The statesmen who had most affected her destinies during the fifteen years previous to 1847 had been largely occupied in redeeming the mistakes of their immediate predecessors, and in bringing the country to a point which it would doubtless have reached long before, if the follies of the friends and the cowardice of the enemies of the French Revolution had not by their action, reaction, and interaction kept it for a long time from pursuing the one road that can lead to any good in politics, the road of cautious, but at the same time constant progress. At length, however, the long-bewildered land was fairly on the right track. Political power was pretty justly distributed, although voices asking for a wider distribution of the right of voting here and there made themselves heard, and new classes began to knock at the door of the constitution. The corn-laws had been repealed and the tariff much simplified. Free-trade, in fact, was rapidly getting adopted, in theory, as the guide of all our commercial arrangements, although much remained, as something still remains, to be done before the theory is made quite to square with the practice. Our colonial empire was beginning to take the outline which has been since so rapidly filled up, and the same may be said of India, although hardly one institution which then existed in connection with the government of that country is any more in being.

The England, however, of 1847 was a very small and weak power compared to that on which we now look. How poor and small no one would believe till he has looked a little carefully into statistics.

The remarkable movement to which Archbishop Whately gave the name of Newmanism, and which created for a time so formidable a diversion to the spread of really liberal opinions, had spent much

of its force. The finest minds which were formed by it had found their natural resting-place in the bosom of the Roman communion, and all that was best in England was gradually being drawn back into the main current of European liberal thought. Those who went up to Oxford in 1847 saw, I consider, just the turn of the tide, saw in their three years of residence the Oxford of the "*Lyra Apostolica*" slowly giving way to the Oxford whose spirit is best reflected by the poems of Clough and Matthew Arnold.

France, our nearest neighbour, was ruled by a monarch whom it was the fashion in England to regard as wisdom personified. True it is, that at the time of which I speak his conduct in the affair of the Spanish marriages had rudely shaken the confidence which many English politicians reposed in him, making them remember the Italian proverb "More fox-skins than asses' skins find their way to the furrier." But the vast majority of people in England who cared about politics still believed that he had found the best way to apply to France a system of constitutional or quasi-constitutional government, in spite of many ominous signs of uneasiness which from time to time appeared.

Italy was still, in the words of Metternich, a mere geographical expression. Parcelled out amongst a variety of petty sovereigns, she was politically powerless beyond her own frontiers, while within them every worthy aspiration had been, since the peace of 1815, most studiously repressed in every part of the country except in the grand duchy of Tuscany and latterly in the kingdom of Sardinia. Only just before the time of which I am speaking a new pope had shown liberal inclinations, and had manifested a disposition to put himself at the head of the Catholic liberal party, which had found a voice in the eloquent and in some respects enthusiastically Catholic Gioberti.

The whole of the peninsula had been for many years undermined by moral fires as fierce and far more widely spread than those which come to the surface in Campania and in Sicily. Every few months the police was on the track of some con-



spiracy real or supposed, and from time to time there was an outbreak, which was invariably repressed, and as invariably ended in crowding the prisons with political prisoners and in adding a few more to the band of exiles who lived and plotted in London or in Paris.

Austria was to all intents and purposes mistress from Pontebba to Reggio. Venice and Lombardy were part of her own possessions. Parma and Modena were virtually the same; and she made no sort of scruple in letting nominally independent princes, who coquetted with liberal opinions, understand that she was and meant to be supreme.

In Austria itself, the policy of systematic do-nothing, which had been the life's work of the emperor Francis, still slept along under the nominal guidance of his well-meaning but incapable successor. Metternich was by this time a very old man, and although he was still, under the name of Prince Mitternacht (or midnight), the object of bitter hostility to the liberal party, his influence, always immensely exaggerated, so far as the internal affairs of the empire were concerned, had been long on the decline. Other men, however, who were in all ways inferior to him, really did the evil he was only supposed to do. Every transaction of life was hampered and hindered. No one could stir from his place of residence without the permission of the police in some shape or other. The press was subjected to the severest censorship. The books of travellers were closely examined, and constantly seized if they were supposed to bear in the slightest degree on any debated question of religion or politics. Everywhere the *mot d'ordre* of the government was to prevent anything like movement of mind, in any direction whatever. The men who nominally advised and really directed the emperor, who used to occupy himself in counting the omnibuses which passed the window while they discussed, would fain have surrounded his empire with a Chinese wall, over which no rumour from the world beyond it should ever be allowed to come.

There was something imposing to the eyes of that outer world in this vast and gloomy mass, the realm of darkness and

the giant Akinetos; but athwart the darkness strange forces were moving. Towards the close of the last century, Joseph II., an enlightened and able prince, but not a wise statesman, had tried to introduce into his dominions a variety of changes, many of which were of a highly salutary kind. He went, however, far too fast, and stirred up almost in every province so formidable an opposition that he was obliged to undo very much of his own work. Beneath the calm level of the Austria of Francis and of Ferdinand, the agitation which had been called forth by Joseph II. worked on unobserved by Europe. Those, however, who chanced to have travelled in certain parts of the then little-visited empire, knew perfectly well that a crisis would ere long come. Here and there a warning voice was raised, as for instance, by Paget, in his excellent and never sufficiently appreciated book, "Hungary and Transylvania." It was at Carlsbad in Bohemia, in the summer of 1847, in the interval between my matriculating and going into residence at Balliol, that I first, from hearing discussed around me the then condition of Austria, began to take that strong interest in European politics which has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. From Carlsbad I went down to have a look at the capital of Hungary and the Danube valley, returning to England with the strongest possible impression that any spark falling anywhere would light up a conflagration all through central Europe. I not only thought so, but said so, speaking for the first time, in that most admirable institution, the Union at Oxford, in February, 1848, upon a motion made by Mr. Morier, our present representative at Lisbon, in favour of establishing diplomatic relations with Rome.

The spark which lit up the conflagration came, however, not as had seemed likely for some weeks previous, from the south, but from the west; for within a time to be counted by hours from that at which I spoke, came the news that the seventeen years' siege of the July Monarchy — to use the happy phrase of a French publicist — had at length ended in its fall. Yet a few more hours, and the king of France was a fugitive on our shores, and the tremendous

events of the great year of revolutions were running their fateful course.

In Prussia, something like a parliamentary system had been introduced early in 1847; but it was not a parliamentary system of the modern kind, such as the people had been led to expect. It was a strange old-world resurrection, the offspring of the fantastic genius of Frederick William IV., whose mind was deeply dyed with that romanticism which made the round of Europe in his early days, producing the Waverley Novels in Scotland, Manzoni in Italy, Montalembert in France, and the movement of 1833 in the Church of England. Up to the date of the calling together of the assembly known as the "United Diet," on the 3rd of February, 1847, Prussia has been a despotic monarchy, — a fact which one would do well to remember when one hears people comment unfavourably upon some of the political phenomena which may be observed in that country at this moment, — but it was a despotic monarchy managed by an admirably-skilled, conscientious, and efficient body of functionaries, who were largely influenced by modern ideas, so that the saying which was frequently in the mouths of persons in high place at Berlin, "Nothing by the people, everything for the people," was a much more accurate expression of the character of the government than it would have been in most of the other countries of which I have been speaking. Germany was governed by a body known as the Diet, which sat at Frankfort, and over which Austria and Prussia exercised vast influence, the first being considered more powerful than the second. They generally acted together when there was any question of repressing popular movements; but they were extremely and increasingly jealous of each other. In none of the minor states of the Fatherland was there any real political activity, but in nearly all the German-speaking countries, always excepting Austria, popular education had spread very widely. Several of the smaller courts were most creditably distinguished by their patronage of literature and art, while almost everywhere there was a vigorous academical life. During the thirty years previous to 1847, Oxford and Cam-

bridge acted as drags on the national coach; but it was quite otherwise with Berlin and Leipsic and Heidelberg, and the German universities generally. They were the fiery coursers which drew the national coach, while her statesmen were occupied in putting on the drag. And of the two extremes, let me say in passing, that which was then seen in Germany is far the best. Of course, it is desirable that both professors and practical statesmen should be perfectly wise, each hitting the golden mean, and being anxious to go neither too fast nor too slow; but the state of things in which the professor, the man of theory, is anxious to make things perfect at once, while the politician has to say, "All in good time; but don't let us be in such a tremendous hurry," is much more healthy than its opposite.

Far off, beyond the Vistula and the little-known provinces of east Prussia, loomed the vast empire of the czars. Hardly any one in western Europe out of diplomatic circles had any real knowledge about it. Haxthausen's admirable book had indeed appeared, but the information contained in it had scarcely begun to filter down into the minds of even professional politicians. Well-read men like Dr. Arnold represented Russia to themselves as something like that great hive of nations which overwhelmed of old the civilization of Rome. She was believed, and she believed herself to be, enormously strong; and those who, like Mr. Cobden, saw that much of her *prestige* was founded in illusion, were too few and too loudly contradicted by appearances to produce much effect upon the public.

The emperor Nicholas, a man of excellent intentions and many great qualities, had lived, ever since the conspiracy of 1825 which welcomed him to power in so terrible a way, under the influence of two all-absorbing prepossessions, — first, that his position at home was extremely dangerous — that, to use his own words, he "sat upon a volcano;" and, secondly, that within certain limits and for certain purposes, he was verily and indeed the elect and anointed of heaven, commissioned to hold erect the principles of order and of faith in a world which was becoming every

day more unbelieving and revolutionary. The fearful inheritance of absolute power, which had come to him so contrary to his own wish, had gradually changed his character, and made him in many respects the tyrant which he was popularly but quite erroneously supposed to be in all. The most authentic descriptions of the state of society, even in Petersburg and Moscow, during his last years, read like a bad dream. An Argus-eyed police prevented even the most harmless discussions; spies swarmed in every company. The peasantry were serfs. A middle class did not exist; and although there were many isolated nobles whose lives had, no doubt, a very brilliant side, they were absolutely without political power, and might at any moment, if they showed the smallest desire to obtain any, be hurled from their high estate into utter ruin. Communication with the west was put under every possible restriction that passport formalities and prohibitive duties could entail. The roads were few, and I fancy that even in 1847 that might quite well have happened which did actually happen to a friend of mine some years before — to be detained, namely, for five days in a post-house on account of the impossibility of proceeding along the narrow strip of beach by which the highway at one point ran from Berlin to Petersburg. It was not only within his own dominions that the czar was a dread and sinister power. It is true enough that the Holy Alliance properly so called never came to anything — was, indeed, a popular bugbear. But the three great powers of the east, holding firmly together, were always ready to help each other against their own subjects; and at this time the immense personal influence and strong will of the Russian ruler, taken into connection with his network of family ties in Germany, gave him a preponderant voice alike in Berlin, in Vienna, and in Frankfurt. To every liberal on the continent of Europe, and to every English liberal who occupied himself about European politics, the emperor Nicholas in the end of the year 1847 was “he that letteth,” a strong tower of defence for all that was most repugnant to reason and common sense.

Of the northern powers — Denmark, Sweden, and Norway — we heard little or nothing. The former was about to fill the thoughts of English statesmen a good deal more than was desirable; but the time had not yet quite come, although beyond the Rhine the discussion which was inaugurat-

ed by the famous pamphlet “Who inherits in Schleswig?” was already in full career.

Belgium, under the guidance of a wise king, was quietly working out those reforms which enabled her to go so tranquilly through the stormy period that was near at hand; and the same may be said of her old enemy, but by that time very good neighbour, Holland.

Spain had passed some eight years since the Convention of Vergara gave peace to her long-distracted provinces, and had for a while been much quieter than Portugal, which was harassed by troubles arising from causes of a local character.

Switzerland was in the middle of a civil war, which happily terminated very quickly without the effusion of much blood, not, however, without giving another warning to Europe.

The eastern peninsula had long attracted the anxious attention of diplomatists and statesmen, but Turkey and its affairs had not yet become an object of intense popular interest in the west, as it was soon to do. The philhellenic enthusiasm which had been called forth twenty years before had long since burnt itself to ashes. People smiled to remember that there had been a time when they saw in the struggles of the Greek war of independence, full as they were on both sides of all that was ignoble and horrible, the resurrection of a people which was once more to gild the hills and isles of the Archipelago with all the glory of Athens. Otho was far from popular, and a few years before had been obliged to make great concessions to the movement party; but in Greece, as elsewhere, the general aspect of things was peaceful enough.

Such, in the broadest and briefest outline, was the outward aspect of that Europe in which men of my age first began to take an interest; but under its surface there were, as I have already hinted, some tremendous powers which have had much to do with calling into life the very different Europe of to-day.

First, there was the desire for constitutional government — the desire of the educated middle class for some share in the management of the State under which it lived and to whose prosperity it mainly contributed. This was originally an English, or, as it was called by its opponents, an Anglomaniac movement, which, having spread over the Continent through the writings of Voltaire and other French authors during the eighteenth century, was then wholly interrupted for a time by the

Revolution, but reappeared after the great peace, deeply dyed in many places by the colours of that Revolution.

Secondly, there was the passion for equality which, in so far as it is not the outcome of universally diffused human instincts, was chiefly of French growth; but had extended itself largely, especially amongst the artisans of most European countries.

Thirdly, and closely related to the last-mentioned, there were the dreams and aspirations which had found a voice now in St. Simon, now in Robert Owen, now in Fourier, now in Cabet—dreams and aspirations of men who saw that there was a great deal that was unreasonable and unjust in the apparently haphazard arrangements of society, and conceived that these haphazard arrangements could be set aside by sudden acts of power, so that the fruits of common weal to which we look forward as the result of generations of labour might be grasped all in a day.

Fourthly, there was the profound undermining of old ecclesiastical ideas which, commencing in England with Locke and his successors, had passed into Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century, and had led there to those gigantic philosophical and critical labours the results of which are becoming the general inheritance of nearly all educated men under middle life—at least in Protestant countries.

Fifthly, there was the widely extended desire on the part of the rulers of the world to rule well, wisely, and generously, if only they knew how, the same tendency which has shown itself in Peter Leopold of Tuscany, in Joseph II. of Austria, nay, even at Naples, before the French Revolution, and which had now revived with a generation which had forgotten, or begun to forget, that dreadful scare.

Sixthly, there was the passion for nationality—the desire that those who “resemble should assemble,” an old and natural tendency which, having been long inoperative as a political force, had been for some time growing in strength, finding mouthpieces in the most diverse persons and in the most diverse places—in Niebuhr one day, in Mazzini another, and in the obscure agitators of Agram or Debreczen on a third.

Now let us turn to the other side of the shield, and look at the Europe of 1876. England has become far more populous, far richer, far more powerful. Many of her colonies which were just beginning their life thirty years ago have grown into

great and powerful states, such, for instance, as Victoria. Others which did not even exist, such as Queensland, are preparing to run, with all the chances, the race of prosperity side by side with their elder sisters.

Great provinces in India, provinces which, like Oude, are as large as European kingdoms, have been added to our Eastern empire; while over all of it our hold has become stronger as well as more beneficent. At home justice is better administered. There is less crime in proportion to the population, education is more extended, and great subjects are discussed with more toleration and openness of mind.

Two or three vessels of our present navy would sink all the vessels of our navy as it was in 1847, while a few thousands of our present army, far more numerous, be it observed, than that of thirty years ago, would hold their own against whole legions of their, according to our present notions, hardly armed predecessors. Our manufactures have not only very much increased in amount, but the sense of beauty has been extensively developed amongst our workmen. It is often said that money goes less far than it used to do in this country; but that, except as to articles of which the supply is very limited, such as the finest pictures and the rarest wines, is a mere delusion, arising partly from one or two important items of housekeeping having become dearer, such as meat and servants' wages, but chiefly from the fact that we all live more expensively than people did a generation ago. A thousand sovereigns coming into any man's pocket in the year 1876 will enable him to buy, if he knows how to employ them judiciously, many more of the pleasures and advantages of life than they would have done in the year 1847. If we look round in every direction, we shall find that in all ways England is a better and pleasanter place to live in for all classes than it was in 1847.

Next let us cross the Straits of Dover, and see what will meet our eyes there. France, like England, is more materially prosperous than she was in 1847, but on the other hand there is no certain indication that she has definitely passed out of her revolutionary period and got to a point where the path stretches clear before her. If she would once for all forswear military ambition, once for all make up her mind to play the part of Athens rather than of Rome in Europe, if she would adopt a free-trade policy, if she would take

real securities for individual liberty as against the State, it would make very little matter to the great mass of her citizens whether she was a monarchy or a republic; but unfortunately it looks just at present as if she was far from prepared to do any of these things. She has without any necessity made all but universal the obligation of military service which her own folly and wickedness two generations ago forced upon Germany. She dreams of re-recovering from her great neighbour the provinces which that neighbour lately recovered from her, and which in another thirty years will be nearly as German as Cologne. An enormous mass of all that is best and most respectable in her society is bound by its allegiance to the most extreme form of Ultramontanism to be actively hostile to all modern ideas. In various strata of the community on the other hand, the passion for equality has killed down all the old beliefs and reverences which kept the fabric together, while there has not been substituted for them anything like that devotion to the State which Hegel did so much to make a living creed beyond the Rhine. The false gods of Napoleonism and of the ideas of 1793 have still countless worshippers, the one chiefly amongst the peasantry, the other amongst the masses of the towns.

I hope we may not see such sensational days in that in many respects attractive — nay, fascinating — country as those which riveted our attention in the year 1848, but he would be indeed a bold man who would attempt to say whether we will or will not do so.

Nowhere are the changes which a generation has produced more conspicuous than in the Italian peninsula. The kingdom of Sardinia is merged in the kingdom of Italy. The Austrian has vanished from Lombardy and Venice. Parma is gone; Modena is gone; Tuscany is gone. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies is gone. The temporal power of the pope is gone. Railways extend in an almost unbroken line from the top to the toe of the boot. The shops in Rome round the Collegio Romano, Propaganda, and the Church of the Minerva, buildings associated respectively with the teaching of the Jesuits, the teaching of the Dominicans, and the Inquisition, are full of works on scientific subjects. Newspapers, few of them it must be admitted of any great merit, spread the intelligence of the day, which used often, when I first travelled in Italy, to be jealously kept back by the governments. Nearly all the monasteries are

suppressed. The general of the Jesuits has gone to live at Fiesole, and the pope is pleased to consider himself a prisoner in the eleven thousand rooms of the Vatican.

Savoy and Nice have on the other hand been lost, to recompense a great nation for having made war for an idea; but their loss is of no political importance.

If any artist wished to do for historical painting what Turner did for landscape in his "Ancient and Modern Italy," he could hardly do better than put on canvas two scenes which took place in the Capitol some weeks ago, within a few hundred feet of each other, and which I witnessed. The one was the distribution of prizes to the successful candidates at the girls' schools supported by the municipality of Rome, and the other was the procession of the wonder-working image known as the *bambino* in the Church of Ara Celi. The contrast between the intelligence of the countenances which figured in the one, and the want of intelligence of the countenances which figured in the other, was extraordinarily interesting. As the great door of the church opened to readmit the priests who had gone out to show the image to the people assembled on the gigantic flight of stairs which leads to the piazza below, the level rays of the sun, which was sinking behind the Janiculum, struck far up the centre aisle, and my companion, who had been with me also at the other ceremony, said, "You see light is penetrating even here."

The Italian army, it must be frankly admitted, did not do very much towards achieving the independence of Italy, which has come about rather by the assistance of foreign nations and through a skilful use of political opportunities. Now, however, it is acting as an admirable school for the more backward parts of the population, and transmitting even to the most remote villages the sense of a great and common country. The representatives of the people have shown much more good sense and political tact than most persons expected. The finances which have been, and are, the greatest difficulty, get gradually into better order, and Italy, if she does not go forth in the search for new adventures, which, I trust, she is very unlikely to do, has every chance of a future which will compensate her for the long miseries of the past.

Austria, which had more hand in these miseries than any other State, has herself gone through changes almost as remarkable as the fair land which stretches into

the Mediterranean from her southern border; but while the history of Italy in the last thirty years has been one of uniform success, the history of Austria during the same period has been one of uniform failure. When *we* began to interest ourselves in politics, Austria was the first power in Germany and the first power in Italy. Now she has neither part nor lot in either one or the other. Nevertheless, at this moment Austria is probably stronger than she was then, and the motto, "*Viribus unitis*," which the emperor Francis Joseph took when he ascended the throne, is probably a more accurate description of the state of his empire than it was during the earlier years of his reign, when it might have seemed to a superficial observer that the policy represented by those famous words, the policy of governing so many widely differing provinces as if they were an homogeneous kingdom like France, was going to succeed. I say *probably*, because there are many facts about Austria which ought to be known before we can give a confident opinion, which are *not* known to any one, or hardly any one in the west of Europe. This, however, I will venture to assert — that the difficulties before and around the empire at present are difficulties arising from the force of circumstances and the conditions of history. They are difficulties which no wit of men now living could have prevented or avoided. The arrangement made a few years ago, by which the empire became a two-headed thing like its own eagle, one head being Austria on this side of the Leitha, and the other being the provinces of the Hungarian crown, is obviously a most difficult one to work — one requiring tact, patience, and intelligence, not merely at the centre of affairs in Vienna or in Pesth, but in the capitals of most of the provinces — requiring, too, the aid of much good fortune if it is to be conducted to a successful issue. All that I most freely admit, and I admit, too, that the frontier questions, the relations of the German provinces to Germany, of the Slave provinces to the Slavic provinces of Turkey, and of the Roumanian districts which belong to the crown of Hungary to Roumania, are full of infinite complications and possibilities of mischief. The chief interest of the European drama between this and the end of the century, at least to those who like *les émotions fortes*, will be, as I have said before, not west but east of Vienna. Still I maintain that the dominions of the house of Hapsburg are a much more desirable place to

live in than they used to be, and that the efforts that house has made since 1866 to accommodate its government to new exigencies deserve the greatest possible admiration and respect.

To those who followed the wonderful Hungarian drama from the time when, through government influence, Francis Deak was not elected for the county of Szalad in 1847, down to the present hour, that scene described in the papers the other day, when the empress herself brought the wreath to the room where he lay in state, was one of the most touching in recent history.

The position of Prussia and of all Germany has hardly less changed than that of Austria. The unity of Germany, for which patriots were sighing as men who had no hope in 1847, has now become to a great extent an accomplished fact. That it has become so in the best way I am very far from asserting. Much that has been done cannot be defended, and will pave the way, I fear, to more trouble in the future; but although I am no worshipper of success, and cannot pretend to share the blind admiration which many of my German friends who thought as I did in 1865 feel for the statesman who was chiefly instrumental in making the German empire as we now see it, I cannot but allow that the disappearance of Hanover, Hesse, and the like, is an unmixed blessing, and that Germany has been put in the way of incomparably greater prosperity than she has ever known. In the natural order of things she must be drawing very near to the end of a period of her history — a storm and stress period, if ever there was one. God grant that the new period which is coming may be as unalloyed a blessing to Europe and herself as those who have the best means of knowing what are likely to be its determining influences and tendencies confidently expect.

May Englishmen just entering upon life grasp the idea, that while they wish no ill to any nation — while they see the European concert is sadly imperfect if the voices of England, France, Italy, and Germany are not all heard in it — the natural ally of this country is the great State which has done and is doing so much for intellectual freedom!

They will have plenty of reason to be from time to time irritated with Germany; they will often be astounded at the *crassa ignorantia* about this country, its tendencies and methods of proceeding, exhibited by Germans who ought to know better. Look, for illustrations of what I mean, at



such a book as Weber's "Contemporary History." But the sympathies of the two countries are in the main at one, and they have absolutely no interests which can by any possibility become conflicting.

For some years after 1847 the position of Russia seemed to grow ever greater. In 1849 the czar saved the Austrian empire. In 1850 his influence imposed upon Prussia the humiliation of Olmütz, when that rising state seemed once more to sink back into contented vassalage to the house of Hapsburg. The prosperity of the emperor Nicholas, and the overweening self-confidence which it engendered, remind one of nothing so much as a Greek tragedy. It was the story of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" acted over again on a gigantic scale. Destiny, however, had not in store for the mighty autocrat any peaceful grove of Colonos. The furies did not come to him in the form of the good goddesses when his heart broke in the great agony of that terrible spring, and the proud head which had attracted the eyes of his contemporaries more than that of any other man lay down to its long sleep in the gloomy church which rises above the citadel of Petersburg. Hardly were his eyes closed, when the whole edifice of his policy crashed down. The great fortress which had so long resisted the efforts of four nations, and had by its resistance exhausted the empire incomparably more than would have been the case if it had fallen immediately after the fight on the Alma, was taken at last. A disastrous peace was patched up, and Russia, ceasing for years to take an active part in Europe, set to work to reform as best she could her internal abuses, and to re-collect her strength. She had the good fortune to find in the son of the emperor Nicholas a man very different from his father—a man who saw what his country wanted, and who, not having passed through any such fiery trial as that which befell his predecessor in 1825, did not think that every change meant the overthrow of all that he held most sacred. The reforms which he has made one after another are of the most gigantic kind—the abolition of serfdom, the amendment of the courts of justice, the diminution and, to a great extent, the abolition of the cruelties of the old Russian criminal code, and the drawing across the country of great trunk lines of railway, are only a few of the vast benefits which will make his reign famous for ages.

In forming a judgment of Russia, the rising generation will have an advantage which persons of my age have not. We

grew up abhorring, and most justly abhorring, Russia; and a great number of people at my time of life have never yet found out that the young bear, as Herzen called the new empire, is a different kind of beast from the old one. Do not let me be misunderstood; do not suppose that I put Russia on anything like the same platform as the great nations of the west; but, whereas in 1847 she was a huge middle thing between Asia and Europe, which affected to keep back progress in countries far more advanced than herself, she is now allowing herself, sometimes unwillingly no doubt, to be gradually drawn along the road of progress in Europe, while in Asia she has been, up to this moment, a good and not a bad influence.

A great deal will be heard as time goes on about the advances of Russia in Asia, and the dangers that may be expected to arise therefrom. It is very right that English statesmen should keep their eye upon these advances, and know exactly what is going on—it is, indeed, their bounden duty so to do; but so long as Russia does not meddle with territories which are under our protection, we cannot interfere with her proceedings, except by amicably pointing out the inconvenience that may arise to both of us from a too near approach in Asia, before the two countries have sufficiently learned to understand each other in Europe. There is quite as much of cowardice as of wise precaution in the talk which is kept up in some quarters upon this subject. A conflict with Russia would be, of course, a great calamity to us; but Russia has incomparably more to lose by it than we have.

The situation of the northern powers has altered in many ways since 1847, and always for the better. Denmark has, indeed, lost a good deal of highly disaffected territory; but she is now a much more compact and much more prosperous state. Her greatest claim on the respectful consideration of Europe arises not from her past history, which has little to recommend it, but from the extent to which she has recently developed the higher forms of popular education through the excellent organization of her great museums, and from the names of Thorwaldsen, Andersen, and a few others, who have been real benefactors to the human race.

The two sister kingdoms beyond the sound—Norway and Sweden—have been steadily growing wiser and happier through the last thirty years. They have become more closely united with each other, while

vast reforms have been made alike in the constitutional life and in the laws of Sweden. The wholly artificial arrangement by which the family of a soldier of fortune from the south of France was sent to rule under the Arctic Circle has turned out an unbroken and triumphant success.

Leopold II. of Belgium has not been less fortunate than the descendants of Bernadotte, or than his own father, in fulfilling the difficult task which has fallen to his lot. Belgium is still exposed to the same dangers to which it was exposed in 1847, and to no more. Its two dangers are the bitter hatred that burns in the breasts of its Clericals and Liberals, and the ambition of France. The first of these has been stimulated to new fierceness by recent events, and the second, although it slumbers, by no means sleeps. Whether the little kingdom will be seen to pass safely through the next thirty years is a secret of the future, which no one can divine at present. The support of ourselves and other great powers make it safe enough under existing circumstances; but one could quite well conceive circumstances arising which might make it the interest of a large portion of its inhabitants to be annexed to France—a state of affairs which might complicate the situation extremely.

Holland has pursued, since 1847, a career of unbroken prosperity, thanks partly to the good sense of its people, partly to their firm attachment to the house of Orange, partly to the *bona fides* which that house has shown, and largely to the efforts of one very remarkable man now dead, but who was long the moulder of its internal policy; I mean Mr. Thorbecke.

I returned the other day to its shores, after an absence of some years, and it was quite delightful to see in how many respects the country had advanced. Everywhere I found great new works of public convenience and utility. Parliamentary government had become much stronger and more assured. The chief difficulties of the colonial question, which had so long perplexed politicians, had been got over, while the position of the working-classes is so much amended that one of the leaders of the radical party, having been asked in my presence what changes the masses now wished for, replied, "Well, the fact of the matter is, they are doing so well that I can't honestly say they wish for any." Over all this prosperity, the labours of the great Dutch

*savans*, the Cobets, Kuenens, and the like, combine with the splendid Asiatic empire of Holland to shed a ray of romance, which prevents its prosperity from being dull or commonplace.

Switzerland has made great progress in a democratic direction in the last generation. She seems, to the foreign observer, well-ordered, well-defended, and comfortable. The wonder is that, with all her good institutions, her liberty, education, and what not, the outturn from the whole country, if we except Geneva, which is one-third French, and one-third cosmopolitan, should be so very poor. If anybody wishes to do a useful piece of political work, and has a year to spare, let him go to Switzerland, and make a study, not of peaks, passes, and glaciers, but of the human beings found there. He will tell his countrymen a great deal which they do not know, and he will learn a great deal himself about the future of Europe, for in that small area not a few experiments are being worked out which may be tried one day for weal or woe on a larger scale.

Portugal has had, since 1847, a fairly fortunate if not brilliant existence; but her great neighbour has not been so lucky. For the first few years after 1847 she led a troubled life, which came to a crisis in 1854. Then things took a better turn, and she had a great material revival. In 1868 a revolution occurred, which seemed at first likely to lead to good results; but with the murder of Prim a terribly agitated period set in, and up to this moment it seems as if that was one of the very few political murders that has had decisive results; not that it has been of the very smallest advantage to those who are suspected of having been at the bottom of it.

From that day, however, the course of things has been so perplexed that I, for one, do not venture to give any hint as to where hope should be placed. The one comfort is, that frightful as are the calamities that have fallen on some parts of the peninsula, others prosper more than would seem to be possible to us who live in what I may call so *highly organized* a society. In this respect Spain certainly derives an advantage from the loose connection of her provinces, which, under ordinary circumstances, is a great inconvenience to her.

Of all European countries, she is certainly the one in which practice is in the most violent contrast with theory. Let any competent person take up a book of Spanish proverbs, and he will very soon

come to the conclusion that good sense and mother-wit have never found such admirable expression. Let him go a step higher, and look for wise maxims for the conduct of human life in the most difficult and delicate circumstances; let him look out for the kind of book which Oxenstierna, when he dismissed his son with the memorable saying, "Go forth and see with how little wisdom the affairs of the world are conducted," might have given him to help him to better that world, while taking the best possible care of his own interests, and he will find it — strange to say — amongst the works of a Spanish Jesuit. He has been dead for more than two hundred years, but I defy a conclave of the keenest men of the world, and the most experienced statesmen, to produce anything better in the year 1876. And yet, though the people think in many respects so wisely, and though the country is full of good elements, every act it performs for long periods together seems more foolish than the one before.

The eastern peninsula has during the past generation been the scene of great events, and its condition has become the subject of very deep interest to all the nations of the west, and not least to our own. When this period is looked at from a distance, it will be seen to have been just one stage in the gradual emerging of the Christian races of that part of the world from the flood of Asiatic and Mahomedan invasion which overwhelmed them in the fifteenth century. Wallachia and Moldavia have at length attained the object of their desires, and become united into one country under a foreign prince, owing indeed allegiance to the sultan, but practically very little interfered with by the authorities at Constantinople. Servia has got rid of the Turkish garrisons, which, when I was first in that country in 1851, and for many years afterwards, occupied Belgrade and other strong places. The Bulgarian nationality, the most numerous and perhaps in some respects the best of the European races over which the waves of the Crescent still flow, is becoming more conscious of itself, and beginning to think that the day may come when it, too, will have a voice in its own future. It has got rid of the vassalage in which its national Church stood to the Greek ecclesiastical authorities of the Fanar, and begins to let its voice now and then be heard, faintly indeed, but so at least as to remind Europe that it is not dumb. Greece has not advanced any nearer to the fulfilment of the *grande idée*, as it used to be called,

which was to restore the Byzantine empire, and to replace through Greek agency the cross on St. Sophia. It has done sadly little even for its own prosperity, and although within the past few years things have been mending, so far at least as the public security is concerned, the modern Hellas must be, up to this moment, pronounced to be a European failure. I say a European failure, because though a great deal that has gone wrong has been due to the folly of the Hellenes themselves, a considerable part of the responsibility for their want of success must weigh on the statesmen who started the vessel on her career ill-found and badly commanded.

Now, the papers are full of the insurrection in the north-western provinces of European Turkey, and some are, I dare say, inclined to take sides either with the Turk or with the Christian. That the troubles will end in a considerable weakening of the authority of the Porte in these provinces there can be no doubt, and as that is a natural process — part of the gradual rising of the submerged Christian races — there is nothing to be said against it; but one must not be misled by the gushing nonsense of the anti-Turks, any more than by the too sanguine dreams of the philo-Turks. Truth lies between the two extremes, and we happily in England have nothing to do with the matter, except to help other and nearer powers in diminishing the amount of human misery which all insurrections of the kind, however necessary, inevitably cause.

It is fortunate that this one has occurred at a moment when it was urgently the interest of all the great powers to keep the peace in the east.

When every one is anxious to keep the peace there is little danger of war, and I hope and believe that the present crisis, which has already worked such wide financial ruin, will not work widespread misery of another kind.

And now I think I have, of course in an excessively fragmentary way, noted most of the chief external differences between the Europe of my and the Europe of the present youth, but it must not be forgotten that there are far greater and deeper differences which are not external. Whole new sciences have grown up, while old ones have been so completely revolutionized that they can hardly be called the same. Prehistoric archæology, for example, which has done so much to give us new thoughts about the vast progress man has already made, and the height to which he may yet attain, cannot be said to have

existed in 1847, while Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species," which not only formed a new point of departure in biology, but has extended its influence into so many other fields of research, belongs to a far later date.

The tone of society is infinitely more intelligent and liberal. Many opinions which thirty years ago were looked shyly on have become so much a matter of course that people forget what even they themselves used to think about them. So fast are things changing before our eyes that when the new generation in its turn can look back over a generation they will, I dare say, be able to note even greater revolutions in men's way of looking at their environment, though they will hardly see, I should think, purely political perturbations in Europe on so large a scale as we have done.

Before I conclude I would just mention that if anybody wants a commentary upon much that I have been saying, he cannot do better than read the summaries recently reprinted by the *Times*, and that portion of the life of Lord Palmerston which has lately been published by Mr. Evelyn Ashley. That gentleman was very closely connected with Lord Palmerston, and takes a rather more favourable view of him than the coming generation is likely to do. Still it is an excellent book, very sensible in its judgments, and full of authentic documents from end to end.

It was unfortunate for the fame of Lord Palmerston that he did not die immediately after the Crimean War, and had so been spared the criticism which he will undoubtedly receive for his conduct in 1864, when he so nearly involved England in a contest which would have done much to neutralize many of the benefits which Europe derived from the overthrow of the policy of Nicholas.

But justice will require men to remember that it is not fair to expect a statesman to be more than the man of his century. Of the very greatest kind of man it has been truly said, "If the century in which he lives is not his, a great many others will be;" but the statesman must be essentially the child of time and place. If he is not limited by the exigencies of time and place, and strictly limited, he may be a far greater thing than any statesman, but a statesman he cannot be. In Lord Palmerston's youth Germany and German were hardly known to Englishmen, and no man to whom Germany and German were a sealed book could have seen his way clearly through the difficul-

ties which surrounded politicians during the Dano-German contest, which will hereafter be remembered as a turning-point in the history of English foreign policy. Would that I were able to say that a younger generation of statesmen than that to which Lord Palmerston belonged has that full understanding of and sympathy with Germany which are essential to a right understanding of the Europe in which we are living.

Let the coming generation—such of it as may devote itself to politics, take care that no narrowness of this kind can be brought against it. Let it be English first of all, and last of all; but be European—not to say cosmopolitan—into the bargain. Above all things let it get betimes such a grasp of the great *literatures* of the modern world, as may enable it, when it comes to deal with the *politics* of the modern world, to find its bearings where others grope as pitiably as the generation to which I belong saw many English politicians do in 1864, in 1866, and in 1870.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE DILEMMA.

#### CHAPTER LVI.

YORKE arrived at "The Beeches" only a few minutes before dinner-time. Everybody had retired to dress, and the blaze of lights and array of extra waiters bustling about betokened a party, while the presence of the gentlemanly-looking person in the hall proclaimed that Mr. Hanckes was among the guests; but Mr. Peevor came out to greet him, receiving the apologies which Yorke made for his unceremonious departure in quite an apologetic manner. "Pray do not mention it, colonel; business is business, of course, and must be attended to; I am a business man myself, you know. I have to go to town myself to-morrow; treating you quite unceremoniously, you see. But I am so glad that you have been able to return in time for dinner, as we have a few friends whom I should like to introduce to you. So sorry there was no carriage to meet you at the station: if we could have guessed you were coming by that train, I should have made a point of sending one. Those flies are so cold and drafty."

On descending to the blue drawing-room, Yorke found a large party assembled, including Mr. Hanckes, who had come down by the previous train, and he

had barely time to pay his greetings to the ladies of the family when dinner was announced. Although the occasion did not lend itself to love-passages, for Lucy was surrounded by visitors, it would have been easy for a lover during the brief moment while he held her hand in his to exchange signals with the eyes that would have been easily understood; but although she cast a timid inquiring glance at her hero, as if to learn in what mood to find him, it met with no response. Poor Lucy showed only too plainly that she was so much in love as to be ready to accept her lover on his own terms; and in his present mood he was cruel enough to take advantage of his conquest. Perchance the absence of difficulty in winning it had robbed the prize of its value. He did not even notice that she was taken in to dinner by Mr. Hanckes. It fell to him to give his arm to the hostess; and sitting at the same side of the long table as Lucy, and at the other end of it, she could not see him, and he sat moody and preoccupied, not caring to watch her. This eating and drinking, all this pomp and display, and waste of food and wine, and show and glitter, jarred harshly on his senses, as he contrasted the forlorn condition of his two friends so close at hand, and he was in no humour for small-talk and civility. But Mrs. Peevor was at no time a great talker; and after a few necessary common-places about the children, and a polite reference to the business which called him away, she was sufficiently occupied in watching the progress of the feast. The lady on his right was one of those numerous members of society who go persistently to dinner-parties without the least intention of amusing or being amused, and on this occasion was allowed full liberty to gratify her tastes. But, long and dreary though the meal was to Yorke, the sitting in silence and inaction through the long courses seemed preferable to moving away; and when the ladies left the room — Lucy casting back as she passed out a timid glance, to which he merely answered with an empty smile — Mr. Peevor moved up to his wife's seat, and accepted his languid attention as sufficient encouragement to launch into the domestic price-current with a degree of haversing persistence that rendered a listener superfluous, and was easily led on to protract the sitting to a much greater length than usual, till even some of the ten decanters showed signs of exhaustion. Yorke, as he well knew, had a duty to do in the drawing-room. To meet Lucy

again otherwise than on the new footing justified by what had passed the day before, would be cruel and cowardly. Yet because in his present mood it was a duty and no more, what had still to be done seemed now distasteful. Was it because the events of the last few hours had brought back so vividly the day-dreams of his early manhood, and that he shrank from the effort of finally casting off the bonds which he had worn so long that they had grown to be a part of himself? Or was it the reason which he put before himself as the real one, that to be indulging at such a time in schemes for his own happiness was a selfish desecration of old friendship for the two unhappy persons for whose sufferings he professed to feel so deeply? Whatever the real cause, it was at any rate a sort of relief that the gentlemen sat unusually long over their wine, not moving to the yellow drawing-room till it was nearly time for the visitors' carriages to arrive. Even then Mr. Peevor insisted on bringing up the different male guests to be introduced to him — middle-aged gentlemen all apparently connected in some way with the city; and then on taking him round to be introduced to their various partners, matrons of more or less ample figure, as his (Mr. Peevor's) distinguished friend, Colonel Yorke, the Victoria-Cross man, and so forth. And on this occasion he was almost glad to have to go through the ceremony; it gave him an excuse for avoiding Lucy, although he could not help noticing how distraught she looked, as she interrupted the conversation in which Mr. Hanckes was engaging her to steal a troubled glance in his direction. Poor little Lucy! The first real gentleman as it seemed to her that she had ever met, and a hero to boot, this noble creature who had won her simple heart almost from the first moment he had looked at her, this splendid being she had fondly believed to have also fallen in love with herself! but the cup of bliss seemed now to be shattered almost before she had raised it to her lips, and for the first time in her short life, tranquil and tame, she felt all the pangs of real unhappiness.

Even when the guests, except Mr. Hanckes, who was to stop for the night, had taken their departure, and their party was reduced to half-a-dozen persons — for Miss Maria had not come down-stairs this evening — he engaged Miss Cathy in conversation in quite another part of the large room. Miss Cathy had taken advantage of the thaw to go out hunting that

morning, and was full of regrets at his absence; there had been two capital runs, and so forth, although mostly over Sunfern Common, which was not like the grass country: and Yorke found it easy to keep the conversation to that subject, Mr. Hanckes coming up to join, and expressing his sympathy with Yorke in having lost his day's 'unting; for although not a hunting-man himself, he could understand how much the colonel would have enjoyed it, especially in such company. Such a pity too for Miss Cathy to have been obliged to go alone. For Mr. Hanckes had made up his mind that Yorke's attentions were paid to the horsewoman of the family, as became a military man, and was therefore quite easy about his presence in the house. Lucy meanwhile sat in a corner looking over an album of photographs which she had seen a hundred times before.

But when the ladies rose to say good-night, and Yorke, who was standing near the door, opened it for them, Lucy's face as she passed out, the last of the three ladies, looked so pitiful — he had held out his hand, which she took without raising her eyes — that he relented from his selfish preoccupation.

"Lucy," he said, in a low voice, following her into the hall, "I have to ask your pardon for a hundred sins this evening; but I have been meeting with some very dear friends who are in sore trouble, and I could not shake off the effect it has produced. Can you forgive me if I tell you so much?" and at the look which accompanied these words, and which Lucy's now upraised eyes received, the poor girl's face brightened up at once, and she stood irresolute returning his smile, while the tears of joy came up to relieve the anxious little heart. True, this was not quite what she had expected love-making to be; but then she had not yet quite got over her awe of her lover, and to know that he was her lover seemed sufficient happiness.

She stood still in the hall, waiting for something more to be said, or perhaps trying to say something herself; while Cathy, who had left the room just before her, divining possibly that the conversation was of an interesting nature, had hurried up the staircase and was now out of sight.

"But we must not stand here," continued Yorke with a smile, "or Mr. Hanckes will be jealous;" and Lucy tripped off, her heart dancing with joy.

"Certainly," thought Yorke, as he watched her graceful little figure retreating,

the rich brown hair and the handsome toilet seeming to be in keeping with the luxurious surroundings of the scene, "if a man may be satisfied with a pretty face, and a loving heart, and a sweet temper, I must be an ill-conditioned fellow to feel any misgivings."

The die was cast now at any rate, but he felt in no humour for an interview that night with Mr. Peevor; nor was a convenient opportunity afforded for doing so. Mr. Hanckes retired at once, announcing himself to be an early sleeper; and Mr. Peevor apologetically proposed that there should be no billiards that evening, as he had to go to town himself early next day on business. So Yorke sought his room to think over the strange incongruity of his position. So long believing himself to be inconsolable, and now to be establishing new interests, and to have found real happiness in his grasp at last, at the very time when he found himself again in Olivia's presence — to be making love to another woman when his first love, the only woman he used to think whom he ever could love, was in loneliness and suffering hard by. And there came up, too, the sense that a new duty must now fall upon him. He could not minister to Olivia's wants. In her deserted condition anything like familiarity must be guarded against as leading to possible misconception; but could he reconcile it to his duty to be taking his pleasure while Falkland was hiding his sufferings in some lonely retreat? Was it not his plain duty to devote himself so long as his leave lasted to companionship with Falkland's wrecked fortunes? Life was now very sweet to Yorke; and it was with a full sense of the extent of the sacrifice that he resolved to make it, if Falkland on the morrow should show any disposition for his companionship. But this must not prevent his coming to an understanding with Lucy's father. That was a plain duty too.

But Yorke's was not the age for broken nights, and while arranging his plans for the morrow he soon fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER LVII.

It seemed to the household of "The Beeches" to be yet early in the night, but in reality it was morning, although still quite dark, when its slumbering inmates were aroused by an alarm of fire. But Yorke, jumping up and huddling on some clothes, could make out soon among the hurried questions and answers exchanged between Mr. Peevor inside his room and the butler without, interrupted exclama-



tions from Mrs. Peevor about the children, and general banging of doors and whisperings in the corridors, that the butler was trying to explain that it was not "The Beeches" which was on fire, but some place in the neighbourhood. Johnson the engineer, who slept outside, getting up to tend the furnaces, had seen the glare, and had awakened the butler to know if the engine should be sent; and the word "fire" having been caught up by somebody who heard the noise of Johnson's knocking at the door, the alarm had been spread over the whole house.

"Is there an engine on the place?" called out Yorke to Mr. Peevor; "of course you will send it, sir; I will go with it; I will be ready in a minute."

"And I too," cried Mr. Hanckes from his room; "I'll just get 'old of a few warm things first;" and in a few seconds the two gentlemen were hurrying downstairs, the shutting of doors as they passed along the corridor indicating that the fair inmates of the different chambers had all been aroused by the alarm, and were peering out in dishabille, to know what all the noise was about.

Issuing from the house, Mr. Peevor calling to them, as the butler opened the hall-door to let them out, to be sure and wrap up well or they would take cold, the gentlemen found that by Johnson's exertions the engine had already been brought out into the stable-yard, while harness was being put on a couple of horses. "It was I got Peevor to have an engine on the place," said Mr. Hanckes to Yorke as they stood waiting in the yard; "I can't abide fires. We had a fire in our warehouse once, with fifty thousand gallon of hoil all round—balsam to the tune of fifty thousand gallon all round, ready to blaze up. A nice little bonfire it would have made, I expect. That was a anxious moment, I do assure you; it was touch and go, and no mistake; and we just got it under in time. But we live and learn. I've took precaution enough since, and now we could flood the 'ole place—the whole place could be flooded in five minutes. And then I gave Peevor no peace till he bought an engine too. 'Peevor,' I says, 'you've got a sight of valuables, and everything a man of taste can want, except an engine to keep 'em safe; do you want to be burnt out of 'ouse and 'ome—do you want to be burnt out of house and home some fine night? You must just get a first-class hengine, that's what you must do, and lose no time about

it.' And so he got me to choose a engine for him, and a real beauty it is, made to order with all the latest improvements, and it may be of use to the neighbours as well as to him. Not that we shall do much in the salvage line to-night, I expect; the fire seems too much gone for that;" and indeed from where they stood the glare could be seen in the sky, high above the yard-wall and the garden-trees beyond.

"Here comes the horses at last," continued Mr. Hanckes; "if our lads at the shop weren't a trifle smarter than Peevor's own people, it ain't much balsam we should turn out in the course of a twelve-month, nor yet much clarifying neither. Now then, which of you boys are coming? there's room for six besides Johnson and me. Colonel, you'll drive, I hope; it's a case of pace this is." And Yorke taking the reins jumped on the box; and the others, gardeners and stablemen, clambering up on the side seats, the engine rattled out of the yard, and along the avenue, faster than the horses had ever gone before.

As they entered the highroad at the end of the avenue the glare was so bright it seemed as if the fire must be close at hand; but the men said that there was no house near to "The Beeches" in that direction, and Yorke drove furiously along the road, waiting for the first opening to turn towards the fire.

A very few minutes' driving brought them to the point where the road turned down towards the river, the same down which he had made his eventful walk with Lucy, and there an opening in the line of hedge showed them the fire itself, the glare of which had been seen so high in the sky, blazing at the bottom of the hill, evidently on the bank of the river.

"'Tis the inn by the river," said one of the men; "'tis the River Belle; how it do blaze, to be sure!" and in another moment they lost sight of the actual flame, as Yorke turned the horses at a gallop down the steep hill.

The party were silent now, busy in holding on to their narrow seats, as the engine swayed to and fro with the furious driving, the glare becoming brighter every moment.

The bottom of the hill was soon reached, and, rattling round the corner, Yorke pulled up the horses short at the river-bank, as the truth of which he had an uneasy foreboding during the drive was now made clear. On the right, where the inn

should be, all was dark and still: the burning house was on their left—it was Olivia's.

While the others jumping from their seats began to set about getting the engine ready to work, Yorke ran forward a few paces through the gate into the little garden.

The house was now all on fire, flames rushing out of the roof and windows. Before it on the lawn stood a few onlookers, gazing idly at the spectacle which lighted up their faces.

"You've a-come along with that there engine, I suppose, sir?" said one of the little group to Yorke, a stout elderly man, whom he at once recognized to be the landlord of the River Belle. "'Taint a bit of good pouring water on that there fire; you might pour the whole river on it now, and nothing come of it."

"And the family?" said Yorke, almost breathless with excitement,—"the lady and children?"

"Oh, they was got out all right, and the nuss too; but the gentleman——"

"What gentleman?"

"Him as was staying at my place, over at the Belle yonder," said the man, pointing in the direction of the inn; "he saved the lady first and then the children; 'twas wonderful to see how he went up the ladder, and him with only one arm too. 'Twas an uncommon close thing, sure, for the house is that frail it didn't want much lighting; it was all in a blaze afore a soul heerd of it."

Yorke stood silent, and the man went on.

"Yes, 'twas a wonderful sight to see: there was the lady a-wringing of her hands at the winder, and the nuss a-screaming like a railway whistle; and we puts the ladder up agen' the winder, and the gentleman he runs up it, and helps the nuss down—hands her to our Joe—that's our pot-boy—who was close behind of him, and then he wants the lady to follow; I seed it all myself, for I was a-helping to keep the ladder steady; but the lady she calls out that the children are inside, and so the gentleman he goes in at the winder, and brings out the two children, fust one and then the other—for you see he couldn't carry but one at a time because of him only having one arm—brings them right out of the fire, as one may say—for it were burning very fierce even then, almost as fierce as you see it a-burning now—and hands them out to our Joe; and the poor little things, though they was in their night-shifts they wasn't even

singed, for he covered them in his big cloak—only frightened a bit; and then the gentleman he wants the lady to step over the window-sill and on to the ladder, but she seemed all dazed like with fear; I could see her a-standing before the window looking as it might be at a ghost. Then the gentleman he calls out to Joe; 'Can you pass me up a bit of rope?' says he. So we soon gets a bit of rope and hands it to Joe, and he hands it to the gentleman, and the gentleman he tried for to tie the lady up with it, but couldn't manage it on account of his having only one hand, you see. So then Joe he goes up, and the two together they passes the rope and a sheet round the lady (who seemed all in a faint like), and lifts her out, and then they all come down,—fust the lady, and then Joe holding one end of the line, and the gentleman a-holding of the other, and every one a-shouting like mad—for there was quite a crowd round here—to see him so gallant and dextrous. And our Joe, he behaved uncommon well too—I must say that for our Joe. Well, sir, we all thought they was quite safe out of it, and a good job too, when just as they had got to the bottom, and the lady was on the ground, a great piece of the eave-board—that there great piece as you see lying there—came down and struck the gentleman on the head, and he fell off the ladder, stunned like, as well he might be, for it must be a matter of half a hundred-weight if it's a pound. Oh, it were a pity!—it were indeed, and him having acted so gallant and noble."

Yorke had stood still, fascinated by the tale, listening to the man's recital. The words came with difficulty as he asked, "Was the gentleman much hurt?"

"Stunned complete, and his poor face was an awful objec'. The lady, she knelt down by him on the wet ground, and took hold of his hand in hers and began a-rubbing of it; but that wouldn't do no good, of course. We carried him in to the Belle, and my missis is a-looking after him, and Joe has run for the doctor; he ought to be back soon. His face is that ghastly—well, 'tis a sad thing, surelie, to save four lives and maybe lose of his own, and him having acted so gallant and noble."

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

THE little inn was crowded with people, for the fire had aroused the whole neighbourhood; and the lookers-on, now that the interest was transferred here from the blazing house, had for the most part ad-

journed to the tap to discuss the event over something to drink, and perhaps to get a further glimpse of some of the principal actors in it; but the good landlady, standing by the door of the parlour into which Falkland had been carried, kept off the curious from looking inside, while giving her instructions to the maid busily employed in the tap-room on the other side of the passage. She recognized Yorke, however, as Falkland's friend, and at once gave him admission.

The body of the injured man had been placed on the little couch; beside it knelt Olivia, her long hair falling loose over her shoulders, grasping her husband's hand in her own, and gazing with blanched and horror-stricken face at the mutilated, senseless features before her. Remorse, terror, pity, and affection, made up a look of agony in the unhappy wife's face in keeping with the tragic situation.

Yorke could find no words of comfort or consolation, nor could he tell from her rapt look whether she was conscious of his presence.

Some time he stood behind her, gazing, too, at the sad spectacle—the scars made by the accident blending with the old wounds; then he stepped forwards, and gently drew the coverlet over the shattered face.

As he did so, Olivia raised her head and looked at him with the same horror-stricken, stony stare. No sign of recognition escaped her, yet he could see she knew him, and understood the motive for his action. Then she again looked away from him to the muffled figure.

Yorke thought at first that Falkland was dead; but gazing at the body in the stillness he could perceive a slight movement. He placed his hand on the heart; it was still feebly beating.

As he did this, Olivia again looked up, with an expression of dumb inquiry.

"He still breathes," said Yorke, in a low voice.

Then Olivia turned her face again towards the figure on the couch.

Thus the time passed. Yorke stood silent by Olivia's side, while she still knelt, holding Falkland's hand. She seemed too deeply affected to be accessible to any attempt at consolation.

Presently the landlady opened the door, and the doctor entered the room. He was an elderly man, kindly-looking. He felt Falkland's pulse, watching Olivia the while, and then beckoned Yorke aside. "I must examine the patient," he said, "to see what the injuries are: can you re-

move the lady? Poor thing, she seems greatly affected, and no wonder; they tell me he saved her life and her children's; but I fear he may have lost his own in doing so."

Olivia looked up at them as they whispered in the corner, and then pointing with her eyes at the prostrate form before her, as if inviting them to proceed with their task, bent her head down, burying her face in her hands, which rested on the edge of the couch.

"She will not leave her post," said Yorke, in an undertone. "He was a very dear friend, although they had not met for many years; you had better let her stay. The shock has been great; I fear to attempt to rouse her from it. The family doctor—a very old friend—is coming down this morning and should be here soon; if anything immediate is required, pray do it; but otherwise it would be better to wait till he arrives."

A few minutes passed, and the doctor, again covering the shattered features, drew Yorke aside. There was concussion of the brain, he said, and great depression of the heart's action. Whether relief by an operation might be possible he could not say at present; perhaps it would be better to wait till Dr. Maxwell arrived; at any rate there was nothing to be done just at present; he would call again shortly to meet him. Could he and his wife be of any use? the lady must be in a very destitute condition; they would gladly receive her and the children for a time; they lived about a mile off. But Yorke said he would telegraph to a lady in town, who was an old friend, to come down at once. It seemed, indeed, the best thing he could do; for the idea occurred to him that by enlisting Mrs. Polwheedle's services as a principal in this difficulty, she might be the more readily induced to keep the secret of which she was already possessed. And the doctor, as he left the room, promised to drive straight to the nearest post-office with the telegram which Yorke had scribbled on a leaf of his pocket-book.

Time passed on, and the grey winter daylight came into the little room, where Olivia still knelt by the couch, her face buried in her hands. Was her poor stricken heart sending up some broken prayers to heaven, or was she too crushed to think? All was now quiet about the place. The people who had hung about the tap-room having come to the end of their cash or their capacity for beer, had gone their several ways; the children apparently had been gotten to sleep, for

there was no movement up-stairs; and Yorke seemed to be the only person awake, as standing by the window he looked out on the dull winter landscape — the swollen river flowing by, the view bounded by the leafless branches of the trees which bordered its banks, the smouldering ruins of the burnt house in the foreground, while the past history of the two unfortunate beings who shared the little chamber with him passed swiftly through his mind. Ruin indeed! What picture could depict the ruin which had fallen on these two — the best, the noblest, as he used to think, of all he knew?

Presently the sound of wheels could be heard, and a carriage stopped before the inn, on the road which ran by the back of the house.

Yorke went out to see who had come, and turning round as he left the room, he saw that Olivia, still on her knees, did not appear to notice his departure.

As he came up to the carriage, Mr. Hanckes, who had just got down, was helping Lucy to alight, followed by her maid.

Lucy had come to fetch the lady and children, the news of whose escape and homeless condition had been conveyed to "The Beeches" by the engine-party returning from their fruitless errand. The carriage was full of cloaks and shawls. Mrs. Peevor would have come, but was not ready. "I was dressed first," Lucy explained, "and papa thought I had better start at once, so that no time might be lost, and Mr. Hanckes was kind enough to come too, and says he will walk back to make room." There was more to the same effect, messages of condolence, and inquiries after the poor gentleman who was so dreadfully hurt. Mr. Peevor would come down presently with Johnson to see if he could be moved to "The Beeches;" but there were pressing entreaties that the lady and children would return at once in the carriage.

Mr. Hanckes moved off to have a look at the fire, while Yorke thought for a moment what would be best to do. A woman might perhaps supply the consolation and help for Olivia, of which she must be sorely in need, but which he felt unable to give; but he shrank from letting Lucy witness the scene within; nor, he felt sure, would Olivia be persuaded to leave her post at present. Above all, the secret must be kept if possible. He replied, therefore, that the lady would not wish to leave at present, till the doctor came from town, who was expected very soon. He

was an old friend, and would advise what to do. The injured man lay between life and death, and there was the deepest anxiety till Dr. Maxwell should arrive and propose some treatment. But he would tell Mrs. Wood of the kind plans suggested, and would urge her to accept the offer later in the day, unless indeed a lady, an old friend, who had been telegraphed for, or Dr. Maxwell, should propose to take her away. At any rate she would feel deeply the kindness of Lucy and the family.

Lucy asked if she could not take back the children — they at any rate would be better out of the way; and Yorke explained that they had been put to bed, and were asleep. But later in the day it might be a great kindness to send for them.

"And you yourself?" asked Lucy, whose earnestness in the matter had so far kept her free from embarrassment, and who was talking to her lover with more self-possession than she could have commanded a few hours before.

"I will stay, at any rate till Dr. Maxwell arrives. I will then send word what is proposed, or come to tell Mr. Peevor myself. Pray ask him not to be at the trouble of coming himself, or sending again till he hears from me; perfect quiet is the best thing for the injured man." Yorke wanted to keep the family away till he could arrange a plan with Maxwell.

"The poor gentleman was an old friend of Mrs. Wood, we hear," said Lucy.

"Yes, they knew each other in India some years ago; we were all intimate together; that accounts for the interest I take in them: it is a strange story." As Yorke said this with as much indifference of manner as he could command, he could see that Lucy was conscious that more was meant than was implied. There was a moment's embarrassment, and then Lucy, stepping back to the carriage, produced his dressing-bag. "Rundall, the man who waits on you," she said with a little blush, "has put up your things for you. I thought perhaps you might be wanting to stay for a time, and that it might be useful to bring this." And as Yorke took the bag from her he could not forbear from pressing the little hand, accompanying the action with a kindly glance which sent Lucy's eyes dancing with pleasure. The next moment he felt ashamed of doing so; was this a time for love-making, when those he professed to hold so dear to him were close by, the victims of a dreadful fate?

And yet something was due to his gentle

little sweetheart. "Lucy," he said, with some hesitation — "Lucy, dear, you must be thinking me a sulky, ill-conditioned fellow. But don't judge me, please, by late appearances. I believe you will find me a simple, straightforward fellow enough, who will try at any rate to deserve his good fortune," — and again he pressed the little hand which he still held; "but can you understand that — that I have been living another life all these years before we met, and that there have been other interests and other feelings at work? Lucy, dear, some day perhaps I may be able to tell you a part of my history, and if you knew it, you are so single-minded I think you would not wish me to play the lover just now."

Lucy's glance upwards was a sufficient reply, nor was there time for more, Mr. Hanckes at this moment coming up again, with the maid, who also had gone to look at the fire; and after seeing the party drive away, Yorke returned inside, and opening the parlour-door quietly, looked into the room. Olivia had not changed her place, but was no longer kneeling; she had sunk on the ground, her head still resting on the couch and buried in her hands. Asking the landlady, who was now up and about again, not to disturb her, Yorke sought a room and made his toilet; and then coming down-stairs found that some breakfast had been got ready for him in the bar-room, of which he could not help feeling ready to partake, thinking, as he did so, what an unconscious satire on the miseries of life was the need for supplying its daily wants. Here was a scene enacting in the next room of a sort to harrow the coldest nature, even if there were no special ties involved; yet in the midst of these miseries he could still be hungry. The landlady wanted to take in some tea to Olivia, but Yorke stopped her: that grief at least was too sacred to be disturbed. Nor would Yorke himself return to the room on the other side of the passage till Maxwell should arrive; he was due by this time.

Presently the sound of wheels was heard, and his cab drove up. Outside under the trees Yorke made him acquainted in a few words with what had passed, and then led the way to the little parlour.

Olivia was still as Yorke had last seen her, crouching on the floor, her head buried in her hands, which rested on the edge of the couch. She did not move as they approached.

Maxwell felt the pulse of the prostrate form for a long time, and in silence.

Then he stooped over it and laid his hand on the heart.

"It is all over," he said at last in a low voice to Yorke, who stood by anxiously watching him; "he must have been dead some time," and drew the covering over the part of the face which was still exposed.

"Olivia," he then said in louder tones, taking one of her hands, "will you not come to your children?"

At this appeal Olivia, raising her head, turned her pale face up towards him, the large eyes staring fixedly at him, as if not understanding what was said.

Maxwell made a sign to Yorke to help, and the latter taking her other hand, the two lifted her from the ground and led her from the room.

#### CHAPTER LIX.

LONG and anxious was the consultation between the two friends, when an hour or more afterwards Maxwell rejoined Yorke down-stairs, and they paced together the little garden before the inn. Both felt that there was no cause for sorrow in the fate of their friend, bereft of hope, and whose heroic death was in harmony with his noble self-sacrificing life; and after a short time their thoughts turned to the cares of the living. The shock undergone by Olivia had been greater to the brain than the nerves, said the doctor; there was great mental excitement, and no relief from tears or faintness, and it was difficult to decide what was best to be done. Stay here she could not, yet she was not fit to travel to the south, as was intended, still less to be left alone. "I almost think," he continued, "it would be best to accept the offer of your friends, and take her to them for a while, if you think they are really prepared to exercise so much hospitality."

Yorke knew enough of the Peevors to feel sure of this, and that, under present circumstances, they would not in the least resent her being taken to them under an assumed name, should they come to know it afterwards. They were just the people not to feel prudish at such a thing, and they would certainly be kind and hospitable; but then the difficulty of keeping the secret would be much increased by going to "The Beeches."

"It is no good trying to keep the secret," replied Maxwell; "she has told it to the landlady half-a-dozen times already, although the latter evidently regards it as a delusion brought on by the shock. And then there will have to be an inquest, so

that secrecy seems impossible. Mrs. Polwheedle will be a comfort if she comes, bringing an old face at any rate; but she at the most could take her into London lodgings, and that would not be a fit place for her. Perfect quiet is what is wanted, and that, I understand, she might get at your friends' house. I really think that is the best thing we can do for her just at present. But we must wait and see whether Mrs. Polwheedle comes."

That lady arrived about mid-day. Yorke had done no more than justice to her good-nature in sending her this summons. She had come down by the first train after receiving it, taking a fly from the Shoalbrook station. It was not perhaps very easy to convey to her a clear idea of what had happened, she had so much to say herself; but she was unaffectedly glad to be of use; and as she mounted the narrow staircase after exchanging a few words with the landlady, a strong feeling of sympathy with Olivia was mingled with a sense of self-importance at having been called on to help.

When Maxwell rejoined Yorke, after showing Mrs. Polwheedle up-stairs, he had thought of a temporary home for Olivia. A cousin of his, a maiden lady, was head of a small sisterhood in the neighbourhood of London, where perhaps Olivia and her children might be received for a time. There she would be free from intrusion, and be sure of quiet and good nursing if needed. And, indeed, she was likely to want it, continued the doctor; this brain-excitement was very distressing and serious. He would go to Shoalbrook at once and telegraph to his cousin from there, and also procure a sedative, and if possible see the coroner, and arrange also for the unfortunate husband's funeral, returning to the inn as quickly as possible. But it might not be practicable to secure her reception at the sisterhood that day; Yorke had better see his friends and prepare for Olivia's moving to "The Beeches" if necessary. It was all-important that she should have a change of scene of some sort. So while the one returned in Mrs. Polwheedle's fly to Shoalbrook, the other walked up to "The Beeches."

Yorke's wish that Olivia should be left in quiet for a time had been respected; but he found a strong feeling of sympathy among all the members of the family for the unfortunate sufferers by the fire, and a keen desire to be of use. Mr. Peevor especially seemed delighted at the prospect of receiving the whole party, still more when he heard that it was to include Mrs.

Polwheedle. Any friends of Colonel Yorke's, he said, were friends of his; he should have been very pleased to see them, and would have done his best to make them comfortable at any time, still more, of course, would he wish to do so under present circumstances. Mr. Peevor, indeed, who had deferred his journey to town till Yorke's return, and had already telegraphed to put off various guests invited to a dinner-party that evening, was in a state of mild excitement; a fire had happened in the neighbourhood, and there was no knowing how soon such a thing might happen again; then, in addition to the bad accident which had occurred, the sufferers by the fire had lost everything without being insured. "I never buy a picture, or a bit of china, or anything else," said Mr. Peevor, "without increasing my assurances; I should not be able to sleep a wink if I did not do this; it is anxious work enough as it is, living in such a household as this, and with so much to think about." Mr. Peevor was for sending down a couple of carriages at once to bring up the party, but Yorke explained that plans could not be finally arranged till he heard again from his friend Dr. Maxwell; and he returned alone in the dogcart laden with a parcel of clothing belonging to Mrs. Peevor, who was of about the same height as Olivia, and another of the children's things for the little ones. Lucy took this parcel from the hands of the maids who made it up, and brought it down-stairs to him. There was a change in her manner since he had seen her last, brought about by the partial revelation of the morning. She was still somewhat shy and timid; but the sense of security about her lover, which had succeeded the previous uncertainty, gave her a confidence in his presence which she had not felt till now. They had never been so much like lovers before; and Yorke driving down the hill to the river, thought with a sense almost of shame on certain little passages which passed between them as he took the parcel from her hands, a few broken words, a mere exchange of glances, but surely unfitting such a time.

As he drove up to the inn, Mrs. Polwheedle came down-stairs to meet him. Olivia had taken the sedative draught which Maxwell had sent from Shoalbrook, and was lying down: "But it does not seem to do her any good. She has begun talking now, mixing up all sorts of things in such a wild way, rolling her eyes about in a dreadful manner. I am trying to keep her quiet, but she is dreadfully excited.



Perhaps after the draught takes effect she will wake up quieter."

Maxwell himself had not returned, but had sent a note to Yorke from Shoalbrook, which the latter found awaiting him at the Belle. "I must go on to town to see the lady superior," he wrote, "for her reply to my telegram is not clearly expressed. And I will arrange for the funeral being held there; it will thus attract much less attention than if held in the country. I shall be back by the evening at latest, but at any rate it will be desirable to accept your friends' offer to receive Olivia and the children for the night."

Accordingly Yorke arranged with Mrs. Polwheedle that he would come again with the carriage in the afternoon to convey the whole party to "The Beeches." Inquiring for the children, he was told that they had been sent out for a walk, and he met them returning as he drove away — which he did presently, as Mrs. Polwheedle was anxious to return to Olivia. They had been looking at the scene of the fire, and were prattling about it to their nurse as they came along, as if it were an interesting incident with which they had no personal concern. And when Yorke told the elder one that he had brought some pretty clothes for them to wear, the child became more animated and happy-looking than he had ever seen it look before.

On returning to "The Beeches," he found the ladies sitting down to luncheon. Mr. Peevor had gone off to town at last, to keep his business appointment with Mr. Hanckes, leaving many apologies for his enforced absence. And while sitting there in the well-ordered room, the table covered as usual with delicacies of which no one partook, and the ladies talking in the suppressed tones congenial to the eldest Miss Peevor, and in which the example was set by her stepmother, it seemed to Yorke for the moment as if the tragedy that had been enacted so close to them was merely a horrid dream, so difficult was it to associate the tragic with this scene of the comfortable and commonplace. Nor did the conversation turn much on the subject about which all the party were thinking; for the ladies, understanding that there was some mystery about the matter into which it did not become them to pry, with natural good-breeding abstained from more than a general expression of sympathy, and Yorke felt too deeply to find the words come freely.

But when luncheon was ended, and he rose to return, Mrs. Peevor mentioned that the rooms for Mrs. Wood and her

party were quite ready, and asked what he would wish done about sending for them; and indeed the preparations had occupied all the morning. Ordinarily the getting ready of guest-chambers at "The Beeches" was a matter to be dealt with by the house-keeper; but on this occasion the sentiment of romance which had inspired Lucy extended itself to Mrs. Peevor and Cathy, and they had all been engaged in arranging the suite of rooms destined for the party, placing books and flowers in the sitting-room set apart for Olivia — and where she need see no one but Mrs. Polwheedle and the servants — to give it an air of use and comfort. A large bedroom was also in course of transformation into a day-nursery; but Yorke suggested that the children, at any rate, would like to be with the children of the house. Altogether, it was evident that, whether from the interest caused by her lonely condition and misfortunes, or from the fact of her being now known to be a friend of Yorke, Olivia and her party would be made warmly welcome, and treated also with the utmost delicacy. Mr. Peevor had left repeated injunctions about various things to be done, and especially that some of the ladies should go down to bring her away; who, Mrs. Peevor asked, did he think had better go? And Yorke, who had intended to return alone, after looking at the ladies all standing round him to receive his commands, proposed that Lucy should go. Lucy's winning face and gentle manner, he thought, might help to win the poor sufferer from the abyss of despair and self-reproach into which she had fallen. He would walk down at once, he said, if she would follow in the carriage. And Lucy, proud of being selected, and yearning to show her sympathy for her lover's friend, ran upstairs with a light step to get ready, while Yorke set off again for the riverside.

#### CHAPTER LX.

THE short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, when Yorke again arrived at the little inn. Mrs. Polwheedle from the window had seen him enter, and waiting at the top of the little staircase, beckoned to him come up, and led the way into an empty bedroom. "She is quieter now than she has been," said the lady, closing the door, after a caution to him to speak low, as the walls were so thin; "but she has not had a wink of sleep, and it looks as if the opium had got into her head, she confuses things so. I get quite frightened sometimes with her talking: she is quiet now, but she will go on sometimes when I am

outside just as if I were in the room. I do wish Maxwell would come back quickly; it would be such a comfort to know what he thinks, and have his advice. I don't half like the responsibility of keeping her here in this way. The place is not fit for a person in health to live in, leave alone one who is sick; I begin to feel quite upset myself." And indeed the good lady looked both tired and flushed.

Yorke explained what was proposed—that the carriage from "The Beeches" would arrive in a few minutes to take them away, and that Mr. and Mrs. Peevor had sent a very particular invitation to herself, which only a sense of consideration had prevented their delivering in person.

"That is very kind, I am sure," said Mrs. Polwheedle, looking pleased and mollified. "The landlady tells me 'The Beeches' is a perfect palace of a place, with everything done in the most elegant style; not that I mind at all about such things for myself, but I am sure it will do the poor thing good to go there. But I am not so sure about our getting her to go. She does talk so very strangely about things. But perhaps you had better go in and see if you can persuade her. I will stop outside for a bit and get the things ready."

So saying, Mrs. Polwheedle opened the door, and then, pushing open the one on the opposite side of the little landing, motioned to Yorke to enter the room to which it belonged. It was a small bedroom, used as a sitting-room for the occasion, there being no parlour up-stairs. As Yorke entered, Olivia, who seemed to be walking restlessly up and down, and was looking the other way, turned sharply round. She still wore the dress in which she had made her escape that morning, but the long hair was now arranged in coils round the head, although not with her usual neatness, and she wore a scarf round her shoulders; but although Yorke instinctively noted these details, what caught his eye was the pallid face, which made the hectic flush seem brighter, the parched lips, and the wild aspect of the restless eyes. She seemed almost another person from the Olivia of the previous evening, gentle, languid, and depressed.

Turning quickly round when Yorke entered the room, Olivia seemed startled and even frightened for an instant, while she stopped and looked at him with a puzzled face, as if not knowing him. Then the expression cleared, and stepping towards him, she held out her hand.

"You startled me at first," she said,

with a smile, which to the other seemed inexpressibly sad; "do you know I thought you had come down from heaven!" Then drawing a little nearer, and looking at him earnestly, she added, "Robert has come down from heaven, my husband that was, Robert Falkland—he came down to save me and Livie and the baby from the fire; he saved us all, and now he has gone away again. He was always brave and noble."

Yorke stood tongue-tied with emotion. He had not been prepared for this, and in the shock of this revelation of her state he could not find at once words to reply.

Then the restless eyes turned away, and she moved to the window, and then began pacing again the little room, as if not aware of his presence. Still there remained something of the old grace of movement; but how far removed seemed this poor wild creature from the gentle yet stately Olivia of former days! Better surely that she had perished in the flames than be reserved for such a fate as this!

Suddenly she stopped opposite to him, and again smiling, said, "Won't you be seated, Mr. Yorke?" and sitting down herself on a little cane chair, motioned him to take another.

Yorke obeyed her: and while for a brief space she sat quietly as if waiting for him to speak, with her graceful arms crossed over the scarf, something of the old Olivia seemed for the instant to have returned. But almost immediately the eyes began to roll wildly about the room, and Yorke hastened to speak before the phrenzy should again possess her.

"I have come on behalf of some very kind friends—the friends with whom I am living—to ask you to make their house your home for a while."

"Friends?" she said, speaking in an absent manner, and looking down—"it must be very nice to have kind friends."

"And you will find them friends indeed," he continued, gaining hope from her manner. "Their carriage will be here directly; will you not make ready to start? it is getting late."

"Friends?" she said again, in a mournful voice—"I have no friends; Robert is dead, and my husband has left me and gone away. Yet no!" she added, with sudden energy, and looking fixedly at Yorke; "he is not my husband—I have no husband. I have been living with two men—and one is dead, and one is gone away; but I have no husband." And Olivia repeated this, "I have no husband," looking down on the floor, as if to herself.

"This little inn is wanting in comforts," said Yorke, trying to give a turn to the conversation; "there is hardly room for all of you. It will be a good thing to move into another house. This room is small and close," he added, by way of diversion, while Olivia looked at him earnestly, as if weighing the proposition.

She replied abruptly, "The room is good enough for a bad woman like me; I am not a fit woman to live with decent people. Mrs. Polwheedle came to see me to-day, but she has gone away again; she did not care to stay with a bad woman like me."

Just then the door was pushed open, and the youngest child came into the room, toddling with uncertain step, just able to walk. It stood looking at its mother for a while, with one little hand in its mouth, as if afraid to come near; and then as Yorke, who was sitting near the door, held out his arms, it came up to him.

Olivia meanwhile had been gazing on the ground as if busied with her thoughts. Looking up, and seeing the child on Yorke's knee, she cried, "Why don't you send it away, wretched little bastard brat?"

As she called this out in a harsh voice, the very tones of which seemed to be changed, the frightened child began to cry.

Then Olivia jumping forward caught it in her arms. "My darling, my darling," she said, "don't you cry. Your mother's no better than a street-walker; but it's not my darling's fault, is it?" And she rocked the child to and fro, holding it to her breast, and crooning over it till the crying ceased.

Yorke, unwilling to disturb her while in this mood, sat silent. While they were in this situation, Mrs. Polwheedle entered the room.

She seemed relieved to find Olivia so quiet, and announced the arrival of the carriage.

Olivia at this rose, the child still in her arms, as if intending to obey the summons.

"If you will go down and take your place, my dear," said Mrs. Polwheedle, "I will get the children ready, and follow you with the things;" and she made a sign to Yorke which he understood to mean that they should take advantage of Olivia's present humour to make a start.

There came up to Yorke the doubt whether this plan for giving her shelter ought now to be pursued; but it seemed

too late to alter it now. And what else could be done?

Olivia without saying a word handed the child to Mrs. Polwheedle, and moved to the door. On the landing outside the elder child was standing, holding the banister with one hand, a doll which had come from "The Beeches" in the other. Her mother stooped down and kissed her without saying a word, and then descended the stairs, and made for the entrance-door.

As she passed along the little passage, she stopped at the parlour-door as if in doubt, and then turning to Yorke, who was following, she put her finger on her lips, and said, "Hush, that is where they have laid him," and then passed out into the open air. This was the first reference to her knowledge that Falkland's corpse was in the house; nor did she know that it had been moved into another room; but how much of the facts was understood by the poor clouded brain could not be told.

The carriage-road was at the back of the inn; the front door opened on to the little terrace, set out with benches, which reached down to the river. The evening was dull and gloomy, with slight rain falling; the wind moaned sadly through the bare trees, and night was fast closing in.

Olivia wore no hat, or other wrapper than the scarf, but Yorke forbore to check her action by noticing this.

She stood for a few seconds looking in front of her, not seeming to notice the rain falling on her bare head; and at last Yorke said that the carriage was at the back of the house—they had better go that way.

At the sound of his voice she turned round and looked at him in a vacant way, and then started off at a quick pace towards the ruins of her own house, the outline of which could still be made out in the dim evening light, about a couple of hundred yards higher up the river.

Yorke followed and overtook her, and they stepped side by side in silence, passing the spot where only two days before, in his walk with Lucy, he had first met her children. It seemed as if weeks had passed since that walk.

Olivia stopped at the garden-fence and looked up at the ruins. "See," she said, "the fire has gone from there now; but it is still here," she continued, clasping her head with both hands; "it is still here, and burning; it never stops burning." And she stood holding up her hands to her forehead, and looking bewildered at the ground.

"Olivia," said Yorke, although he could hardly speak for the fulness of his heart, "you want rest and quiet, my poor friend, and by-and-by, please God, all will come right. Let us turn back."

"Come right!" she cried, "how can it come right? See here," she continued, laying a hand on his arm, and pointing with the other towards the ruined house. "I was at the window there, praying for my children, when he came up the ladder, and I thought God had answered my prayers and sent his spirit to save us. But it was not his spirit, it was himself. Yes, Major Yorke, it was my husband; he was a hunted prisoner, wounded and sick, wandering in the desert, and I was bearing children to another man. And now he is dead; he died to save me, and a polluted wretch like me still walks the earth."

Then with a cry she turned away from the house, and began walking hurriedly along the bank up the river.

The evening was growing dark, the swollen river ran level with the footway, and Yorke striding along by her side could hardly distinguish between land and water.

A short distance they walked thus in silence along the narrow path, which gave barely room for the two between the hedge and the river, Yorke striving to think how best to calm her agitated mind. At last he said, "Olivia, you will tire yourself out if you hurry in this way; the children are waiting for you; will you not go back to them, poor little things?"

"Poor little things indeed," she said, "to have so vile a mother!" She stopped short and turned half round as if about to go back, and then saying, "There is no help!" and throwing up her arms, made a step forward, whether seeing the water or not her companion could not tell, and sank into the stream.

Yorke plunged in and caught her as she rose to the surface.

The poor creature struggled violently, holding out her arms, whether to get free or clinging to him to be saved he could not tell, but he caught her in his grasp and held her firmly, and after a few moments her efforts ceased, although she still clutched him tightly round the neck with one arm. And at first as they floated down the stream the danger of the situation did not strike him. Often when in his younger days he had played with his brother subalterns at saving a drowning man in an Indian swimming-bath, it had seemed as if impossible to sink. But the weight of his heavy clothes and the icy

coldness of the water began at once to tell; and cramped as was the movement of his arms by her grasp, it was as much as he could do to keep her head above water, as he pushed out with his feet towards the shore. The plunge had not been far, but it was made at a point where the bank projected into the river, into the middle of which they had been swept by the strong current. Good swimmer as he deemed himself, he found himself powerless to struggle with the stream, and soon the thought came over him that the fate which had so long bound up their lives together would now follow them to the end. Were they to die locked in each other's arms? And in an instant the picture of past days came up before him, the days when he worshipped the gentle, the gracious, the noble Olivia; the days when he lived on in the bitterness of his heart at losing her, the poor wreck he now held in his arms for the first time, and who, seemingly unconscious of her state, looked up at the sky with a dull, stony stare. He could make out in the dim light that her eyes were open, but more he could not tell, and as he pushed convulsively along in the darkness to where he thought the bank must be, it came over him to wonder if people when they found their bodies would guess the truth, or would they think that the unhappy woman in her madness had dragged him to destruction?—when he saw the dim bank looming just above him, and with his free hand caught hold of some weeds growing against its side.

They were saved; but exhausted and benumbed as he was, and encumbered with his charge, and unable to find any footing, it was only by a desperate effort that he still clutched the weeds. So short a time, and yet all his strength was gone. How easy to be drowned after all! and, too tired to call for help, he must soon let go, when he sees a figure kneeling on the bank above, and an arm stretched out has seized his in its grasp. It is Lucy, who, learning in a few short words from Mrs. Polwheedle enough to guess at Olivia's state, had followed them up the bank, reaching the spot in time to save him. With the help of Lucy, throwing herself down on the wet grass to lend her weight to his efforts, he at last drags himself out, still grasping his burden; and while he stands exhausted looking at the figure lying inanimate at their feet, Lucy raises the shrill cry which soon brings succour—the landlord, the gallant Joe, the Peevors' footman, Mrs. Polwheedle, and

others, who raise Olivia's body from the ground and bear it quickly to the inn.

Maxwell, who has just arrived, meets the little procession at the door, and in a few brief words Yorke explains what has happened. No harm was done, he thought; he had kept her head above water all the time; it must be merely a faint from cold and fright.

"Not up-stairs," said Maxwell, opening the parlour-door, as the bearers entered the passage with their burden; "this way—in here:" and the hapless Olivia was laid on the same couch which had borne that morning the dead body of her husband.

And now, while the doctor and the landlady and Mrs. Polwheedle and Lucy are busy over the prostrate form, Yorke, wrapped up in a big overcoat of the landlord and covered with shawls, stands by the tap-room fire. He cannot bear to leave the spot, and this rough sort of vapour-bath will keep him from catching cold. But the children are sent off in the carriage, and the servants will explain why the others are detained. Comedy and the commonplace tread close upon the tragic in the actual business of life; and as Yorke stands before the blazing fire drinking hot spirits-and-water, while the landlord takes a glass also to keep him company, and begins a maundering story of how he got upset in a punt seven years ago, and some half-dozen tap-room loungers stand hard by discussing the events of the day, in undertones out of consideration for Yorke, nothing could well be more prosaic or matter-of-fact than the aspect of the scene. But he can drink the cordial and hold his feet to be scorched by the fire, while yet thinking over the tragic fate of the woman once so passionately loved, now pitied with a feeling that for a time left no room in his heart for other emotions—thinking, too, of the death of the noble soldier who seemed when first he knew him to deserve the envy of all younger men. And now what would be the end of this calamity and woe? He, the noble, the gallant, the unfortunate husband had found peace at last; but what further sufferings awaited the unhappy wife?

A long time must have passed, for his clothes are almost dry, when the good doctor appears at the door and beckons him to come into the passage.

"It is all over," said the old man, in a low voice. "It was the shock that killed her; life must have passed away before you brought her to land. Who could

wish it were otherwise? Still in your wet clothes? You must look to yourself now, my dear friend, or you too will be a sufferer.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### MADAME DE MAINTENON.\*

THE law of the old French monarchy which excluded women from direct inheritance of the throne, by no means excluded them from great and often paramount influence in affairs of State. Indeed it would

\* A singular ill-fortune has attended Madame de Maintenon's literary remains. The task of publishing her letters in the first instance fell into the hands of an adventurer of some talent and more impudence—Laurent Angliviel de la Beaumelle. His edition, several times reprinted in the eighteenth century, has been accepted as fairly trustworthy down to recent times; the more so as he was known to have been assisted by the ladies of St. Cyr, who furnished him with valuable original documents. It now appears that his edition teems with forgeries of the most flagitious kind. He not only tampered with the text of genuine letters, often actually re-writing them and interpolating fraudulent additions of his own, but he forged whole letters by the dozen whenever unwelcome gaps in the authentic correspondence suggested or permitted the deception. The almost incredible extent of his imposture was only exposed when the late M. Théophile Lavallée commenced his edition of Madame de Maintenon's general correspondence. M. Lavallée had himself been a dupe, like all preceding writers, of La Beaumelle's mendacity. About twenty years ago the need of a new and critical edition of Madame de Maintenon's letters and other works was much felt, and two editors devoted themselves to the task, independently and in ignorance of each other's labours, the Duc de Noailles and M. Lavallée. M. Guizot brought them into communication, and M. Lavallée was charged with the whole undertaking. Unhappily, he has died before completing his task, only four volumes having appeared of his edition of the letters, which was intended to comprise ten.

M. Lavallée had a *culte* for Madame de Maintenon, and his work, extending over twelve years, devoted to her memory, was truly a labour of love. He disinterred autograph letters, whenever they had been preserved, and accepted only such copies as were guaranteed by being transcriptions from the originals made by the ladies of St. Cyr. It was on confronting these authentic documents with La Beaumelle's edition that the magnitude of the latter's fraud was first brought fully to light. It is not too much to say that Madame de Maintenon has been hitherto chiefly known and painted on the faith of this unscrupulous inventor. Even the best and most recent books are filled with his fabrications; e.g., Henry Martin, in his elaborate and painstaking "History of France," quotes almost exclusively the apocryphal letters; expressions as familiar as household words, supposed to be Madame de Maintenon's, are now proved to be fictions of La Beaumelle's. For instance, the famous sentences, "*Je le renvoie toujours affligé, jamais désespéré*," "*Cela m'engage à approuver des choses fort opposées à mes sentiments*," etc., etc., are not Madame de Maintenon's at all, though it is difficult to banish them from the mind. As M. Lavallée says, it will take a long time before the false impression created by La Beaumelle's imposture is dispelled, if it ever is entirely.

Of course, we have to take M. Lavallée's word for these statements. But I believe his honourable character has never been doubted, and his work proves him to have been a most painstaking and well-informed editor. When I quote Madame de Maintenon's letters, it is to his edition I refer, except when otherwise indicated.

not be difficult to show that in few European countries has female authority been more frequent and predominant than in the country which boasted the Salic law. Whether as indigenous mistresses or imported queens, women shaped the policy and wielded the power of the French kings to a degree which could not be easily matched in any other royal house of Europe. During considerable periods of French history the titular king is a shadow, and the foreground of politics is occupied by a vigorous queen (regent or consort), or an ambitious concubine. From Blanche of Castille and Agnes Sorel, to Madame de Pompadour and Marie Antoinette, French politics repeatedly fell into feminine hands. The result was not often fortunate for France. Although that country has perhaps produced as many eminent women as the rest of Europe put together, it has not been happy in its female rulers. We look in vain through its annals for any woman on or near the throne that can be compared with Isabella of Spain, Elizabeth of England, or Maria Theresa of Austria. The most beautiful and lofty female character, in all history, does indeed belong to French politics; but the incomparable maid of Domremy was far from any legitimate or illegitimate connection with the throne. In all despotic monarchies the too frequent accident of a weak and uxorious prince, leads naturally to the domination of intriguing women and courtly parasites. The foreign queens, or the beauties of native growth who supplant them, have rarely much inducement to make a magnanimous use of their power. That women are capable in a high degree of the sentiment of patriotism, will be denied only by the uncandid or the ignorant. But the Salic law excluded from government precisely those women who by birth and education would have been most likely to be inspired by that noble passion. Anne de Beaujeu showed that a French king's daughter could be far more worthy to bear rule than her brother, the king's son. There were imperial qualities in *la Grande Mademoiselle*, which might make us wish that her lofty, if also somewhat fantastic daring, had found a fitter theatre than the grotesque tragi-comedy of the Fronde.

Among the women who have left a lasting name and mark in French history, Madame de Maintenon undoubtedly holds a prominent, if not a chief place. The length of her reign, and the durability of her influence, are without parallel. As Louis XIV. reigned longer than any other

king of France, so Madame de Maintenon occupied the position of chief favourite for a longer period than any one before or after her. Her extraordinary career, during which she travelled from the lowest depths of poverty and obscurity to the loftiest place but one in Europe, has struck the imagination and curiosity, both of contemporaries and posterity. Her exalted, but to the end ambiguous position, had the same effect, and contributed to endow her with that air of mystery of which few minds escape the fascination. She herself said she should be an enigma to posterity, and she seems rather to have liked the reflection than otherwise. The object at once of unbounded adulation and unscrupulous calumny, reserved and self-contained to the verge of duplicity, she has left a reputation which to this day remains in the half-light which partakes of legend. Two legends concerning her had commenced before her death, one highly flattering, the other as hostile. According to one, she was an apparition wellnigh or quite miraculous, a sort of courtly Joan of Arc, divinely appointed to convert a licentious king from his immoral ways; according to the other, she was a miracle of crafty intrigue, who, with a subtlety hardly human, had bewitched an aged monarch into humiliating subjection to her. We are not reduced to a random guess that the truth probably lies between these two extremes. Enough remains in her own handwriting (though it is conjectured that she destroyed nine-tenths of her correspondence) to show us that she was equally removed from the angelic character, whether dark or light. The pretension of her unreserved admirers, past and present, that all her actions were inspired by a pure and lofty piety, that she submitted for years to a court life of hot intrigue in a company the least virtuous from motives of perfect virtue, can only be met by a smile. The pretension of her unreserved enemies, that she with forecasting insight played, without conscience or scruple, her deep game of hypocrisy and ambition for the sake of worldly honour, can only be met in the same way. Madame de Maintenon in this respect has only received the common measure of justice and injustice which usually falls to those who attain extraordinary pre-eminence after starting from relatively low beginnings. The ambitious climber to the giddy height is credited with a profound plan of operations from the first, with a distinct view of the distant goal ultimately reached, but designed all along, and with the artifice and



cunning needed to secure the stages which led to it. The end of the career is supposed to explain its commencement. The earliest steps were taken in reference to the path along which the last were meant to fall. It is thus that Cæsar is supposed to have set out to conquer Gaul with the settled intention of conquering the Senate afterwards, and Cromwell to have entered the Long Parliament with the matured purpose of bringing Charles I. to the scaffold. Such conceptions are wanting in imaginative grasp and reality. They suppose that human life can be written out like a well-conned play, and that the dim future years can be seen through and fitted with appropriate stage directions. Inapplicable to the most audacious and inventive schemers for power, this notion is peculiarly misplaced with regard to Madame de Maintenon. Few of her equals in ability and force of character have had so little ideal lift of spirit, or of an eye far-reaching, and bent on distant horizons. Less than most was she given to building castles in the air, or to regarding as present what still lay hidden in the womb of the future. On the contrary, her success and her strength lay in her complete sobriety of temper, and a patience that could not be wearied. If she could have foreseen her career it is probable she would never have attempted it. Not soaring genius, but consummate common sense was her quality. It was far less ambition than the most watchful prudence that directed her steps, and both prudence and common sense would have dissuaded her from a path which she ultimately trod without a fall.

Frances d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame Scarron and Marquise de Maintenon, came of an ancient family originally from Anjou. None of her ancestors were distinguished except her grandfather, the famous Agrippa d'Aubigné, the friend and companion in arms of Henry IV., and one of the most strenuous and original characters of the sixteenth century. One of the fathers of French prose and a copious writer of vigorous verse, he was also one of the most fierce and intrepid warriors of that wild time. He was presented to Henry as a man "who found nothing too hot for him," and he proved the correctness of the character abundantly, especially by saving Henry's life at the risk of his own. The valiant old Huguenot had a most unworthy son named Constant d'Aubigné, a depraved and feeble libertine, who was twice saved from the gallows by his father's influence.

But the foolish creature, not content with spending his substance, and committing rape and murder, conspired against Cardinal Richelieu, for which he was imprisoned for many years, and only released by the cardinal's death. Constant had for second wife (he had killed his first) Jeanne de Cardilhac, a brave woman, but soured by her trials and domestic unhappiness. She went to share her scandalous husband's prison at Niort, and there, in the extreme of privation, she gave birth, 27th November, 1635, to a girl, who afterwards became Madame de Maintenon.\*

Frances had a wretched childhood, the gloom and misery of which were never effaced from her mind. Her mother went to Paris, and lived there in extreme poverty, in pursuit of hopeless lawsuits. Her abandoned father persevered in his vices. Her early years were tended by a paternal aunt, Madame de Villette, for whom, to the end of her life, she retained the most affectionate memory. At length a brighter prospect seemed to open before the unfortunate family. The French of the seventeenth century were not so unable or unwilling to emigrate as they have since become, and Constant d'Aubigné, now sixty years old, solicited and obtained the post of governor of Marie-Galante, situate in Martinique. The exiles sailed a family of five, the father, mother, two boys, and a girl, the latter, Frances, not quite ten years old. On the voyage Frances sickened even unto apparent death. She was about to be buried in the sea, when her mother insisted on once more seeing her child, and finding the heart's action had not stopped, she declared that her daughter was not dead, and saved her from the deep. It was a narrow escape. The cannon was already charged, to be fired as she dropped into the ocean, when her mother's importunity rescued her. The fact is the more singular, as Jeanne d'Aubigné seems to have been a harsh, unloving mother. Her daughter said she had never been kissed by her but twice in her life. It is probable that maternal coldness was assisted by religious estrangement. Her aunt, Madame de Villette, was like her father Agrippa, a staunch Huguenot, and had brought up Frances in her own faith; but her mother was a Catholic. Once when she took her to mass the little Calvinist turned her back to the altar, for which her ears were boxed; but she bore the punishment with pride, and gloried in suffering for her religion.

\* *La Famille d'Aubigné et l'Enfance de Madame de Maintenon*, p. 77, par Théophile Lavallée.

The Martinique adventure did not prosper. Constant d'Aubigné remained an incurable spendthrift to the end. Though in want of means, he yet gave his wife a staff of twenty-four slaves to wait upon her. At the end of two years he died, and his widow and children at once returned to France. Again Frances tasted the bitterness of dependence, and the cold welcome of indifferent relations. She fell into the custody of a Madame de Neuillant, an aunt by marriage, who made her a mere drudge in her farmyard, set her to mind her poultry, and shod her with *sabots*. The religious difficulty again came up, and she was both coaxed and coerced towards a change of faith. Her precocious shrewdness was by this time enlightened as to the position of a Huguenot in France, and her conversion to Catholicism seems to have been a smooth and easy business. In her seventeenth year she met the burlesque writer, Paul Scarron.

Scarron, though barely passed middle age, was a helpless cripple, having only the use of "his right hand, his eyes, and his tongue." But his indomitable vivacity triumphed over his bodily infirmities, and he was regarded as one of the brightest wits and authors of his time. His writings belong to a school as antiquated and forgotten in French literature as the writings of Lilly and Cowley are in ours. They have that perverted ingenuity and laborious pleasantry which seem to us so dreary. There are few less amusing books than his once famous "*Roman Comique*." Yet Scarron found an ardent admirer in the great Racine, and in any case his house was the resort of the most approved wit and fashion of Paris. Frances d'Aubigné's forlorn condition touched the kind heart of the afflicted joker, and he offered her either to pay her entrance fee in a good convent, or marriage. She chose the latter alternative. She was less than half his age, and though called his wife, was never anything but his nurse. In spite of his maladies, Scarron kept open house, and the company, though distinguished by rank and intelligence, was free, not to say licentious in conversation. The demure matron of seventeen was at once put upon her mettle, and she soon showed the stuff of which she was made. In three months she had banished all indecorum from her husband's table, and so impressed his companions with her worth and dignity, that one of them said if he were offered the choice of behaving in an unbecoming manner to the queen (Anne of Austria) or to her, he would prefer do-

ing so to the queen. With that she was a tender helpmeet, not only ruling his household, but assisting him in his literary work. For eight years the strange union lasted with mutual satisfaction. At his death, Scarron said he had but one regret, that he was unable to leave his wife better off than he did. He indeed left her little but debts. Only a few weeks before his death an incident occurred of singular irony. On August 26th, 1660, Louis XIV. entered Paris with all the pomp which the court and the capital could command, on the occasion of his marriage with his young queen, Maria Theresa of Spain. Paris had never seen such a show. The nobles and the municipal authorities vied with each other in lavish magnificence, and the procession lasted through the long hours of a summer's day. Madame Scarron witnessed it as an obscure spectator, and wrote an account of it to a friend. "Nothing," she says to her correspondent, "nothing I or any one could say could give you an idea of the magnificent spectacle; nothing could surpass it." Twenty-four years afterwards Madame Scarron herself, after a marriage service carefully concealed, celebrated by night in the palace of Versailles, became the young queen's successor.\*

On Scarron's death, she had again to face the world without resources. But now she had made influential friends, and she presently procured a pension from the queen-mother. It was small, but Madame Scarron was a mistress of thrift and economical resource. Her inexpensive and simple attire was not without a certain grave *coquetterie*, and she was careful to be *bien chaussée*. Her remarkable beauty—she was generally called *la belle Indienne*—the charm of her manner and conversation, caused her company to be eagerly sought after. But she had another gift more adapted than these to make her friendship valued, and that was a power of rendering herself infinitely serviceable to all whom she approached. Trained in the hard school of adversity, her natural endowment as a *ménagère* had been developed to a supreme degree. No household that had once received Madame Scarron, but missed and regretted her when she left it. In the drawing-room, the kitchen, or the sick-room she was equally pleasing and unobtrusively useful: but in the nursery, her innate love of children, and skill in their management, made her presence almost indispensable. In

\* *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i., p. 72

rendering these offices, she never spared trouble or pains. On one occasion she nursed an old lady for three months without leaving the house. On another, she not only took charge of Madame de Montchevreuil's house and children, but attended to the sale of the farm stock as well. When one of her friend's got married, the whole preparation of the wedding devolved upon her. It is easy to understand that such a woman was welcome and popular, and what a valuable education she thus acquired for her subsequent career.

Madame Scarron's virtue is not so exhausted a topic in France as the similar one concerning Queen Elizabeth is in England. It is still discussed with some vivacity by her blind admirers and blind detractors, who seem to have inherited the passions of her friends and foes in the palace of Versailles. Saint-Simon's calumnies against her are still accepted or laid aside with only partial sincerity, by the one; on the other hand, the reverence felt for her by her novices at St. Cyr, does not seem excessive or unwarranted to the others. The unprejudiced inquirer will agree with Sainte-Beuve that the evidence against her correctness of conduct is not worth attending to. The fact that she was acquainted, not intimate, with Ninon de l'Enclos, a friend of her husband, has been made the ground of the most injurious inferences and statements. The animosity of her enemies has blinded them to consistency of character. Every trustworthy record proves that Madame de Maintenon moved in a plane which diverged at right angles from the path which leads to sins of the flesh. It was not that she resisted such temptations; she was not aware of them. It was her favourite maxim that an irreproachable behaviour is also the cleverest, in a worldly sense. She acknowledged that a wish to stand well with the world, and win its esteem, was her master passion, and that "she *hated* everything that could expose her to contempt." Her clear and subtle intellect grew out of a soil covered with snow. She owned that it was not out of love that she sedulously nursed her sick friend for three months, but in order to acquire a good reputation. It would be ungenerous to construe this avowal against her too literally. If not warm, she was singularly constant in her affections, and long-suffering even to timidity. Setting aside her religious principles, of which none but the uncandid will dispute the persistency, even if they deny their fervour, it is evident that in her cool, se-

date mind, the impulses in question found no place. Far greater and richer would she have been if they had. Her lips were never touched with fire, and no flame, holy or unholy, ever burned in the depths of her heart.

For about ten years Madame Scarron, after her husband's death, led an agreeable life in the most refined circles of Parisian society. She was on terms of intimacy with Madame de Sévigné, who was struck with the mingled amiability and accuracy of her mind. They supped every night together, and Madame de Sévigné pronounced her company "delicious." It was in these circumstances that a proposition was made to her (the exact date is not known — probably in 1670) which gave a new direction to her fortunes, and one very different from anything she could have expected. She was asked to take charge of certain children of her friend Madame de Montespan; and their father was rumoured to be no other than the king of France.

We now enter upon a period of her life beset with doubt, obscurity, and legend, through which it is difficult to see one's way to trustworthy fact. We have the saintly legend on the one hand (which she herself in her later years carefully propagated), representing her as the pure soul who, from the loftiest motives, entered the corrupt atmosphere of the court, and that by the most suspicious of back doors. On the other side is the legend which exhibits her in a character but little removed from that of a procuress, with an ambition as mean as it was unscrupulous. The situation, and the person who filled it, afford material of singular dramatic interest, in which the play of a subtle and complex character, winds and circulates amid circumstances more complex still. Our interest in Madame de Maintenon is quenched as soon as we regard her exclusively in the light of either legend, either as a woman of guileless sincerity, or as an accomplished intriguer, devoid of all conscience. She derives her peculiar attraction and piquancy precisely from the constant interaction of contending motives of worldly wisdom and spiritual aspiration, between her struggles to secure a high place at the court, and a safe, final retreat to the kingdom of heaven. She pursued both ends with an energy which never relented, and showed a tenacity which cannot be surpassed in her resolution to make the best of both worlds.

She met the tempting offer to take charge of the king's natural children, with

refined diplomacy. With Madame de Montespan's children she said she could have no concern, but if the children in question were indeed the king's, and his Majesty were pleased to lay his commands upon her, she was ready to obey. A widow in narrow circumstances might have been excused if she had shown less self-control and insight in the presence of an offer which promised emolument and a secure future. But Madame Scarron saw to the bottom of the situation at once, and how different would be her position if she were employed by the king, or only by his mistress. The king did lay his commands upon her, and at once, with prompt energy, she took the whole burden of her new office. This burden was no light one. The most complete secrecy was one of the stipulations, and she conformed to it with an exactness which would have done credit to a commissary of police. She was lodged with her young charges in a roomy house in the then remote quarter of the Rue de Vaugirard, but concealed, with an innate genius for dissimulation which could dispense with teaching, her new occupation even from her most intimate friends. With unconscious *naïveté* she boasted in after life of her successful duplicity, and confided to the virgin innocents of St. Cyr the story of her adroit management in hiding the results of sin. "Often," she said, "I passed the whole night watching by the bedside of one of those children when unwell. I returned home by a back door in the morning, and, after dressing, I went out in a carriage from the front door to the Hotel d'Albret, or Richelieu, in order that my usual circle might not suspect that I had any secret to keep." She frequently went on foot to escape notice, and carefully disguised, carrying under her arm clothes, and even food, doing any household work that presented itself, in preference to admitting indiscreet strangers.\*

Not only Christian saintliness but a strong sense of human dignity might have shrunk from such offices. We must remember that after all such behaviour was fairly in accordance with the views of the courtly world at the time. Vice was not vice when practised by a king. Madame Colbert had taken charge in a similar way of Mademoiselle de la Vallière's children, and nobody was shocked. Neither is Madame de Maintenon shocked. But her new position brought out prominently, perhaps fully revealed, to herself for the

first time the two master motives which guided her through life, worldly advancement, and salvation in the next world. No one knew better than she that the licentious court of Louis XIV. was about the last place in which a sensitive piety could feel safe or happy. On the other hand, no courtier at St. Germain or Versailles was more determined to push his fortunes by pleasing the king. Hence an inward conflict which required to be quelled. Hence the need of a sophistry to deceive self and others as regarded the impulse which retained her in a position so inconsistent with her principles of religious severity. She knew well that she was envied rather than blamed for the post she had secured, but she insists on being pitied for it, strives to make herself and others believe that she does violence to her feelings by remaining in it, and that her one anxiety is to get away. She was much helped in this rather difficult task by a judicious choice of a confessor, an intelligent toady, the Abbé Gobelin, who was careful to advise her to do precisely what he saw she wished. We may well believe that he at an early period assured her it was her duty to remain at court however painful it might be. Churchmen in Louis XIV.'s time knew the value of court favour, and a person so near the king as the governess of his children was too valuable a friend to be allowed to indulge in weak scruples about the spiritual healthiness of the place. In the first instance the rather slow-witted Louis had felt a dread of Madame Scarron, her reputation as a *bel esprit* was a little alarming to his dignity. It was only through Madame de Montespan's influence that his repugnance was overcome. But when he knew her better and saw her closer a great change took place in his impressions. He discovered that the demure and humble head nurse of his children possessed an intellect which by its culture, delicacy and penetration eclipsed the boisterous vigour of his mistress. He found his way with increased frequency to her apartment, and seemed to take more pleasure in his visits the oftener they were made. What did these things mean? Though verging on forty Madame Scarron still retained much of her early beauty, the severity of her morals had long been celebrated, her reprobation of unchastity was notorious. The court, as a microcosm of France, contained a devout party, as well as parties who were by no means devout. These good men, of whom the Duc de Montausier and Bossuet were the recog-

\* *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i., p. 146.

nized chiefs, while reverencing their king to the verge of idolatry, were yet pained beyond expression by his licentious life: his frailty in the presence of female beauty tarnished in their eyes all the surpassing glories of his reign. If he could only be converted to virtuous habits nothing would remain to be desired; but his inclination to appropriate to himself the wives of other men was a menacing evil which threatened to bring the country to ruin. His wars and reckless expenditure, and the wide-spread misery they caused, were visitations in which piety saw an Almighty hand. These were calamities from which one should pray to be delivered. But the king's incontinency was a misfortune far more urgent and dangerous than any of these. And yet it was a difficult subject to approach. Mascaron, by a sermon of indiscreet zeal on the observance of the seventh commandment, had drawn upon himself rebuke and disgrace. Perhaps the same sentiments from the mouth of a pretty woman might be better received. With whom the thought originated does not appear. But it is certain that the devout party were not long in coming to the conclusion that Madame Scarron might be successfully used as a sort of female missionary to bring about the conversion of the king. Herewith a prospect opened before her beyond the dreams of hope or ambition. All contradictions were reconciled. Piety and patriotism, charity for her neighbour, just pride in her king, all converged to command her to stay at court, to save his soul and make her own fortune.

But although the theory was clear, its application was beset with difficulties. The elements of the problem were complex and not easily co-ordinated. Firstly, there was the large debt of gratitude to Madame de Montespan for her introduction to court. Secondly, there was the king's passion for his mistress still at a high temperature. Thirdly, there were the children to be reared in dutiful reverence to the king, but in a strange ambiguous attitude towards their mother. Fourthly, there were the interests of religion which commanded the expulsion of the benefactress, and a thorough reformation of the king's habits. The skill with which Madame Scarron rode these four horses abreast proves her to have been endowed with very extraordinary qualities. She commenced by putting herself in a safe position against any reproaches of the mistress, by exhorting her to a godly life. Loyal friendship, Christian charity, could

not do less than warn an erring sister of the danger of her ways. But after this frankness she was free to speak to the king, when opportunity offered, and the ample mantle of religious zeal was more than sufficient to shelter her from all insinuations of ingratitude or self-seeking. As regards the children, the obstacles were trifling, Madame Scarron's pure and perfect love of children is one of the most attractive traits in her character. It cost her nothing to win their love from their harsh and imperious mother. Remained the fourth impediment, the king's attachment to his mistress.

No sacred bard, or, what would have been much better, no prying, eavesdropping Boswell has painted for us the "terrible scenes" which soon ensued. When it at last became clear to Montespan that her creature, her underling, her drudge, was threatening to become her rival, the explosion of choler, as we may well conceive, was very grand indeed. Pent up together in a narrow space at Versailles or St. Germain, the two ladies were brought into daily, almost hourly, contact. It was a situation to bring out the fighting qualities of tame women, and neither of these was tame, though they differed much in their style of courage. It says a good deal for their self-command that they never came to blows. Once apparently they nearly did, when they suffered themselves to be surprised by the king in a crisis so violent that he found them quite hot with the ardour of battle. With a simplicity which must have been feigned, he asked what was the matter. Madame Scarron recovered her calm on the instant, and made answer, "If your Majesty will pass into the adjoining apartment, I shall have the honour of telling you." \* Montespan let them go, choked, we may presume, with floods of rage, bewilderment, and despair. Her soft, feline enemy then unbosomed herself to the king, told of the harshness, the injustice, the cruelty of Madame de Montespan, and struck an attitude, we may depend, in which piety, beauty, and Christian resignation struggled to produce a complete effect. "Have you not remarked," said the king, rather ungallantly, "how her fine eyes fill with tears whenever she hears of a touching and generous action?" It was a churlish question, and must have been a heavy blow, showing that fine eyes might still be

\* "Il se passe ici des choses terribles entre Madame de Montespan et moi: le roi en fut hier témoin." — *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i., p. 254. *Mem. de Madame de Caylus*.

a match for religious love-making, and a menacing hint not to proceed too fast, or attempt to carry matters with a high hand. But Madame de Maintenon's endurance and tenacity of patience were more than equal to the emergency. "I spoke yesterday," she writes to the toady confessor, "to Madame de Montespan, and begged her and the king not to consider any ill-humour I showed as a proof of sulkiness towards them. She and I are again to have a conference this morning. I intend to be very soft in all I say; still I remain firm in the intention to leave them at the end of the year, and I shall employ my time till then in praying God to lead me where it will be best for my salvation."\* It would no doubt be difficult to draw, with perfect equity, the line here which separated subtle self-deception from half-conscious hypocrisy. That both were present we may charitably believe—cant and sincerity; or, as Mr. Carlyle says, "sincere cant." However, men and women must fight the battle of life with such weapons as they can command, and neither cant nor sincerity could be dispensed with in this crisis. With a devout party anxiously looking on and watching this singular duel between two strange champions, with an immoral party equally anxious and supporting the cause of "fine eyes," one could not afford to give points. All the more reason for making one's own side feel the value of the services rendered. "I know," she writes to the useful confessor, "that I can save myself here, but I think I could do it better elsewhere. I cannot believe it is God's wish that I should suffer from Madame de Montespan. I have a thousand times desired to take the vows, and the fear of repenting such a step has made me pass over impulses which many would have considered proofs of vocation." The confessor, for once, proved himself a dunce as well as a toady, and began to take her at her word, and hinted belief in her wish to adopt a religious life. She lost no time in deceiving him. "I have expressed myself badly," she writes, "if you understood that I was thinking of becoming a nun. I am too old to change my position now, and according to the fortune I receive from the king" (she was justly expecting a fitting reward for the trouble she had taken with

his children), "I shall set about establishing myself in perfect quietude."\* Before her brother, less diplomacy was required, and to him she says, "It was thought I had been got rid of here" (at Versailles), "but you who know me will also know that I am not so easily got rid of."† These extracts, taken from her letters written at the moment, which might be indefinitely multiplied, give a very different impression from that of the simpering legend which, long years after, she propagated for the edification of her novices of St. Cyr, in which she appears as the meek and miraculous instrument of a higher power, and touching victim sacrificed to the needs of State.

At last Montespan's broad moon of favour waned, narrowed, and disappeared, and Maintenon waxed brighter than ever in antithetical splendour. Her unflinching admirers await us here with arguments, they deem demonstrative of her pious and perfect disinterestedness. Between Montespan's eclipse and the queen's death, they ask us how to explain her conduct except on the hypothesis of her unselfish regard for the king's morals, her devout yearning to make him a model of continency and Christian virtue. The queen, we are told, declared that under God she owed it to Madame de Maintenon, that after twenty years of neglect her husband began to treat her with kindness. It is supposed that this evidence of Madame de Maintenon's purity of motive cannot be resisted. She could not have foreseen, it is remarked, the queen's proximate death. She could not, if she had, have aimed at taking her place, and as for taking the place of Montespan, it cannot even be mentioned with propriety. Therefore pure religion, and undefiled by worldly interest, alone impelled her. Is this conclusion quite clear? Let us grant that she reconciled husband and wife. Let her have all the credit which such an achievement deserves. From her point of view it was a triumph fitted to win the applause of angels, and we need not doubt that her good work was its own reward. Let us also loudly proclaim that her own virtue was impeccable, and that she would have given her body to be burned, rather than yield a hair's breadth

\* "Je priais le roi et elle de ne point regarder la mauvaise humeur où je leur paraissais comme une bouderie contre eux. . . . Madame de Montespan et moi devons nous parler ce matin: ce sera de ma part avec beaucoup de douceur." — *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i., p. 212.

\* "Je me suis mal expliquée, si vous avez compris que je pense à être religieuse; je suis trop vieille pour changer de condition." — *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i., p. 210.

† "... l'on crut être défait de nous. Vous croirez bien, vous qui nous connaissez, que l'on ne s'en défait pas si aisément." — *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i., p. 336.



to unchastity. But was there no other path open along which ambition could move? Was there not a place vacant for a female confessor, or rather was not that place already admirably filled in the unanimous opinion of the godly by Madame de Maintenon herself? And was it not a place of surpassing honour, and exquisite in its singularity? Let us imagine a woman in whom the vulgar passions are extinct, or rather never existed: let us suppose her with a strong propensity to a formal and legal righteousness, who coupled therewith a deep but wary ambition. Thus stated, the problem is as good as solved. But farther, was the queen a hindrance, or not rather a valuable instrument in her hand? The queen was not a rival to be feared for a moment—the poor meek woman who stood in such awe of the king, that she trembled in every limb when he sent for her unexpectedly. What would have been dangerous was another young mistress of Madame de Montespan type, brilliant and enterprising, who might soon make havoc of the king's good resolutions, and fill the faces of the devout with shame and confusion. But while the queen lived, and the king remained on good terms with her—and the female confessor who had done so much might be trusted to ensure that—a pledge for his good behaviour was, so to speak, held in hand. So far from being an obstacle, the queen was a most useful pawn in Madame de Maintenon's game, and we may well believe that her death filled the latter with no slight perturbation. It changed indeed the position into a critical phase. Madame de Maintenon's place beside a widower, was very different from what it had been beside a married man, protected by his wife. Would the newly-acquired virtue of the king remain firm? Policy dissuaded another marriage with some foreign princess. Another young royal family was not to be desired in the state of the finances, but no one could guarantee that one would not arrive, if the king married again. But what was the alternative? Madame de Maintenon, we are told, at this time passed through a period of mental anxiety, very unusual to her austere and self-controlled temper. She not only shed abundant tears, but became so restless that she roamed in the forest of Fontainebleau, with a single companion, sometimes even at unseemly hours. The few letters she wrote at this epoch reveal profound agitation of spirit. Presently the clouds break, and she is seen sitting in lofty calm, radiant with a happi-

ness which she does not explain. It is probable that during this trying interval the proposition of her marriage with the king was discussed and decided in the affirmative. We may well believe that so momentous a decision was not arrived at without aching doubt and hesitation. The exact date of the marriage has never been divulged. All that is known is that probably in June 1684 seven persons were assembled at midnight in one of the private apartments of the palace of Versailles. These were the king and his bride, Father la Chaise, who said mass, the archbishop of Paris who gave the nuptial blessing, Louvois and Montchevreuil who were witnesses, and Bontemps, the first *valet de chambre*, who prepared the altar and served the mass. The widow of Paul Scarron had become the actual but unrecognized queen of France. She was forty-nine, and the king forty-six years of age.

J. COTTER MORISON.

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From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IX.

PLEASANCE HATTON AND THE BLEN-  
NERHASSETS, LIZZIE AND CLEM, NEXT  
THE BROWN COW.

FULLY six years afterwards Pleasance Hatton was walking in a June evening up to the village—set on a height—of Saxford. It had been a grand sunset, leaving a golden glow behind, while picked out against, and irradiated by the glow, stood the old irregular line of humbly substantial yet tumble-down white houses, with blossoms of red and white roses, orange tiger-lilies, and marine-blue larkspur in the gardens, and with honeysuckle in flower over the stone porch of the little thatch-roofed, flint-built church, in whose graveyard lay the dust of Anne Hatton.

Saxford was at its best both as to season and hour. The great, far-stretching meadows bore a wealth of waving grass starred with wild-flowers; the very borders of the ditches were blooming with brook-lime, irises, queen of the meadow, and marsh-mallows. The rich religious light was so much in itself that it prevented the bareness of the landscape from being conspicuous; the light seemed not out of keeping with the wide flat as it flooded

it, and descended low over it, without being broken save by the arms of the windmills and the masts of the barges, and lent a sober grandeur to the space and freedom of the place.

Everything was still save the revolving arms of the late windmill taking advantage of the evening breeze, and the slow gliding sails of a barge, and both white and brown sails blushed ruddy under the sunset. The cattle and horses, which were in droves and herds, lay or stood in living patches in the pastures. Hardly a bird broke the silence, save when darting sand-martins uttered shrill screeches, or a flock of curlews from the direction of Cheam gave forth their mournful cries. In the morning the air resounded with the carols of larks, but save for larks this was not the region of singing-birds, and it seemed as if the rich, mellow notes of thrush and blackbird, belonging by right to woodland coverts and tree-set hedges, would not have suited the scene which Pleasance had grown to love. She took in every one of its features—from its wistful blue distances to its airs from every wind of heaven, and its homely charms of grass and field-flowers, which were trampled under the feet of cattle—and laid them up in her heart.

As to Pleasance herself, she was now a young woman in the full promise of her womanhood, if she had not yet attained its fulfilment. She was dressed not like the women of Saxford, who were still showing their ignorance and their ambition by outrageous imitations in the tawdriest and coarsest materials of such prevailing fashions of crinolines and chignons as had descended from imperial courts and noble drawing-rooms, through city parlours and town factories, even to peasants' cottages and country fields. But Pleasance knew better. Besides having renounced for herself, if not the vanities of the world, certainly the vanities of station, she was aware that if such senseless and ungraceful encumbrances could ever be redeemed by fine setting, and have a place of their own, they were simply irredeemable where they had no outward advantages to mask their uncouthness. Instead of aping those whom she had chosen should become her social superiors, she was earnest and deliberate in marking her difference from them, except in those essentials of a lady which are open to all, and in which, by burning her books, she would have sinned against her womanhood.

Not a lady in the land could be more

delicately clean and neat than Pleasance, for since her altered circumstances a pathetic recollection of Anne's example and precepts clung to her, and influenced her much more than they had done when Anne had lived, and lived together with Pleasance; and now that her standard was simplified for her, and that she had grown up to it, though she soiled her hands with labour, she could remove the soil a world more easily than some of her sisters could remove the soil of self-indulgence and dissipation.

Pleasance wore such a calicot gown as Anne had bought for their mourning, but it was of a peach-lilac colour—like the blossom of the lilac-bush—a fast colour, which stood frequent washing. The gown was made as Mrs. Balls had taught Pleasance to make her gowns, but not according to Mrs. Balls's hankering after the fashion. It had a plain, rather tight skirt, short enough to leave Pleasance's feet—quite shapely feet, though encased in thick-soled leather boots, such as boys wear—room to walk with perfect freedom.

She wore a white apron, as it was evening, and Pleasance had a morning (albeit a working) gown, and an afternoon or evening wear, as duly assumed as any duchess changes her cachmere for her *crêpe-de-chine*. Pleasance being no ancho-rite, and having no austere desire to disfigure herself, but on the contrary a perfectly natural, and, in her case, artistic longing to make herself look as well as possible, had substituted for her heavy shrouding linen apron, with its bib, a little round white apron of soft muslin.

Her gown was finished by a collar and cuffs of the same muslin, but she wore no brooch, mock or real. Her collar as well as cuffs was fastened by white buttons.

Her hair—a deep black brown—was still drawn back from the forehead, against which it formed a wavy, dusky line, the duskiness softened here and there only, where the soft young hair showed upon the skin, with a hazel-nut tint, and was plaited into close coils behind. Partly covering the coils, and coming down in a little peak in front, was a little veritable muslin cap, with a narrow-frilled, lace-edged border, which did not outline the face, but after approaching the forehead ran back in two full flowing white lines above the ears. The cap had no strings and no ribands, and was fastened on the head by no gilded or silvered skewers, but by invisible pins. The cap itself, which, if Pleasance wore it as a badge of inferior station, she somehow felt was also a badge of

womanhood, was all but invisible on the present occasion, for it was under a sun-bonnet big enough to shade the face without impeding the view.

Pleasance's hands were bare and brown, but they were neither large nor rough, as she held in one of them a tuft of the ox-eyed daisy which she had pulled in her walk. In this dress, in which an ordinary woman would have been insignificant, Pleasance was a tall, handsome young woman, with an unconscious stateliness in her simplicity.

The life not only in the country, but engaged in manual labour, always wholesome, and sometimes in open air, never too much for her strength so as to crush or to brutalize her, had done something for both mind and body, something which no other life would have been likely to effect.

Had she continued at school, and with free command of books, shut out from all save school-life, she would have almost certainly become studious and bookish, with rounding shoulders and hollowing chest, and the tendency to sallowness in her complexion fully developed.

As it was, she had grown up in comparative abstinence so far as books were concerned; in solitude, yet in close contact with life in its most practical aspects; original and independent without being eccentric in mind; straight and firm in body, while losing her angularity, with freely-expanded chest and well-rounded limbs. Her muddy complexion had cleared into a pale brown, which, when the red blood tinged it, kindled into soft, yet pure and noble warmth, like that of the sunset, and before which all pink and white hues paled and grew sickly.

Her mouth had lost its wavering, undecided lines, and grown steady in its serenity. The contour of her face was still a fine oval, with the curve of the chin perfect. But her hazel-grey eyes—and here was the defect of her face—had not in their depth and clearness escaped from the shortsightedness which had threatened them when she was a girl of thirteen.

Pleasance had grown up unquestionably short-sighted, and that she might not go through the world at a great disadvantage, had, on one of her occasional visits to Cheam with Mrs. Balls, bought a pair of spectacles, put them on with great satisfaction, and frequently wore them. Thus Pleasance's eyes were often to be seen looking out of windows.

Strange to say, though the act of putting on spectacles would seem to be a sim-

ple act, arguing even an absence of personal vanity in the doer, it was viewed by Pleasance's village companions with greater disfavour than any act of hers from the time of her coming to Saxford. It was regarded as very conceited, and a decided attempt, while pretending fellowship, to establish a difference between herself and the other girls.

Who ever saw a girl at a cheese-tub, or cooking a dinner, or hoeing in the fields, with spectacles? An old needlewoman, whose sight was failing, and who had to earn her daily bread by fine stitching, or a grandfather who was sufficiently well-off to have leisure in his age, and was scholarly enough to read a chapter in his Bible, might wear spectacles, but that was quite a different thing.

"But you might have them if you wanted them?" represented Pleasance. "Spectacles are not expensive, and I am sure they are not ornamental, only useful."

The notion that there was assumption in wearing spectacles remained as rooted as ever, in spite of all that Pleasance could say to the contrary, and she had to sustain many a jeer from the plain-spoken natives of Saxford, and to make up her mind to bear the nickname of "Madam," in a place given to nicknames. She had to pay the penalty of having specially offended against public opinion, as well as to take her share of the conversational buffets which were always freely bestowed in Saxford.

But Pleasance had so far ceased to be an outsider that she could not only go and come unmolested, but was treated to a measure of cordiality as one of the villagers themselves. She was no longer stared at and jostled. She was hailed freely, and asked—if she happened to wear a new gown or hat, or had worn one on the last Sunday at church—where she had bought it and what it had cost. In addition, she was applied to with some confidence to recommend this or that younger girl to a place among Mrs. Balls's workers, or to get Mrs. Balls to contribute her aid to this or that case of sickness and consequently poverty, among the improvident inhabitants. Pleasance was bound, on this occasion, to pay a visit to a girl who was regarded, according to the loose criterion of the villagers, as her great friend, and who was indeed Pleasance's nearest approach to a friend, during those six past years, after she had been robbed of her second self in her sister Anne.

This friend was one of the Blennerhassetts — the smith's family — in their own way personages in the village. But Lizzie and her brother Clem formed exceptions to the other Blennerhassetts, and instead of being looked up to and envied, had been marked out for pity, which passed easily into contempt and ridicule.

The friendship between Pleasance and Lizzie Blennerhasset owed its commencement largely to Lizzie's cousin Long Dick, who worked at the manor, and who gave it as his opinion that Pleasance Hatton was "a rare good and clever mawther." The words sunk into the heart of Lizzie, who had worshipped her cousin Dick ever since he had saved her life, at the time her lameness was incurred, when he, a mere "wambling" boy of sixteen, at the risk of his own life, carried her, a child, down the ladder, which gave way under his tread, and out of the old smithy, after it had caught fire and was burning down to the bare walls.

Lizzie had watched and followed Pleasance. Lizzie had even tried to soften her own uncouth manners, and to acquire something of the other girl's gentle bearing, in order to suit the alliance.

Pleasance was touched and flattered, by having inadvertently won an adherent, to whom she was an object of desire, and set herself to be good to Lizzie Blennerhasset, and to return her homage by acts of kindness. As the intercourse extended over years, during which Lizzie was induced to cultivate Pleasance's acquaintance more and more sedulously, a share of Pleasance's refinement extended insensibly to Lizzie, cut off as she was from many occupations and amusements of the other girls who undervalued her for her infirmity; and while this reflected refinement tended in turn to disqualify Lizzie from mixing on such an equality as she could command with her sisters and immediate neighbours, it necessarily drew her more closely to Pleasance.

Pleasance was tolerably certain of finding Lizzie alone, or at most with her brother Clem for her companion in the smithy house at this hour, since Long Dick, Lizzie's cousin and idol, was too shy as yet, too conscious of his own deficiencies and her advantages not to hold himself aloof from such encounters with Pleasance as were not provoked by a fellowship in labour at the manor, where Dick was at last engaged as principal man.

Indeed, if one wanted to seek the inhabitants of Saxford after working-hours, the

place *not* to find them was in their own houses, for never was there such sociality or such absence of privacy as existed in the village.

All day long, and particularly towards evening, everybody about the place entered into his or her neighbour's doorway — the door always standing conveniently wide open, or on the latch — and penetrating into the centre of the household gods, took up a post there, to recount his or her day's adventure, or to hear the neighbour's without a thought of intrusion. In addition great unpremeditated gatherings were constantly occurring at different houses.

No amount of wrangling which was prevalent, nothing save the most deadly feuds, interfered with this monadic, yet gregarious custom. The natives spent their time like the Athenians of old — if not in hearing some new thing, in discussing with unwearied relish what was already familiar to them. The utter absence of any other mental aliment than gossip supplied, was, doubtless, at the bottom of the gregariousness.

One result of this easy, promiscuous, and never-ending system of visiting, in the women's case, was complete idleness unless from compulsory work, and from play of the tongue, which produced an amount of slatternliness that attempts at Sunday finery served to intermit, not to repair.

The Blennerhassetts were particularly well situated for that chief business of Saxford, to retail and animadvert on the events of the day. The smithy, which was in itself a village centre, stood next the village inn and alehouse, the Brown Cow, another centre. Perhaps affected by situation, Smith Blennerhasset and his wife formed respective heads in the male and female lines of gadding and gossip, who were never to be seen at the forge or the fireside, unless urgent necessity or the presence of neighbours called for their attendance. They did not need to stray very far, as in the bar of the Brown Cow they generally met with all which husband and wife required. This did not imply that either gave himself or herself up to the liquors to be found there. Smith Blennerhasset could take his glass like a man, or a smith, and for the good of the house was wont to have ale or gin and water before him — drinks which did not act powerfully on his squat, stalwart frame. But Mrs. Blennerhasset really lived and thrived on gossip and bad tea alone. She was as sober a woman in other respects as her friend Mrs. Morse,

who was not the typical hearty hostess, fit pendant to Host Morse, a rattling, rollicking giant of a man, but a little quiet, sly woman, with an insatiable maw for the gossip she imbibed, but never seemed to disgorge, and who took pride in her innocence and ignorance of any riot which occurred under her very nose at the bar of the Brown Cow.

Kitty and Nancy Blennerhasset, with Lizzie, all the daughters of the house who remained unmarried, and who worked — now at the manor in the milk-season — now on the fields in the spring and early summer — and now assisted Mrs. Morse in the depth of the winter, had their own circle of visiting, beginning and ending, like their father's and mother's, in the stir and agreeable variety of the Brown Cow.

Pleasance entered by an open door into the front kitchen of the smithy, with its evidences of sluttish plenty. She found, as usual, the substantial remnants of the two last meals, with the dust-heaped hearth, and the littered chairs, left to the guardianship of the purring cat, that rose and rubbed itself against Pleasance with a friendly greeting. She knew where to seek Lizzie in a garret room, which served at once as her bed-chamber and work-room. Lizzie, who had grown up in a state of idleness, bemoaning her misfortune in being lame and sickly, and wagging her tongue with the strongest, had in the end, after qualifying herself by three months' apprenticeship at Cheam, taken to dressmaking, fortified in the application which the effort required by the greater independence secured to her from her earnings, and above all by the approbation of her cousin, Long Dick, and her friend Pleasance.

Lizzie, sitting on the single chair at the little table, laden with her very ordinary materials, and patterns, and with the flood of mellow light from the skylight above her, pouring down upon her and her surroundings, was still as pale, freckled, and lame as when Pleasance first made her acquaintance; but she was no longer either in dirt or disorder, or flaunting in cheap finery like her sisters.

Her calicot gown was almost as neat as Pleasance's, while it was gayer, and a great deal smarter in flounces and frills, which served as the young dressmaker's sign and certificate to her public of the village.

Lizzie was wanting entirely in the blowzy comeliness of her sisters, and was the

poor little creature they thought her, yet she was not without some womanly charm. She had blue eyes like her cousin Dick's, while her hair was several shades fairer than his, and was carefully dressed over rolls — a less objectionable fashion for women of every degree, than the deforming chignon — to display its soft luxuriance. Her smile was the only other attraction which she possessed, but it took one by surprise, and it was for Lizzie's special friends so beseechingly sweet, that its sweetness seemed to enter into the very soul, and take it captive in a kind of lowly triumph.

"I'm main glad to see you, Pleasance," said Lizzie, rising to give her friend her chair.

"Keep your seat, Lizzie," said Pleasance.

But no, Lizzie said she was tired and stiff with sitting in that chair, and if Pleasance would take it, she would hoist herself on the table, and find a rest in a change of position.

"Come out for a stroll, Lizzie, after I have told you what Mrs. Balls says," said Pleasance, alluding to a piece of patronage which Mrs. Balls was bestowing upon the dressmaker, "the air and the sky are so fine to-night."

"Thankee, Pleasance, I can't, I 'a to finish this gown for our Kitty, as she would be in a fine way if it were not done by Saturday night, since she pays me honest out of her wages; not but I might lay it aside, for an hour, but I 'a promised Clem to be ready to give him his supper, he's been all the road to Cheam since father left the smithy early, for strings to serve to scrape upon, and I a'most think Dick may come here afore he looks in at the beanfeast. Hindshaw's, the Cheam brewer's, men are holding a beanfeast next door, and the rest, and all the village are helping at it."

Pleasance had heard the sounds of more than ordinary joviality, which, even as Lizzie spoke, were borne in at the windows in snatches of song, stamps of feet, and bursts of cheering.

"Mrs. Morse axed me to step in when my work was done," said Lizzie; "but I should be of no use and get knocked about in a throng, and I had promised Clem. I 'almost thought, too, Dick might be here — not to say you, Pleasance, for I judged Mrs. Balls had given me all the directions when I were up. Has she altered her mind about the riband bindin', or what?"

Pleasance delivered her errand, and sat

and chatted with Lizzie hoisted on the table, pushing her idle needle through her yellow hair as if to sharpen it.

Pleasance told Lizzie how many cheeses had been made that day, and during the previous week; how one cow had suddenly ceased to give milk, with Mrs. Balls's concern for the disaster and the efforts to remedy it; and how Pleasance's earliest brood of chickens were fit for the poulterer's cart from Cheam — to her sorrow, while her last had come out to an egg, and she had recovered one little weak bird which she had found all but dead after yesterday's rain. Lizzie told Pleasance of this beanfeast, which threatened to be riotous; of little Luke Simms who had been lost, and all the village turned up by his distracted mother, when the boy had only crept on board a barge, up near the Broad, and taken a trip in it as far as Applethorpe and back again; and about Mrs. Grayling's pig which had been killed that morning, and was fatter than the Blennerhasset's, though Lizzie could hardly believe it.

Pleasance was interested in it, pig and all. Humanity accommodates itself to its surroundings. In other circumstances she might have been engrossed with an Eton boy's voyage in his water-lily of a punt, or the worthy death of a gallant racer; and so she was not inconsistently taken up with little Luke Simms's trip, and Mrs. Grayling's pig displaying after death its honourable layers of fat. There are some, and these not the worst specimens of humanity, whose sympathies are wide and unailing for all in which humanity is concerned.

"I'm afraid Dick ain't comin', after all," remarked Lizzie, innocently and rather disconsolately, after a pause. "I hope he ain't taken with any of them Cheam women that comes to the feast — a bold, low set, wuss'n our village gals. I could not abide that, Pleasance, I could bear to give him up to the likes of you, but not to they."

Pleasance laughed without either emotion or offence. "Dick will please himself, and I would leave him to do it, if I were you, Lizzie. But here comes Clem."

A heavy foot sounded below, and a call of "Liz, I be comed home," summoned the girls down-stairs.

Clem Blennerhasset, three years Lizzie's junior, was a thick-set lad of seventeen, and had a round, red face marked with small-pox.

It was not for any physical flaw that Clem, like Lizzie, was disparaged and set

aside by his family and their associates, to the degree that he had voluntarily absented himself from the beanfeast. It was for what they regarded as a mental infirmity.

Clem worked with his father in the smithy, and did a good day's work, appearing at the end of it with his face, bare neck, and arms grimy as those of a young cyclops. But he had cleaned himself this afternoon for his long walk to and from Cheam, and showed himself a heavy, good-humoured-looking lad in fresh mole-skins.

"Have you got what you wanted, Clem?" inquired Pleasance, "will you be able for practice now?"

"Wool, I hope so," answered the lad, drawing a long breath, "I was kinder cleaned-out, and left like the 'talian chap to go at it on one string."

"Go at your wittles just now, Clem," his sister recommended him, as she cleared a place for him, placed a huge lump of Suffolk dumpling before him, and flanked it with a mug of ale, "for I must get back to my seam, and not lose what light's left."

Clem went at his victuals with the heartiness of a hungry country lad, who holds his knife and fork close to the haft, and plunges them horizontally into his food, while he does not trouble himself with the ceremony of wiping off the froth which a deep draught of the ale leaves on his thirsty lips.

But when the lad had finished his meal, in place of stretching his tired limbs and falling fast asleep, or winding up with the consolation of a pipe, like his elders, he stamped up-stairs after the girls had retired to a den of his own in the other end of the loft, whence sundry squeakings and squealings issued for the next ten minutes.

At the end of the time, Clem marched into Lizzie's room with a battered fiddle beneath his chin, a bow in his right hand, a roll of yellow music in his left. His whole physiognomy was now transmogrified and illuminated, so that whereas he had been before but a country bumpkin, he was now a born artist, with the fire of art flushing his chubby cheeks, and glimmering in his small eyes, and the nobility of art dignifying his boyish, rustic person.

Clem Blennerhasset had first given indication of a soul for music by whistling in emulation of the larks and of his cousin Dick, as soon as Clem could speak. Very little notice was taken of these indications till Mr. Fennel, the vicar, whose wife was



musical, substituted boys for young women in the choir of the little church, and caught Clem as a great prize.

The next stage in the development of Clem's gift was his having spent some years of his boyhood with a grandfather in Cheam, where there were such things and persons as fiddles and fiddlers. These the boy ran after day and night, not caring that the irresistible inclination took him into strange company, and exposed him to frequent punishment for his vagabond tastes. He was so full of one object, that he did not incur worse punishment by contamination from the associations into which he was thrown.

At last some poorest prodigal of a musician who had drifted to Cheam, and who had yet something of the true musician and old *maestro* in him, recognized and welcomed the fellow-feeling in the boy, and gave him some lessons, which Clem never forgot after he was recalled to Saxford and put to blow smith's instead of organ bellows, and to grow up to his father's craft.

The Cheam musician had ended his first course of lessons by generously presenting Clem with his worst violin, which the boy had borne home with him as a priceless treasure.

Every moment of spare time Clement devoted to this violin, and every penny he could call his own he hoarded for strings, or to enable him when he was older to start for Cheam on his holidays and half-holidays, to get fresh instructions from his master, who died at last, to Clem's great if not disinterested regret, which was much softened by the widow's giving her late husband's pupil a pile of old copied music which she did not know how to dispose of elsewhere.

After the violin, this music was Clem's wealth. He could read it, though he could barely read a printed book, and it opened to him a wide range of knowledge and delight, since the dead musician's *repertoire* included scraps, not only of Balfe's, Bishop's, and Arne's, but of great foreign musicians of every shade and school, from Spohr to Rossini, and from Haydn to the old murdered Italian Stradella.

In the glorious world which the crooked scores of the faded and torn manuscript was opening up to Clem Blennerhasset, he was a new creature, eager, enthusiastic, inspired; while in the old world of the smith's shop, and the village life of Saxford, he was but a lout of a boy, so much the duller, even, than other scarce-

ly educated country boys, in that he was subject to absent-mindedness.

In this pursuit of music Clem had been largely, and since the death of his musical patron, nearly altogether, without sympathy. His own people and his fellow-villagers regarded his musical propensities as a craze for which his father, the smith, who was somewhat of a bully, would have unquestionably tried "a hiding" as an effectual remedy, had the lad ever provoked him by neglecting his proper business in the smithy. But young Clem was a docile, though not a bright, apprentice, and promised with his hereditary strength to prove a fair workman, so that his father submitted to swallow the mortification of having his only son cat-witted.

Even Lizzie, who had no musical ear, though she could listen complacently to her cousin Dick's singing at the pitch of his manly voice, "My young man the waggoner," and "Nancy is a-comin'," had no more sympathy with Clem than the common cause which the two made together as stay-at-homes and aliens in the family.

Pleasance Hatton had more knowledge and still more love for music. She had helped Clem when he had only borrowed sheets to play from, by copying the score for him, she counted it a treat to hear him play the airs, some of which brought back to her echoes from the pianos in Miss Cayley's school, and Miss Smith's appreciation of Clementi. Still her spark of genius was not kindled at the flame of music.

These were purely accidental and arbitrary circumstances which made a trio of Clem and Lizzie Blennerhasset and Pleasance Hatton; notwithstanding, the union existed, and was doing its work in moulding the lad and the girls, and their respective lives.

Clem did not despise Pleasance and Lizzie as an audience. He played with a will, not only his "Last Rose of Summer," and "Robin Adair," but more ambitious violin parts in symphonies and concertos, the combined and perfect whole of which the lad had never heard, and was not likely ever to hear.

"If you would play tunes as a body could dance to, Clem," said Lizzie, "you might carry in your fiddle to the Cow, and have the whole feast waiting on your bow."

"Not as I knows on," answered Clem. "Didn't I go for to play at one of their harvest-homes, and 'ouldn't the tramp of their hoofs 'a drowned a big drum? weren't my fiddle all but broke to splinters

in a row atween Bill Morse and Neddy Nobs?"

"Play to us, Clem," said Pleasance, "play your favourites, I know they match with the midsummer's night that poets and musicians have been so fond of; if we can only enter into the music ignorantly, at least we'll not stamp the sound out of hearing, or risk its source either in your brains or your fiddle."

Clem's airs, though she had no name for them, lingered in Pleasance's ears and blended with the evening breeze as she walked home safely, before the beanfeast was over, when the rose of the sky had died out from faint salmon colour and buff to pale amber, and when its blue was deepening into purple.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### LONG DICK AND HIS SUIT.

LONG DICK — a giant, as his name implied — was an orphan nephew of the Blennerhassetts who had been reared in the smith's house, where, however, he had never held the orphan child's conventionally cuffed and forlorn position. This fact did not proceed so much from exceptional virtue on the part of the smith and his wife, as from the circumstance that Dick's physical strength, always highly prized by a handicraftsman, and his independence of character had been early developed. He had never been a burden in his kinsman's house; he had soon asserted his right to a mind of his own, and without having inherited his uncle's bullying propensities, he had not been slow to indicate that he did not understand being bullied, and would not only take his own way if it were proved a right way, but would help other people to get theirs, and prevent the world in general from being put upon.

Dick had not stuck to his uncle's elbow, or evinced any inclination to succeed him in the smithy, which should be little Clem's place; and the lad's sturdy self-reliance and indifference to his friends' patronage had no doubt impressed them and contributed to their respect for him.

Dick had gone about to shape "a way of doing," the poor man's expression for a career, to suit himself, and if he had been a little erratic in the shaping, and had tried more than one way, it was not from fickleness and failure, but from a love of mastering all.

Dick had worked with his uncle in the smithy, he had been a waggoner, he had even taken a trip in one of the Cheam ships to Gothenburg; but his love of the

country, in the land and its products, had finally caused him to aim at being an under-bailiff, and he had so far succeeded in his aim, that he was in his twenty-seventh year head man under Squire Lockwood's bailiff at the manor.

Dick was six feet high, and broad in proportion, with hair verging on tawinness, blue eyes, massive features, including a massive jaw, and an arm and hand that would go as far towards felling an ox as any mere man's arm and hand would go, to accomplishing that often-quoted feat.

The one dream of Dick Blennerhasset's life, since he had worked at the manor, was Pleasance Hatton. He might have had his fancy tickled previously by "Mrs. Balls's gal," who had been partly born and reared among gentlefolks, though she had descended to his rank, and who was like, and yet so unlike, the other girls; but the close contact occasioned by his work on the manor, where, although he did not take his meals in Mrs. Balls's kitchen, he was constantly seeing Pleasance in the court and garden, and yard, or having her under his charge when she took a turn with the other young women at the spring and early-summer work in the fields, did his business thoroughly.

It was not that Dick thought himself a match for Pleasance; she might descend as she chose, and work under him every day of her life; love sharpened his eyes, and lent him imagination to see that there were invisible barriers between him and Pleasance, which, for all her simple pleasantness and apparent unconsciousness of these barriers, he would never probably be able to surmount.

Long Dick's love for Pleasance was a half-despairing love, very nearly as desperate as his cousin Lizzie's love for him, and in its despair it did not always have a beneficial effect on his character.

For the most part it did him good. It supplied him in his somewhat stolid materialism with an ideal which he could at least dimly see, and crave after. It taught him the grand lesson of humility, as he approached Pleasance with reverence in his devotion. It forced on him, though it might be to his chagrin and disgust, a sense of his own defects. It induced him to labour painfully at self-improvement, whether it were in what went sorely against the grain, by his becoming a "scholard" at the vicar's night-school; or whether the self-improvement took a form far less anti-pathetic to Long Dick — namely, the employing of his powers in the best market, and the husbanding the disposal of his

wages, so that he might become early a man of substance in his rank.

But these efforts required some amount of hope to stimulate and brace the combatant; and sometimes Dick lost hope altogether. Then, as by a reaction, he would plunge into the excesses of his kind, and be far more left to himself and wilder than he would have been had he never known Pleasance Hatton.

But these ugly episodes in Dick's history were never regarded by himself and his class as instances of grave moral declension, or as permanent stains on his character. It was only Long Dick "gone on the spree," like most of his neighbours, and it is to be feared the larger proportion of them liked him the better for the fellow-weakness implied in the delinquency.

The whole of Saxford and the manor were perfectly aware of Long Dick's being "uncommon sweet on Pleasance Hatton up at the manor." For that matter few deeds were done, or feelings that could be comprehended were entertained, in Saxford, which remained hidden and secret. Saxford knew more than the bare existence of Long Dick's passion; it was tolerably acquainted with every phase of it, and strongly inclined to jeer at the bashfulness which came over Dick, and at the faint heart with which he approached his fair lady.

Pleasance Hatton might be very well, but the Saxford folk took her at her word when they reckoned her as one of themselves, and why should not she be made up to by a proper young man, the best workman at more than one craft? Long Dick was as good a wielder of the hammer as Smith Blennerhasset. He was equally good as a waggoner, as a drawer of a furrow, as a builder of a stack, and judge and keeper of cattle. He was one who could walk, or run, or whistle, or box for his own hand or for a wager with any man in the parish. Long Dick was a man who was the pride and the credit of the place, and had nothing against him except that my lady's self, "Madam," no less, had it in her power to cause him to forget himself, and send him on the rove for a day or a couple of days at a time. If that were not a feather in her cap, it was no beam in his eye.

What was known to all, was, without fail, known to Pleasance, and, however she might take it, she agreed so far with her neighbours that there was no degradation in Long Dick's suit.

Becoming one of the people had been

no make-believe or play on Pleasance's part. She had adopted Long Dick's grade with such a will that she did not desire to remember any other. In weighing the virtues and vices of that class with those of other classes, she could not, after the blow and the recoil that had parted her from her own old antecedents, think that the working-class stood lowest in the list that was to be judged. At least it was her class now; other classes in rejecting her and Anne by Mrs. Wyndham, and in condemning Anne to die, had cast her out forever. They were not for her. She would work with working people. She would share their homely lives, and be one in their ranks — which after a little trouble to prove to the members that one was no interloper or spy, were open to all, gentle or rude, saint or sinner — till death should prepare for her new conditions of being.

It has been shown more than once in this and in other generations, that one effect of high civilization, with its confining network of conflicting obligations, and its artificial atmosphere, has been the passionate rebound by which, here and there, one man among thousands of men has, without any morbid taste for vice, torn the bonds, cast behind him the forms, and gone back to cleave as for dear life to society in its primitive elements — involving the necessity of labour and hardship, and the strange, simple company which poverty implies.

Women who have never been disturbed in their cradles of luxury have felt this longing also, else the story of the young princess of Saxony, who pined for the vagrancy of treading on the foot-bridge in her father's capital along with burgher and peasant, lies.

To an innocent woman who had suffered keenly from the effects of a wrong inflicted by worldly hands, humble, unsophisticated life in its breadth and its strong issues could offer a powerful attraction.

The plain simple bonds which attached Pleasance to her chosen fellows, the sense that she was not only one of them, but was of use to her brothers and sisters, were dear to her. She shrank with an unconquerable repugnance from a more complicated and artificial life. She would now have difficulty in complying with laws she might condemn and scorn. She could not any longer be at home, and could confer no benefit in a state of society with regard to which she would feel herself a burden, and from which there

might be such another violent disruption as had broken Anne's heart and cost her life.

"Those who are down need fear no fall," and chiming in with the wise humility of the song, was Pleasance's proud calculation of the worth of humanity itself, in which the humanity was the question, and all adjuncts of rank and position were but accidents of circumstance.

With these views, any notion that she was not really one with her neighbours, that—after all the persistent determination with which she had sought to grow up or down to, and accommodate herself to them, in every right essential—she still remained isolated from them, was a distress to Pleasance. She would strive against the conviction—from which, however, she could not always and altogether escape, so that a sense of loneliness in the present, and a fear of greater loneliness in the future, occasionally weighed upon her in midst of her contentment, and haunted her with dread.

But Pleasance was no mock working-woman to be aggrieved and affronted by Long Dick's wooing. It did not take her by storm; it did not carry her away. Still it would be altogether untrue to say that it did not touch her, while she regarded it and her suitor half with a thrill of maidenly agitation, half with the intent sympathetic interest which belonged to her character.

Pleasance had been slenderly endowed with worldliness to begin with. She had been shaken free from her old world, and the studies, which were all that she retained of it, save what was part of herself, were in those regions of higher wisdom and romance in which worldliness has little place. There is the highest sense, but there is very little worldliness in the writings of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, while it sounds like profanation to say that there is no worldliness in the Bible.

These were what were left of Pleasance's teachers, and one of the effects which they had upon her was to make her incapable of contracting the least soil of the vulgar and sordid worldliness of such people as the Blennerhassetts and Morses, or even Mrs. Balls.

Pleasance was as entirely separated from her early associations as was the knight, Sir Hildebrand, shut up by the machinations of Kühleborn on the island, with the fisherman and his wife and the changeling Undine. She was keenly susceptible to many of Long Dick's gifts and

good qualities. Like most clever women, in whose cleverness imagination preponderates, she had even an exaggerated admiration of physical strength and beauty. She valued Dick Blennerhasset for his fine person with its native power, the nobility of which no clumsiness or absence of drawing-room or dancing-school graces could deprive him; and she never valued Dick's handsome athletic figure more than when he was hard at work, tossing hay, or breaking horses, or washing sheep. She did miss something, while she was angry with herself for missing it, when Dick was in his Sunday clothes, with a straw in his mouth, or twirling a flower in his fingers, but when hard at work he was a model of a fine-looking strong man. She liked what she knew of the independence of Dick's career, she liked his industry and honesty.

There was common ground between them in their love of country things, and, above all, of animals; perhaps there was still more that was common than what was foreign between them. Pleasance liked the good feeling, and even the delicacy, of Dick's bearing to Lizzie Blennerhasset; nay, she liked Dick's bearing towards herself. She was affected by the respectful distance at which he stood from her, by the lowliness of his offerings of young birds, and of flower-seeds for her garden brought from Cheam, of nuts of his own gathering, and trout of his own catching. She could value his struggles and sacrifices on her account, his forsaking the bar of the Brown Cow for the vicar's school-room, his sitting on a bench in a half-lit room among lads most of them half-a-dozen years younger than himself, striving, till the sweat-drops stood on his forehead, to make a "scholar" of himself for her sake. This was something like love, even more like it than the free-handed fellow's pinching and saving in order to make a purse which should enable him to offer her a better house-place and a greater assurance of comfort than was the portion of most village girls when they wedded.

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#### THE PESSIMIST'S VIEW OF LIFE.

FROM the point of view of what is called a healthy common sense all enquiry into the worth of human life doubtless seems unnecessary and even ridiculous. Men in possession of a fair amount of health and fully occupied in some interesting mode of activity will always take for granted

that the aims of life are worthy of pursuit. In the case of the large majority of mankind the staggering query: "Is it after all worth so much toil and fuss?" never suggests itself except perhaps in some brief intervals of sickness or depressing sorrow when activity is suddenly arrested and the object of wealth, fame, or luxurious living recedes for an instant from the eager pursuer's grasp. With a sufficiency of bodily and mental energy, and with an appropriate channel for this energy, people are always predisposed to think favourably of life and its opportunities. Indeed, it is commonly supposed that a healthy mind is necessarily a sanguine one; and it may be said to be a kind of practical postulate of the normal and actively engaged mind that life is worth the living and that happiness is really attainable.

But out of this mass of busy, deeply interested minds there emerges now and again a spirit of another complexion, inactive, critical, and sceptical, only too well disposed to challenge the easily adopted assumption of the many. These eccentric persons, reflecting on men and their pursuits, soon perceive that life is not always such a rosily-tinted object as the unthinking are apt to presuppose; with a keen vision for the dark shades and blemishes of earthly existence — which betrays the vigilant, skeptical intellect, and also perhaps the mind morbidly sensitive to painful impressions — they speedily collect material for another and contrasted view of the world. Life as seen by these is no longer a fresh and beautiful garden stocked with fragrant flowers and luscious fruits, but rather a dreary desert waste where only hurtful plants abound and where nourishing and grateful growths are rare and hardly reached. Of such a temper are the harsh censors of morals who occasionally arraign society, the earnest, prophetic souls which tear the veil from an illusory national prosperity, the religious teachers who seek to call men off from the vanity of the world, and the cynical writers who care only to raise a laugh at their portraiture of life's pretentious mummeries.

Here, then, we have shadowed forth the two radically opposed forms of the *Weltanschauung*, the hopeful optimistic belief in the sweetness and beauty of human life, and the cheerless and desponding conviction of pessimism that life is nothingness and vanity. Yet let it not be supposed that all who make it their special business to expose the hollowness

of much of the world's so-called prosperity and gaiety are necessarily pessimists. All true reformers, however depressing their estimate of existing institutions and habits of life, must, it is obvious, have believed in the possibility of something really desirable. Even Rousseau, who supposed modern social life to be one gigantic evil, imagined that happiness might even now be reached if men would only throw off the shackles of civilized forms and return to the sweet simplicity of primitive life. So, too, our own unsparing censor, Mr. Carlyle, with all his contempt for the shams of existence, owes his moral force to an invincible belief in a valid and satisfying, even though rather hazily conceived, reality. Religious leaders, again, cannot be called pessimists, for their firm persuasion that a truly satisfying existence is to be reached after the brief flutter of earthly life enables them to look hopefully on the world's evils. Yet though not in the full sense pessimists these moral and religious teachers clearly set out from the pessimist's starting-point. Like him they see first of all and most distinctly the huge evil of the world, and in this sense they strongly contrast with the undoubting happy spirits which go forth to life assured of its perennial bloom.

Just as we find the optimistic and pessimistic temper of mind showing itself in different individuals of the same society and age, so we may see alternations of these moods among different societies and at different epochs in the same national development. Among the light-hearted races of southern Europe, for example, we do not find the severe and gloomy notions of life which have grown out of the brains of the hardy, deep-searching Teutons of the north. So, too, we may notice that it is in the first flush of energetic national life, and in the glad season of national youth, such as that realized in the first ages of Greek civilization, that the brightest ideas of the world and its possibilities arise, whereas when action is no longer so full and a checkered history of success and defeat lies behind, as in the latter period of the Roman Empire, doubts arise as to the genuineness of that life-gold which glitters from afar with so rich a lustre.

An arrest of vigorous and engrossing activity, an impulse of critical reflection, such, then, are the conditions of the birth of the first germinal form of the pessimistic theory of the world. But what, it will be asked, is the relation of this rudiment-

ary pessimism to the highly complex and fully developed pessimism of modern Germany? No one who will read either Schopenhauer or his enthusiastic successor Edward von Hartmann can fail to see that there is a very close connection between the two varieties. Much of the outcry of these later writers against the hollowness of modern social life, with its lauded refinement and elegance, reads like the outpourings of much older teachers.\* But apart from this emphatic attack of contemporary manners, the newer and "philosophic" pessimism may with reason be supposed to have an affinity with its non-speculative predecessor. For is it not the product of Germany, the land of the grave-minded, brooding, all-sifting Teutons, the land, too, of Heine the poet who has sung the great world-pain for all time? And though it may strike one as strange that this ungladdening interpretation of life should continue to be accepted by so many Germans even now when their country is entering upon its recently won estate of national unity and political independence, it should be remembered that this strange gospel really took root in Germany before these golden days, when sore disappointment, the result of long-deferred social hopes and aspirations, embittered the best hearts of Germany.

Philosophical pessimism thus clearly has one foot firmly planted on the old and stable ground of human nature, the querulous, protesting spirit with which in all ages man has faced the reality of the world's evil when once clearly recognized. But as a philosophical system it has, of course, an independent basis as well; and of this we must now seek to give a brief account.

The philosophic pessimism of Schopenhauer and his followers is the distinct denial of the optimistic theory of the universe laid down by Leibnitz in his theological work, "*Essai de Théodicée*." This writer concluded that the Deity had out of a choice of an infinite number of possible worlds created this as the best, and in reply to the natural objection that the existence of evil contradicts this supposition, he sought by a curious process of reasoning to show that all evil is imperfection or negation, a necessary condition of the highest good. To this theory the German pessimists directly address themselves. Both Schopenhauer and Hartmann assert that evil and suffering are a positive thing;

further, that the evil of the world greatly exceeds its good, and that consequently the existing universe is worse than no universe at all. The pessimist theory, then, does not teach as the word might suggest, that this world is the *worst* possible, only that it is worse than none at all. It would be better, says the pessimist, to have no existence, than existence on such terms. So far Schopenhauer and his followers agree. But Hartmann has something to add to his master's theory. Though the existing world is worse than none at all, it is nevertheless the best possible as Leibnitz asserted. How can this be? Because every possible world is necessarily a bad one having a preponderance of suffering over enjoyment, and the existing one is the least bad, that is, the one with the smallest possible excess of evil.

We cannot here enter into a full consideration of the metaphysical basis on which the pessimists seek to place their conception of the universe. Suffice it to say that both Schopenhauer and Hartmann look on the sustaining force or principle of all existence, material as well as mental, as will. Will is for them the one substance and the Divine Creator of the world, only it is not a concrete personal will, but a mysterious something which contains within itself an infinity of what are popularly called wills. It is the nature of all will to be restless, to crave to do something, whether good or bad it recks not. Hence the evil of existence. Will involves misery in the very impulse of willing or desiring something, and since no number of successive objects attained bring more than a momentary satisfaction, this misery is ever recurring and inextinguishable. The insatiable greed of the all-embracing will is thus the prime source of human as of all other suffering. If only the will could be made to cease willing, existence would come to an end, and this is indeed the only conceivable solution of the problem. Schopenhauer counsels men not to commit suicide, which is no denial of will, but to destroy their individual wills by a kind of ascetic discipline. Hartmann thinks it is not for the individual will to seek relief apart, but for all conscious wills at some future date to unite in a grand common act of self-annihilation.

But enough of the metaphysical aspect of the question, which has but little interest for us in this place. If this were the whole of the new theory of pessimism, it would not call for our consideration in these pages. But happily for those to

\* This has been well pointed out by Dr. E. Pfeiderer in an interesting little account of modern pessimism (*Der Moderne Pessimismus*).



whom subtle metaphysical reasonings are not very grateful, the philosophical pessimist condescends, as we have already remarked, to seek a support for his theory in the facts of human life, and here it may be possible for us to form an estimate of his doctrine.

The pessimist's view of life is a singularly clear one. He is satisfied that nobody is happy or can be so. The supposition of happiness, he tells us, is a gross illusion, played off on us by the restless will which sustains our being, and which must have vent at all costs. Take, for example, the case of a man in fair health, with a sufficiency of material good, with family and friends about him, you will find even here no real happiness, only a constant aiming at something fresh, an influx of new desires after every successive attainment. And then what can be said as to the mass of mankind who are wanting in the first conditions of a pleasurable existence, health and the means of livelihood? Just consider, says Hartmann, the simple fact that the majority of men have to work a good part of their life for their bread, that is to say, to engage in what is essentially painful and repulsive, simply to avoid a greater evil. Just reflect, says Schopenhauer, that all for which men toil so anxiously and so painfully is the fleeting possession of the moment.

The present is forever becoming the past; the future is quite uncertain, and ever short. Thus is man's life a constant lapse of the present into the dead past, a constant death. . . . Further, it is plain that our bodily life is but a continually checked process of dying, an ever postponed death. . . . At length death must conquer; for by the very fact of birth we are made over to him, and he is only playing a while with his prey before swallowing it.

The radical evil of our life is ennui, which comes from the incurable restlessness of the will. "Human life," says Schopenhauer, "oscillates between pain and ennui, which two states are indeed the ultimate elements of life. Driven by the fear of ennui, men and women rush into society, thinking to gain a fleeting pleasure by escaping from themselves. But in vain; their inseparable foe will renew his torments only too surely.

Schopenhauer tells us, among many other curious things, that our common forms of art clearly express this unattainability of happiness.

An epic or dramatic poem can represent only a struggling or striving and a fighting for happiness, never the enduring and perfect happiness itself. It leads its hero through a

thousand difficulties and dangers to the goal; as soon as this is reached it quickly lets the curtain fall. For there would be nothing further for it to do but to show that the brilliant goal, at which the hero imagined he would find happiness, had made sport of him, and that after its attainment he was no better off than before.

As to those occupations and interests which are commonly supposed to supply a basis of happiness, Hartmann seeks to show that no one of them is really fit to do so. Love, friendship, and companionship are attended with great drawbacks, and owe their value not to a surplus of pleasure which they bring us, but to their capability of diminishing our wants and sufferings. Since in each individual life the pain exceeds the pleasure, it clearly follows that our sympathy with others must bring us more pain than pleasure. We seek friends because of our individual helplessness. If men did not need society for the sake of protection and the alleviation of suffering, it would certainly be more natural for everybody to live in isolation. Again, if a man supposes that the pursuit of honour and renown will bring him satisfaction, he may be reminded that "for a hundred woundings of pride and ambition there comes scarcely a single gratification." Also it should be remembered that all love of fame really rests on an illusion; for what value can it have for a man what others think of him? Clearly the value of others' approval, praise, and admiration belongs not to the good opinion of others, but to the practical advantages which come to us as the results of these opinions.

Once more it is said that the interests of science and of art afford a real and enduring pleasure. Schopenhauer met this by saying that in receiving and appreciating the products of scientific discovery or of artistic creation, the mind is really in a neutral condition of painlessness, and does not attain a positive enjoyment. Hartmann rejects this, but urges that among those who affect to cultivate these objects only very few have any capacity for their refined pleasure, and that even in the case of those who have this capacity, the drawbacks to the pleasure are so great as to make the net sum of enjoyment an infinitesimal quantity as compared with the overwhelming balance of misery in the world.

But it may still be asked whether, supposing that human life is at present as irremediable a thing as the pessimist describes, it will always remain as bad.

May not the misery so common to-day be due to the ignorance of the many respecting the true conditions of happiness, as well as to the baneful influence of such external circumstances, physical and social, as future progress may enable us either to remove or to counteract? Schopenhauer meets all amiable theories as to the future perfectibility of the race by the simple assertion that misery grows with consciousness, being greater in man than in the lower animals. Hence "the more intelligent the man is the more completely does he attain the full quantum of misery; he in whom genius lives suffers most of all." In a similar way, Hartmann contends that with increasing knowledge men have become more fully aware of the illusory character of life's enjoyments. Thus the working-classes of to-day are more miserable than the hard toilers of the remote past, just because they are growing less obtuse in feeling and in perception, and are beginning to recognize the fundamental error of life, the nullity and vanity of existence. Not only so, adds Hartmann, with all our boasted progress it is probable that the evils of existence in themselves, and apart from our sensibility, are quite as great now as they were years ago. For example, "however many remedies against diseases may still be discovered, those diseases — especially the lighter but vexing chronic evils — continually grow in more rapid progression than the remedial art." So, too, it is doubtful whether the evil resulting from the moral depravity of man is really less in our civilized type of society than in the simple organization of primitive tribes. Finally, though the progress of social and political science may enable us to diminish to some extent the amount of suffering in human life, they can do nothing to help men to reach a positive happiness. All that progress can ever effect is thus a purely negative result, the diminution of pain, and even this is more than counterbalanced by the progress of men generally in sensibility and intelligence and the consequent increase of actually felt misery.

Such is the dead-lock to which pessimism brings us: life is an evil and cannot be made good. And now what must be said of this account of existence? Is it truthful and convincing? We think our readers will agree with us in saying that it is decidedly one-sided and incomplete. If the sanguine optimist has been wont to paint life in colours too bright and warm, the pessimist has surely gone out of his way to select the dingiest and dirtiest hues.

And this is very simply explained, for there is a natural bias to pessimism in certain temperaments just as there is a natural bias to optimism in others. All through the history of the world we may trace a chain of weeping philosophers who saw only the gloomy aspects of existence, and obstinately refused to turn their eyes on the glad sunlit spaces of the landscape. A special keenness of sensibility for all that is harsh and disturbing in the world, together perhaps with a very wide-spread desire to make out life to be as bad as possible in order to attract the pity and admiration which are given to all enduring heroes,—this is quite enough to bias a man's mind towards pessimism. Hence we are not bound at once to accept the pessimist's reading of the facts of life as an impartial statement, but may enquire whether its reasonings are sound. In doing so, be it remarked, we need not be called upon to determine the exact value of life. It will be sufficient to criticise the pessimist's own particular estimate, and to point out any considerations which tell in favour of a more cheerful view of the matter.

At the very outset a critical reader must quarrel with the pessimist as to his easy method of gauging the worth of average human life as it now directly presents itself to our observation. To point to a number of confessed evils, even to enumerate departments of human activity in which the amount of attendant evil is conspicuous, really proves nothing for the pessimist's purposes. What we want to know is whether a man's life as a whole, or in any particular region, is a clear excess of suffering, and before we can prove this we must have a much more definite standard of measurement than that which the pessimist provides us. Who is to determine what is the zero-point, so to speak, in human consciousness, below which the state of mind must be called painful, above which it instantly begins to be pleasurable? We cannot take a man's own testimony on this point, for apart from the bias already spoken of, he will naturally refer any present condition of feeling to an *average* standard, and will speak of it as "low" or "depressed," when it clearly falls short of this. The simplest method might seem to be to go by expression, and to fix on some intermediate state of repose as indicating the zero-point. But one may naturally object to taking repose of features as expressing a *neutral* condition of mind. May one not assert with a good deal of plausibility that in the case of most men at least (al-

lowing for the voluntary restraint of expressive movement on the one side, and for an excessive demonstrativeness on the other) quiescence of feature goes with a state of mind which is decidedly one of tranquil pleasure? We know that the pessimist would not allow this, because, according to his theory, mere satisfaction of will does not involve a positive sensation of pleasure. But, nevertheless, it strikes us as being a quite reasonable supposition. Take for example the state of mind of a man following out some absorbing but not distressing problem, say in mathematics, or that of a man who is idly resting after a pretty heavy day's work. The expression of countenance does not perhaps approach a smile, nor on the other hand does it take the form of a look of distress. Are we then necessarily to reckon it neutral, adding nothing to the man's sum of happiness or of misery? The importance of this question rests on the fact that a large part of the duration of average human life is filled with states of mind no more distinctly coloured than these. We hardly know how to estimate them when they are our own; and yet much may be said in favour of including them among positive states of pleasure.

First of all it must be remembered that our whole state of feeling at any given moment, is a very complex thing resulting from very many distinct influences. Our mental tone is always the product of myriads of separate feelings, some, and a very important number, being contributed by the many nervous processes of the time, the activity of the organic functions, which though but faintly *distinguished* in consciousness, blend in a large mass as prime ingredients of the mental condition. Other elements come through the scarcely-noticed sensuous impressions of the time, as well as the innumerable recollections and fancies which are vaguely called up in the mind through unobserved processes of association. Now it may fairly be argued that in a healthy state of the body and of the brain, and in the absence of all special sources of pain, both in the immediate impressions of the moment and in the most vivid recollections called up, the aggregate state of mind, or the algebraical sum of the pleasures and pains, is a clear remainder, and a considerable remainder, of enjoyment. This conclusion may be verified by turning the attention as far as possible successively to the several sensations present at such a moment, among which a large preponderance of distinctly pleasurable

ingredients will pretty certainly be found.

In the second place, such externally ambiguous conditions of mind may reasonably be deemed pleasurable because they are deliberately sought after. Action (*pace* the pessimists) is one of the safest tests of what really gives a man pleasure, and any line of action which a person shows himself eager in following out may be presumed to be to him an enjoyable occupation. Hence we may argue that a good part of human life which is filled with occupations which are not really necessary to sustain or ward off the perils of existence, and which yet, on the other hand, do not result in any exciting form of enjoyment, is to be placed to the credit of the happiness account. It is of course easy enough to say with the pessimist that men engage in these occupations — for example, extended commercial or intellectual pursuits — simply to avoid the greater evil of ennui. But may one not urge with equal plausibility that ennui owes its force to the pleasure of activity, and not conversely? Is not ennui a kind of pain which follows the non-performance of really pleasurable work, and might one not look on it with a show of reason as a gentle monitor whose office it is to call back our minds to the enjoyments which a little exertion is certain to bring us?

We think then that there is reason to place the point of minimum pleasure much lower than the pessimist seems disposed to do, who regards the externally quiescent condition as either neutral, or else as involving an excess of pain. And with this shifting of the zero-point of the scale the whole value of life from a hedonistic point of view is changed: much that we ourselves were half fain to look on at the time as poor and valueless acquires real worth. Does not this conjecture find some support in the fact that men part with so much regret both from life as a whole, and from any particular form of life? Allowing for the blind instincts of self-preservation, and of attachment to the habitual and the familiar, may one not see in men's intensity of distress, when the whole or any considerable part of life is threatened, an awakening to a true perception of the value of things? If the thought of losing an object acting as a sharp point of contrast, first serves to throw into clear relief the real worth of the object for our common sensibilities, it may be reasoned that the most correct estimate of life is formed when the possibility of its loss most distinctly impresses itself on our minds.

But supposing that this preliminary objection to the pessimist's mode of estimating life is invalid, and that the scale of pleasure must be regarded as beginning with the first outward manifestation of gladness, one might still, with good reason, decline to accept the foregoing cheerless interpretation of everyday human experience. Even if we are to reckon only moments of distinctly visible enjoyment, we may surely argue that in an average life these greatly outnumber the moments of positive suffering. We suppose that hardly a pessimist will dispute that, in the case of all children and young persons with an ordinary degree of vitality and in average circumstances, the sum of pleasurable experience greatly exceeds that of painful ones, and this is to concede a good deal, since youth is a good fraction of every life, and the whole of a great many lives. Even when external circumstances are very unfavourable, an energetic faithful nature will find sources of gladness for itself. Who that observes the dirty ill-clad urchin of our London streets is not often impressed with the vivacity of the youthful mind, seemingly well-nigh inextinguishable, and with the abundant fountain of merriment which may be inclosed within so thin and seemingly fragile a bodily vessel? One wonders how often well-dressed passers-by waste their pity by throwing it to some squalid unhealthy-looking figure who knows full well how to draw amusement from any trivial incident of his ever-busy environment, and experiences perhaps as fair a proportion of glad moments as his unsuspecting observer.

This illustration leads to another consideration which may be urged against the pessimist's delineation of human life. It makes no allowance for the common elasticity of man's spirit, through which he is able not only to bear suffering with a quiet resignation, and so to diminish its intensity, but also to some extent to escape from suffering, even when its causes cannot be reached. Even were one to allow — what the pessimist is wholly unable to prove — that, so far as external influences are concerned, there is more to occasion pain than pleasure; that with our average bodily and mental structures, and their several sensibilities, there is more in the world to wound than to gratify; one might still contend that the sum of human life is an excess not of painful, but of pleasurable experience. This paradoxical-looking proposition might very plausibly be argued, on the ground that a man's emotional life depends not only on the direct

action of external impressions, but also on the reaction of the mind itself. This shows itself in our common conceptions both of the future and of the past, both in ideal anticipation and in ideal recollection. In forecasting the future most persons are inclined to think of it as bright and gladsome, and to fix their thoughts on those circumstances which point to a happy development of things. In retrospection, again, the healthy mind is disposed to overlook the painful, and to dwell on the pleasurable experiences of the past, and so to transform the reality into something brighter and more joyous. Nor does it appear that the pessimist is able to eradicate from us those seemingly normal instincts, for though they may easily lead to irrational views of real life, they also have a certain range of play within which reason has nothing to do. It cannot be shown to be irrational to prefer to recall the echoes of our laughter rather than those of our wailing, or to rest the eye on the bright rather than the dark possibilities of the future, if both seem equally certain or equally doubtful. Here, then, we have two grand vistas through which a mind, troubled by present pain, may look out on something agreeable and cheering. In early life, as Cicero has told us, we are wont to live in hope, in old age in memory. As a matter of fact, we believe there are many who when distressed find a real solace and an inspiring strength both in anticipating possible days of sunshine, and in living over again in imagination the pleasantest hours of the past. We know that weak and timid natures sometimes dread the future, instead of hailing it with smiling hope, and that all of us in moments of depression long eagerly to snatch back the fast-receding past; but the fact remains that men and women with sufficient elasticity of spirit do, by means of this double outlook, considerably lessen the actual present miseries of life, and add to its primary series of pleasures a golden chain of ideal delights.

These two or three considerations may perhaps suffice to show that the pessimist's view of everyday life is far from being complete and accurate. Before he can establish the preponderance of suffering there are certain facts of life, and aspects of facts, as yet untouched by him, of which he must take account.

Does it fare better with his prophetic reading of the future? If we grant the amazing assumption that life to-day is on the average an excess of pain, does it follow that progress will never mend matters?

Hartmann says that increase of intelligence will only make men more keenly alive to the fact that life is a futility and a wearing process of suffering. Perhaps so if this is an unalterable fact. But should one not first enquire whether the greater part of pain, mental as well as bodily, is not a *pathological* symptom, which might be got rid of by habits of life tending to the sustentation and promotion of health and its attendant elasticity of spirit? It is curious that in discussing what progress may effect in improving man's condition Hartmann does not allude to the grandest of all results, namely, the attitude of spirit with respect to the fortune of life which may be reached through a higher style of moral education and discipline. Even if material progress did not insure a vast amount of improvement in the external conditions of life (and this is hardly rendered doubtful by the foregoing style of argument), there would still remain the possibility of very considerably affecting the balance of weal and woe by altering the *internal* factor, namely, the disposition, character, and will, on which hangs so much of our so-called good and ill luck.

This line of remark naturally leads us to the last and largest question which the pessimist forces us to consider. It seems clear that even Hartmann, while professing to base his depressing theory of life on an observation of facts, is really controlled by the presupposition that life *must* in its nature be a process of suffering. Both Schopenhauer and Hartmann in reality construe life by help not so much of facts as of their conception of the will. All conscious human life they say (like all other modes of existence) is the result of volition. We go on living and acting because we must will something. It is from this incessant desiring, this ever-renewed impulse of will, that our misery flows. No number of attainments of desired objects can ever do more than dull for a brief moment this restless and painful craving of this all-greedy will. Hence the one escape from the burthen of existence is the cessation of volition, the reduction of will through a kind of narcosis to a condition of perfect inactivity. Is this inference psychologically sound? Is there no way of conceiving a man's rising above the sea of troubles here described without ceasing to will, and even by a supreme exertion of will?

Man, says the pessimist, so long as he wills, is like a dissatisfied, peevish child that clamours for all it sees, that soon tires of all which a good fortune allots it,

and that is ever tormenting itself with cravings for the impossible or unattainable. In this very illustration we seem to detect the fallacy of the pessimist's view. We certainly should not look at such a fickle whimsical child as an illustration of will, but rather of the absence of will. The pessimists talk as though all desire were will, whereas it is one of the chief results of a development of will to restrain desires. Will, in its higher forms, may indeed be said to begin with a power of checking the impulse of the moment, or (as the physiologists word it) with a process of inhibition. The misery of this unlimited state of desire results not from an excess, but from a deficiency of will. We may assume that it is the object of will to attain the highest amount of happiness perceptible. If, then, the indulgence of vain and unsatisfiable desires is found to bring vexation and misery, a robust will, led by reflection and reason, will stoutly resist such desires. Desire involves the imagination of some wished-for object, and our will is perfectly well able to check such desires by a wise control of those ideas and fancies which arise from time to time.

Now what will be the result of this higher development of will enlightened by knowledge? First of all, it will lead to a considerable diminution of the region of desire. It is the weak and foolish child just beginning to feel the largeness of the world that desires everything. The self-disciplined man confines his desires to a few objects which really lie within reach. He learns to entertain a modest view of life, and to satisfy himself with a moderate realization of mundane felicity. In the second place, this growth of a higher type of rational will is sure to be followed by a voluntary concentration of thought and effort on certain definite objects as conditions of happiness, instead of on the final end of happiness itself. We torment ourselves like unwise children by ever dwelling on felicity itself with its myriad individual hues of delight, as though this vast undefined region could be acquired by a day or two's exertion. By-and-by we learn, as J. S. Mill learnt, that to think of happiness as the object of our effort is about the most certain way of losing it, and that the one safe method of reaching felicity is to fix on some particular line of action which is interesting in itself, and fairly certain of leading to some considerable amount of gratification as its result, and to throw ourselves heartily and cheerfully into this. Let a man select a

style of life and a mode of occupation which best suit his individual tastes, and which are certain (provided he can concentrate his energy on them) to afford him a fair amount of satisfaction, and the conditions of a moderate degree of happiness are secured.

It may perhaps be worth while to point out how progress in moral culture will assist in securing this modestly conceived type of happiness. In the first place, there is nothing which so much tends to cure the mind of extravagant notions respecting individual felicity as a wide and intimate sympathy with others. Where this feeling is fully developed and constantly present, a person learns habitually to compare his own fortune with that of others, and to estimate the degree of his own happiness by the standard of average life. He finds a positive satisfaction in putting himself on a level with others, and in recognizing that he has his just share of life's enjoyments. Esteeming the happiness of others as a thing no less good than his own, he draws a real pleasure from the reflection that others are as happy as himself, and that his good fortune does not lift him above the level of the common human lot.

In the second place, it is to be remarked that morality supplies an object of human effort which is pre-eminently fitted to be the condition of a permanent satisfaction. We may not be able to afford others any more than ourselves an unbounded happiness, or even to compass any lofty achievement of virtue. On the other hand, our daily duty provides us with a point for concentrated effort, which is always attainable, and is certain to afford an ever-renewed satisfaction. Whatever our theory of the basis on which the validity of morality rests, we must agree that the fulfilment of life's duties by its very nature yields a permanent gratification, not exciting indeed, but none the less deep and precious. The impulse to do the right thing, renewed each day and each hour, has nothing in it of wild restless craving, but is the calm direction of effort to something near at hand and certainly attainable. Hence to associate the sense of duty with all the occupations of life is to give them one element of value of which no fluctuations of chance can disappoint us. A will supremely guided by a sentiment of fidelity to duty is thus certain of an ever-renewed, that is of a permanent, satisfaction.

Such then are some of the most obvious objections which may be brought against

the pessimist's method of estimating human life. Its measure of happiness is eminently indefinite; it accentuates certain facts, while overlooking others of essentially equal importance; and finally it reposes on a conception of human nature and will, which is in plain contradiction to psychological facts. If this is so we need not plague ourselves any further with so unedifying a creed. As we have said, it is natural for healthy men to believe in the possibility of happiness, so that the *onus probandi* of the question really rests on the pessimist's shoulders. If Berkeley's arguments for idealism, commonly admitted to be unanswerable, fail to upset our instinctive belief in a world beyond our perceptions, we may feel pretty sure that such a style of argument as that just examined will not seriously disturb the conviction of a normal mind that life is good and worth enjoying. On the contrary, in the face of such flagrant omissions and inaccuracies of argument, we may dismiss the gloomy suspicion which the pessimist may for a moment have awakened in our minds, and turn back to life reconciled and smiling, assured that, whatever it withholds, it will not fail to bestow some gifts it were not well to miss.

At the same time, while pessimism as a complete theory of life is absurdly inadequate, it is by no means devoid of value. In its relation to all older forms of practical teaching of the satirical sort, it is not only forcible in itself but is peculiarly well adapted as a corrective to certain modern modes of thought. It is well perhaps that we should not colour our picture of life too warmly, and the pessimist does no doubt preach a truth which all who desire to see things in their reality will do well to heed. Just now, too, when current modes of speaking and writing are very apt to exaggerate the blessings of civilization and modern culture, we must look on the pessimist's account of contemporary society as a wholesome even if greatly overstated counter-truth. The world is not yet a bed of roses for any of us, and the majority find it sufficiently hard to make a pleasant couch of it at all. Hence we must not fondly imagine that "progress" is rapidly doing everything for us, and that there are hardly any more evils to be redressed. Once more, when the pessimist exposes the superficiality of a great part of modern fashionable amusements, and with bitter cynical laugh brings to light the deep-lying discontent and mental vacuity which are so often at the root of the present desire for "society," we



would cordially greet his message as a much-needed word of wisdom. It is only too true that we are all liable to miss the best possibilities of life, and to mistake a fleeting mirage of happiness for the true substance, and we cannot be reminded too often or with too much force of satire that it is the part of a sane man to abstain from all exciting but illusory visions of preternatural felicity.

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A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

IT would be easy to prove that the *genus irritabile vatum* is not so entirely void of the feeling of good-fellowship as popular prejudice has frequently asserted. Byron and Shelley, Boileau and Racine, Schiller and Goethe, and many other combinations of illustrious names might furnish materials for a book on the friendships of authors quite as voluminous and certainly quite as edifying as that which the elder Disraeli has devoted to their quarrels. The chief reason why such a book has not been written is perhaps that these friendships are too literary, too pre-eminently intellectual, in fact, to allow of a more broadly human treatment apart from the history of the efforts and aspirations on which such connections are usually founded. This remark does not apply to the beautiful intimacy between the two great men and great poets referred to in the heading of the present paper. It is true that the first connecting link between Boccaccio and Petrarch was their common love of poetry, which indeed remained the keynote of their subsequent intercourse. But it is equally true that if, instead being amongst the brightest stars of Italian literature, and the prime leaders and movers of the glorious Renaissance of art and letters, these two men had been private individuals with no particular claim to notice, yet the record of their friendship would be valuable owing to the rare constancy of their affection, the remarkable circumstances by which it was tested, and the interesting and touching traits of individuality revealed on these occasions. It is all the more to be wondered at that as far as the present writer is aware, a monographic treatment of this interesting subject has never yet been attempted, either in Italy or in any of the countries where the names of the two poets are household words.

Boccaccio and Petrarch became acquainted at a comparatively advanced age, when men as a rule are little apt to indulge in sudden impulses of affection. Both held high places in the republic of letters, both had been employed on important diplomatic missions, and had breathed the chilling atmosphere of Italian courts; both, in short, were men of the world, and of a world of subtlest statecraft and intrigue. Yet their friendship seems to have been instantaneous, a friendship at first sight, as warm and unselfish as was ever contracted by freshmen at college. Like schoolboys, also, they at once begin telling each other their secrets, and their correspondence, commenced soon after their first meeting and continued almost to the last day of their lives, is not surpassed in literature, as regards the variety of topics touched upon and the familiarity and perfect mutual confidence evinced in every turn of expression. Moreover, in spite of its almost impetuous beginning, this intimacy sustained the test of time surprisingly well. No thought of rivalry, but too easily accountable under the circumstances, seems to have crossed their minds; no difference of political opinion was able to disturb the harmony of their intercourse for a moment; they always remained the same staunch friends through good and evil report. Petrarch's last will contains an affectionate remembrance of his friend, and the short period by which the broken-hearted Boccaccio survived his loss was mainly employed in securing the departed poet's fame.

This beautiful and rare instance of immutable affection ceases to surprise us when we consider the characters of the two men a little more closely. They were destined to be friends; the concords and discords of their natures, their tastes and idiosyncrasies, their strengths and weaknesses, were complementary of each other, and made their union one of almost organic consistence. Their early years had been passed under somewhat analogous circumstances. Belonging both to the upper-middle class, Petrarch being the son of a respected notary, Boccaccio the illegitimate offspring of a moderately wealthy merchant, they were brought up to their fathers' callings. But neither of them showed taste or talent for the practical pursuits of life. Boccaccio's master sent back his idle clerk in despair after six years' apprenticeship, and an equal term spent by him in the study of the law the poet counts as an utter and irretriev-

able loss of time. With little more success was Petrarch sent to the most renowned professors of canon law at Montpellier and Bologna. The great poets and philosophers of ancient Rome engrossed his thoughts, and as soon as the death of his beloved father freed him from restraint, he threw off the hated yoke and wholly gave himself up to the same "*alma poesis*" which Boccaccio in his epitaph names as the sole study of his own life.

Petrarch represents to us the highest type of an Italian gentleman of the early Renaissance period. His career was an uninterrupted series of brilliant and rapid successes. At the death of his father he entered the Church to secure for himself that moderate competence which enabled him to follow his literary pursuits, and also to meet his great patrons on terms of equality and independence. There was little of the churchman about him. With much humour he reminds his brother, at a later date, "how carefully and painfully we used to dress in the morning, and undress again in the evening; how much we were afraid of disarranging our hair, or of having it disturbed by the wind; how we used to avoid passengers in the street for fear of having our attire creased by their touch." But this period of youthful foppishness was of short duration. On the 6th of April, 1327, a monday in Holy Week (not Good Friday) Petrarch saw for the first time, at the church of Sta. Chiara, in Avignon, the beautiful Laura, whose name was to become inseparably united with his own in the annals of literature. His passion, instantaneously conceived for her, transformed the whole being of Petrarch; it made him a poet. No reader of the "*Canzoniere*" can doubt the truth and fervour of this passion. It was of a high ideal type, much purer, for instance, and perhaps for that reason less humanly tangible than Boccaccio's love for Fiammetta. But its intense reality is proved by the shadow of melancholy it cast over Petrarch's life. For one and twenty years, till the death of Laura, he remained invariably attached to her. Thoughts of her followed him to the courts of emperor and pope, and in the solitude of Vacluse her image inspired him with rhymes of tenderest pathos. Neither the caprice and inexorable virtue of his lady, nor yet the bursts of more earthly passion by which Petrarch occasionally tried to divert his thoughts, were able to stifle the one great flame of his heart.

But although unrequited, his love for Laura was not fruitless to him. His son-

nets written in praise of her soon gained a popularity unprecedented at that time, and hardly surpassed by later poets. They were repeated and lacerated, to use the fastidious poet's own expression, by popular reciters in taverns and at village fairs, and at least indirectly contributed to his obtaining the much-coveted laurel in the Roman Capitol, although this honour was nominally conferred upon him for his Latin poems. It was a proud moment in his life when in a meadow near Vacluse he received on one and the same day the messages from the Roman Senate and from the University of Paris, both offering him the highest honours they could confer, or he desire. But satisfied ambition could not give lasting happiness to a nature like Petrarch's. In the midst of his triumph anxious forebodings fill his mind; he apprehends the power of envy; his friends he fears may join his enemies and detractors whose censures he vainly pretends to despise. This vague anxiety and unsettledness of mind is characteristic of Petrarch. Traceable perhaps to the deep impress of his early passion or to his poetic nature generally, it sometimes strikes us with startling effect in the career of the renowned statesman and scholar. His early friendship with the Colonnas involved Petrarch in the many political transactions and interests which centred in various members of that powerful family. But the attachment to his patrons never took the form of servile partisanship. It is well known how the poet welcomed with enthusiasm the revolutionary efforts of Cola Rienzi against the oppressions of the Roman nobles and especially of the Colonnas. In the same spirit of noble independence Petrarch rejected the repeated offers of splendid employment made to him by both emperor and pope. Hence the high esteem in which he was held by these potentates and the indulgence with which his frequently very candid advice was listened to by ears wholly unaccustomed to such language.

But amidst the gayest bustle of court-life a sudden longing for solitude and quiet contemplation would come over Petrarch. "*Natura me solitudinis amatorem genuit*," he says of himself; and the statement is borne out by his frequent retirements to Vacluse and Linternò near Milan — *L'inferno*, as he sometimes calls it with a mild attempt at punning. For months he lived the life of a recluse, studying from morning till night and "battling for his liberty" from vain ambition

and power, "and from that dire flame which so long has consumed me." But the same restlessness of nature which had driven him into solitude soon wearies him of its monotonous quiet. In vain he writes an apology of solitary life; no argument can cool his thirst for excitement and action.

Thus, the reader will perceive, Petrarch was not a contented or altogether happy man in spite of his fame and influence. Neither, however, must we picture him to ourselves as the knight of the woeful countenance. His nature was too sensitive, too much in contact with the great ideas of his time to give way to continued moroseness. We find indeed in his correspondence sallies of humour and even of gaiety, quite at variance with the popular notion of the sentimental singer of Laura. His enjoyment also of the friendly converse of many remarkable contemporaries was keen and salutary. From his earliest youth Petrarch was open to the influences of friendship. His school-fellow at Carpentras, Guido Settimo, afterwards archbishop of Genoa, he loved with the fervour of youth, and his faithful attachment to Convevole, his tutor at the same place, is but too well known to lovers of ancient literature. Petrarch used to assist the indigent old man, and being on one occasion himself without money sent him a rare and valuable manuscript of Cicero's work "*De Gloria*." Instead of pawning it to meet his immediate wants, Convevole seems to have sold the codex, which has thus been irretrievably lost to literature. The poet's intimacy with the Colonnas has already been touched upon; a similar connection he kept up for a long time with Giovanni and his nephew Galeazzo Visconti, the rulers of Milan, and with Andrea Dandolo the great doge of Venice.

But in spite of all this there remained a want unsupplied in Petrarch's sentimental nature; a want of something to fill up the void which Laura's sudden death in 1348 had left in his heart; of a friend in fact, different from his patrons and literary acquaintances, one he could love and fondle and scold and assist and patronize. This friend he found in Giovanni Boccaccio.

Born in 1313 Boccaccio was Petrarch's junior by nine years; his literary reputation also was of comparatively recent date, and although fairly established at the time of his acquaintance with Petrarch, rested on a lower basis than that of his first illustrious friend. It is vain to deny that many of the stories of the "*Decameron*"

and even parts of the "*Teseide*" and the "*Ameto*" appeal to a class of readers very different from that moved to tears by Petrarch's purer strains of passion. Nobody was more painfully conscious of this fact than Boccaccio himself. "Leave my tales," he writes in a bitter pang of remorse, "to the determined followers of vice, to those who pride themselves on being considered the corruptors of female virtue." Almost passionately he recognizes and proclaims the superiority of his great friend. His own productions appear to him utterly despicable and worthy of the flames by the side of Petrarch's immortal sonnets. Even the name of poet he refuses to accept from the lips of one crowned with well-earned laurel. "You are angry," Petrarch writes to him, "because in my letter I call you a poet. Because you have not received the laurel crown, you think you are unworthy of that name? Supposing no laurel had ever existed do you think the muses would keep silence? Is it wrong to string verse to verse in the shady groves of beech or pine?"

It is beautiful to see how the nobler element of Boccaccio's nature clings to his friend for encouragement; how he looks to him for advice and assistance in all his troubles. This implicit confidence, this almost feminine dependence on his friend's support, is the keynote of Boccaccio's character—a character full of inconsistencies and weaknesses, but lovable withal, and perhaps humanly nearer to us than Petrarch's more self-sustained nature. At the same time it would be unjust to say that the latter was unworthy or neglectful of the confidence bestowed upon him. He always acts as his friend's wise admonitor, warning him of excesses; but he never lapses into prudery or sermonizing morality. Of Boccaccio's literary eccentricities he is inclined to take a much more lenient view than the repentant author himself. "If there are some lascivious liberties in your book"—he writes alluding to the "*Decameron*"—"your youth when you wrote it must be an excuse; also your circumstances, your language (meaning the vernacular Italian, on which Petrarch, the famous Latin poet, was inclined to look down), the levity of the subjects treated by you, as well as that of your probable readers." How, on one occasion, Boccaccio was saved by his friend's counsel from a fatal step resolved upon in a fit of morbid remorse, we shall see hereafter.

But Petrarch's friendship was not confined to cheap advice. When Boccaccio

is repulsed by a great noble, whose hospitable proffers he had taken for genuine, it is Petrarch who offers him a home; when his substance is spent in the purchase of books, it is again Petrarch who bids him share his moderate competence; his roof, his board, his purse, are at his friend's service. Boccaccio, on the other hand, was not remiss in showing his active gratitude for kindnesses so generously offered. On one occasion, presently to be mentioned, he was able to use his political influence successfully on his friend's behalf; and even more welcome were the zeal and courage with which the detractors of Petrarch's literary fame were attacked by his fearless friend. Petrarch thought it unworthy of his position to take notice of those arch-enemies of poets in the fourteenth as well as in the nineteenth century — the critics. He writhed under their attacks, but he covered his wounds with the mantle of dignified silence. But Boccaccio was under no such restraint; he returns hate with hate, scorn with scorn; and the powerful diatribe prefixed to the fourth day of the "*Decameron*" fully deserves Petrarch's compliment: "You have valiantly defended your book with cudgel and voice from the dogs that were tearing it to pieces." We may imagine the intensified rage excited in Boccaccio's generous heart against the miscreants who dared to attack his friend's most vulnerable point, his great Latin poem, "*Africa*," to which he owed his laurel crown, which he infinitely preferred to his immortal sonnets, which he loved, in fact, with all an author's passion for his weakest work. We do not possess Boccaccio's metacriticism, but we can guess its tone from the letter of thanks addressed to him by Petrarch on the occasion. This letter is highly characteristic of its writer. He cannot conceal his extreme satisfaction at Boccaccio's proceeding, but nevertheless contrives very soon to resume his attitude of quiet contempt. "The defence," he writes, "which, at the dictation of your noble wrath you have held up against my censors, has greatly pleased me; I am delighted with your impulse, your style, your judgment. I know that they (*i. e.*, the critics) have deserved this and worse, but do not let your generous mind be incited to give them their due. They are not worthy of your thoughts or your indignation."

So much about the general features of a friendship, the main incidents of which I now propose to relate in their chronological order, supplementing the narrative by such extracts from letters and published

writings as may serve to further elucidate the story. But, first of all, I must ask the reader to glance at an interesting scene of mediæval life which forms, as it were, the prologue to our actual drama.

At the beginning of March, 1341, Petrarch arrived at Naples, on his way to Rome, where the laurel crown, granted to him by the Senate, awaited him. The grounds on which this distinction was conferred appear somewhat slender. His Italian sonnets, on which his posthumous fame is mainly founded, are not cited amongst his claims. It was the classic scholar, the accomplished writer of Latin verse, not the vernacular poet, that the Romans wished to honour. But even of his Latin works comparatively few had been published at the time, and of his great epic, "*Africa*," in particular — which rumour placed on a level with the masterpieces of ancient Rome — little was written and less known. It need not therefore surprise us that the intercession of his great patrons with the Roman Senate was eagerly accepted by the ambitious poet. Amongst these the most zealous and the most influential had been King Robert of Naples, a patron of science, and himself a deep scholar; and to show his gratitude the polite poet now declared that previously to accepting the laurel he desired to undergo an examination by the learned monarch. The ceremony, which took place in the presence of the whole court and of a numerous audience, lasted two days, and ended, it need hardly be added, to the satisfaction of all concerned, the king finally presenting the poet with a beautiful robe, to be worn at the ensuing pageant in the Capitol.

Amongst the crowd assembled might have been noticed a handsome young man of twenty-eight, with beautiful expressive eyes and finely-shaped, though somewhat full, lips. Eagerly he listened to the proceedings, and when Petrarch in impassioned words explained to the king the high mission and power of a poet, the young man's cheeks glowed with noble enthusiasm. This was Boccaccio, then living at Naples as a merchant's clerk, and totally unknown to fame, although well received amongst the *litterati* of the city. He did not become personally known to Petrarch on this occasion, but the impression received is said to have greatly contributed to his final resolution of abandoning his hateful profession for the freedom and poverty of a poet. This statement we may readily accept, unless we prefer to ascribe this magic effect to the

"blonde hair and indefinably beautiful eyes" of Maria, immortalized by Boccaccio as Fiammetta, whom he saw for the first time a few weeks after the events related, under circumstances so similar to those of the first meeting of Petrarch with Laura, as to make one almost suspicious of conscious imitation. But then we must remember that, as Guerrazzi sententiously puts it, "Italians fall in love at church;" and as to the genuineness of Boccaccio's passion there can be no doubt, although he may have slightly embellished the story of its commencement.

The first personal acquaintance of the two poets took place nine years after the events just referred to. Boccaccio had just settled down in Florence, by whose citizens he was highly esteemed, and employed on important diplomatic missions. "*Filocolo*," the "*Teseide*," "*Ameto*," and other works in prose and verse had established his literary reputation, and the stories of the "*Decameron*," although not yet published in their collected form, greatly tended to increase his popularity amongst fashionable readers of both sexes. Petrarch happened to pass through Florence on his way to the jubilee celebrated in Rome (1350); he did not love the city of his ancestors, which had expelled his father and confiscated his own heritage. During this, his first visit also, he complains of the cold reception he met with at the hands of the Florentines. All the more must he have been delighted with the kindness of Boccaccio, who, on receiving the news of his arrival, sent him a complimentary Latin poem, invited him to his house, and entertained him with great hospitality during his stay in Florence.

The friendly intercourse thus commenced soon gave rise to further acts of mutual kindness. After the example of several Italian cities, and especially of the rival Pisa, Florence resolved on founding a university, and it may be considered a sign of the strong vitality of the republic, that this plan was carried out immediately after the terrible plague of 1348, so graphically described by Boccaccio. The latter took a lively interest in the project, and, not without trouble, persuaded the authorities to secure for the university the lustre of Petrarch's name. He moreover undertook the personal delivery of a highly complimentary letter from the Senate to the poet offering him a chair in the university — the choice of a subject for his lectures being left to his own decision. A promise was added, on the part of the Senate, to repurchase, at the public expense, and re-

store to Petrarch his confiscated patrimony; "a small gift in itself" — the official document says — "but not unimportant, if you consider our laws and customs, and the fact that it has never been granted to any of our citizens." Petrarch, highly flattered by the offer, and perhaps still more by the complimentary terms in which it was couched, wrote an enthusiastic letter of acceptance to the Senate. The messenger, it need scarcely be added, was no less welcome than the good news he carried. Boccaccio remained with Petrarch for some time, and the account he has given of his visit conveys a pleasant idea of the genial unceremonious intercourse of the two friends. Even for such a guest, Petrarch would not interrupt his studies, and Boccaccio himself began at once to copy the most important works of his friend, the possession of which had been the goal of his wishes for a long time. But, after their work in the evening, the two friends used to meet in a little orchard, beautiful with the blossoms of spring, and to communicate to each other the ideas nearest and dearest to their hearts. One of these conversations, or rather Petrarch's part of it, has been preserved to us, in which the poet deploras in impressive language the woes and wrongs of his country.

The friends parted with an *al rivederci* in Florence. But this wish was to remain unfulfilled. For Petrarch suddenly changed his mind, and writing a letter of excuse to the Florentines, started for his lonely retreat of Vacluse. Whether one of the poet's fits of misanthropy, or his old prejudice against Florence, never quite overcome, was the cause of this strange conduct cannot be ascertained. Another step he took two years afterwards seems to confirm the latter conjecture. I am alluding to his entering the service of Giovanni Visconti, the warlike archbishop of Milan and sworn enemy of the republic, whose conduct Petrarch himself had severely reprovved in his conversation with Boccaccio. The latter felt deeply aggrieved at his friend's inconsistency. "How could you forget," he writes, "your own dignity, our conversation on the state of Italy, your hatred of the archbishop, your love of solitude, and of the liberty so necessary for study, and imprison the muses in that court? . . . How was it that a Visconti could obtain what King Robert, the pope, the emperor, the king of France have vainly asked for? Perhaps you will say that you were induced to accept this offer by your indignation at your fellow-citizens, who, after re-

storing your patrimony have again deprived you of it.\* I do not disapprove of your just indignation at such a proceeding; but Heaven forbid that I should call it honest or justifiable in any one to revenge private injury by a wrong done to his country." One recognizes Boccaccio's love in the warmth of his reproaches. He is grieved at seeing his friend and master act in a manner unworthy of his greatness. But there is no bitterness or animosity in his rebuke, only sorrow, and anxious care for his friend's dignity and happiness.

The manly straightforwardness of his conduct cannot be commended too highly, but equally praiseworthy is the manner in which Petrarch received the advice so impetuously offered. He fully appreciates his friend's anxiety, but assures him at the same time that no political connection could ever withdraw him from the great purposes of his life — learning and poetry. The only thing in the letter amounting to a retort is Petrarch's remark, that "talking of service, I do not see that it is worse to serve one man than a whole people of tyrants." There the discussion seems to have ended, although Boccaccio occasionally mentions Petrarch's stay at Milan as a sore point. But their mutual affection remained unalterably the same.

The next meeting of the friends, of which we have authentic information, took place in 1359. Petrarch was staying at Milan, where Boccaccio paid him a visit of considerable duration, it would seem. Political scruples, which might have made him hesitate at entering the city of the Visconti, had given way to higher considerations. About this time we have to date the beginning of a moral revolution in Boccaccio's nature, which soon was to lead to important results. Petrarch, as has been said before, had from the first been his guide and monitor, and to Petrarch he went again in the present crisis. Their conversation frequently turned upon moral topics, and in an eclogue, purporting to render one of their arguments, Boccaccio extols the new light of a higher ideal suddenly breaking upon him: "If my friend's admonitions," he adds, "did not lead to an immediate triumph over myself, they at least kindled in me the desire of future victory."

But their common interest in literary pursuits was not wholly lost sight of. Boccaccio, on this occasion, presented his friend with several valuable manuscripts

of ancient authors, and also with a complete copy of the "*Divina Commedia*," all written with his own hand. The last-mentioned gift was one of peculiar significance, and indeed referred to a circumstance which might have been fatal to a friendship founded on a less secure basis.

Boccaccio's enthusiasm for the works of Dante is well known; he was one of his earliest biographers and commentators, and age and infirmity could not prevent him from accepting at a later period the chair created for the exegesis of the "*Commedia*" in the University of Florence. Petrarch, on the other hand, treated the works of his great predecessor with marked neglect, and his voluminous library did not contain a copy of modern Italy's most glorious poem. His enemies naturally suggested envy as the motive of this strange conduct. Boccaccio himself felt aggrieved and perplexed. Hence his present, accompanied by some Latin verses, in which he exhorts Petrarch to study the work with care, and after this to stop the slanderous rumours by a straightforward utterance of his opinion. Petrarch's answer to this demand is long and elaborate. I will briefly sketch its contents, leaving it for the reader to form his own opinion as to the justice or injustice of the charge which it tries to refute. Any thought of envy on his part the poet indignantly denies. "*Crede mihi nihil a me longius, nulla mihi pestis ignotior invidia est.*" As to Dante, in particular, I have no reason to hate him who lived on terms of intimacy with my father and grandfather, and was banished with them by their political adversaries. I admire his steadfastness of purpose not to be bent by poverty or persecution." His intentional ignorance of Dante's chief work he explains from the fear of unconsciously becoming an imitator; he now unhesitatingly admits Dante to be the first of vernacular authors. But here is the rub. Petrarch's whole pride lay in his reputation as a Latin poet, and we become painfully aware that the genial praise just quoted flows from a patronizing vein. He can afford to be generous in a case where competition with his own fame is out of the question. "How can I envy him who dedicated his whole life to that to which I gave only the flower and first-fruits of my youth?" After the impression which this cool statement has probably made on the reader, it is only fair to remind him that some of the best scholars and authors of the day shared with Petrarch a prejudice against the so-called *lingua volgare* which

\* It seems from this that the Florentines had punished the poet's fickleness by withdrawing their grant.



the poet's own works were so largely instrumental in dispelling.

Boccaccio's visit was shortened by a circumstance which, intimately as it concerned both him and Petrarch, deserves our attention. It leads us naturally to that element in their friendship which connects it with the great current of intellectual progress. News reached the friends of the arrival at Venice of Leontio Pilato, the celebrated Greek scholar, then on his way to the papal court at Avignon. Boccaccio at once resolved to secure his services for Italy, and waylaying him he persuaded the learned man to go with him to Florence, where, soon afterwards, he induced the Senate to offer a Greek professorship to Leontio, the first chair of the kind founded in western Europe since the destruction of the Roman Empire.

We in England are apt to connect the idea of classic Renaissance with the age of Raphael, Michael Angelo and the Medici, with the *cinquecento* in fact. With regard to the literary revival this is a mistake by more than a century. It has already been stated how both Petrarch and Boccaccio encouraged the study of the great Latin authors by word and example. Both were zealous collectors of books, and to Boccaccio in particular belongs the honour of having saved many a valuable manuscript from the callous ignorance of lazy monks; and their interest was not confined to the writers of ancient Rome. At a time when the language of Hellas was ignored by the best scholars of Italy, Petrarch, at a comparatively advanced age, began a serious course of Greek grammar and literature under Barlaam, the ambassador from Constantinople. It is true that his progress was slow and limited, that he remained an *elementarius Graius*, an elementary Greek according to his own modest confession. But the example set by him acted as an incentive on others, Boccaccio, again, being amongst the first in this race of noble emulation. He now received Leontio Pilato in his house, and with his assistance soon was able to master and enjoy Homer in his original beauty. At his own expense he ordered MSS. of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" from Greece, and by his advice Leontio began and finished in about two years a Latin translation of the two works. It is indeed not too much to say with Gibbon "that the popular writer who derives his reputation from the '*Decameron*' — an hundred novels of pleasantry and love — may aspire to the more serious praise of restoring in Italy the study of the Greek language."

But this elegant and well-deserved tribute Boccaccio did not earn without much personal sacrifice. Leontio Pilato, great scholar as he was, must have been one of the least desirable companions that can well be imagined. From the quiet annals of scholarship the eccentricities and strange adventures of this man stand out with graphic distinctness. He displays a combination of the highest scholarly attainments with the habits of a charlatan. One of his tricks was to conceal his Italian nationality, in which he succeeded with the good-natured Boccaccio. But Petrarch was of a less credulous disposition. "Our friend Leo," he writes, evidently in high glee at his discovery, "hails from Calabria, although he wants to be a Thessalian — as if it were nobler to be a Greek than an Italian. I understand, however, that in Greece he is the Italian, so that in either country he enjoys the *prestige* of foreign origin." Boccaccio himself has not much to say in favour of his guest and teacher. His whole aspect, we are told, inspired horror: he had a forbidding countenance, a long beard, and black hair, and always seemed absorbed in meditation. To this were added rude and overbearing manners, and a habit of grumbling at every one and everything. It required, indeed, all Boccaccio's urbanity and all his love of study to tolerate such an inmate in his home for nearly three years. At the end of that time Leontio grew restless, and persuaded his host to accompany him on a visit to Petrarch, then staying at Venice. There Boccaccio left him and returned to Florence, expecting to see him back again in due time. But instead of his truant guest a letter arrived from Petrarch which is too amusing to be passed over in silence. "This Leone," he writes, "is truly and in all respects a perfect brute (*bestia*). In spite of my wish and prayer he left me shortly after your departure, being indeed more deaf and immovable than the rocks to which he is going. You know both him and me, and might find it difficult to decide which is greater, his moroseness or my good-humour. Fearing at last that by living too much with him his temper might prove contagious, and seeing moreover, that something stronger than prayers would be required to keep him back, I permitted him to depart, and gave him as travelling-companion Terence, the comic poet, although I do not see what the melancholy Greek and the gay African can have in common. . . . He left me with many sallies of bitter invective against Italy and everything Latin. But, lo and

behold, hardly can he have arrived in Greece when I get from him a letter longer and pricklier than his beard, in which, amongst other things, he praises and extols Italy and curses Constantinople instead, which formerly he used to praise up to the skies. He also asks me for an invitation to come back to Italy with more fervour than that with which the drowning Peter prayed for his rescue from the waves." "But he will never have a letter or message from me," Petrarch adds, writing again to Boccaccio, "to call him back again. Let him stay where he wanted to go; and live in misery where he went with insolence."

But this is not the last we hear of the unfortunate Leontio Pilato. His death was as extraordinary as his life had been. The learned Ravisius Textor, according to Horace Walpole, wrote a book about authors who died laughing. Is there one about such as died by lightning? or did many distinguished men of letters make their exit in that melodramatic manner? I know of one only—the one we have been speaking of. In spite of Petrarch's significant silence, Leontio Pilato resolved to return to Italy, and embarked for that purpose at Constantinople. At sea they were overtaken by a terrible storm, and the frightened scholar ascending the mast of the vessel was there killed in the manner alluded to. Petrarch, in telling Boccaccio the news of his death, cannot suppress a certain feeling of compassion and sorrow: "For in spite of his unpleasant ways I know he was fond of me, and after all we have derived great benefit from him for our studies."

We now come to an episode in Boccaccio's life exceedingly interesting from a psychological point of view, and illustrative at the same time of one important side of his intimacy with Petrarch. The moral standard of Boccaccio, both in his life and his writings, was not a very elevated one, even making allowance for the dissolute manners of his age. He was certainly not a confirmed debauchee; his refinement of taste, his enthusiasm in the cause of literature, preserved him from such debasement. At the same time these nobler feelings made him all the more sensible of his shortcomings. He was, in fact, one of those complex beings with high moral aspirations, but without sufficient steadiness of purpose to come up to their own ideal. Hence his occasional fits of morbid remorse intensified, at the period we have now reached, by the gloom of ill-health and approaching old age. The traces of

this state of feeling we have already discovered in his conversations with Petrarch at Milan. We can therefore imagine the impression produced on his agitated mind, when, not long after his return to Florence, a Carthusian monk called on him with the following startling message: "The blessed Peter (another Carthusian monk lately deceased), unknown to thee, although he knew thee well, moved to pity at seeing thee on the straight road to perdition, has sent me to thee with a summons to change thy wicked habits. Repent thee and chastise thyself for the dangerous and immoral purport of thy vernacular writings, a danger which will increase and spread unless thou change thy principles. Thou hast abused the power. . . ." and so forth, in the most improved style of monkish oratory, the climax being a threat of imminent death in case of disobedience. The revelation of a secret known only to Boccaccio himself is said to have given additional force to this posthumous admonition.

Boccaccio was deeply moved. His troubled conscience, fear of death, amazement at the supernatural agencies at work, all combined to upset his intellectual equipoise. His first natural impulse in such cases was to seek Petrarch's help. To him, therefore, he wrote a letter, detailing the incidents alluded to, and expressing his firm resolve to sell his library, abandon all profane studies, and prepare himself for his approaching end by a life of repentance and religious seclusion.

Petrarch's reply is extant. It is a masterpiece of good sense, and amazingly free from the prejudices and superstitions of the time. But it ought to be remembered that Petrarch in matters of intellect was centuries in advance of his age. The much-revered and wonderful science of astrology he treated with utter contempt, and a similar feeling of suspicion he, perhaps not unjustly, extended to medicine such as it was practised at the time. His wholesale ridicule of the profession of *unguentarii* (quacksalvers), as he collectively calls them, rivals Molière's satire in sweeping poignancy. A trick of monkish jugglery stood but small chance of success with such a critic. Probably he knew that most of Boccaccio's secrets were certain to be shared by at least one person, of a sex, too, not usually credited with much reticence. At any rate he seems inclined to treat the supernatural part of the story very lightly. "It has frequently happened," he writes, "that fictitious and lying statements have been covered with

the cloak of religion; before deciding as to your particular case I should like to see the messenger." "But why," he continues, "do we despise things well known in order to be impressed by what is hidden from us? Did you not know without this monk that the time of your life was measured—a thing that every child could tell? Do not saints and philosophers teach you the same? Ought not man to long for death every day so as to detach himself from material things, and to ascend a height beyond the foul breath of earthly desire? Of the advice you have received retain what is good; divest your spirit of mundane cares, and reform your life and mind. But do not abandon, I implore you, your studies, the healthy food of a healthy mind, although distasteful and nauseous to the weak stomach." Sooner than allow the library of so distinguished a man to be dispersed, he declares his own willingness to become its purchaser, but at the same time exhorts Boccaccio not to part with it. The letter ends with an affectionate invitation to his friend to live with him in his own house, "sufficiently large to shelter two men of the same heart under the same roof." The fact that Boccaccio continued his Homeric studies with Leontio Pilato (during whose stay at his house the just-related incident might have happened) proves his amenability to good advice; and it ought not to be forgotten that to Petrarch's salutary interference, the literary world owes the important historical and mythological works of Boccaccio's later years.

It remains to look at one more scene of this passionless drama—a scene full of tenderness and gentle melancholy. In 1368, after an absence from Italy, Boccaccio once more intended to visit his friend to thank him for some liberal assistance recently received. Petrarch at that time was living with his married daughter in Venice, but on arriving Boccaccio found that both the father of the lady and her husband, Franceschino da Brossano, were absent from home. Tullia, however (this is the name given to Petrarch's daughter by Boccaccio in the letter containing the incident), received him kindly, and placed her house and her father's library at his disposal. But with a delicacy hardly perhaps to be expected from the author of the "*Decameron*," Boccaccio declined the lady's hospitality in the absence of her husband, thinking that neither his grey hairs nor the considerable rotundity of his figure would sufficiently protect Tullia from the suspicions of the wicked. Soon

afterwards Franceschino returned, and his offer the poet now gladly accepted, and stayed with the young couple for some time. Boccaccio then mentions Tullia's little daughter, who, he adds, in her face and in her pretty childish ways, reminded him of his own little girl dead long ago; and it is touching to read his confession to Petrarch, how with great difficulty he tried to hide his tears from the parents.

On the morning of July 19, 1374, Petrarch was found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book. A stroke of apoplexy had suddenly killed him. In his last will he left to Boccaccio, with a slight touch of humour one might almost think, "fifty Florentine gold florins to buy a winter coat for his nightly studies and lucubrations." The letter from Franceschino da Brossano announcing his father-in-law's death, reached Boccaccio at Certaldo, his native place, where he possessed some property. He was slowly recovering from a severe illness, and this new shock completely prostrated him. In his answer to Franceschino he pours forth the fulness of his grief. He deploras Italy who has lost such a son, the surviving friends who are left without a pilot on the ocean of life. Only his extreme weakness prevents him from visiting a tomb enshrining a heart "the seat of the muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, of eloquence, of artistic perfection."

Life henceforth had no attraction for him, and he longed for death and reunion with his friend; but one duty remained unfulfilled, a duty to *his* memory. Petrarch's Latin epic, "*Africa*," has already been mentioned in these pages. It was begun at an early age, and, like Goethe's "*Faust*," it remained the object of its author's love and care almost till his last day. He went on incessantly altering and correcting it with all the severity of his self-critical nature. "*Africa mea*," he writes to Boccaccio at an advanced age, "*quæ tunc juvenis notior jam famosiorque quam vellem, curis postea multis ac gravibus pressa consenuit*." At one time he was so dissatisfied with his work that it narrowly escaped death by burning. But in spite of all this anxiety the *opus magnum* of Petrarch's life remained unfinished at his death. A large portion, however, was known to be extant, and the learned world was eagerly looking forward to its speedy publication. A rumour reached Boccaccio that owing to the negligence of Petrarch's heirs, the manuscript had been tampered with by illiterate scribblers. Im-

mediately his energy was roused. A letter on the subject written by him to Petrarch's son-in-law is full of the fire and energy of his early style. He entreats Franceschino to publish at once an authentic copy of the work. He deploras the carelessness of Petrarch's executors in not appointing a competent person as editor of his literary remains. He even seems to give credence to wild rumours of one or more of Petrarch's "*Trionfi*" having been destroyed by envious persons, and points out the grave responsibility attaching to the possession of such invaluable treasures. In compliance with his wish Franceschino ordered an exact copy of the work to be made expressly for Boccaccio, who unfortunately died before it was finished. There is, however, little doubt that to his energetic interference the preservation of "*Africa*" is mainly due; and however much we may differ from contemporary criticism as to the value of that work, we cannot refuse our admiration to a friendship outlasting death itself.

Boccaccio survived his friend one year and five months, dying in December 1375. Shortly before his end he wrote a sonnet, in which the two great affections of his life — for Petrarch and Fiammetta — find pathetic utterance. I have attempted a literal translation, which may fitly close this article: —

Now hast thou left me, master dear; now art  
At rest in that eternal house, where free  
From earthly strife God-chosen souls shall be  
When from this sinful world they do depart.  
Now art thou where full many a time thy  
heart

Drew thee thy Laura once again to see;  
Where with my beautiful Fiammetta she  
In God's most blissful presence taketh part.  
Cino, Senuccio, Dante, thee around,  
Gazing on things our reason may not grasp,  
Calmly abide in sempiternal rest.  
If here thy trusty friend I have been found,  
Draw me to thee, that I may see and clasp  
Her who love's flame first kindled in my breast.

F. HUEFFER.

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From The Spectator.

#### LORD MACAULAY'S MEMORY.

MACAULAY, rather than Rogers, ought to have written "*The Pleasures of Memory*," if those pleasures were to have been so illustrated that the rest of the world could understand what under the most favourable circumstances they really might be. For probably no man who ever lived

got such a lasting and inexhaustible fund of delight out of his memory as Lord Macaulay. He began early, and the delight it gave him hardly died before him. Mr. Trevelyan records, in the "*Life and Letters*" which we elsewhere review, that at eight years of age he got hold of Scott's "*Lay*" during a call somewhere with his father, and that from that one reading, he was familiar enough with it to repeat canto after canto to his mother when he returned home. And perhaps such feats of memory as the following are even more remarkable, though we will not say that the last of them belongs to the class which, taken individually, produces very exquisite pleasure: —

At one period of his life he was known to say that, if by some miracle of vandalism all copies of "*Paradise Lost*" and the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce them both from recollection whenever a revival of learning came. In 1813, while waiting in a Cambridge coffee-room for a post-chaise which was to take him to his school, he picked up a county newspaper containing two such specimens of provincial poetical talent as in those days might be read in the corner of any weekly journal. One piece was headed "*Reflections of an Exile*," while the other was a trumpery parody on the Welsh ballad "*Ar hyd y nos*," referring to some local anecdote of an ostler whose nose had been bitten off by a filly. He looked them once through, and never gave them a thought for forty years, at the end of which time he repeated them both without missing, or, as far as he knew, changing a single word.

But though such instances of retentiveness as this last cannot in themselves have been the cause of any great individual satisfaction to Lord Macaulay, it seems likely enough that it was the strange power to which this feat of memory points, of remembering the physical collections of words, without any special interest in their meaning, — of remembering them, that is, in great measure from their *look*, as well as from their sound or sense, — that some of his most pleasurable intellectual efforts proceeded. For instance, this power probably made all the difference to the strain on his memory. If you can remember the words of anything as a picture — just as you remember the pictures on the walls — you have not got to translate, as it were, from one medium (printed words) into another (spoken words) before either catching their drift or, of course, retaining it. Probably this was one of the chief reasons why Lord Macaulay was so rapid as well as accu-

rate a reader. According to Mr. Trevelyan, "he seemed to read through the skin," said one who had often watched the operation." He skimmed and yet remembered books as fast as any one else could turn the leaves. And if he really both read and remembered through his eyes, as pictures are seen and remembered, this would be, to a certain extent, intelligible. Most people think, even if they do not utter inaudibly, of the *sound* of at least a large number of the less familiar words before they catch their meaning. For instance, to the present writer it is not the *vision* of the word "perfunctory," but the conception of its sound which conveys the meaning of the word. Any man who should be able to catch instantaneously the meaning of all the words in a book from the mere shape of its printed letters, would read a great deal faster and remember with a great deal less effort than the man who had to translate the external aspect of a great many words into the notion of their sounds before catching their meaning, and who then remembered them of course, through their sound or their meaning, and not through the photographic impression of the words left on the retina. We suspect that Lord Macaulay's wonderfully rapid reading and amazingly powerful memory were due in great degree to the omission of one of these usually essential links in the process of reading and recalling what has been read. And clearly any such power would be an immense advantage to the memory, as it would give any one who possessed it a fresh hold on the treasures of his memory, — the hold through sight, as well as the hold through sound and meaning. And the account which Lord Macaulay gave his sister Margaret of the causes which made his memory so accurate, looks very much as if it was through visual impressions that his memory kept its chief hold. "I said" — this is the record of her own words in her diary — "that I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. 'My accuracy as to facts,' he said, 'I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is in my mind soon constructed into a romance.' He then went on to describe the way in which, from his childhood, his imagination had been filled by the study of history. 'With a person of my turn,' he said, 'the minute touches are of as great interest, and perhaps greater, than the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in soli-

tude, my mind would have rusted in gazing vacantly at the shop-windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dating the day or hour in which a man was born or died becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. Pepys' "Diary" formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know every inch of Whitehall. I go in at Hans Holbein's Gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The conversations which I compose between the great people of the time are long and sufficiently animated; in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their part in my stories.'" In other words, the hunger of his imagination for accurate data, both as to place and time, made his memory fix on the smallest details of what he read, — it was his imaginative needs, he thought, which gave precision to his memory, even more than his memory to his imagination. That looks very much as if it were through his eyes that his memory worked most powerfully, and if so, the very look of the page and type of the books he read were perhaps as sharply printed on his memory as the real events which the words brought up before him. The extraordinary importance which he seems to have attached to the *physique* of printed books rather supports the same view.

However this may be, it can be hardly doubted that Lord Macaulay's wonderful memory was at the basis of a great part of his power. There is no more absurd notion than the notion that a vast memory implies a want of balance of mind, and probably an ill-ordered and poor understanding. In Lord Macaulay it certainly was a direct source, not merely of sound judgment, but of humorous resource. His great faculty of vivid generalization, which was so marked that it almost suggests a semi-mechanical process, — appearing to bear to the like judgments of other men the same relation which machine-made lace bears to hand-made lace, so much more rapidly and unerringly are generalizations of a particular class made and registered in his writings, — was obviously due to his wonderful memory and the inferences it suggested. He seemed to contain in himself, in relation to particular departments of knowledge at least, as we

have elsewhere noted, something like the standard of a public opinion; and this was, no doubt, because his memory contained, as regarded those departments of knowledge, the accumulation of the chief experiences which form public opinion.

Again, his wonderful memory was a great feeder of his humour, not in the sense of the orator who said that his opponent had trusted to his memory for his wit and to his imagination for his facts, but in a much more legitimate sense. The readers of Lord Macaulay's letters will be struck by the abundance of humour in them. Students of his "History" and his "Essays" would recognize that humour as a quality which was always latent, though not always active, in him; but the somewhat set style into which his eloquence and his arguments fall, and especially the painstaking exhaustiveness of his exposition, give the impression of a much *tamer* man, — of a man of less impulse and more conventional modes of thought, of a man who cared less to flash his meaning on his readers, and cared more to indoctrinate them, — than Macaulay actually was. In fact, he was, as a young man, full of fun. The fun is not in itself of a very high order. One or two jokes recorded here are indeed excellent. When the Cambridge electioneerer discharged a dead cat full in his face, and then apologizing, said that it was not meant for him, it was intended for Mr. Adeane, Macaulay's reply, "I wish you had intended it for me, and hit Mr. Adeane," was full of that presence of mind and good-natured malice which is of the essence of the best humour. Again, there is true fun in a rhyme which one of his sisters quotes. When they were making up verses on all sorts of extempore themes, and some one had given the subject of an acquaintance who had gone out to the West Indies hoping to make money, but had returned with no change in his fortunes except that the complexions of his daughters had been ruined, — Macaulay struck off this: —

Mr. Walker was sent to Berbice,  
By the greatest of statesmen and earls;  
He went to bring back yellow boys,  
But he only brought back yellow girls.

Still, on the whole, we believe that Macaulay would never have had any unusual fund of humour in him, but for his wonderful memory. The squibs of which he was fond as a young man are not, on the whole, very good. The account of the no-Popery expedition of the country clergymen to Cambridge, to vote against some

supposed step in the direction of Popery, is as good, perhaps, as any of them, but it is not all like the squibs of Canning or Frere. The following extract from the anti-Papal manifesto which roused the sleepy clergy to the sense of their dangers, with the account of the conventional politeness to individuals by which it was accompanied, is the best part of it: —

"Dear sir, as I know you desire  
That the Church should receive due protection,  
I humbly presume to require  
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

"It has lately been brought to my knowledge,  
That the ministers fully design  
To suppress each cathedral and college,  
And eject every learned divine.  
To assist this detestable scheme  
Three nuncios from Rome are come over;  
They left Calais on Monday by steam,  
And landed to dinner at Dover.

"An army of grim Cordeliers,  
Well furnished with relics and vermin,  
Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,  
To effect what their chiefs may determine.  
Lollard's bower, good authorities say,  
Is again fitting up for a prison;  
And a wood-merchant told me to-day  
'Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.

"The finance scheme of Canning contains  
A new Easter-offering tax;  
And he means to devote all the gains  
To a bounty on thumb-screws and racks.  
Your living, so neat and compact —  
Pray, don't let the news give you pain! —  
Is promised, I know for a fact,  
To an olive-faced *padre* from Spain."

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,  
Sore wounded with horror and pity;  
So I flew, with all possible speed,  
To our Protestant champion's committee.  
True gentlemen, kind and well-bred!  
No fltering! no distance! no scorn!  
They asked after my wife who is dead,  
And my children who never were born.

But though that is very fair rattle, it would not have gained Macaulay the reputation for humour which we think he will gain among the ordinary readers of his letters. And we suspect that will be attributable chiefly to the great resources which such humour as he had commanded in consequence of his great memory. Mr. Trevelyan gives a striking account of the crowd of humorous associations which Macaulay and his sisters had accumulated round the quaintnesses of the pedantic, old-fashioned novels of the Grandisonian days, and the delightful irony of Miss Austen's ever-memorable stories. The younger mem-



bers of the family, he says, had partially entered into that life, but somehow, when those who had, as it were, initiated the family into it, disappeared, the charm of it disappeared too, and it no longer became possible to recover the attitude of mind in which the old reminiscences appeared so quaint and so delightfully ludicrous. The truth is, no doubt, that in the enjoyment derived by Macaulay and his sisters from the admirable stiffnesses and pedantries of a bygone day, full and vivid memory was everything. Macaulay could chronicle the number of fainting-fits recorded of each particular person in the silly old novels of the romantic-gallant period. He had calculated, in relation to "Sir Charles Grandison," that Miss Byron's letters must have brought to the post-office of Ashby Canons, and consequently cost her Uncle Selby, a revenue exceeding the annual interest of her fifteen thousand pounds; every little bow and scrape in the book was evidently impressed on his mind, and when he refers in his letters to "the venerable circle" who so much delighted in Miss Byron's epistles, you feel that in fact, though he was not one of it,

he was completely master of all the details of its old-fashioned punctiliousness; and this, or something like this, is necessary to give to these quaint reminiscences their full fascination as humour. These reminiscences had, too, evidently become a special tradition in the Macaulay family. They had acquired all sorts of additional flavour from the references to family acquaintances and newer scenes with which the old manners had been associated. It was no longer the mere quaintness of the old books, it was the charm of the association between the old books and the youthful merriment, which threw so much life into this tradition. And all this was due originally, of course, to the wonderful accuracy, tenacity, and faithfulness of the memory which was at the root of all this enjoyment. No one can read Macaulay's life without feeling that a great memory, so far from overbalancing an ordinary mind, supplies it with all kinds of new life, strengthens the judgment, quickens the imagination, and feeds with a hundred streamlets of rich and delightful association any sense of humour which the owner of that memory may boast.

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A MACHINE FOR DARNING STOCKINGS. — We have had sewing and knitting machines for some time, but the latest addition to our stock is that of a darning-machine, which is described by the *Scientific American* as follows:—"Two small plates, one stationary and the other movable, are placed one above the other. The plates are corrugated, and between them the 'holy' portion of the stocking is laid. Twelve long-eyed pointed needles are arranged side by side in a frame, which last is carried forward so that the needles penetrate opposite edges of the hole, passing in the corrugations between the plates. Hinged just in front of the plates is an upright bar, and on this is a cross-piece carrying twelve knobs. The yarn is secured to an end-knob, and then, with a bit of flat wire, pushed through the needle-eyes. Then the loop between each two needles is caught by the hand and hooked over the opposite knob, so that each needle carries really two threads. Now the needles are carried back to their first position, and, in so doing, they draw the threads, which slip off the knobs through the

edges of the fabric. A little push forward again brings the sharp rear edges of the needle-eye against the threads, cutting them all at once. This is repeated until the darn is finished, and beautifully finished it is. The cost of the machine is but ten dollars."

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CLIMATE OF SOUTHERN BRAZIL. — Information as to the meteorology of South America is always precious, so that we are glad to see a paper on the above subject from Herr Beschoren in the *Austrian Journal* for February 15. The author gives a general account of the striking contrast between the climate of the upper country, the *cima da serra*, and that of the lowlands; but as his thermometers were soon broken he gives no observations. He notes a fall of five inches of snow at Passo P. Nuevo on June 13, a previously unheard-of amount in that locality. The tables are for three stations: Santa Cruz, Porto Allegro (30° 6m. S. lat.), and Pelotas (31° 47m. S. lat.).

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## WE WERE CHILDREN ONCE.

We were children when we thought  
That the heavens were very near,  
And that all our mothers taught  
Would to-morrow be made clear;  
When we questioned everywhere,  
Dreading not a full reply,  
When the world was just as fair,  
And as distant as the sky.

When the marvels that we dreamed  
Waited for our waking looks,  
When our fairy-fables seemed  
Truer than our lesson-books;  
When for all who well had striven,  
Sweet the ready garlands grew,  
And when sleeping, unforgiven,  
Was what nobody could do.

We were children when we feared  
Only darkness, never light,  
For our troubles disappeared  
Always, if they came in sight;  
When our love was like our breath,  
Ceaseless, natural, unperceived;  
When we wondered about death  
As a thing to be believed;

When we drew a severing line,  
Good from evil, night from day,  
On the one side, all divine;  
On the other — look away!  
When our wrath was swift and sure,  
Just because we seemed to know  
Nothing wrong could touch the pure,  
And our loved ones all were so.

When all weariness of life  
Was but waiting for a bliss,  
When all bitterness and strife  
Could be finished with a kiss;  
When all spoken words were meant,  
When no promises could break,  
When all storms were only sent  
For the pretty rainbow's sake.

Over all the lovely scene  
Necessary darkness flowed,  
Now the years that intervene  
Hide that once familiar road.  
We remember all the way —  
Oh, it was so fair, so dear!  
Where it led we cannot say;  
But we know it led not here.

For the labour wins no crown,  
And the strong hope dies in pain,  
And the twilight settles down,  
And love comforts us in vain.

We have watered lifeless plants,  
Falsehood fills the common air,  
Every footstep disenchant,  
There is parting everywhere.

Forest-doors are full of night;  
Enter, and the path shall wind  
As a string of tender light,  
As a living wreath untwined;  
Nature wastes no drop of dew,  
Past the dying root it flows;  
What you did you never knew,  
Till there sprang a sudden rose.

Every branch breaks out in song  
(All that birds say must be true),  
Right grows in the heart of wrong —  
Yours the task to let it through!  
Every gathered leaf decays;  
Wait for one immortal wreath!  
What is love with life that plays  
To the love that lives in death?

Twilight grows so sweet and clear,  
We can tell that morn is nigh,  
And our dead have come as near  
As our childhood's happy sky.  
Did the darkness only seem?  
Was it all our own false will?  
Was our life a little dream?  
Father, are we children still?  
Good Words. M. B. SMEDLEY.

## ONCE.

COOL salt air and the white waves breaking  
Restless, eager, along the strand;  
An evening sky and a sunset glory  
Fading over the sea and land;

We two sitting alone together  
Side by side, in the waning light;  
Before us the throbbing waste of waters,  
Behind us the sand-heaps, drifted white.

Ships were sailing into the distance,  
Down to the lands where the sun had gone;  
The rough fresh wind blew o'er our faces,  
And the shadows of night crept slowly on.

Is it a dream that I remember —  
Some ghost of a hope that will come no  
more;  
We two sitting alone together,  
Hand in hand, on the ocean shore?  
Evening Post. MARY ANIGE DE VERE.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
CHRISTIAN POPULATIONS IN TURKEY.\*

IN Herzegovina the harvest of 1874 was a bad one, and the peasantry foresaw a hard winter before them. The tax-collectors, agents of the officials who farm the taxes, require the agriculturists to keep the crops standing until it suits their convenience to come and levy the tithe due to the sultan, estimating the crops as standing damaged there to be worth the highest Constantinople market-prices. But in one district the tax-gatherer did not come till January, 1875, when hunger had compelled the sale and the eating of parts of the crops. The tax-gatherer estimated the tax at an enormous sum; the people resisted his demands; they were robbed, beaten, imprisoned, and their chiefs threatened with arrest when they complained. Some fled to the mountains of the neighbouring independent state of Montenegro, secure to find shelter among people of the same faith and race. They found the leading Montenegrins at the capital, Cetinje, consulting how to act with reference to a Turkish infraction of boundary rights, and were welcomed as fellow-sufferers. During their absence another district of Herzegovina was roused to discontent and resistance by the arbitrary conduct of the police and by the way in which forced labour was imposed by them. The district authorities reported to their superior, and gendarmes were sent to compel submission. Other neighbouring districts were quiet; but the clergy of some Roman Catholic districts, whose ancient privileges had never been confirmed by the present sultan, stirred their flocks to support the dignity of their religion against threatened inroads on the part of the local authorities.

Just then the emperor of Austria visited his province of Dalmatia, which is peopled by Slavs, the near kinsmen of the Herzegovinians, and borders on Herzegovina to the south-west. His visit had

a political significance in the eyes of the simple peasantry, who hoped that he had come to see how best to help them against their oppressors. He probably had no such aim, but his visit encouraged them nevertheless.

The gendarmes arrived in rebellious Nevesinje at the end of April; the Christians fled to the mountains, their chiefs to Montenegro. The gendarmes went on to Bilec; but here the peasantry offered only a passive resistance to their entering the villages, and refused to appear before the local authority. The flame broke out here on a Christian woman suffering insult at the hands of a gendarme. A pasha, Vali Selim, had already been despatched by the governor of Bosnia to inquire into the result of the emperor of Austria's visit to Dalmatia, and was instructed to give the discontented population the alternative of returning submissively to their homes or of emigrating to Montenegro. They refused to deal with any but an envoy direct from the sultan; being not rebellious against his authority, but compelled to defend themselves, their families, and their property, from his Musulman officials of the same race as themselves.

It was as yet two small districts only that were involved; few were even interested in their affairs. But the refugee chieftains were inconvenient to Montenegro, and safe-conducts were procured by Prince Nicholas for their return. The Turkish frontier-guards attacked them in spite of their passports, and a second application was necessary to get them across the border. On their return home they were left comparatively unmolested, merely having some of their houses burned, one being assaulted in the bazaar, another killed as he left the court in which he had complained of the assault, another being murdered in his field, and an inn-keeper who had entertained them paying for his hospitality with his life. The authorities made no sign of any intention to punish these outrages, but still there was no general outbreak. Isolated attacks were made on single Turks, and the matter became grave enough to attract the attention of the Porte. Accordingly the

\* 1. *The History of Servia and the Servian Revolution, with a Sketch of the Insurrection in Bosnia.* By LEOPOLD RANKE. Bohn. 1853.

2. *Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe.* By G. MUIR MACKENZIE and A. P. IRBY. Bell and Daldy. 1867.

3. *Consular Blue-Books.* 1867.

mufti of the Slavic Mussulmans was removed, but not punished, and a very obnoxious bishop, with Turkish leanings, was transferred to a better post. The neighbouring villagers armed themselves, but remained quiet, waiting to see what would happen, doing their ordinary work all day, but guarding the roads at night against any surprise on the part of government. This was about midsummer. At last a conference was held between representatives of the sultan and the people, who also insisted upon the presence of an envoy from Montenegro. The demands made by the peasants were for things promised them by the famous decree or hattisherif of 1857: that Christian women and girls should be safe from Turkish insult; that they should have liberty to exercise their religion; that Christians and Mahometans should be equal before the law; that the excesses of the police should be restrained; that the taxes should be justly and seasonably levied. The Mahometans thought these demands exorbitant, and endeavoured to browbeat the Christians into some abatement of them, but in vain; and when Dervish Pasha, governor of Bosnia, came to add his wisdom to the council, the people demanded further the long-promised freedom from forced labour without payment. The pasha promised to do his utmost to obtain for them their rights if they would lay down their arms, but they said that could only be if they and their Mussulman neighbours were meanwhile separated. The pasha retired to Bosna Serai (or Serayevo), his capital, and the Christians fled with their families and goods to the mountains. The Mussulmans broke into the government store, and armed themselves with breechloaders; the neighbouring districts still holding themselves quietly in readiness. On the first of July some Christians who had been driven from their rough mountain refuges by illness were killed at Nevesinje by the armed Mussulmans; the Christians revenged themselves, and then seized on a band of frontier-guards escorting provisions. The small engagements were repeated, and in one of them a body of Turkish troops took part. This precipitated a general

rising, because the people felt sure that the Porte would now consider them as rebellious against its authority rather than as discontented because its authority did not suffice to guarantee them security of life and property. They applied for help to Montenegro, but were told that it could not be afforded. The truth is that Montenegro cannot venture to help Herzegovina again as she did in 1862-3, unless she is sure that the stronger state of Free Serbia will also take the field, and that the rising is more general than has frequently proved to be the case of late years. Discontents and small rebellions are almost perennial, and have never yet been sufficiently carefully prepared to be successful.

The Mussulman inhabitants of the towns began to be alarmed when all the Herzegovina was in tumult, except one little district round Trebinje on the Montenegrin frontier, and set guards to prevent communication along the Austrian frontier. But the insurgents were not united; no leader had yet appeared among them; and an "advanced radical" agent of a Servian republican society who aspired to the leadership met with only scant courtesy from the native chiefs. The Roman Catholic districts, which had risen in obedience to the Franciscan monks domiciled among them, were persuaded to lay down their arms; the government having been convinced of the power of the clergy, who here, as elsewhere, were anxious rather to maintain their own authority in obedience to Rome than to help forward any movement for the good of their people. Their quiescence divides Herzegovina along the course of the river Narenta into disturbed and pacified districts, the turbulent and larger portion being that towards Montenegro. Towards the end of the month of July it appeared that a Greek-Church official was unwilling to allow his people to join the insurgents, and asked the government for soldiers to help him; but the Mussulmans said that for them and Christians to fight, fall, and possibly be buried together, was an intolerable thing, and so the Christians of that district swelled the numbers of the insurgent army. This was a great blunder on the part of the Turks, as the archimandrite had wide-

spread influence, and his adhesion cemented the Christian forces into a union they would have failed to attain without him.

Help in the shape of ammunition and guns has been sent privately from Montenegro, and some four or five hundred men have come thence to volunteer in the Herzegovinian army, which has, at last, apparently found a head in Lazar Sochicha. But Montenegro has complied with the requirements of international law, and has given the Porte no pretext for the execution of its threat to invade the mountain principality, although it must be obvious to all spectators that a successful attack there would be the quickest way for the Porte to control Herzegovina. But Turkey is in no position to pursue vigorously any object which requires money or good organization, and in her times of greatest strength the Montenegrins have ever proved unconquerable foes to her.

America is said to have offered her cannon on credit, and France has negotiated a loan which will suffice to provide the army with the arms yet wanting to them. Garibaldi has promised help to the Herzegovinians in the spring, and as the Turkish troops want long arrears of pay, and the barest necessities of food and clothing, and are not accustomed to the rigour of a Herzegovinian winter, it is not improbable that in the early months of this year another Christian Slav province of Turkey will have freed itself from the terrible yoke of the Turk, and be either independent or joined to Servia or Montenegro.

It is true that the Porte has once more reiterated the empty promises with which its Christian subjects have been always familiar since, more than four centuries ago, they first were drowned in the flood of Mahometanism, and which have been thrown like dust in the eyes of Europe especially since 1857. But these "reforms" can come to nothing—they will always be like empty words. The idea of erecting Herzegovina into a separate province when the sultan dares not put any but a Mahometan or a base and corrupt so-called Christian into any of the responsible offices of State there is quite nugatory. He dares not, because whatever pressure

may be brought to bear upon the central government by financial distress and the public opinion of Europe is unfelt by the Mahometans throughout the empire, who cling with furious determination to every privilege and power conferred on them in former times by a religion which treats all but Mahometans as the enemies of God and man, fit only for slavery and abuse.

At the same time, although theoretically it may be said—and it often has been said—that Turkey is peopled by Christians under the heel of Mahometans, it must be clearly remembered that that is by no means the whole of the truth. The truth is more nearly told by an author who says that all the evils which afflicted France before the Revolution must be doubled, and then aggravated by the bickerings and jealousies of Jews, Mahometans, Roman Catholics, members of the Greek Church, and renegades for lucre or safety, embittered as those bickerings and jealousies must be under such circumstances of intense suffering, all this must be imagined before any idea is reached of the condition of the inhabitants of some of the richest and fairest countries in Europe.

Once, in the fourteenth century, these provinces were the great Servian empire, long united in fact by their common descent and common language, and still more by the common faith and by the precious possession of a Bible in the vulgar tongue which is even now intelligible to all the Slavonian populations in Turkey, Free Servia, and Montenegro, Austria, Russia, and Poland. One of the first printing-presses was set up by a Montenegrin noble, who was made by Charles V. a baron of the Holy Roman Empire for this good work, and who devoted it chiefly to the printing of the Bible and books of devotion. The traveller through those lands can take no more welcome gift in his hand than either the old Slavonic version or that more recently prepared by the American missionaries and distributed by colporteurs of the Bible Society under their superintendence.

The time of union under an emperor was short, for the first who held that name was also the last. The present principal



ity of Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bulgaria, Albania, Epirus, all the countries from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, acknowledged the headship of Dushan (A.D. 1333-1356), who codified their laws—like the Slavonian emperor of Rome, Justinian—giving supreme legal authority to a national assembly, providing for incorrupt administration of justice, recognizing the institution of trial by jury, regulating the hereditary of property, and equable taxation, and insisting on the necessity of free trade as indispensable for the material progress of the people. Unhappily ambition and the weakness of the Greek empire tempted Dushan to turn longing eyes on Constantinople and the Empire of the East. The Greek emperor invited the Osmanli Turks to cross the Bosphorus and help him against probable attack. Just at that moment Dushan died, and the governors of the twelve provinces of the Servian empire, though for a time they held together against the Turks under the leadership of Lazar, whom they elected to prevent the spread of dissensions among themselves, were without any sufficient connecting links to hold them together after Lazar was killed, and the Servian power was destroyed, at Kossova in 1389.

The genius of the Servs was such as to favour their separation into such portions as were easily conquered and absorbed by the Turks, who were firmly established on the Danube for some half-century before the fall of Constantinople avenged on the Greek empire its base introduction of savage allies to help it against its neighbours of like faith and related race. The Slavonian system of government had its root in the *sadrooga*, or village community, which still flourishes as much as anything can flourish under Turkish rule among the Slavonian populations, and has been of priceless value to a people who, without some such tie to bind men together in country districts, to secure a home for the defenceless widow and orphan, and to preserve family order amidst State disorder, could scarcely have continued to hold apart and keep alive the burning memory of former freedom and greatness. It has been round the hearth of the village-family, numbering members often of five and six generations, that the history of the nation and the exploits of the national heroes, common to all the divided provinces and dear to Christian and to renegade Slav Mahometan alike, have been sung to the monotonous *gusla* and woven into the very being of each Slav from infancy. And

it has been by the influence of the patient elders of the family that the hot indignation of the strong members has been restrained from time to time and reserved to take the best moment for hastening the dawn of better days for the nation.

As of one nation it is still necessary to speak of these people. For though we speak commonly of them as Bosnian, or Servian, or what not, they themselves feel that they are brethren, and do not perhaps sufficiently recognize that their quiet, patient, industrious, somewhat self-absorbed nature is not necessarily fitted to hold together under one head. It may be that they may learn that some form of federation suits them best. One thing seems quite certain,—that though Austria or Russia may plan to absorb fresh Slavonian populations, and may therefore offer aid secretly or openly to insurgent provinces to get rid of the Turk, the Slavs themselves have a very definite idea that they are made, not to be governed, but to govern themselves, and would rise against fresh masters with all the more courage and persistence because they had already freed themselves from the more hopeless and long-endured tyranny. They point with pride and look with the longing rivalry of affection to the steady self-respect and patience of Free Servia and Montenegro, and aver freely that what Slavs have done already Slavs will do again. They remember that the heroes of Slavs have been not so much warriors as law-givers and educators.

Austria has within her borders a considerable Slav population in Croatia, Dalmatia, Istria, Hungary, and Slavonia, and owes much to their support in the troublous times of 1848. At the time of the triumph of Madgiar statesmen and the establishment of dualism in the empire-kingdom, the interests of these Slav populations had to give way to the Madgiar influence, and it is a serious matter for Austria to see a Slav insurrection on her Turkish border just at the moment when matters are going, to say the least, not smoothly in her dual and divisible government. But her Slav populations, though they do not possess all the rights which Englishmen conceive to be necessities of life, are chiefly Roman Catholics living under a government of the same religion and not without constitutional institutions. Their active sympathies with their kinsfolk in insurrection cannot be either quelled sufficiently to prevent their sheltering the crowds of hungry and naked women, children, and old men who fly across the borders of

Herzegovina, nor does the Austrian government fail to help the poor Montenegrin government to feed those fugitives who are crowding into the little principality. There, Christian and Mahometan sufferers from the war are alike hospitably received, in numbers which sorely tax the resources of the country, and Austria gives about twopence-halfpenny a head per day towards feeding them. In some villages there are three or four times as many refugees as inhabitants, and, as the country might itself be attacked at any moment, help is much needed to save human life. Large numbers of the refugees are without clothing in the bitter winter weather in the mountains, having come from warm sunny plains, and are compelled to crouch together on the bare rocks without shelter and without clothing or sufficient food. The committees formed in London and in Austria for helping in this strait hope to rouse as much sympathy in England for these sufferers, who have none to help, as for the far less pitiable victims of the floods in wealthy France. It may well be kept in mind, too, that, although Turkey is not able to pay her creditors their dividends in full, it has been the strain to collect taxes to pay the half of the coupons due in January that has produced perhaps greater misery throughout Turkey than ever was known. In Asia Minor,—whatever similar atrocities may have been committed in the European provinces,—where the agricultural and grazier population habitually pays sixty-two per cent. of profits in taxes, where droughts have killed off the flocks, and famine and pestilence halved the population, the taxes for these dividends have been gathered by taking from the people the food distributed by the relief-committees and by compelling them to shear their few remaining miserable sheep in the middle of winter. Those who are free from the grief of having helped, by means of the Turkish loan, to prop up such a government as this, may also feel free to help the poor and needy driven by it from home and kindred in Herzegovina.

It is not, then, of the Slavs of Austria nor of the Slavs in Russia that there is question now, but of the Slav populations in Turkey who are in overwhelming majority Christian, belonging either to the Roman Catholic or to the Greek Church, the latter preponderating considerably.

And first as to those yet hidden from western Europe under the name of Turkey. They are the Herzegovinians, the Bosnians, the Bulgarians, the Albanians,

and some Greeks. Roumania and Wallachia, though nominally under the suzerainty of the Porte, are so entirely distinct from the empire and from its struggling Christian populations that they may be left out of account.

The limits of Bulgaria and Albania, as now variously marked on the maps, by no means represent the confines of the districts inhabited by those populations, it having been the policy of the Turk to confuse national boundaries and destroy national associations and traditions as much as possible.

The Albanians, commonly called Arnaouts in Turkey, were hill-tribes more or less bound up with the Servs in the time of Servian prosperity, and of allied race, who came down from the mountains, after the fall of that power, to people the plains left desolate by fugitive Slavs. They were Roman Catholics, and the Turkish government was willing to grant to them—as to others of that Church—privileges in the exercise of their religion which seemed unimportant because comparatively few in number. Those who remained in the mountains retained their religion; but those who settled in the plains sought favour with the sultan and gained permission to domineer over other Christians by professing Mahometanism. Among the apostate chieftains was the father of Scanderbeg, who gave his son to be educated by the sultan. The son renounced the Mahometan faith and joined the standard of John Hunniades in Hungary and fought the Turks. After a long struggle at the head of Albanian warriors he succeeded in making himself independent; but his adherents were not strong enough to maintain the dignity of their religion or their nationality, and soon after his death no result of his efforts was left but a fame more widely spread than that of any other leader of the Christians in Turkey.

The descendants of so fickle and unprincipled a people, with the accumulated vices of an apostate race, are become a byword in the neighbouring countries. These are the inhabitants of the northern plains of Albania, and are to be numbered among the Christian populations only because they are near kinsfolk to the Roman Catholic tribes who live a very free and independent life in the mountains whither the Turkish authorities dare not follow them, and because there is a tendency among them to revert to the ancient faith sufficiently marked to make it an open question whether they would not

join and materially help, while they morally embarrassed, any wide-spread rising of Christians in Turkey. Their hatred to the Turk is bitter, while they retain traces of sympathy with Servs even though they do not scruple to oppress them with a lawlessness almost unknown to any other Mussulman official,—if there are shades in that blackness. The southern Albanians have more in common with the Greeks, but are also professedly Mahometan. Both have done as much fighting for as against the Turks, and were, long ago, before their apostasy, the only Christians in the Turkish army in the East. It may be well, *à propos* of the Albanians, to suggest, in few words, the two sides of the question of the Christians in Turkey in relation to the army. Favourers of Turkey remark upon the privilege enjoyed by Christians of immunity from military service, while the Turks and Mahometan populations have to furnish a certain contingent although they dislike military life. The Mahometans are represented as justly jealous of their Christian fellow-countrymen on this point. But the other side of the question is this; that although military reclamations fall heavily upon the Mussulmans, the privilege of going about armed is one which would be gladly purchased by the Christian population at the same price, while the Mussulmans are free from the heavy tax paid by all Christian males above three months old for exemption from military service, a tax which often serves as an excuse for extortion. The sultan has now announced that Christians will be enrolled in the army, but unless it be in separate regiments this promise cannot be fulfilled, since the daily life and habits and morals of Christians and Mahometans are irreconcilable. Perhaps the most cogent proof that Slavonian Christians and Mahometans can never peaceably share one country, is the fact that the former are without blame and irreproachable in the matter of chastity, while the Mussulman, and especially the Turk, allows and practises unbridled license. Among the former women are intelligent, respected, and free, and among the latter are the degraded instruments of loathsome vice. Such light and such darkness cannot dwell together.

The Bulgarians come more completely than the Albanians under the description of Christians in Turkey. Originally brethren of the Servs, with whom they have in common a language which is harsh and rude in their mouths, and soft in the districts nearer to Italian influences, but

which is easily mutually intelligible, and otherwise identical, *as far as vocabulary is concerned*, their period of prominence came earlier, but they fell at about the same time before the Turkish arms. They were only gradually subjugated, and were able to make good terms for themselves, as indeed most people could, the tyranny of the Turk having everywhere grown more and more grinding as lapse of time made him feel more at home, and privileged in his oppression. At first the Bulgarians preserved their autonomy, both in State and Church, paying tribute to the sultan; but some chieftans apostatized so as to share in the power which they found Mussulmans in neighbouring countries arrogated to themselves; some were driven into exile, some were disposed of, and the great blow to Bulgarian independence was dealt just a century ago, when the sultan imposed upon the people a set of bishops belonging to the corrupt patriarchate of Constantinople, creatures of the Turkish government, who buy their sees and recoup themselves at the expense of their flocks. The story is the same for all the Greek-Church communities under the power of the Porte. The Christians suffer as much from the religious superiors imposed upon them against their will as they do from the civil governors and their subordinates. But the subjection of the Bulgarians had not lasted long enough to deprive them of all courage when the resurrection of Greece, of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, and of Free Servia, gave them spirit to bestir themselves. Early in this century a movement began among them for better education, and now the whole province possesses a most respectable number of schools for both boys and girls, in which the ancient Cyrillic alphabet, the old Bulgarian language, and the early version of the Bible, are carefully taught in order to help forward free intercourse with the neighbouring Servs. The policy of the Porte has been to harass the people by forced immigrations from wilder portions of the empire; but they have steadily held on their way, cultivating the marvellously fertile plains which fall to their lot, and which would make them wealthy under a good government, and with access to European markets. They grow cotton, silk, and corn, in what would be abundance but for oppressive taxation, and leave the Mussulmans to people the towns. In the towns, however, many shopkeepers are Christians, and the taxes are arranged so as to fall most heavily on the trades

and industries usually engaged in by them, and not by Mahometans.

Within the last few years the Bulgarians have succeeded in insisting on the fulfilment of a clause in the hattisherif of 1857, which promised the restoration of their ancient ecclesiastical privileges, and this is a great step towards regaining their civil freedom.

The Mahometan population of Bulgaria has diminished, partly because they are subject to military service, partly because the introduction of steam has well-nigh destroyed some of the industries practised in Bulgaria, such as silk-weaving. The result is that the Mahometans are poorer than even the Christians, only they are still in a position to bully and rob their wealthier neighbours with impunity. The taxes are now raised partially from the Mahometan population, and they resent the injury, and revenge themselves on the Christians, murdering them or taking their lands from them without fear of consequences. For all the professions of mixed tribunals, and the reception of the evidence of a Christian in the courts of law, nay even the device of peripatetic commissioners to see that these provisions are carried out, have been tried and found utterly wanting. It is a point of faith with every Mahometan throughout Turkey, that every Christian is his appropriate victim, and the only Christians who obtain justice, or unjust sentences in their favour, are those who are wealthy and unscrupulous enough to buy the judge and not to be afraid of thus exposing their well-being to possible risks. Of such Christians there are many throughout Turkey, as must needs be after centuries of association with Mahometan morals, and of grinding misery. These Christians are those who dare complain and seek the help of consuls against Turkish courts and officials, and it is they, too, who dare accept the empty dignity of place in the mixed courts. The natural result is that the representatives of foreign powers, who are often men of business, with little time and attention to spare for those who do not obtrude themselves on their notice, send to western Europe such pictures of the Turkish Christian as are enough to make any one question whether such people are not better left to be ground out of existence. A more hopeful, and probably a truer idea is commonly given by those who either travel leisurely, or work among the outlying populations away from the corrupted towns. A whisper of hope and interest is passing now through Bulgaria,

but it is not known that any preparation for revolt is being seriously made. There is a prevalent feeling among the Christians in Turkey, that the populations nearest Montenegro must decisively lead the way, for they can get help; while those bordering on Free Servia cannot reckon on the active sympathy of that government. These down-trodden folk, whose whole thoughts are concentrated on the hope of successful fighting, are scarcely in a position to appreciate the service done to the race by a power which by assiduous efforts to train its subjects in the self-restraint and industrious gradual progress of a constitutionally-governed country, is preparing them to be the fit centre of a Servian federation, or kingdom, — a place pointed out for her by her geographical situation, her steadfast Christianity, and her political experience, combined, and a place more than generously conceded to her by warlike Montenegro. An understanding, if not an actual treaty, exists between the two governments that Montenegro will be well content to fight for and with Servia, and then yield to her the resultant crown, for they are not rival nations, but two brethren helping the rest of the family, and anxious only to do the best for all, without selfish ambition.

Herzegovina and Bosnia have commonly been spoken of together, and they have, as a matter of fact, been under one Turkish governor. The sultan has now appointed a separate governor for Herzegovina, saying that the differences in the constituents of the populations of the two districts render this desirable, there being a larger proportion of Mussulmans to Christians in Bosnia than in Herzegovina. This is said to make it impossible for the sultan to grant to Bosnians all the reforms possible for Herzegovina. But since Bosnia and Herzegovina have repeatedly demanded those reforms which were promised by the hattisherif of 1857 to all the provinces of the Turkish empire alike, it is not easy to see what difference need now be made between these two provinces, one of which is in open organized revolt, while the other is as yet only waiting its opportunity. One great difference, however, there really is, arising chiefly from the greater number of Roman Catholics in Bosnia, who are inclined to direct their efforts towards the end of being absorbed into the Catholic empire of Austria. Herzegovina looks to the heads of her own race.

Herzegovina differed from other branches of the Slavs at the downfall of the

Servian empire, inasmuch as it secured to itself, for a long time, rights of popular self-government, its population feeding cattle on the mountains, as far as possible from the towns where the Turks, here as elsewhere, kept each other in countenance. The sultans, from time to time, confirmed their privileges, and even so late as ten years ago, a native chief was violently superseded in his post of authority by a Mussulman governor. Repeated efforts to destroy the bonds between the people of the province and their old and long-acknowledged native leaders, together with the rapacity of Turkish settlers, tax-gatherers, and officials have caused the reiterated insurrections which have earned for these populations a character for turbulence which the western nations have been unable to conceive that a government could for so long be bad enough to justify. The typical stories told in the opening paragraphs of this paper show them to be the convulsions necessarily precedent to freedom.

The Bosnian nobles hold an ignobly prominent position in the miserable story of Turkish acquisition in Europe. The common people of the country stood as staunchly to their faith as the rest of their brethren; but by some unhappy chance there was among them a class of privileged nobles who preferred apostasy to the loss of position and property, and who at once, when the struggle against the Turkish arms became finally hopeless, declared themselves Mussulmans, and thus, by the law of the Koran, secured fresh and novel rights to ride roughshod over the peasantry. But these shameless renegades did not at the same time learn to love their conquerors, and thus Bosnia has, within her borders, native Christians, groaning under Greek bishops and Mussulman officials; native Christians strongly attached to the Roman Church, and yearning after Austrian rule; native nobility thirsting for the day to come when they may find the use of the carefully-kept title-deeds and badges of nobility coming from ancient days; and genuine Osmanli Turks, who wonder, perhaps, that the people whom Allah long ago gave them as slaves and victims should not placidly submit to have their wives and daughters ravished, their goods plundered, and their kinsfolk murdered, by them in obedience to fate. This Bosnian nobility will, in spite of their tyranny, find it easy to rally round them the Slav people when they adopt the Slav cause as against the Turks; but the solution of the popular troubles in Bosnia

would not be found were such a revolt to bring them success. A popular leader, even from another province, might attract them to his standard by the claim of kindred, and then many would probably profess themselves adherents of the old creed, and in doing so would have to give up many of the privileges which they now possess, simply in virtue of their Mahometanism, while the ancient bond between the hereditary chiefs and their peasantry would soon be enthusiastically renewed under the Christian banner. Of course their profession of faith would be worthless in most aspects; but it would be something gained for them to be merely called Christians, since that would make intercourse with western Christianity natural and obvious, and our religious societies would know how to push their opportunities among them, as well as among the peasants, who even now, amidst their political excitement, are eager purchasers of the books carried round by colporteurs.

And now the survey brings us to the principality of Servia, which alone has kept the name of Servia in European geography. Other districts, commonly known as parts of Bulgaria and Albania, are known to the Slavs as "Old Servia," but that is not a name recognized by the Sublime Porte. This is the largest Slavonic province engulfed by Turkey, and numbers something like a population of a million and a quarter. It is now, after four hundred years of a more utter subjection than any other Turkish province, and then after sixty years of gallant struggle, the free principality of Servia, governed by its hereditary prince, whose peasant ancestor, only two generations ago, headed an insurrection and won the title of prince and a recognition of his right to reign, by the choice of the nation, from the sultan.

In the fourteenth century Servia had already produced the ruling dynasty, and had given name to the empire. Some reason for this preponderance over the neighbouring tribes may probably make itself clear to those who learn that a very complete and typical example of the village-community system overspread the whole of Servia, covering it with a well-ordered population, among whom no differences of rank existed to tempt the possessors into compromise with the invading Turk. These oppressors came and seized fortresses and towns. The people withdrew into the dense oak forests which clothe the undulating country, holding no converse with the Turks, and visited by

them only when either plunder was wanted or gangs of labourers to execute unpaid tasks for the oppressor. Generation after generation here died without ever having seen a town, because the most abject humbling of themselves could not save them from insult and injury at the hands of the Turks, and because it was too bitter to them to see the strongholds of their nation in the hands of enemies from whom it seemed hopeless to try to wrest them. The peasant life was simple. The head of the *sadrooga* apportioned the work among the men and women of the family, and the evenings served for the repetition or chanting of Servian poems, either handed down to keep the memory of empire and of heroes green, or newly composed by some of the many singers of the country, to commemorate more recent deeds of valour against the Turk among some neighbouring tribes. The life was simple, disciplined, and organized in a way which gave the people regulated coherence enough to suffer long, and then, when opportunity came, to prove themselves strong. They did not give up their country without a struggle. The fatal battle of Kossova, now looked back upon as the last final field, did not at the time put an end to their hope and resolution. The young Lazarevitch, successor to Lazar who was killed in that battle, made a treaty with the sultan by which he was to hold his crown in fief; but at his death the Turks declared it was impious to allow a Christian ruler to possess lands so fair, and a Turkish garrison was sent to assert the direct authority of the sultan. The Servs allied themselves with Hungary, and Belgrade, the city of seven sieges, was strengthened, and a fortress built at Semendria, a little lower down the Danube. This great mass of grey stone walls, with its twenty-five towers, was built to command the junction of the Morava and the Danube, looking on the Danube in the direction from which the Turkish hosts must always approach it, and there was built through the whole thickness of the wall a red brick cross, which, the more furiously battered, has only shown the brighter in contrast to the gloomy strength of the stone. A fortress strangely typical of Servian, as of all other, persecuted Christianity, it still remains to remind the people by whose aid and by the help of whose arm they have now regained the freedom to worship God in Christ. For there can be no doubt that it has been the sobriety and patience of Christian faith, darkened and distorted

though it has been, that has been the backbone of the people, and their eagerness now to learn the way of God more perfectly must not be hidden from our eyes by the stories we hear of political struggle and intrigue, nor of social disorder and impurity in Belgrade, whither people of all countries and opinions have flocked, eager to utilize the newly-risen power for their own ends. The heart of the people is sound and steady, and they are guided by a prince who, though young and inexperienced, has already shown himself patriotic, discreet, and firm,—a true Servian. The Bible Society finds ready sale for its wares, and schools have been multiplied over the country ever since it became fairly safe for children to be away from the immediate protection of warlike households.

The alliance with Hungary would probably have been a permanent one, and the Servians might have had no worse a history than the Slavonian provinces of Austria, had not Hunniades told the Servian leader that he should require them to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome — of which the Servians had an extreme horror — while the sultan promised absolute religious toleration and ecclesiastical self-government should they submit to him. The choice seemed easy, and would have been the right one had they had to deal with any but a treacherous power. They still struggled for civil liberty also, but in 1444 the battle of Varna made the sultan master of all but Belgrade, which was held against him by the Hungarians till 1522. The confidence of the Servians in the liberality of the Turks was misplaced. Mahometanism alone was tolerated; the Christian churches, monuments of the piety and architectural skill of generations of princes and people, were used as stables; the peasants were heavily taxed for the support of the *spahis* or military colonists of the sultan, and were subjected to continual *corvées*; every fifth year conscription took their most promising boys to be brought up in the Mussulman faith and fight in the sultan's armies; the land was used almost every year as the route for the Turkish armies in their wars with western Europe, and neither man, woman, nor child, nor houses, nor goods, were safe.

The fall of Belgrade, which marked the triumph of the Turks over the Hungarians, was the signal for even increased extortion and violence on the part of the *spahis*, committed not by virtue of law, but, as it was in the beginning and is now



throughout Turkey, because the Turks are utterly lawless and no central authority can ever ensure liberty and justice in the provinces. For a hundred and sixty years thick darkness covered the land; but at the end of the seventeenth century Leopold of Germany attacked the Turks, and the Servians rose to help him, and in 1718 they were ceded, by the treaty of Passarowitz, to Austria, under whom they had peace for twenty years. They lost no moment of this breathing-space, but made roads, restored churches, and did all they could to repair the losses of former times. But the end came, and Austria, too weak to hold the country against the Turks, had to abandon them once more to their old exasperated foes the spahis. In despair thirty-seven thousand families, headed by George Brankovitch, fled to Austrian territory, on a bargain that they were to have a large amount of freedom in self-government both civil and ecclesiastical, and were in return to guard the Austrian boundaries. The Servs of Austria complain that this bargain was never kept; but with their grievances we have nothing at present to do. They certainly were never in such dismal case as those who remained on the national soil.

As the century grew older, however, the utter subjection of Servia to the Turks brought some good results. The rights of the spahis were more clearly defined, feudal service was no longer forced from the peasantry, and many fought with willingness, if not with enthusiasm, in the Moslem armies. But the spirit of patriotism was not dead. When a reforming sultan ascended the throne and resolved to introduce European tactics and discipline among his troops, the Janissaries rebelled, and among the most insubordinate were those who had long exercised authority in Servia. They set the civil representative of the Porte — the pacha of Belgrade — at defiance, and the order-loving Servians answered to the appeal of the sultan and drove the rebels from the country. At once all Turkey was in an uproar; the sultan had employed "dogs of Christians" to defeat true believers. The Janissaries were at once reinstated, and rode roughshod over Servian and spahi alike. They cried to the sultan in vain, and the result of this falling out among thieves was that the honest Servians began to come by their rights. Belgrade fell into their hands, they claimed the right to garrison their own fortresses, and other rights, and would have received them in return for a yearly tribute had not the rise of

Napoleon's fortunes emboldened his ally the sultan. The leader of this period was Kara or Black George, a peasant of strong character, ruthless determination, and considerable military experience, able in civil matters too, up to the requirements of the people at that stage. He called together the national assembly, or Skoup-tchina, appointed a senate, and revived the laws of Dushan.

It is needless to follow the varying fortunes of the struggle, which lasted till Kara George and his senate were forced to fly across the border into Austria, and the sultan's troops set themselves to pacify the country by impaling the native leaders, throwing infants into boiling water and into cesspools in derision of baptism, and other similar modes. The sultan then found in Milosch Obrenovitch, a well-known Servian, a mediator between him and the furious people. Terms were arranged, and in 1815 the treaty of Bucharest gave to Servia freedom of worship, of commerce, of self-administration, of self-taxation for the imperial treasury, of garrisoning her towns, and of administering the estates of such spahis as refused to sell the lands on which in future they were forbidden to live. But Milosch was not proof against the temptations of power. He abused his princely dignity, was driven from the country, and Kara George having been invited to return but having been murdered on the way, Milosch's son Michael was raised to the throne. He was young and untrained, and three years served to show that he could not govern the people. He abdicated, and went to Germany and France to study. The Servians chose as his successor Alexander, son of Kara George; but he also failed to satisfy either the sultan or the people, and was compelled to abdicate in 1858. Milosch was then invited to return, and ruled about a year and a half with some vigour, organizing a national militia almost equivalent to an arming of the entire nation.

On his death his son Michael, now older and wiser, succeeded to a difficulty caused by the remonstrances of the sultan, Austria, and England, against the new militia. Then he was involved by an immigration of fugitives from Turkish oppression in Bulgaria and Bosnia; but he stood his ground, and succeeded in winning for his government the love of the kindred populations beyond his borders, and a steadily growing respect from the great powers. In June 1862 a storm burst over his head which brought him in the end perfect in-

dependence, except so far as concerned the retention of two Turkish garrisons in the country, and an acknowledgment of suzerainty and a tribute to the sultan. This was the treacherous bombardment of the town by the fortress of Belgrade under pretext of a scuffle between a few Turkish soldiers and some youths. The exasperated Servians held themselves in perfect quietness, trusting to Michael's diplomacy and the good feeling of Europe to secure them against the repetition of such an outrage, and their hope was not in vain. Michael continued to develop the resources of the country; churches were rebuilt; schools, primary, and higher, and technical, and colleges and a university were opened; and mines and railways were projected. In 1867 the last Turkish garrison was withdrawn; and now a tribute of £23,000 per annum is the only link between the Porte and the Free Servs of Servia.

In 1868 Prince Michael, who was struggling to keep the balance between a somewhat strong conservative ministry and the liberal, if not radical, demands of his people, was shot down in his garden, as it was subsequently pretty clearly proved, by an agent of the party who wished to bring Alexander Kara Georgevitch back to the throne. His death left a successor who was a minor, but the ministry vigorously held on in the path of improvement, and were able to give a good account when the present prince Milan ascended the throne in 1871. He has established a firm hold on the affections of the people, and the internal resources of the country are being rapidly developed. A large army well trained and armed is ready to take the field whenever the united wisdom and prudence of the government shall let the eager people fly to the assistance of the provinces still under the Turkish yoke. Servia is as yet restrained by the attitude of the great powers, and in the mean while, whether she is to be called upon for warlike activity or for the aid which a consolidated government may give to populations weary after victorious struggle, she is making due preparation and will not be found wanting at the right time.

To Montenegro alone belongs the proud boast that it has never been under the dominion of the Turks, has never been inhabited by them, has never agreed to pay tribute to them, but has kept up a perennial struggle with them ever since the fall of the Servian empire. It is but a little state, and perhaps it owes its independence scarcely more to the hardy vigour of

its sons than to the fact that it consists just of a knot of the Balkans, a place where the native saying is that God, in sowing the earth with rocks, dropped the bag. Its bare rocks and severe climate have always been its strong allies against the Turk, and its inhabitants have never so aggregated wealth around them as to be unwilling to burn homes and crops rather than leave them as prey to the invading Turks when there was nothing left for it but flight to the roughest heights. At first, after the battle of Kossova, the chief of the province of Zeuta owned much of Herzegovina, and fought hand in hand with the Albanians. But Scanderbeg's death left him alone, and Ivo the Black retreated to the mountains which now are the whole of Montenegro. Even the sea-coast had to be abandoned, though only a rifle-shot from the southern limit of the mountains is Bocche di Cattaro, the finest harbour in Europe, the natural outlet for Slav commerce, for which Slavs have longed and fought for four centuries, but which still lies, well-nigh unused, before their tantalized eyes.

For a century the fugitives found their mountains a secure retreat, and their bravery and advantageous position made them desirable allies. Venice was not reluctant to give the right hand of fellowship to the highlanders, and many alliances were formed between the nobility of the two states. But such a friendship was not without its drawbacks; for the Venetian brides lured their husbands to the luxury of their own old homes; and finally, in 1516, the prince of Montenegro left the government in the hands of German Petrovitch, bishop (of the Greek Church) of Montenegro. In his family it has ever since been hereditary, descending first from uncle to nephew, and only in this century going in the usual order of descent, since, in 1852, Danilo resolved to abolish the law of celibacy as incumbent on the prince, and married a Viennese lady whose life was one of far-sighted benevolence, and who did more than perhaps any other to aid the cause of education throughout Slavonian lands, and to steady the course of Slav policy.

Throughout these centuries the story of Montenegro has been purely that of hard-won victory against the Turks. No instance of truce or treaty with the Turks has occurred without its following of treacherous betrayal. In 1703 Peter the Great thought it worth while to secure Montenegro as his ally, but he too betrayed the principality to its enemies.

The Turks came and devastated the country. Venice refused her aid, and paid the penalty of the loss of her provinces from Bosnia to the Isthmus of Corinth, and the struggle ended with a siege of seven years sustained by Montenegro. In the end of last century Russia and Austria began to intrigue against each other for the friendship of the little state, and their rivalry has ever since been a valuable tool in the hands of the rulers of Montenegro. In 1813 Cattaro, which had submitted to Venice, when Ivo retired to the mountains, on the bargain that it was never to be given to any other power, found that Napoleon, as conqueror, had ceded it to Austria. Resenting this, it strove to join the mountaineers, but failed. Prince Daniel had done all he could to help it; and, on seeing that Austria had tightened her grasp on what should have been his seaport, he retired to his little capital of Cetigné, and devoted himself to the improvement of his people. His successor, Peter II., obtained from European powers a frontier treaty, which was the first formal recognition of his country by diplomatists. Under him rapid advance was made in the essentials, though not in the external comforts, of civilization. It will not do to live a less rigorous life till the country is secure from Turkish inroads: but schools were multiplied, roads made, and some barbarous practices in war done away with. The custom of cutting off the heads of dead enemies has not yet been quite given up, because the Turks of the neighbouring lands would misconstrue such humanity as cowardice.

Danilo projected a code of laws, and disregarded all provocations to war with the sultan till an actual invasion compelled him to take up arms; and the victory of Grahovo, in 1858, secured for him a commission of the great powers to fix the boundaries between Montenegro and Turkey. Some fertile districts were awarded to him, but no seaport; and he was not required to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Porte. In 1859 he was murdered, when at Cattaro for his wife's health, and never was prince more deeply mourned. His people flocked down the precipitous zigzag road to Cattaro to demand vengeance when he lay dying; but his message was that they should go quietly home. It was a long time before gay dress or weapons or festive gatherings appeared in the mountains. His successor was the present reigning prince Nicholas, who was only eighteen years of age; but who has vindicated his fitness

for the difficult post by great wisdom and prudence, and by a really ingenious tact in playing Russia, France, and the Porte off against each other when they try in turn to use him as a cat's-paw. He now appears to be waiting until some change in the political horizon shall show that it is time for him to help the rebelling provinces, whom as yet he dares only to help privately, and by receiving their refugees. His people, warriors every one of them, with wives and daughters ready and not unaccustomed to give warlike help at need, are eager for the fray, and it is not an undesirable thing that so simple, earnest, brave a people should extend their boundaries. Under Montenegrin skies education is fostered as in all other Serbian communities, all forms of religion are free, and the knowledge of the truth is being spread as might be expected in a country the capital of which contains only a hundred houses, which found purchasers for thirty-two copies of the Bible at one visit thither of a colporteur.

Whether Montenegro or Servia take temporarily or finally the foremost place, or whether there be formed a federation of the Slavonic populations of Turkey, there is at least, in the struggles of the crushed but resolute people fighting for freedom from gross outrage and the intolerable maladministration of an imbecile government, and for liberty to worship the God of their fathers in public — there is in this struggle a fit subject for the warmest sympathy of English men and women, a sympathy which will find no lack of outlets for its practical expression.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

1895.

#### CHAPTER I.

"TIME'S up, miss: look alive! First or third?"

"Third."

"All right; here you are!"

A shrill whistle, and the train on the Midland line steamed out of the station. Bertha Fitzherbert, a slender girl with large dark eyes, seated herself modestly in the corner, and settled her tidy little black bag beside her. The pace increased; and out of the dark station — for it was afternoon, and a November day — they emerged into bright light, and Bertha found time to reconnoitre her fellow-travellers. There were only two: a young

lady in deep mourning, with a thick black veil which concealed her face; and an honest-looking stout countryman, whose rounded shoulders and horny hands betrayed him more at home in work-a-day than Sunday clothes.

The train was going very fast, and the young lady in black sat facing the engine.

Bertha bent forward and said in her gentle voice, "Will you not change places with me or sit beside me?"

The young lady looked up gratefully and moved to the seat next to Bertha, the countryman composed himself to sleep, and the train rushed on.

Bertha sat looking out of the window at all the flying objects: trees, hedgerows, lazy cattle, peaceful cottages, all passed like a dream before her blurred and indistinct; through the rushing sound echoed the numerous voices of her home, merry children's laughter, the father's deep voice, the mother's sweet tones—ah, that mother!—down Bertha's cheek stole two large tears and dropped with a pat on her kid glove; her companion gave a little start and watched her anxiously; more visions were stealing past—a great beech-tree, a white pony leaning over the hurdles, two boys with sunny hair and rosy cheeks perched in the highest branches, and some one else caressing the pony's mane as she fed it with chopped-up carrots—voices shouting "George! George!"—and a bright pink flush dyed Bertha's face.

Her companion gave another little start, and watched more closely.

Now came another change—a look as of a sharp, sudden pain, contracted brow, clenched lips, and two more tears, hotter, slower in falling than the former ones. Suddenly Bertha is startled to find some one kissing her once, twice, three times, and a voice repeating, "Please, please, don't cry." She turned round in her astonishment to see the veil thrown up, and the sweetest, prettiest little fair-haired face looking up to her with a quiver in the sensitive lips, as if to say, "I know this is a great liberty; but we are both young girls, so please do not mind."

Bertha smiled through her tears and kissed her warmly. "How good you are!" she said, simply.

"I cannot bear to see you cry; now I will wipe all those tears away. Are you happier now?"

"Yes, thank you, dear. I won't cry any more. Tell me what your name is?"

"Amy Gordon, and I will tell you all about myself if you promise to be happy."

"Do," said Bertha, leaning back with a

sigh; "I shall be so glad to talk to you a little. Are you travelling quite alone?"

"Yes; and echo says, are you?"

"Yes; but I am older than you are."

"Are you sure? I am older than you think; I am eighteen."

"And I am twenty-one; but I have travelled alone several times now, and am no longer frightened."

"That is very brave of you: it terrifies me dreadfully. Mamma always laughs at me for being such a coward. I don't know how I shall get on at Murch Hall," and she sighed.

"Murch Hall! you do not mean that you are going there?"

"Yes, I am. Do you know Lady Murch?"

"No; but I suppose I shall know her, for I am going to be one of her lady-helps."

"Oh, how very, very glad I am! I am going also."

"Really and truly! This is delightful! Have you ever been in service before? can you tell me anything about it?"

"No; I have never been out before," said Amy, gravely. "We all lived at home at Stanton Rectory until my father died. We thought he was very rich indeed, for we always had all that we wanted; but something happened. I will not explain how it turned out that we had only two hundred a year to live upon, and that we must work for ourselves. There are eleven of us, five boys and six girls."

"What did you do?"

"Mary and Joanna are governesses; Meta and Rosie are both married. I was the difficulty, for I did so hate teaching; but I heard of Lady Murch's situation through Miss Belfort—you know whom I mean?—member for Kingtonville; and though mamma only half liked it, she let me come. I am to be pastry-maid; it is such pretty work, and I can do it beautifully now."

"I am to be second housemaid," said Bertha; "and I am afraid I know very little about it; but I suppose one can learn easily."

"Have you had any lessons?"

"Mamma's maid showed me how to make a bed as well as she could; but she knew very little herself, for she had never been anything but a lady's-maid until we were ruined."

"Ah!"

"It was about six months ago. All the children are provided for—we have the great comfort of having rich relations; but we elder ones must work. My two brothers were obliged to leave Eton." Her

eyes filled with tears, but she went on bravely: "I am only to get eighteen pounds a year. I know it is much higher wages than a real housemaid would get, who did not know her work; but it seems very little, does it not?"

"I am to have sixteen, and to rise if I do well," said Amy.

"Well, it will be one burden less for my father at home," said Bertha, cheerfully.

"Yes, that is the great comfort; and I am determined to think it all great fun," said Amy.

"I shall, too, as soon as I can forget Jack's face when he showed me his leaving-books," said Bertha.

"Where are they going now?"

"To Brussels, at first, then Heidelberg, or some other German college. I daresay it will all turn out for the best."

"Of course it will; and how proud you will be of their German and their great mustachios!"

"Freddy did not mind half so much as Jack."

"If you get to be head-housemaid, you will be able to help them."

"Yes; that I know will be my great delight."

"I wonder how much I shall be able to spare of my sixteen pounds," said Amy, thoughtfully.

"About six, I should think; but we cannot judge till we know what our expenses will be."

"I wonder if there is any one else in this train going to Murch Hall?"

"I wonder. It will be very exciting first meeting all our fellow-servants, and a very anxious moment also. Here we are at a station; look at that gorgeous woman!"

The door of a first-class carriage was thrown open with a bang, and a woman stood on the door-step, shouting out, "Hi! hi! you boy! give us a *Women's Parliamentary Journal*. How much?—three-pence?—twopence too much for such a dirty number;" and she drew back her green silk gown and black gloves into obscurity, holding her paper gingerly. Her figure was immediately replaced in the doorway by that of a young man apparently about five-and-twenty, clad in a light-grey shooting-costume,— "Boy! *Times* and *Pall Mall*."

"We shall be glad of some news, sha'n't we, Mr. Herbert?" said the lady in green silk.

"There is nothing in the papers just now," he answered, yawning. "By-the-by, I suppose one sees the papers at Murch Hall?"

"Bless you! of course you do; two is took in regular for the servants."

The *Times* twitched, and Mr. Herbert unceremoniously threw himself back and began to read.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "I *do* think."

"What do you think?" said the young gentleman, lazily.

"I was thinking that there are some beautiful advertisements this time."

A lady who had been seated quite quietly in one corner of the carriage now suddenly started up—"Excuse me, ma'am," she said; "only for one moment;" and with a dexterous twitch she possessed herself of the *Female Parliamentary Journal*, much to Mrs. Jones's indignation. She endeavored to stretch after it; but the lady in the corner placed a hand of iron on her soft, fat arm, and went on reading and holding her at the same time, murmuring, "I will not detain it a moment—not half a minute, my good woman."

For about five minutes this continued, Mrs. Jones speechless with displeasure. Then the lady loosed her with a suddenness which brought her anger to a crisis, and quite unconscious of offence began speaking in a loud, clear, oratorical tone—

"Sir," she said, addressing herself to Herbert, who, intensely amused, had been watching the scene, "a circumstance has again occurred which has much disturbed my serenity."

"Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it."

"It is these advertisements—these infernal advertisements!"

"Strong language," murmured the gentleman.

"What do you say?"

"I am all attention, I said—nothing else."

"These advertisements that constantly appear in the *Female Parliamentary Journal*—now, what is the *Female Parliamentary Journal*? answer me that. The *Female Parliamentary Journal* is the organ, the mouthpiece of the female parliamentary mind. Now, what is the female parliamentary mind? The female parliamentary mind is the modern soul or essence of politics; therefore political should be its articles, political should be its leaders, political should be its notices; and—political should be its advertisements."

"I am sure the advertisements is beautiful," said Mrs. Jones.

The lady deigned no response, but a withering look. Raising one finger in the air, she continued,— "Now, sir, the fe-

males who enter upon the parliamentary career cease to be women in —

"Hear, hear!"

"What do you say, sir?"

"Only, very true — very true indeed."

"Cease to be women in the commonly accepted sense of that term of opprobrium; they are no longer women, but females — refined, superior, intellectual, full of the cares and responsibilities of empire. Of what possible use can advertisements such as these be to such females? — 'Cash's Frilling, the most durable and satisfactory trimming for ladies', children's, and infants' wardrobes.' Are not advertisements meant to be of use to the purchasers and readers? Should they not be characteristic of the journal in which they appear? Again, 'Hair! hair! hair! Ask your perfumer,' etc., etc. Further on, 'Shoeberry & Co., limited, — Sewing-machines of all kinds.' And look at this! — 'Jenkin's Children's Powders.' What have members of Parliament, what have political journals, to do with these things? leave them to nurses and seamstresses. 'Dr. Bethel's Food for Infants, Children, and Invalids.' It is unworthy, useless, revolting. What have infants to do with Parliament? what part do children and invalids play in the ever-revolving political sphere? — answer me that."

"It does seem extraordinary. May I ask, madam, if you are in the House?"

"No, I am not; but I am agent for this part of the country, and now on my way to Firton for the impending election."

"Indeed! Do you expect much of a contest?"

"A certain John Bullus, Esq., has come forward in opposition to Mrs. Lane — a person of no local weight, but a good speaker; and I hear that he is quite determined to carry the seat;" and she laughed grimly.

"Mrs. Lane has sat before?"

"She was returned without a contest three years ago."

"And you consider her pretty safe?"

"I will answer no indiscreet questions."

"Ahem." Mr. Herbert returned to his paper.

"And may I ask, sir, if you have the distinction of writing M. P. after your name?"

"Not I! I am Sir Joseph Murch's new footman."

"Gentleman-help, you mean?"

"All the same thing."

"Pardon me; in a few words I will endeavour —"

"Firton! Firton!" started the nasal

tones of the Firton porter; and Mr. Herbert, with extraordinary courtesy, jumped up to take down his fellow-traveller's umbrella-case and mackintosh, and draw a bundle of rugs from under the seat.

"Another time we will finish our little talk," she said, as she got out of the train. The station was small, so that Herbert could see a very high smart-looking gig awaiting her. He watched with a mixture of astonishment and amusement the dexterity with which she mounted it, drew a little packet from her pocket, lit a fragrant cigar, and taking the reins from the small groom's hands, drove off down the road.

"That's Miss Highclere," said Mrs. Jones, wiping her brow. "You'll see enough of her; she's always staying with my lady."

"Heaven help us!" muttered Herbert from behind his newspaper.

"Yes, that you will; it was all along of her this new idea of lady-helps — lady-helps indeed! taking the bread out of folks' mouths."

"Now, come, cook," said the young gentleman; "I want to be left in peace."

"All right, footman! I like you a-calling of me — cook," she said, wrathfully; but Mr. Herbert had tucked up his legs, settled his plaid round him, and was apparently in the land of Nod.

## CHAPTER II.

It was growing very dark, when Bertha discovered by a glance at her watch that they were due at Merton Junction. The two girls sat holding each other's hands very tightly. A shrill whistle, slackening pace, and the train stopped. "Merton Junction. All change here for Aberville, Charlton, and Dorcaster." And cold and shivering, the travellers bundled out into the raw November mist. The train, with its lights gleaming like crimson eyes, hurried off into the night, leaving four passengers standing a little disconsolately on the platform.

"I wonder if anything has come to meet us," said Amy, timidly.

"There's a bus here from Murch Hall, if any o' you gents be going there," said a friendly porter. Mrs. Jones pressed forwards, "All right! it's come for me: here, take my bag, and just see the luggage in."

The girls followed her through the station to the door.

"Are you going to Murch Hall?" she asked, tossing her head superciliously.



"Yes, if you please; is there room?" said Bertha.

"Room! yes, there's room enough; plenty of room for you too, Mr. Herbert."

"Now, Mrs. Jones, look sharp," said the coachman, tightening the reins. "You'll come on the box and have a weed, won't you?" he said to Herbert.

"With all my heart."

The little omnibus bounded forwards, steadied itself, and spun along the road at a pace which made the three women hold on by the seats.

"Here we are!" said the coachman, throwing down the reins and jumping off.

"Will you come with me, Mr. Herbert, and leave the women-folks to themselves?"

Fortunately a helper was ready to stand before the steaming horses, and another to open the omnibus-door and let out the tired travellers. They descended at a small low door, followed Mrs. Jones down a stone passage, and found themselves in a large stone-paved lower hall, out of which opened to the right and left the various very comfortable offices.

Here they were met by a tall old gentleman, somewhat bent by age, with a most kindly expression on his face as he came forward to meet the new arrivals.

"I hope you have done all your commissions, Mrs. Jones," he said.

"Yes, I have, sir, and a busy two days I have had; and I will not say but I shall be glad of my tea now, Colonel Clarence."

"And you must be tired, too," said he, very kindly, to the two girls. "I have ordered your tea at once, and told my lady that she had better not see you till you are a little rested."

"Oh, thank you."

"Colonel Clarence is always addressed as sir," said Mrs. Jones, sharply.

"I beg your pardon," faltered Bertha.

"No, no, come along now, and we will see how we can make you comfortable. Miss Gwendoline," he called out suddenly, "will you show these ladies their rooms?"

"*Si, signore*," said a voice; and out of the kitchen came a tall girl in a white apron and bib, with a most coquettish cap on her black hair; she put her hands into the little pockets of her apron and danced up to them.

"I hope you will like your rooms," she said, "and, above all, that you won't mind sharing one between you."

"Now don't you be a-putting of them up to —"

"The servants are waiting for you, Mrs. Jones," said Gwendoline, haughtily; and Mrs. Jones departed, wrathfully.

Their new acquaintance led the way up stairs that seemed to be endless — stairs that passed through a stone age, a wooden age, and finally an iron age — and landed our travellers, giddy from the tiny corkscrew ascent, in a sort of rabbit-warren of rooms under the roof.

"This is your room," said their guide, opening a door and showing them a large roomy garret with a sloping roof, two very inviting little white beds, and furniture of polished deal, which shone with rubbing. "And I hope you will be comfortable here; my room opens into it, and I shall come in and see you sometimes in bed. I am so glad you are come."

"We want so much to know what it will be like," said Bertha.

"I will tell you about the servants in half-a-dozen words. Colonel Clarence is the butler, and an old dear he is, always a refuge in times of direful trouble. The housekeeper is my lady herself, for no one else will undertake the job. The cook is Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Jones is the thorn in the flesh of the establishment; Sir Joseph is philanthropic — Sir Joseph is likewise an epicure. Lady-helps are all very well, but no single lady-help can be found who can cook well. One gentleman-cook appeared, but he asked £500 a year, and could never make a plain pudding without champagne, so he was given up, and Mrs. Jones rules the roast. The kitchen-maids were always leaving till I came, and as I am determined with her, she respects me."

"I hope she will be kind to me," said Amy.

"I will see after you — we are two kitchen-maids, scullery-maid and pastry-maid; my underling is a nice merry schoolgirl, and we have great fun together. Now for you, Miss Fitzherbert — there are three housemaids and a head one; the head is Miss Price: she was once a governess, but failed, as she is such a fidget that no one would have her; she has nerves, and always thinks every one is going to offend her."

"Oh, dear!"

"The two other housemaids are sisters, the Miss Burdens, who took to service by their clergyman's advice, because they were always quarrelling."

"And then?"

"There is Miss Murch's maid, a real civil French lady's-maid who finds it very *triste* to have no companion. Lady Murch's maid is a retired officer's widow, who does nothing but cry — Mrs. Lurgan. Then there are the men. Captain Law-

rence, the coachman, who has only one leg; Mr. Fox and Mr. Herbert, two footmen; Colonel Clarence, butler; Arthur Macdown, Sir Joseph's valet; and a boy who wears yellow stockings—I suspect him of having been a blue-coat."

"Was it Mr. Herbert who came down from London with us?"

"Yes; we have never been able to find a footman to stay as yet, because Mr. Fox will not do a single thing, and the second footman does it all. I hope Mr. Herbert likes work."

They all laughed. "It is all very ridiculous, is it not?" said Gwendoline.

"Very; one does not quite realize it yet."

A comfortable tea was set in the room called the lady-helps' parlour when the two travellers came down-stairs. Colonel Clarence presided, pouring out tea as skilfully as a lady would have done, and supplying them liberally with bread and butter.

"Our regular tea-time is five o'clock," he said; "but I daresay you are just as well pleased to be too late to meet anybody to-night."

Tea over, he advised them to wash up the things, and said that he would now find out whether Lady Murch could receive them. Bertha went to look for hot water, and Amy flew up-stairs for some aprons, highly amused that their work should have begun at once.

They were hard at work with the cups and saucers when Colonel Clarence came back.

"My lady wishes to see you now," he said.

"Can't we just finish this?"

"Miss Gwendoline will do that. Miss Gwen!"

Gwendoline came flying down the passage.

"Can you finish these things, you wild child?" asked the colonel, patting her cheek.

"Oh yes, in a moment!" and pushing back her sleeves she put her hands immediately to their task.

Bertha and Amy felt very shy as they followed the butler up-stairs. The back staircase led out into a large dining-room, the table laid for about twenty people and blazing with lights; they crossed a couple of dark ante-rooms, went down a long corridor, and followed their guide into a large half-lighted drawing-room.

"Will you wait here?" he said, and vanished through another door. They waited about ten minutes, when the door

opened with a rush, and a young lady came in.

"How do you do?" she said cordially, and without shaking hands squatted down on the white fur mat in front of the fire.

"Mamma will be here directly. I am Mary Murch, and I hope we shall be great friends. I am always running in and out of the kitchen, in fact we all are, all day long, much to Mrs. Jones's disgust; but it is great fun."

"I should think it did not advance the work much," said Bertha.

"That is what mamma says; but all the same, if she will carry out these eccentric schemes of hers, she must experience the practical working of them."

"Are all the servants——"

"Servants! ye powers, what an expression! There are no servants in this house; but it is so long to speak of the gentlemen-helps and the lady-helps distinctively, that they have been called among us the Troglodites—a most graceful and classical term. Here is mamma."

The door through which Colonel Clarence had gone was thrown open, and Lady Murch sailed in. It was dark, and the firelight flickered, but Bertha and Amy were aware of a stately presence tending towards six feet high, of yards of Bismarck-coloured silk, of *embonpoint* and shadowiness of outline in the twilight room, and of a deep masculine voice.

"I am glad to see you," she said; "I hope you have been welcomed and made as comfortable as circumstances permit in my abode."

"We have indeed."

"Be seated, and I will endeavour to put before you a few of the theories upon which the general management of this house is conducted." They sat down reluctantly, for Lady Murch's large presence stood looming before them, and she waved aside her daughter's offer of a chair.

"When I first followed the example of so many wiser and better than myself, and determined to select my household from the higher ranks, I began in a manner which it proved impossible to continue, by giving salaries such as gentlemen and gentlewomen might find it worth their while to accept. Sir Joseph rebelled; our fortune is large, but needs must be colossal to support such a tax, so I regret that I cannot offer much more than the ordinary rate of wa—of salaries."

"Forgive me," said Bertha, a little proudly; "but I am inexperienced; my

wages are to be those of an experienced housemaid. I cannot accept so much when my services are not worth it."

"Nor I," said Amy, eagerly.

"Nonsense," said Lady Murch. "You see that the advantage of having refined and agreeable gentlewomen more than makes up for the deficiency of experience."

"But I fear that it will not make better housemaids," said Bertha, smiling.

"That is my affair, and it is settled. Now to continue; at first my wish was that the Troglodites should have a table exactly similar to our own; but again"—and she waved her hand with a stately gesture—"again Sir Joseph rebelled,—in short, it proved too expensive; so I have been obliged to vary the Troglodites' table very little from what it used to be in the days of servants—excellent meat at all times, but not such little luxuries as soups, jellies, creams, sweet-breads, or *entrées*. As it is, I find the consumption of food so much less than it used to be, that that alone takes from the increase of expense of the new system. Then, again, tallow candles."

"Mamma," said Mary, entreatingly, "I am sure that these ladies will mind nothing."

"I hope they will be forbearing," said her mother, graciously. "I regret that I cannot see more of my lady-helps, but I am overpowered with business, being in the chair of so many public meetings and on several committees, besides having (perhaps foolishly) consented to write an article now and then in the *Eve's Magazine*. But there is no want of society, for all the guests staying in the house are as much in the kitchens and offices as in the drawing-rooms. Mrs. Lurgan and the Misses Burden dine with us to-night. To-morrow I hope you will both favour us with your company. I always make a point of inviting a few members of the household every night. Colonel Clarence dines to-night; I confess that always makes me a little anxious, for Mr. Fox is not a very good waiter, and Sir Joseph is very particular. Good night; and pray let me know if you have not everything you wish."

"Yes, I hope you will," said Mary, cordially, as Bertha and Amy left the room.

### CHAPTER III.

"MR. STUART, will you take Miss Murch? Sir Frederick, allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Reid; Lady Snow-

don, an old friend of your husband's, Sir Frederick's college friend, Colonel Clarence; Mr. Reid, Mrs. Lurgan," etc.

The guests at Murch Hall passed two and two into the dining-room.

"I hope, my dear Lady Goodchild, that you have good news from Firton," said Sir Joseph, depositing a graceful lady in a chair at his side.

"Yes, thank you, Sir Joseph," simpered the lady; "a fine boy, and doing remarkably well. I said to George Lane, I had seldom seen my daughter, Mrs. Lane, look better; and it is such a good thing to have it over before the election. I feel quite nervous when I think of the flurry of her poor mind."

"She will be unable, of course, to canvass personally."

"I am sure so much the better; for she was sadly overtired the last election; and it is hard work, no doubt."

"Well, we wish her all success. We expect Miss Highclere to-morrow; she arrives by the 11.20 train, but will not leave till the poll is closed."

"Miss Highclere is invaluable. I really think that the county should present her with some testimonial if this seat is carried."

"Take down this fish at once, and tell Mrs. Jones that it is perfectly raw!" shouted Sir Joseph.

The head-footman lounged up. "It is the second time it has happened," he said.

"Tell her it must not happen again, Fox."

"All right!"

"Are you fortunate in your household, Lady Murch?" asked Lord Goodchild.

"Miss Burden, who is sitting next to you, will tell you that we are singularly happy."

"Some of the girls are very giddy," said Miss Burden, abruptly.

"It is a difficult team to drive," said his lordship.

"Team! yes; we have a capital coachman," said Lady Murch absently, for she was watching Fox, who, with a dish handed to Mrs. Reid, had remained for at least three minutes in that attitude listening to Sir Frederick's description of the day's run.

"I think young ladies are quite as difficult to manage as young maid-servants," continued Miss Burden—"they are so flighty; this very morning I had cause to complain of it."

At this moment Mr. Fox recollected himself, and moved his dish to another

lady, and Lady Murch, relieved, returned to her neighbour.

"The difficulties of such a household are very great, Lord Goodchild," she said; "and accustomed as I am to encounter difficulties, I have often felt nearly baffled."

"In what respect? I do not ask out of mere curiosity, for we are ourselves meditating fresh household arrangements."

"Well, to begin with — the difficulty of getting gentlemen-helps. Sir Joseph advertised for a coachman, a butler, and a head-footman at the same time. We had no less than a hundred and fifty-eight applications for the coachman's place, one for the butler's place, and none at all for the footman's. The butler's place was filled by a cousin of my own, who is the comfort of my life," and she looked affectionately at Colonel Clarence, who was deep in a military discussion with Lady Snowdon. "The coachman was selected with great difficulty; the footman's situation was taken by one of the applicants for the coachman's place, who knows more about horses than waiting at table."

"No, no, Sir Frederick!" cried the head-footman suddenly. "You are quite mistaken; she's a capital mare! more going in her than in any in the stables. When Marmaduke came home from Ashton coverts dead beat, Nancy had never turned a hair."

"So you all say, I know, Fox; but I never saw an uglier tumble than she gave young Tom."

"He does not know how to ride her, and —"

"Mr. Fox, will you kindly bring me some grouse?" said Lady Murch's deep voice.

"All right! I forgot. I beg your pardon. Wing or leg?"

"Leg. To continue, Lord Goodchild: one difficulty, of course, is the increase of salaries. It would not, of course, be expected that a lady-help should come to you for the same salary that a servant would; well, of course, they have to learn their work, and during that time extra assistance is absolutely necessary. You will be astonished to hear that at this moment I have sixteen charwomen in the house and five odd men."

"Indeed! Your accounts of difficulty would make me hesitate but for one thing — the enormous increase of wages demanded by servants. They say (and rightly) that they have far more knowledge of their duties, and are worth more than the lady-helps, and do not see why they should

be less well paid: it is the same with men-servants."

"This is again a difficulty: you cannot expect lady-helps to associate with any but gentleman-helps, and these are very difficult to get, being generally an odd set — disinherited sons, dismissed from universities, or wanting in intellect, or thoroughly idle. It is very hard to manage."

"It must be, indeed."

"Cooks have been the worst of all. My cook, Mrs. Jones, insists upon being called a lady-help, and gives herself great airs, though she is but a cook after all; and she makes herself very unpleasant to the young ladies, I am afraid."

"She does indeed," murmured Miss Burden.

At this moment the door burst open, and the coachman came in flourishing a letter in his hand.

"A telegram from Firton, Lady Murch!" he cried. "Miss Highclere wants me to go there at once; things are going very badly with Mrs. Lane."

"Badly!" almost shrieked Lady Goodchild. "The baby?"

"No, no, the election. Can I go, Sir Joseph? I have told Thomas that you can have the greys if you want them to-morrow; but I don't wish to have Castor or Pollux used; you can do as you like about the mare."

"Very well; you will drive over Miss Highclere to-morrow, will you, after the poll is closed?"

"Yes; I don't mind very much, as it will be dark; but I don't like being seen with her."

"Be off, then? Good-night;" and once more the dinner proceeded quietly.

A bright sunny morning followed a misty night, and when Bertha and Amy awoke from most refreshing slumbers, the panes of glass in their attic were rich with frost-pictures. Bertha could not avoid little shrieks as she plunged into her cold bath, and proceeded to make her toilet with cheeks as rosy as a child's. About eight o'clock the door opened, and some one with a pinched, sour-looking face looked in.

"I'm glad to see you're up, young ladies," said the owner of the face, in a voice which corresponded with her vinegar aspect. "Now, if you'll excuse me, Miss Fitzherbert, your bow is not straight; tie your apron behind, not in front. You, if you please, Miss Gordon, are to run down at once to Mrs. Jones. Now follow me, Miss Fitzherbert."

Bertha obeyed, only watching Amy a

little wistfully as she tripped off down-stairs.

"I suppose you know nothing about what you have undertaken?" said Miss Price, as the two together entered a long passage.

"I am afraid not very much."

"Well, this is the housemaid's closet; it has been fitted up as you see, by Lady Murch, to facilitate agreeable society for the lady-helps—here a sofa, there an arm-chair, behind that curtain a recess, a high chair to sit on while washing or rinsing at the sink; charwomen see to the slops, but *we* sluice ewers and basins with fresh water. Miss Murch, good-morning."

Miss Murch entered the housemaid's closet in her riding-habit. "Are you showing that poor child her duties before breakfast, Miss Price? Come, Bertha, (I may call you Bertha, may I not?) you had better come to breakfast first. I am going to breakfast with you, Miss Price, for Gwen and I are going to have a gallop before the 'company' make their appearance, when I shall elegantly nibble toast, decline ham, and sip tea, and be pitied by Mrs. Reid for my delicacy of constitution! Come along."

"Does your mamma approve of these unladylike doings, Miss Murch?—if so——"

"Never mind, come along! it is cold enough to make the very idea of breakfast delicious!" and she led the way down-stairs. The lady-helps' parlour was bright with a blazing fire, on which a kettle sang rapturously; the toast and the bread and butter looked most inviting; the coffee smelt so fragrantly that Mrs. Jones herself could not mar its sweetness, though with dirty poppies in her black cap she looked more vulgar than usual. Gwendoline was half-way through her breakfast, looking radiantly pretty in a dark-green riding-habit; only poor little Amy looked sad and spiritless.

"Miss Murch, I must beg," began Mrs. Jones, "that you will not repeat of taking out my kitchen-elps in this way; it leaves all the hard work to them as is too good for it."

"All right, Jones; give me some ham. Make haste, Gwen; I have not told you that we are to have a cavalier to-day."

"Cavalier! the new footman! and a saucy one he is—not so much the gentleman as we're accustomed to."

"Jones, give Miss Gwendoline the butter at once."

"Here, Gwendoline."

"I said *Miss* Gwendoline."

Mrs. Jones made no answer, but poured out some tea with a jerk.

"We must make haste with the rooms to-day, Eliza," said Miss Agatha Burden to her sister.

"There's no greater hurry than usual."

"Miss Price tells me Miss Highclere is to have the red room; and what with her litter, and smoking, and writing, we shall have our hands full."

"And the red-room dressing-room is to have the bed out and writing-things put in," said Miss Price; "and the walnut room is to be prepared for Mr. Leslie. We shall have the house quite full to-day."

Bertha started violently, but went on with her tea, hoping that no one noticed her rosy cheeks.

"I hear Mr. Leslie comes by the nine-o'clock train," said Miss Eliza. "So thoughtless! I shall scarcely have time to get my breakfast down; for I don't suppose you will be much help," she said, ungraciously, to Bertha.

"I will do my best," she said sweetly.

"Now, Gwen, if you have done."

"Quite done, thanks. Mind, Mrs. Jones, not too much fuss about the pastry at first. Miss Gordon is under my special protection."

And shaking her finger at her chief, Gwendoline followed her young mistress.

"You have not seen the new footman yet, have you?" asked Mary Murch, as they went out into the stable-yard.

"No, not yet. If he is no more amusing than his predecessor, I do not expect much from his acquaintance."

"He is to meet us at the lodge, as he is exercising Marmaduke, and is obliged to let off steam a little before riding with ladies."

"Captain Lawrence must have much confidence in him to let him exercise Marmaduke; why, Mr. Fox himself is never allowed to ride him."

"Oh, he knows what he is about; they are old friends. You know that Captain Lawrence is gone to Firton, so Thomas must mount us."

Another moment, and the two girls were cantering off to the lodge.

"How delicious it is in the early morning!" cried Gwendoline, as, putting their horses on to the grass, they turned across the park. The hoar-frost sparkled like diamonds on every blade, a clear blue mist was between them and the trees, at a little distance the water of the lake looked blue as the depth of the sky, and

two white swans swam haughtily to and fro, aware that their plumage actually dazzled the eye in the early gleams of the sun.

"Alas, that so soon all this sweetness and freshness should be exchanged for the hot kitchen and Mrs. Jones!"

"Don't think of it now; think of nothing but what is bright and joyous. There is the new footman."

"Where?"

Gwendoline shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed in the direction pointed out; she started suddenly. "Mary, you have deceived me. I will not go."

"What do you mean? Do not turn back; he has not seen us."

"Let me go. I will not stay."

"What do you mean?"

"I will not go. Do you know who that gentleman is, or not?"

"Of course I do; it is Mr. Herbert, the new footman."

"It is Mr. Herbert Montgomery, a very different person; how dare he follow me here?"

"Oh, Gwen, what fun! Is he a suitor of yours?"

"Yes; how dare he?"

"You do not look as if you minded it much," said Mary, archly.

"But I refused him; he has no right to come bothering me like this. Leave my reins; I must go; see, he sees us."

"Then we must join him. Nonsense, Gwen; it is far more dignified."

"I will never forgive you," murmured Gwendoline, as the cavalier rode up.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"GOOD morning, Miss Murch. Ah!"

"Do not counterfeit surprise, Mr. Montgomery; it is not worth while."

"I vow —"

"Nor vow false vows. I am sorry to see you in such different circumstances. Mary, is it not nearly time to go in?"

"I cannot go in yet. This brute has been eating his head off in idleness, and wants a good gallop." As he spoke, whether by accident or design, Marmaduke reared violently.

"Take care, for heaven's sake! I hope he is not dangerous?"

"Oh no, Miss Murch; see, your friend has stronger nerves;" he said, rather bitterly.

"I have seen you worse mounted."

"Ah, you mean Robin Hood!" he cried, eagerly. "Do you remember that day?"

"It must be time to go in, Mary," said

Gwendoline, impatiently. The new footman turned his back on the two girls, and rode off rather sulkily, Marmaduke quite quiet and subdued.

"He is going," said Gwendoline, in a low, anxious voice.

"Then call him back."

"I can't — I won't; but I wanted, really out of curiosity, to hear what has made him come down to this, for his sister's sake. Is he not a bear? He is always like that."

"Mr. Herbert!"

"Miss Murch."

"Miss Gwendoline wants to ask you a question."

"She must come and ask me in the pantry."

"You do not mean it?"

Gwendoline had touched her horse with the whip, and was speeding home — she would not stand that. In the pantry, indeed! She was quivering with indignation. Mary Murch was quite out of breath when she overtook her at the door.

In ten minutes Miss Murch, beautifully dressed, was sitting between Sir Frederick Snowdon and Mrs. Reid at the ten-o'clock breakfast; and Gwendoline, with her eyes still flashing, her cheeks flushed, and lips curling involuntarily into smiles, was hard at work with the vegetables for luncheon.

"I hate slops," said Miss Burden, querulously.

"Well, call the charwoman."

"I have called her twice, but she is with Miss Price."

"Make Miss Fitzherbert empty them."

"How cross of you! when you know she has as much as she can manage with that Miss Price always after her."

"Well, *please* don't grumble."

"I'm not grumbling; I only said I hated slops." And she walked off with the pail.

"Smoother, please, Miss Herbert, that crease will never do; now, tuck it in nicely. See, there is another crease! Stop a moment, child; that apron of yours will twist round. Now run to the sink and wash out the glasses, and then fill the water-bottles; mind you wipe them well with a clean duster. The dusters are kept in the right-hand middle drawer of — Oh, dear, how dusty that is! Give me the duster; never flick at a thing like that."

Bertha ran away to the housemaid's closet; she found Miss Burden wiping out a ewer and basin, and talking to Lady Goodchild, who sat with Mrs. Reid on the sofa. "Good morning," said the former, graciously, as Bertha made her pretty little



bow. Mrs. Reid stared at her superciliously. Bertha set to her work at once.

"Miss Fitzherbert, come here."

"Yes."

"When you have done, follow me to the red room with the brooms."

"Is that the new housemaid, Miss Burden?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"Yes; and a nice active girl she seems, though she knows nothing about her work; she has never been out before."

"Miss Price is rather severe, is she not?"

"I have nothing to do with Miss Price."

"Indeed! I thought you were second in the housemaids' department."

"We have no heads here, save nominal ones, Mrs. Reid; we choose our own work, and do it at our own time; we could not undertake these offices unless it were so."

"Ahem," said Lady Goodchild.

"Do you mean anything by that?" said Miss Burden, trembling nervously.

"Nothing at all; I am only making observations with a view to starting some such establishment myself," said Lady Goodchild. "Miss Murch, is that you?"

"Good morning, Miss Burden. Lady Goodchild, mamma is going to drive in the pony-carriage, and wants to know whether you prefer going out in the morning or in the afternoon."

"I will go with her now if she wishes it."

"Very well. Will you meet her in the kitchen in about a quarter of an hour? Mr. Stuart and Sir Frederick are there now; they are going with you."

"I will go and dress."

"What will you do, Mrs. Reid?"

"I shall not go out this morning; I will take my work and sit wherever you do."

"Lady Snowdon is in the drawing-room."

"She is a dull old woman; I don't care to sit with her."

"And after mamma is dressed, Mrs. Lurgan has promised to sing — she sings divinely."

"Why can't I come with you?"

"Oh, by all means! only you know I am such a flibberty-gibbet."

"And where do you come from now, flibberty-gibbet?"

"Oh, from down-stairs."

"What part of down-stairs?"

"The regions of the Troglodites."

"Which cave?"

"I was with Colonel Clarence."

"Oh, in the pantry?"

"Well, yes — I was."

"Let me come with you."

"Very well."

Ah non giunge  
Uman pensiero!  
Al' contento  
Ond' io son piena!

sang the kitchen-maid at her work in the kitchen; she danced along with a pie-dish in her hands in the usual white apron and bib. Another voice took up the strain from the pantry — a rich tenor voice —

A miei sensi  
Io credo appena  
Tu m'af-fi-da!  
O mio tesoro!

The kitchen-door shut with a decided bang, and Gwendoline rushed to the fire.

"Stop! stop!" shouted Mrs. Jones. "Don't turn it, you awkward girl; baste it, or it will burn!"

A burst of laughter — Gwendoline turned round her rosy, defiant face.

"Mary, *do* go up-stairs. How can we do our work with all of you here? Here Sir Frederick has been insisting upon stoning the plums, and has eaten quite half."

"I protest —"

"Useless protestations!" cried Mrs. Reid, with would-be archness. "Please, Miss Gwendoline, if you have any materials, I should so like to make an omelet; I have not made one for years."

Mrs. Jones went on doggedly with her work.

"Instead of that would you whip these eggs for me? There — it is most artistic with a sharp flip and whisk."

"Oh, what fun! Can you lend me an apron?"

"Here — but please don't dirty it; it must last me till Saturday."

"Mayn't I shell peas?"

"No, Sir Frederick, not in November; but if you would copy out this receipt for me, I should be very much obliged."

"I see neither pen, ink, nor paper."

"They are all in the pantry."

"Here is Lady Murch!" cried Gwendoline.

"Good morning, my dear. Has Lady Goodchild come down yet?"

"No, not yet; but she went to dress ten minutes ago."

"If she comes in, Gwendoline, ask her to be so kind as to wait a few moments for me, for I must speak to poor young Herbert for a few moments."

"Is anything the matter, mamma?" asked Mary, demurely.

"No, nothing the matter; but one likes to be kind to any one so unfortunate; it is a sad case of broken fortunes without any culpability on the part of the victim — one of those cases one often reads of, but seldom meets — a most exemplary young man."

"Who told you about him, mamma?"

"Captain Lawrence, an old school-fellow of his. Don't forget my message, girls. Gwendoline, remember you must have a walk to-day; you look flushed."

At this moment Amy came timidly into the kitchen.

"Good morning," said Lady Murch; "I hope you are getting on well, my dear."

"Oh, may I show you my tartlets, Lady Murch? I should so like to do so."

"Do; I should like to see them very much."

Amy eagerly led the way into the still-room.

"Look," she said, gleefully. Lady Murch had a good eye for design. "What a pretty design!" she exclaimed; "I must have it for my flower-beds. Where did you get it?"

"From Villemin. It is a very good one, is it not? Only I should have liked two or three coloured jams; but Mrs. Jones would not let me — she said it was extravagant."

"Well, leave them as they are, and I will send Mr. Fox to sketch off the design quickly, as I daresay you have not time."

"Oh, thank you. I have a good deal to do: there is the paste for the dump-lings to be made."

Lady Murch swept out, and Amy went on with her work.

"Miss Gordon!" shouted Mrs. Jones — that lady's voice was never less than a shout.

"Those tartlets must be baked, or they'll never be ready for luncheon."

"I am so sorry, but Lady Murch is going to send in Mr. Fox to sketch them, so they must wait."

"But I tell you they must be done at once."

"I will run and ask Mr. Fox to be quick." Amy sped away to the pantry.

"Oh, please, Mr. Fox," she said, "would you mind sketching the design before it is baked?"

"Oh, ah! I forgot; Lady Murch said something about it. Ring the bell, Herbert. Thanks. When the odd fellow comes tell him to finish cleaning those lamps, etc. I ain't coming back."

"By Jove, that is pretty!" he said, on

beholding the result of Amy's labours; "it inspires me." He drew out of a drawer all manner of drawing-materials, and began making designs.

Amy came to Miss Murch with a very troubled face.

"Please, I beg your pardon; but Mr. Fox was going to draw my tartlets, and instead he is making all kinds of designs, and I do so want to begin to bake them."

"What do you want me to do, my dear?"

"Please get him to leave off, and sketch them quickly; he will attend to you."

"Have you found that out already?" and Mary laughed to herself as she disappeared into the stillroom.

"Are those eggs ready, Mrs. Reid?" asked Gwendoline, with her white little hands kneading away in a basin.

"What eggs?"

"The white you were whisking. I can't wait a moment. Oh, please whisk it quicker, or my pudding will be spoilt. Oh, quick, quick! What have you been doing?"

"I got absorbed in the cookery-book, and forgot it. Shall I be in time?"

"Go on, go on!"

"But my hand aches so!"

"Only a minute more! there, pour it in — that's right. Now the sauce-pan — all together."

"Evviva! It is on the fire! 'Saved! saved! saved!' as Tennyson hath it."

"Only just in time," said Mrs. Reid, panting. "I don't know when I have been so flurried."

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DUTCH GUIANA.

## CHAPTER V.

### BUSH-NEGROES.

THE groups that had gathered to greet us as we landed at the large wooden *steling* in front of La Paix, had an appearance not unbefitting the general character of the place itself. Mixed together, yet distinct, the slender, ornament-circled limbs and cringing gestures of the turbaned coolies by the wharf, contrasted strangely with the sturdy forms and independent demeanour of the bush-negroes, here present in great force, mixed up with the more disciplined creoles, many of whom were, however, scarcely more overburdened with apparel — or, rather, sensible of the want of it — than their maroon

kinsmen around. There was no lack of that general good feeling and willing subordination that characterized the more civilized population nearer the capital; all were cheerful—the coolies, perhaps, excepted, but cheerfulness is not a Hindoo virtue either at home or abroad—and courteous, after a fashion, but somewhat wild.

A painted four-oar boat, with its commodious stern-cabin—the overseer's conveyance—lay alongside the wharf; two broad, flat-bottomed barges were moored some way up the main creek that leads to the interior of the estate; and besides these were a dozen maroon corials, mere hollow tree-trunks, the simplest forms of barbaric invention—survivals, to borrow Mr. Tylor's excellent nomenclature, of a pre-civilized era in river-navigation.

The owners of the corials—tall, well-shaped men of colour, ranging between dark brown and inky black, with a rag at most bound turban-fashion round their bullet heads, and another of scarce ampler dimensions about their loins—muster on the landing-place, and salute the governor with a courteous deference to which the fullest uniform could add nothing. The women, whose dress may best be described as a scanty kilt, and the children, boys and girls, who have none to describe, keep somewhat in the background—laughing, of course; all seem perfectly at home, without strangeness, or even shyness of any kind. Nor, indeed, are they strangers from far off; their villages on the banks of the upper Cottica itself, and of its tributary stream, the Coermotibo, are almost contiguous to the European estates. The main body of the tribe is, however, far away on the banks of the Saara River to the south, where their chief resides, and along the west bank of the Marowyne, the boundary river between Dutch and French Guiana. All this vast region, said by the few explorers who have visited it to be in no respect inferior for its fertility and the variety of its products to the best lands of Surinam, has been made over, partly by express treaty, partly by custom, to the maroons, commonly known as the bush-negroes, the first who in 1761 obtained a formal recognition of freedom and independence from their European masters. Of the entire district they are now almost the sole occupants, undisturbed even by dark-skinned competitors; for the Indian aborigines, believed to have been once numerous throughout these wooded valleys, have wasted away and disappeared, unable not

merely to compete but even to co-exist with their African any better than with their European neighbours. A small Dutch settlement—that of Albina, on the banks of the Marowyne—alone varies the uniformity of negro possession in these lands.

Their mode of life is agricultural; their labour is partly bestowed on the field-produce sufficient to their own personal wants, partly on the growth and export of rice, with which they supply the estates and the capital. But their chief occupation is wood-cutting, and their skill in this department has secured them an almost absolute monopoly of the timber-supply that forms a considerable item in the trade-lists of Surinam. They hew, trim, divide the planks, and do whatever is requisite for preparing the wood for shipment; then bring it down in the form of rafts or boat-loads to Paramaribo, where they exchange it most commonly for arms, powder, cooking-utensils, and other household necessities. Fortunately for themselves, strong drink is not a favourite article of barter among these unregistered and unbaptized disciples of Father Mathew and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Indeed, in this, as in many other respects, they present an advantageous contrast with the besotted Indians, whose diminution and almost disappearance from the land has been occasioned by intemperance much more than by any of the numerous causes assigned on philo-indigenous platforms. With the negro, on the contrary, drunkenness is an exotic vice, and even where it has been implanted it does not flourish largely on his soil.

Their settlements, far up among the rivers, and in regions said to be admirably adapted for cultivation, though as yet rarely favoured by European visitors, are grouped together after the fashion of small villages, resembling, I am told, in their principal features the more accessible hamlet inhabited by emancipated Congo Africans, and called "Bel Air," near Berbice. Their dwellings are reported to be neat and comfortable enough after a fashion. About fifty of these villages are recorded by name; the average number of souls in each equals three hundred, or thereabouts. The census of the entire bush-negro population is almost conjectural; some bring their numbers down to eight thousand, others raise them to thirty. Of the two extremes the latter is, I believe, the nearest to the truth. Negroes, like other Eastern tribes, when required to give an account of themselves,

are in the habit of reckoning up their men only, omitting the women altogether, and even the male children if still at the breast. Fear of taxation is another common motive for under-statement, especially in the presence of official inquiry. Every village has its chief; his office is partly hereditary, partly elective, and he himself is distinguished from his subjects by a uniform, to be worn, however, only on rare and special occasions—a fortunate circumstance in so warm a climate. He also bears a staff of office. These lesser chiefs are, again, under the orders of the headman of the tribe, who has right to wear, when he chooses—a rare occurrence, let us hope—a general's uniform, and to bear in his hand a baton of rule surmounted by a gilded knob.

Besides the "grand man" of their own "skin," in negro phrase, each tribe enjoys or endures the presence of a European official whom the colonial government appoints under the title of *posthouder* to reside among them, and whose duties chiefly consist in settling the frequent petty contentions that arise between the villagers themselves or their neighbours, regarding rights of property or land. Most other cases, civil or criminal, fall under the jurisdiction of the tribe itself, and are decided by the unwritten code of usage—often sufficiently barbarous in the punishments that it awards; though the cruelest of all, that of burning alive, is said not to have been inflicted on any one for a generation past. It was the penalty especially reserved for sorcerers, and its discontinuance is attributed to the fact that the sorcerers have themselves, like the witches of Germany or Scotland, disappeared in our day. The truth is that the negroes are less superstitious than of old, and having discarded the imaginary crime from their belief, have also discarded the real one by which it was supplemented from their practice—just as the erasure of heresy from the catalogue of sins was immediately followed by the extinction of heretic-burning faggots. The beneficent triumphs of rationalism, so ably chronicled by Mr. Lecky, are not confined to Europe and the European races, and the process of the suns brings wider thoughts to other men than the dwellers of the moorland by Locksley Hall.

Sorcerers, indeed, have, it is said, though from what cause I cannot readily determine, been of all times rare articles among the negro colonists of Surinam. So, too, though the large majority of the bush-negroes are yet pagans—as were their

ancestors before them, when, cutlass in hand, they hewed out their way to freedom—obeah, so notoriously widespread throughout Africa, and, if report say true, not unknown to some West-Indian regions, is scarcely ever heard of among them. Yet, did it exist in any notable degree, it could hardly have failed, by the natural contagion of evil, to have established itself also among the creole blacks, their immediate neighbours and kinsmen, who are, however, in general remarkably free from any imputation of the kind. Nor, again, are the bush-negroes—nowadays at least—addicted to the indiscriminate fetish-worship so often described by modern travellers as prevalent in Africa. Perhaps they may have been so formerly. At present the *ceiba* or cotton-tree, that noblest forest growth of the West Indies, enjoys almost alone, if report says true, the honours of negro worship, avowedly among the maroons, furtively in the creole villages. I myself have often seen the traces of offerings—fowls, yams, libations of drink, and the like—scattered round its stem; the spirit-dweller of its branches, thus propitiated, is said to be of an amiable disposition; unlike its demon-brother of the poison-tree, or *hiari*, also venerated by some, but out of fear. Idols in the strict sense of the term they certainly have none; and their rejection of Roman Catholicism, a circumstance to which I have alluded before, is asserted to have had at least for its ostensible motive their dislike of the image-worship embodied in that system.

I would willingly indulge the charitable hope that the Moravian bush-negro converts may possibly have acquired some kind of idea of the virtue commonly designated, though in a restricted use of the word, by the name of morality. It is a virtue with which their pagan brethren are, in a general way, lamentably unacquainted. On principle, if the phrase may be allowed, they are polygamists; but the frequency of divorce renders, it is said, the dignity of a bush-negro's wife more often successional than simultaneous. Indeed their avowed laxity in this and analogous directions is sometimes asserted, but how truly I cannot say, to be one of the chief hindrances to the increase of their numbers. Without going into the particulars of an obscure and unpleasant subject, thus much is clear, that a child which has for its parents "no father and not much of a mother," a normal condition of things in the bush-negro villages, must necessarily commence the infantile strug-

gle for life under somewhat disadvantageous conditions. To this may be added a total absence of medical practitioners; a circumstance which however might, by a cynical mind, be rather reckoned among the counterbalancing advantages of forest existence.

In form and stature the bush-negroes of Surinam may rank among the best specimens of the Ethiopian type; the men are often six feet and more in height, with well-developed limbs and pleasing open countenances; and the women in every physical respect are, to say the least, worthy of their mates. Ill-modelled trunks and disproportioned limbs are, in fact, as rare among them as they are common among some lighter-complexioned races. Their colour is in general very dark, and gives no token of the gradual tendency to assume a fairer tint that may be observed among the descendants of negroes resident in more northerly latitudes; their hair, too, is as curly as that of any Niam-niam or Darfooree chief, or native of Senegal. I have heard it asserted more often than once, that by long domicile in the South-American continent, the negro type has a tendency to mould itself into one approaching that of the Indian aboriginal; and something of the kind might be looked for, if anywhere, among the bush-negroes of the Surinam interior. But in the specimens that I saw, and they were many, I could not detect any such modification.

Their language is a curious and uncouth mixture. When it is analyzed, English appears to form its basis; next on the list of contributors comes Portuguese, then Dutch, besides a sprinkling of genuine African words thrown in at random; and the thick soft African pronunciation over all. But of this jargon the negroes themselves make no use in writing, for which they employ Dutch, thereby showing themselves in this respect possessed of a truer feeling of the fitness of things than, I regret to say, their Moravian friends, who have taken superfluous pains to translate books of instruction and devotion into the so-called "negro language" for the supposed benefit of their half-tamed scholars — an instance, one amongst many, of being too practical by half.

Fortunately for the bush-negroes themselves, their ultimate tendency in language, as in everything else, is to uniformity with the general creole colonial type; one not of the very highest, it may be, but much superior to the half or three-quarters savagery in which they at present live. Their

little, and, so to speak, accidental nationality, is composed of elements too feeble, and too loosely put together, not to be ultimately reabsorbed into the more vigorous and better-constructed mass to which, though under differing conditions, it once belonged. Old mistrusts and antipathies are fast wearing themselves out in the daily contact with European life; and contact with Europeans never fails to produce, where negroes are concerned, first imitation, then assimilation. So long as slavery lasted, this was of course an impossibility for the bush-negroes; it is now a mere question of time, longer or shorter according to the discretion and tact of the colonial government itself. And we may reasonably hope that the sagacity and moderation by which that same government has thus far always distinguished itself will not fail it in this matter either.

Freedom from taxation and internal autonomy are the special privileges which the bush-negroes in their present condition enjoy; by the latter they set some store, by the former much. On the other hand they are fully aware of the greater advantages and enjoyments of a more settled and civilized form of life than their own, and would sacrifice much to make it theirs. The result of the exchange would be undoubtedly a very beneficial one, not only to the bush-negroes themselves but to the colony at large. Labour is the one great requisite of Surinam; rich in every gift of unassisted nature, she is poor of that which alone could enable her to make a profit of these gifts. In these maroon subjects of hers close at hand she possesses a copious and as yet an unemployed reserve-force of labour, superior in most respects to the coolie or Chinese article, and, which is a main point, cheaper by far. The complete incorporation into colonial life and work of the negro element, now comparatively isolated and wasted in the bush, would add about a third to the progressiveness and energy of Dutch Surinam.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### MUNNIKENDAM.

"Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.  
Come, strike up." (*Music: here a dance.*)  
SHAKESPEARE.

BUSH-NEGROES are fine fellows of their kind; I have seldom seen finer. Indians are, within certain limits, picturesque; Chinese, if not ornamental, are decidedly useful; and coolies, though not unfrequently neither, are sometimes both. But,

after all said, to be innocuous is the Indian's highest praise; and any notable increase in West-Indian lands of "Celestials" is—for reasons not all celestial, but much the reverse—not a thing to be desired; while coolies are expensive to import, and, as settlers, offer but a dubious future. Negroes, with all their defects, are now, as of old times, West-Indian labour's best hope; and since "salt-water" blacks and purchased gangs are no longer to be had, creole negroes must to the fore. In this view, if in no other, they are worth study, and where can we study them better than at Munnikendam?

And here I would like, though I am not going to do it, to insert a sketch of the little village—not so little, neither—near Bel Air, on the way to Berbice, where live the liberated Congoites, or Congoese, or Congonians, rescued by our cruisers from the slave-ships to which they had already been consigned, and brought hither at a recent date. It is a village absolutely picturesque in its details; and what is, perhaps, more to the purpose, it offers to view in itself, and in its garden surroundings, abundant evidence of industry, skill, and the manly independence that lives by its own labour, and is content to live so. Another sketch, too, I would willingly give—that of the new quarter of Paramaribo, the one, I mean, situated on the westernmost outskirts of the town, and called "The Plain of the 13th May." That date last year was the jubilee of the Dutch king's reign, and to celebrate the occasion the governor had offered prizes to the negro workmen who would best excel in laying out the roads and digging the trenches of the proposed suburb. It was opened on the day itself with great pomp and ceremony, and distribution of rewards, by his Excellency in person, and was at once made over to its present inhabitants, a class resembling in every respect the tenants of Bel-Air. A pretty patchwork of cottages and gardens, well-doing, diligent freemen to maintain them in order and comfort, a sight to justify the pride that its originator takes in it, a successful experiment on a small scale, indeed, but arousing a wish for more.

And this is exactly what, not I only, but every landowner, every proprietor, every planter in the colony, would wish to see—namely, a greater abundance of villages and settlements like those just described, only to a wider purpose and on a larger scale. Certainly I have no desire to disparage the good qualities of the slave-descended black creoles, or to join in the

vague outcries, contradicted everywhere by facts, that ignorance, and still more prejudice, have raised against them. But this much must be allowed, that from the very circumstance of being slave-descended, they bear, and long will bear, traces of the deteriorating process to which they have been subjected in the persons of their ancestors, a deterioration not moral merely, but mental, and even physical. In fact, their rapid, though as yet only partial recovery from this very degradation is one proof among many of the wonderful elasticity of the negro character. Hesiod, if I remember rightly, or, if not he, some other old coeval Greek, has said, "When Jupiter makes a man a slave he takes away half his brains from him;" and a truer thing was never said or sung. Cowardice, duplicity, dislike of labour, a habit of theft, sexual immorality, irreflectiveness, apathy—these are the seven daughters of slavery, and they but too often live persistently on, though their ill mother be dead for generations past. Hence the negro who has never been a slave, or who, at any rate, has never experienced that most crushing form of slavery, the organized taskmastership of a foreign and superior race, has a decided vantage-ground, not only over his enslaved fellow-countrymen, but over the descendants of such, on whom his father's sins, and still more the sins of his father's masters, are by hereditary law visited even to the third and fourth generation.

Now assuming that of all races the negro is by physical constitution the best adapted to the South-American tropics, and that negro labour is of all others, not the cheapest merely, but also the most efficient in this soil—both of which are propositions that few experienced planters or overseers will dispute—why not organize migration from Africa to the West Indies after a regular and durable fashion? and as the east-African races are undoubtedly superior alike in mind and body to the western, why not establish an emigration agency on the east coast—why not fix a locality at Zanzibar? Have we not lately closed in principle, and shall soon, by means of our cruisers have closed in fact and deed, the east-African slave-trade, doing thereby a deed worthy of England, worthy of ourselves? True, and we look at our work, and justly pronounce it to be "very good." But what if some of the immediate results of our work, in order to be rightly called "very good," also require careful management, and the dexterity that not only destroys what is



bad, but replaces it by something better? Have we not, while forbidding the further outpourings of the poison-stream that has for ages flowed in tears and blood from the ports of the east-African coast, driven back in a manner the bitter waters to eddy on themselves; and while stopping a recognized outlet of the unemployed and superabundant population, a wasteful and a wrongful one it is true, yet an outlet, created a novel surplus in the inland African labour-market, where violence and captivity are the only laws of exchange and supply? Have we not also, while depriving Zanzibar of its hateful but long-established trade, the trade that alone gave it importance and wealth, curtailed the revenues, and with the revenues the very kingship of one whose patrons we had before consented to be, and whom we had ourselves taught to shelter his authority, nay, his very existence, under our flag?

Now so it is that of both the evils I have indicated, and neither of them are imaginary, a remedy is within easy reach, a remedy not only efficacious with regard to its immediate object, but beneficial in its ulterior results. "Easy reach," did I say? Yes, easy enough if only well-meaning ignorance will stand aside, and have the grace to permit what it cannot comprehend. But this is a piece of good fortune to be wished for rather than hoped, and already I seem to hear a horrified outcry of "negro-kidnapping," "disguised slavery," "slave-trade re-established," and the rest, rising from every platform, and echoed from every bench of the Anti-Slavery Association and its kindred supporters. What! supply the deficit of West-Indian labour by negro importation from the East Coast! give the seyyid, sultan, or sultanlet of Zanzibar, perhaps him of Muscat, too, a nominal patronage and a real percentage of an emigration-agency! load ships with African semi-slaves! bear them "far from home and all its pleasures," to the coasts of Surinan, of Demerara, of St. Vincent, etc.! what is all this but to revive the monster we have ourselves so lately slain, to stultify our own wisdom, annul our own decree?

Nothing of the kind; say rather it is to hinder the brood that the monster has left from coming into life, to confirm the decree of self-maintaining freedom; to complete what else if left imperfect might speedily bring in question the wisdom of our former deeds. It is to transfer, not by compulsion, but by their own free consent, those who, if they remain at home, cannot

by the nature of things be other than slaves or slave-makers, to the conditions of honourable labour, self-support, and security; to bring them into the full possession of whatever benefits organized society and equitable law can confer; to substitute, so far as their own former masters are concerned, a fair and beneficial for an unjust and cruel gain; to bestow on the lands of their destination advantages that no other means, no other colonists can equally secure.

It is certain that, if conducted under regulations and safeguards similar to those provided for the coolie emigrants of Bengal and Madras, and with the same or analogous provisions in matters of engagement, voyage, and occupation, the unnecessary and burdensome obligation of a return passage being alone omitted, east-African emigration would be much less costly, and at the same time much more profitable to the colonies, than Indian or Chinese. The negro is of himself a better agricultural labourer than the Hindoo; he is stronger, healthier, more readily domiciled, more easily ruled, and, an important point, more likely to devote himself to field and country work after the expiration of his indentures. He is also much less disposed than either coolie or Chinaman to swell the town population and the criminal list. I have said that in his case the option of a return passage might be safely omitted, for no negro, the solitary hero of Mrs. Hemans' ballad excepted, has any great longing to revisit his own natal land; his country is not where he was born, but where he is well off; no local worship, no sacred rivers, no ties of caste, draw him back to his first home. In him, therefore, is the best if not the only hope of supplementing the great, the urgent want of the New World, an indigenous population — for the Guiana Indian must unfortunately reckon for nothing, either in number or in available worth — and thus the benefit derived from him as an indentured labourer would be followed by the still more lasting benefit of an acclimatized and a useful colonist. And, to return to our friends of the Anti-Slavery Association, the evidence collected on all hands may surely have convinced the members of that respectable body, that coolie emigration and coolie labour in the West Indies are further removed from hardship, injustice, and slavery, than are too often the means by which our own agricultural labour-market is supplied, or the conditions by which it is governed.

Let them then rest assured that the same system would have no worse result for the east-African negro also.

Enough of this. The subject is one that cannot fail to be taken up sooner or later, not in speculative view, but in experimental practice; till then let it rest. Perhaps the time is not come yet; the very extent of the prospect suggests its distance. But, a little sooner, a little later, not the less surely it will be reached. An African colony, the Arab, has already half peopled the East; an African law, matured in Egypt, promulgated on the shores of the Red Sea, remodelled and re-promulgated in the deserts of the same coast, rules over half Asia this day. Already the Lybian sibyl prepares to turn the next page of her book; its writing is the West. A new creation is wanted here; and creation of this sort is a work not for the European or his half-cousin the Hindoo, it belongs to the elder races. The Aryan of our day, the Indo-German, can elaborate, can perfect, he cannot originate; art-trained, art-exhausted, the productive energy of nature is his no longer. Unmodified by science, unpruned by art, the rough offshoots of the over-teeming African stem are vital with the rude vitality of nature; like her they are prolific too.

Is it a dream? Possibly so; a nature-sent dream, as under the hot sun we float in breezeless calm down the glassy black waters between high walls of reed and forest, bright flowers, broad leaf, and overtopping palm up to the intense heaven all aglow, till here before us on the left river-bank rise the bower-like avenues of Munnikendam. Here let us land, and from the study of the long-settled creole negroes of this secluded estate let us draw, if so disposed, some augury as to what their brethren of the east-African coast, the colonists of our visionary or visioned future, are likely to be in and for South-American Surinam.

This at any rate is no dream. Two hundred and seventeen acres, two hundred and sixty labourers, all without exception negro creole; average yearly produce, seven hundred and fifty hogsheads of sugar, beside molasses and rum; so much for Munnikendam statistics. Machinery of the older and simple sort; factory buildings corresponding; planter's dwelling-house large, old, and three-storied, Dutch in style, with high roof, and fantastic wolves topping the gables by way of weathercocks; a wide double flight of steps in front with a paved space, surrounded by an open parapet before the

hall-door; the garden very Dutch in its walks, flower-beds, and statues; long avenues, some of palmiste, some of areka palm, some of almond-trees, with sago palms intermixed; around a green turfy soil, and a crescent background of cane-fields and forests; so much and enough, I think, for general description. Negroes very sturdy, very black, very plainly dressed, or half-dressed, in white and blue; the women rejoicing in variegated turbans; children *à la* Cupid and Psyche as to costume, though not perhaps in feature, or shape; three or four white men, overseers, straw-hatted, of course; lastly, for visitors, the governor and his party, myself included; such are the principal accessories of the picture. Time, from five or so in the afternoon to midnight or thereabouts; we did not very accurately consult our watches.

Night had fallen; but no—this is a phrase well enough adapted, it may be, to the night of the north, the heavy murky veil slowly let down fold after fold over the pale light that has done duty for days—here it is not so; transparent in its starry clearness, its stainless atmosphere, night rises as day had risen before, a goddess succeeding a goddess; not to blot out the fair world, but to enchase it in a black diamond circle in place of a white; to change enchantment for enchantment, the magic of shadow for the magic of light. But I am anticipating. A good hour before sunset the covered barge of the estate had set us ashore on the wharf, where, with flowers in their hands, songs on their lips, smiles on every face, and welcome in every gesture, the boys and girls of the place received us from the *stelling*. Between this double human range, that like an inner and more variegated avenue lined the overarching trees from the water's edge up to the dwelling-house, we passed along, while the merry tumult of the assembled crowd, and the repeated discharge of the small cannon planted at the landing-place and in the garden mingled together to announce and greet our arrival. The warm although almost level sunbeams lit up the red brick lines of the central mansion, the tall tower-like factory chimneys, the statues in the garden, the pretty bush-embosomed cottages of the estate, and tipped with yellow gold the plummy cane-fields beyond. This lasted some time, till the sun set, and for a little while all was orderly and still in the quiet evening light.

But soon night had risen, and with her had risen the white moon, near her full,

and now the merry-makers who had dispersed to their evening meal reassembled on the gravel-walks and clean-kept open spaces of the garden in front of the dwelling-house to enjoy the sport of the hour; for in the West Indies as in Africa, in Surinam no less than at Damascus, the night is the negro's own time; and no member of Parliament in the latter months of the session, no fashionable beauty in her fourth London season, can more persistently invert the solar allotment of the hours than does the negro votary of pleasure; and wherever and however pleasure be attainable, the negro is its votary.

Group by group, distinctly seen in the pale moonlight as if by day, only with an indistincter background, our creole friends flocked on. The preparations for the dance were soon made. Drums, fifes, a shrill violin, and a musical instrument some say of Indian, some say of negro invention, consisting of a notched gourd that when scraped by a small stick gives out a sound not unlike the chirping of a monster cricket, and accentuates time and measure after the fashion of triangles, were brought from heaven knows what repositories, and with them the tuneful orchestra was complete. The dancers ranged themselves; more than a hundred men and women, mostly young, all dressed in their choicest for the night's sport. The men, with few exceptions, were attired in white trowsers and shirts of various colours, with a predominance of red; some dandies had wrapped gay sashes round their waists, and most had provided themselves with sprigs of flowers, jauntily stuck in their hat-bands. The women's dresses consisted chiefly of loose white sacques, without the cumbrous underlayer of petticoats, or the other "troublesome disguises" that Europe conceals her beauties withal, and reserved their assortment of bright but rarely inharmonious colours for their fantastic turbans, some of which were arranged so as to give the effect of one or two moderate-sized horns projecting from the wearer's head, while other girls, with better taste, left an embroidered end hanging down on one side, Eastern fashion. Many of the women were handsome, shapely figures, full-limbed and full-bosomed; but—must I say it?—the particular charm of delicate feet and hands was universally wanting; nor indeed could it have been fairly looked for among a throng of field-laborers, female or male. As to faces, the peculiarities of the negro countenance

are well known in caricature; but a truer pattern may be seen, by those who wish to study it, any day among the statues of the Egyptian rooms in the British Museum: the large gentle eye, the full but not over-protruding lips, the rounded contour, and the good-natured, easy, sensuous expression. This is the genuine African model; one not often, I am aware, to be met with in European or American thoroughfares, where the plastic African too readily acquires the careful look and even the irregularity of the features that surround him, but which is common enough in the villages and fields where he dwells after his own fashion, among his people, most common of all in the tranquil seclusion and congenial climate of a Surinam plantation. There you may find also a type neither Asiatic nor European, but distinctly African, with much of independence and vigour in the male physiognomy, and something that approaches, if it does not quite reach, beauty in the female. Rameses and his queen were cast in no other mould.\*

The governor and ourselves were seated with becoming dignity on the wide open balcony atop of the steps leading up to the hall-door, thus commanding a full view of the garden and the people assembled. Immediately in front of us was a large flower-bed, or rather a labyrinth of flower-beds, among which stood, like white goblins in the moonlight, the quaint statues before mentioned, methodically arranged after the most approved Dutch style, and flanked by two pieces of mimic artillery. Such was the centre-piece, and on either side there opened out a wide clear space, clean-swept and strewn with "caddy," the usual white mixture of broken shell, coral, and sand, and in each of these spaces to right and left a band of musicians, or rather noise-makers, squatted negro-wise on the ground. Round these centres of attraction the crowd soon gathered in a double group, men and women, all noisy, animated, and ready for the dance. The moon, almost at the full, glittered bright overhead, and her uncertain light, while giving full effect to the half-barbaric picturesqueness of attire and form in the shifting eddy of white-clad figures, served also to veil from too exact view the defects—and they were many—in the clothes, ornaments, and appearance

\* I am glad that so keen and so discriminating an observer as the late Mr. Winwood Reade concurs with this very opinion; in support of which he cites the authority of Livingstone himself. *Vide* "African Sketch-Book," vol. i. p. 108.

of the performers. Around the garden, and behind it, dark masses of palm, almond-tree, acacia, *saman*, and kindred growths, rose against the sky, loftier and denser in seeming than by day. The whole formed an oval picture of brightness and life amid a dark and silent framework of shadow, a scene part gay, part impressive, and very tropical above all.

The music, or what did duty for such, began. At first it was of a European character, or rather travestied from European — disintegrated quadrilles and waltzes to no particular time. The negroes around, shy as they always are when in the presence of those whose criticisms they fear (for no race is more keenly sensitive in regard to ridicule than the African, except it be, perhaps, the semi-African Arab), did not at once venture to put forth all their prowess, and the performance opened with a few sporadic couples, women dancing with women, men poussetting to men, and either seeming half-ashamed of their own audacity. But as the music continued and grew livelier, passing more and more from the imitation-European to the unfeigned African style of an unbroken monotonous drone with one ever-recurring cadence, a mere continuity of clanging sound, the dancers grew more animated. New couples, in which the proper interchange of sex was observed by the partners, formed themselves, till at last the larger group — that on our left — took up the genuine Ethiopian dance, well known in Oman, and witnessed by me there and elsewhere in the pleasant days, now long since gathered to the ineffectual past, when the East and I were one. A dance of life, where men ranged on one side and women on the other, advance, retreat, cross, join hands, break into whirling knots of twos and fours, separate, re-form in line, to blend again into a seeming maze of orderly confusion — a whirl of very madness, yet with method in it — the intoxication of movement and sound poured out in time and measure. He who has witnessed it, if there yet flow within his veins one drop of that primal savage blood without which manhood and womanhood too are not much better than mere titular names, cannot but yield himself up to the influence of the hour, cannot but drink of the bowl, join in the revel; and if any looker-on retains coolness enough to sneer or blame, why, let each follow his bent; but I for one had rather be on the side of David than of Michal, and the former had in the

end, I think, the best of the jest and of the earnest, too.

A Bacchanalian orgie, yet one in which Bacchus himself had no share; Venus alone presided, and sufficient for all beside; or, if Bacchus seemed present to her aid, it was not he, but Cupid in disguise. Half an hour, an hour the revelry continued, while the tumult grew every minute louder, and the dance more vehement, till, with an impulse simultaneous in its suddenness, the double chorus broke up, and blending in one confused mass, surrounded his Excellency the governor, while, amid shouts, laughter, and huzzas, half-a-dozen sturdy blacks caught him up in their arms and bore him aloft in triumphal procession three times round the garden, while others gesticulated and pressed alongside, others danced before, all cheered, and we ourselves, aroused from our Africano-Oriental dream by the local significance of the act, hardly knew whether to laugh or to yield to the enthusiasm of the moment. That the governor, though maintaining as far as possible an appearance of passive dignity and deprecatory acquiescence, heartily enjoyed the spontaneous tribute of affection and loyalty thus tumultuously expressed, I have no doubt, and so would you have enjoyed it, my dear reader, had it been offered you. Besides, he told me as much when, after a tremendous outburst of huzzas, his living throne gently dissolved asunder and allowed him footing on the ground again.

Then after a half-hour's pause, congratulations exchanged, healths drunk, and cordial merriment, in which all shared alike — performers, spectators, Europeans, negroes, and the rest — once more to the dance, but now in calmer measure and to a gentler tune. By this the moon, small and dazzling, rode high in the purple heavens, giving warning of midnight near, when, escorted down to the water's edge by those whose sports we had witnessed, and perhaps in part shared, we reluctantly threaded the dark shades of the avenue river-wards, and re-embarked on our little steamer, that had yet to bear us a mile farther along the current before we reached the night's lodging and rest prepared for us by the district magistrate, in his large and comfortable residence at Ephrata, — so the place was named.

"I wished you to see something of our black creoles as they are among themselves," said the governor, as next morning we pursued our downward way to the river-junction at the Sommelsdyk Fort,

and thence turned off southward to explore the upper branch of the Commeweyne, which we had on our way up passed by unvisited. Deep black, and much more rapid than the Cottica, its current flowed between noble forest scenes, alternating with cultivated spaces on either bank; but few large sugar-estates came in view; plantains, cocoanuts, cassava, with cocoa-bushes intermixed, seemed the more favourite growths. The yearly amount of sugar manufactured in this district does not exceed one thousand hogsheads; the mills are all of the simplest kind, and moved by water-power. In general character, the scenery and water-side objects of the upper Commeweyne nearly resemble those of the upper Cottica, and have been sufficiently described before; a gradual diminution of underwood, an increase of height and girth in the forest trees, and a greater variety in them and in the flowering creepers that interlaced their boughs, being for many miles up country almost the only distinct indications of approach to the higher lands beyond, though the practised eye of a naturalist might doubtless detect many significant varieties in the insects or plants of the region.

And now, as we slowly stem the liquid glass, black as jet yet pure as crystal, of the strong-flowing Commeweyne, we remark (the governor and I) the evident and recent increase in the number of small plantations, to the detriment — though a temporary one only, if events run their regular course — of the larger properties. This is a necessary phase of free labour, and through it the Surinam colony, like every other of like kind, must pass before it can reach the firm ground of self-sustaining prosperity. Till then, nothing is solid, nothing sure. Giant sugar-estates — propped up or absolutely maintained by extraneous capital, and excluding or dwarfing into comparative nullity the varied parcel cultivation of local ownership and resources, are at best magnificent gambling-speculations, most so when the price of their produce is not stored up, but at once applied to widening the enclosures, or purchasing some costly refinements of improved machinery. Establishments like these are every instant at the mercy of a sudden fluctuation of the market, of a new invention, of a tariff — in a word, they lie exposed to every accident of fortune's caprice; and, capricious as she is throughout her whole domain, nowhere is the goddess more so

than in the commercial province. Hence it follows that they who repine at the lengthening catalogue of five-acre and ten-acre lots — railing at their cultivators as idle pumpkin-eating squatters, and raising a desponding moan, occasionally an indignant howl, over the consequent withdrawal of labour from the five-hundred or thousand acre estates — are not more reasonable in their complaints than he who should fall foul of the workmen employed in digging and laying the foundations of the house, and declare them to be lazy loons, and their labour valueless, because they do not at once bestow it on raising the second story and furnishing the drawing-room.

In Dutch Guiana, taking Paramaribo, the capital, for its centre, we may regard the rest of the territory as made up, after a rough fashion, of three concentric circles. The circumference of the innermost one would, for what concerns the east and the districts we have now been visiting, pass through the confluence-point of the Commeweyne and Cottica Rivers at Sommelsdyk Fort; the second would intersect through the estate of La Paix on the upper Cottica, and the corresponding estate of Abendsrust on the upper Commeweyne; the external limits of the third would be correlative with those of the colonial frontier itself. Within the first circle, large estates, mostly owned by Europeans, or at any rate European creoles, predominate. Throughout the second or intermediate circle, smaller properties, mostly in the hands of coloured or black creoles, are more common. In the outermost space are the villages and provision-grounds, few and far between, of the bush-negroes, between whom and the European landholders the dark creoles thus form a sort of link, social as well as territorial; or, to vary the phrase, a connecting medium, destined, if our conjectures be true, to become ultimately an absorbing one, not only of the more savage but of the more civilized element also.

But we are forgetting his Excellency. "In the labourers of Munnikendam," he continued, "you have a fair sample of our black creoles; throughout the colony they are everywhere essentially the same. Fond enough, as you have seen, of pleasure and amusement, when they can get them; but when at work steady, sober, willing, and, what is a fortunate thing for all parties, without a trace of social or political restlessness in any direction. Their

only fault is that there is not enough of them, and what is worse, their numbers do not increase."

Why not? Unhealthy climate, some will say; while others, in concert with a late author, talk in bated breath of gross and ruinous vices, rendering it a question whether negroes should exist on the earth at all for a few generations longer; and others again find in infanticide a third and convenient solution of the question. Let us look a little closer.

And first for the climate. Like British Guiana, its Dutch namesake is a low-lying plain, swampy in some places, forest-grown in others, and far within the tropics; none of them at first sight favourable conditions to salubrity of atmosphere. But where fresh sea-winds sweep over the earth day and night with scarce interrupted steadiness from year's end to year's end, an open plain is healthier by far than the sheltered valleys and picturesque nooks of a mountainous district; and among tidal streams on a tidal coast, the marsh-fevers, that render the moist shores of the stagnant Black-Sea pool scarce less pestilential than those of Lagos itself, find little place. Tropical heat, though here it is never excessive, does not certainly in the long run suit European residents; and at Surinam, where 79 F. is the yearly average — the highest ever recorded being 96 F. and the lowest 70 — the climate must be admitted to be a warm one. On the other hand, those who have experience of Africa, the negro's birth-place, or have seen how much the black suffers in the comparatively moderate chill of winter season in the northern West-Indian Islands, will hardly consider the heat of Dutch Guiana to be too great for the species that forms a good four-fifths of its population.

As to the second-named cause, or collection of causes rather, it is to be regretted that the author of "At Last" should, from ignorance, doubtless, or prejudice, have ever lent such vague and baseless calumnies the sanction of his respected name. Without being either a "clergyman," or even, though an official, a "police magistrate," I have knowledge enough of negro characters and ways to warrant me in asserting, and my readers in believing the assertion, that what is technically called vice is among Africans nearer allied to philoprogenitiveness than among, it may well be, most other races; and without attempting to excuse, much less, as some seem inclined to do, to vindicate the extreme laxity of their theory and

practice in regard of connubial fidelity or maiden virtue, one must allow that their faults in these respects tend much more directly to the increase of the population than to its diminution. And, to have done once for all with a topic the mention of which, though unavoidable, is unpleasing, it may here be added that excess in alcoholic drink — a fault decidedly opposed, as all who have studied the subject know, to the "increase and multiply" of healthy nature — is rare among the black creoles of the Surinam capital, and rarer still, indeed almost unknown, among those of the country. So much for the second cause assigned.

A mere inspection of the yearly birth-rate, averaging thirty per thousand, disposes of the third allegation. Murdered children are not entered on parochial registers, nor do the numbers given leave much margin for kindred crimes at an earlier stage.

And yet the annual death-rate exceeds that of births by at least one per cent., as is stated, and this at the best of times. Some years show two per cent., or even higher. How is this? and if neither climate, nor vice, nor crime be the cause, where is it then to be sought?

But here let some indulgence be asked and given. We are on board a pleasure-boat, and our attention is being called away every moment, now to gaze on a "tall tree by the side of the river, one half of which was in flames," or rather flowers red as flames, and not less bright, "from the root to the top, and the other half green and in full leaf," that might have reminded Geraint and Enid of their Celtic wonderland; now to acknowledge the shouted welcome of bright figures crowding to some little landing-place on the way; now by an opening vista of glittering plantain-groves; now by a tray full of glasses with appropriate contents circulating at frequent intervals round the deck. Amid interruptions like these it must be admitted that profound investigations, statistical columns, and a marshalled array of figures and facts, would be hardly less out of place than a sermon at a masked ball. But it is possible to say truth, and even serious truth, without sermonizing; *ridentem dicere vera* and the rest. We will try.

All have heard, and all who have not merely heard but seen will attest, the fondness of negroes for children; nor their own children only, but any, white, brown, or black — for children generically taken, in a word. Demonstrative as is their



affection, it is none the less genuine; the feeling is instinctive, and the instinct itself is hardly ever absent from among them. I do not put it forward as a matter of praise, I mention it as a fact. If Sir S. Baker's sweeping assertion regarding I forget how many negro tribes, that they have among them no acknowledged form of worship of the unknown, were exact, which it is not, the existence, the universality indeed, of baby-worship at any rate must be allowed, I think, even by that distinguished miso-African. Nor is this species of worship limited to the mother of the babes, or to the womankind at large; it is practised in the same degree by the men, who are not a whit behind the women in their love and care of children, especially the youngest.

But in the very fervour and ecstasy of her baby-worship, the negress-mother persists in worshipping her little divinity irreflectively, recklessly, and by a natural consequence often injuriously, sometimes destructively, to the baby-god itself. Heated from field-work, excited, overdone, she returns in the late afternoon to her cottage, and the first thing she does when arrived there is to catch up her little brown sprawler from the floor and put it to her breast. The result needs no guessing. Half an hour later she is howling as only a negress can howl over her offspring convulsed or dead. Or perhaps, just as she was about to give, in more orderly fashion, the nourishment that the infant has been faintly waiting for some time past, a friend comes in to invite her to a dance or merry-making close by. Off she goes, having made heaven knows what arrangements for the small creature's wants, or it may well be, in her eagerness for amusement, no arrangement at all; purposes to come back in an hour, stays away until midnight, and, on her return home, finds another midnight, the midnight that knows no sunrise, closed over her child. And thus, and more. On over-feeding, injudicious feeding; ailments misunderstood; quack-doctoring — always preferred by the ignorant to all others; on half-superstitious usages, not less injurious than silly; on violent outbursts of passion — the passions of a negress, and of a negro too, are at tropical heat, their rage absolute phrenzy — I need not dwell; suppose what you will, you will be short of the mark. But cease to wonder if, among the most kindly-hearted, child-loving, and, I may add, child-producing race in the world, births, however numerous, are less in computation

than deaths, if one-third, at least, by statistical registration — one full half, if to its records be added unregistered fact — of the negro children in Dutch Guiana die even before they are weaned. The causes, ninety-nine out of a hundred, are those which I have stated or alluded to, and no other.

What is, then, to be done? An evil, or rather an agglomeration of evils like these, that threaten to cut down the main-stem of the future, to dry up the very roots, to destroy the existence of the colony, must be put an end to, all will agree; but how?

There is a remedy, and a very simple one, tried before, and worth trying again. Let us go back in memory to the times when every individual negro life meant so many hundred florins to his owner, when the suppression of the "trade" had cut off the supply from without, and the birth of every slave child on the estate brought a clear gain to the planter, just as its death represented an actual and heavy loss hard to replace, not to the parents only, but to the owner of parents and children too. Negroes and negresses might be never so unthinking then, never so reckless about what concerned themselves alone, but their master took good thought that they should not be careless where his own interest was involved. And in few things was it so closely involved, especially after the treaties of 1815 and 1819, as in the preservation of infant life among the labouring stock, and no precaution was neglected that could ensure this, and supplement the defects of maternal care. Many means were adopted; but the chiefest of all was the appointment on every estate of one or more elderly women, appropriately styled "mammass," chosen from among the negresses themselves, and whose sole duty was to watch each over a given number of infantile negroes, for whose proper care, nourishment, and good condition generally this foster-mother had to answer, and for whose loss, if they drooped and died, she was called to strict account. The history of slave-institutions has been not inappropriately called the "devil's book;" but here, at any rate, is a leaf of it worth taking out for insertion in a better volume.

Now fill up this outline project with the proper colouring of qualifications, provisos, regulations, and the remaining supplemental details of theory wrought out into fact, and you will have a scheme for the preservation of infant negro life, or rather the hindrance of its prodigal and ruinous waste, more likely to succeed in its object

than any that I have yet heard or seen in practice. Then combine these, or similar measures, with a reasonable supply of the two needful things, without which neither Surinam nor any other transatlantic colony can prosper, or, indeed exist — capital and immigration. Not the capital of official subsidy, but of private enterprise; nor the immigration of costly and burdensome East-Indian coolies, or the yet costlier and yet more troublesome Chinese, but of vigorous, healthy, willing east-Africans, the ex-slaves of the Zanzibar and Oman markets. Then put these three requisites together, and stand up and prophesy to Dutch Guiana what golden-aged future you will; nor fear being numbered, in the latter days, among the false prophets — your place will be with the true.

The sea-ebb has set the dammed-up waters of the Commeweyne at liberty to follow their natural bent, and we float swiftly down the stream, admiring, commenting, and enjoying, now the ever-varying, ever-recurring scenes of life and labour, of tropical nature and European energy, of forest, plantation, mansion, cottage, and field that every river-bend unfolds; now the “feast of reason and the flow of soul” — a very hackneyed phrase — as we go; and now more substantial feastings, and the flow of various compositions, very congenial to the Dutch soul and body too, nor less to the English. But the distance was considerable, and night looked down on us with its thousand starry eyes long before we reached Fort Amsterdam and the broad Surinam waters. An hour later we disembarked at the government *stelling* of the silent capital, well pleased with our river-excursion and with each other.

Not many days after I was riding out with the governor on the high-road — that is to say, on the horse-path, for the true high-road here, as elsewhere in Guiana, is by water — leading towards the wooded regions of Para, south-west of Paramaribo, to which, in composition with some other Indian word, it has given its name. Its inhabitants are reckoned, exclusive of bush-negroes, at nearly five thousand; they live in villages, and occupy themselves to some extent in sugar cultivation, but generally in small lots, where grow cocoa, coffee, and plantains; indigo and tobacco are also among the products of the land. The ground is well raised above the water-level — to the south, indeed, it becomes hilly; the forest scenery is said to surpass in beauty, as in extent, that of any other district in the colony. “You can ride for

seven days in one direction without ever getting out of the shade,” said the governor, as I noticed the noble outskirts of the woods before us; and he urged on me, almost as a duty, a visit to Para, where, amid the small creole proprietors and the forest-embowered villages, he assured me I should see Surinam negro life to better advantage, witness greater comfort and contentment, act spectator, or sharer, if the fancy took, of gayer festivities than even on the banks of the Cottica and at Munnikendam. But my hank of Surinam thread was too nearly spun out already, and the colours of other lands were now about to take its place in the fate-woven twine.

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From Good Words.

### WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF “LADY BELL,” ETC.

#### CHAPTER X.

(continued.)

As for the sorry falls, which were the great inconsistencies of Dick, with which the heavy doubt of his ever winning Pleasance had a good deal to do, she not only looked on them piteously, they cut her to the heart. It was not that she agreed with the villagers in regarding “going on the spree” as a necessity, or at most as a slight offence, in an unmarried man of Dick’s years. Pleasance was too godly, too innately and ineradicably refined for that, though she might inadvertently have stooped a little to the village standard of virtue; but she could not be the person to condemn Dick for sins into which she herself, however unwillingly, led him. She did not believe that these sins were a part of Dick — big, handsome, kindly Dick — who had been on the whole so gentle with Lizzie Blennerhasset. These were spots on the sun, flaws in the jewel, but they were no integral part of Dick.

Once, when Pleasance was in the village, she saw Dick stagger out of the Brown Cow. His gait, the firmness of which she had compared to that of a rock, was wavering and awry. His healthy face had an unhealthy flush, his observant eyes were clouded, a straw hat with a green riband which he was accustomed to wear, poised lightly, and which became him well, was falling back from his head. His speech was loud and bragging, like his

uncle's, but it also had a thick stutter, which the smith rarely acquired, except on specially convivial occasions.

The time was afternoon, and some of the village boys, appearing miraculously from their herding or their apprentice trades the moment a diversion called them, were gathering round Dick, without any sense of the shame of the deed, to make sport of the man who was on ordinary occasions their hero. Women were peeping or coming openly to their doors to look at and to loudly discuss him, men were wagging their heads, some of them thrusting their tongues into their cheeks at a sight which made Pleasance, as she thought of Samson a sport for the Philistines, rush into the first house and hide herself, careless of what people might think or say of her flight.

But Pleasance did not thus escape from the sight of Long Dick in his helplessness and humiliation. Returning sadly to the manor, she encountered him again on the road, this time stretched on the bank perilously near a ditch, sleeping heavily, with Lizzie Blennerhasset, who had limped out after him, sitting crying beside him.

Pleasance sat down and cried to hear her friend company. Her heart was smitten rather with a passion of compassion than with righteous anger. She helped Lizzie to raise his head from the damp grass, she wiped with softness the earth-stains from his hair. She waited till he was fit to be roused, and then she accompanied Lizzie, who was giving him a poor little arm, to support him, that he might walk with sheepish unsteadiness back to the village, and only left them within sight of the first house.

While Pleasance accompanied the two, a dim recollection returned to her of a fragment of gossip which she had heard during the first day's cheese-making, when the girls of Saxford had spoken of one of their number, Car Reeves, spending the hours of her fair day in a neighbouring village, sitting in an alehouse by Harry Owen, trying to get him out; and a pathetic sense of the girl's dog-like fidelity came over her.

Pleasance had been seen lending help, along with Lizzie Blennerhasset, to get Long Dick to a place of shelter, where he might recover from his enslavement, but no one took any notice of her at the moment or pursued her with ridicule then. Something of the sacred privilege which attended bringing home a man on his shield, in the days of old-world warfare, was accorded by the rude villagers of Sax-

ford to the young woman who cared for Long Dick in the weakness of his error.

Only afterwards, there were sundry sly and sardonic comments, and even open advices as to Long Dick, to pluck up spirit boldly, and go in for his prize, since there was no doubt in which direction the wind blew.

But Long Dick did not need sorrow and shame for his outbreak and exposure to convince him that he knew better. "It weren't as if she liked me in that way," he said, "then you might be kinder right. Women, the best on them have big enough hearts to take the chaps that please their fancy, if they are on the square at all, faults and all, and make the best or the wust on en. I a'most think that the women d' be the fonder the more they 'a to pity and forget, since they forget theirselves fust. But, bless you, she don't like me as that comes to. I'm none so up in luck, even if I deserved it, she's only full of pity as she's full of friendliness to all the world, because she cannot hinder it. I'm her frien' surely, and she could not see me in the muck without being heart sorry for my plight, and seeking to give me a haul up. There's no laughter of devils or scorn of Pharisees in the likes of her. But that d' be all."

Mrs. Balls was on Long Dick's side. The last six or seven years, which had changed Pleasance from girl to woman, had begun to tell severely on her elderly kinswoman. Mrs. Balls felt her activity leaving her, and age, with its heaviness and incapacity, advancing on her with rapid strides.

The good woman was concerned for Pleasance's welfare, after she herself was past work. Lawyer Lockwood might pension her for old service's sake, but she could not expect that he would keep her on at the manor, when she had ceased to be of use. With her place filled by another, and she and Pleasance removed to some cottage, with its cabbage-garden, in the village, Pleasance's position would be very different, though she could not be brought to see it and take it to heart, and though she would have all Mrs. Balls's savings in addition to her own little bit of money, which Mrs. Balls's squire, Lawyer Lockwood, had said would come due when Pleasance was of age.

On the other hand, if Pleasance gave Long Dick the encouragement, which was all he required, and the two became lovers, and then man and wife, Pleasance, and Mrs. Balls with her, would have a strong arm to work for them and protect them in

the first place; and who knew but that Long Dick, who was head man already, might rise to be whole bailiff, and then Mrs. Dick might take Mrs. Balls's place, and the old home and the old pleasant sense of rule and patronage still be Mrs. Balls's.

Mrs. Balls was conscious, though she could not have expressed her consciousness, that the conclusion would be consistent with poetical justice, that it would be a return such as she was entitled to expect from her young cousin, Pleasance Hatton.

At the same time, Mrs. Balls had no idea of forcing Pleasance's inclinations; for that matter there was no call to force inclinations. Long Dick was the finest young fellow, far or near, and if he forgot himself now and then and got tight, or even had a fight with his drunken companions, why, he was only neighbour-like, and no worse than his betters — than Squire Lockwood's son, for instance, who came over with his cricketing-club, and got roaring drunk at the Brown Cow.

And did not everybody, Mrs. Blennerhasset and Mrs. Morse, say "Long Dick were main soft, and a clean fool about Pleasance"? It was because he was so foolish that he had not always the heart to keep himself straight, because he had got it into his head that his girl would not look at him in the light that he wished.

But if Pleasance would only draw him on, and let him see that she cared for him, and had a mind to be his wife, why then she could twist him round her finger, and make twice a man of him, who was a man already; and she would live to buy all Saxford at one end and to sell it at the other; and Mrs. Balls would go bail that he would not take a glass too much above once a year at the Applethorpe fair, or at the Cheam races, or when there was some extraordinary celebration of events — family or otherwise — at the Brown Cow, during the entire course of his married life.

"It would be so com'fable, Pleasance," urged Mrs. Balls, "if we was all together here, though I ain't favourable to marriage allers. I 'a shown that when I 'a refused offers a many on them in my days, so you need not look sarcy, now that you 'a one of your own to pick or let fall. Still a man about a house as belongs to it, is cheery."

"And what would Lizzie Blennerhasset say?" said Pleasance.

"What 'ould Lizzie Blennerhasset say?"

repeated Mrs. Balls indignantly, "let her say. What right 'a she to say? a silly of a gal as well as a poor little crooked stick, ever to cast eyes on her cousin, and think that because he pulled her out on the fire, he had not done enough for her, but mun stoop to look at she for his wife — set her up! It is imperence, as well as March madness, in Lizzie Blennerhasset, of which her wely own mother is ashamed. Long Dick will never have nowt to say to Lizzie Blennerhasset, though she wait till she d' be ninety-nine, and you give him the go-by to-morrow. You need not make that your excuse, Pleasance. You had better think on it, afore it be too late."

"Does a girl want to think before she will let a man keep company with her?" said Pleasance, using the current phrase of the place.

"Why 'ouldn't she?" inquired Mrs. Balls, a little fretfully, "better think soon nor late."

"Ay, better, Mrs. Balls, but better is not always what happens according to nature, and so there must be something to be said on the other side too."

"Now, you're high flyin', Pleasance, and where be the wings to the fore for folk to foller? That comes on them books. You've been a good gal as has set your back to the wall, and made the best on your hups and downs; but if yer 'ould 'a given up them books with the rest, it 'ould 'a been a sight better for you, and all as has to do with you."

Pleasance wondered if it would have been better, could she have been always and altogether like the others. And sometimes, when the sense and the fear of her loneliness crept closest to her, and chilled and vexed her most, she would wish to be able to think of Long Dick in the way that he and Mrs. Balls coveted that she should think of him, and to believe that she might be happy with him, although there could never be full sympathy between them.

Pleasance was aware that Lizzie Blennerhasset's claim on Long Dick was no claim at all, that Lizzie herself owned freely that it was so, and would never have proposed to urge it against another, yet it counted something with Pleasance both for and against Dick's suit.

This claim of Lizzie's offered a puzzle and a fascination to Pleasance. In all the experience which she had drawn from books more than from life, an unrequited attachment was a thing to be concealed, so that one should die rather than confess

it — to be left to “prey like a worm in the bud” unseen, and unsuspected till the worm had done its worst.

All maidenly dignity and pride demanded that it should be so. True, some of Shakespeare’s heroines in the grievous plight, in spite of Shakespeare’s words, not only owned the soft impeachment to themselves, but also stooped so far as to allow themselves what comfort could be had, in the circumstances, in the shape of confidants.

However, Pleasance accounted for this by remembering that the world was younger, and might very well be franker and plainer-spoken in Shakespeare’s day, and by granting something to the exigencies of plays.

Against this experience Lizzie Blennerhasset, whom Pleasance knew, as she knew herself, to be a modest girl — was it because of her class, or still more because of her misfortune? — made not the slightest attempt to deny her hopeless love for and devotion to Long Dick. That Lizzie Blennerhasset would lay her hair in the dust before Long Dick’s feet, was so perfectly well known, as well as so unmistakably fruitless, as to have almost passed beyond discussion in Saxford, which made a favourite hero of Dick and an object of pity of Lizzie.

It was an acknowledged fact to all the Blennerhassets, from father and mother down to Clem, the least gossiping of the family, to be referred to angrily, scornfully, or tolerantly, as the speaker felt inclined, but no more to be ignored than it was doubted.

Of course Long Dick was perfectly aware of Lizzie’s love, though certainly in words she never expressed it to him, and was accustomed to have it coolly referred to, and coarsely jested upon by all his friends, save by Pleasance Hatton, who could not help practising the reticence for her friend which Lizzie did not think of practising in any respect save in speech — for herself.

Lizzie could see no shame in her love for her cousin Dick, in her untiring recurrence to the old story of her deliverance when a child from the burning smithy-house by Dick, telling it over and over again to whoever had the patience to listen to her. That deliverance was the central point, the great romance in Lizzie’s young life, so that it bulked largely in it, dominated over all the rest, and bound her as Dick’s servant and slave forever.

Lizzie dreamt of Dick by day and night, ministered to him in every way that she

could contrive, sewed for him and sedulously attended to his wardrobe in the middle of her dressmaking, schemed to bring him pleasure, as a mother will seek to please her child at the expense of her own ease and comfort, screened him when he was in trouble, and never concealed all the time, either from herself or practically from him or from others, that it was with her very heart’s blood that she was thus serving him.

Lizzie had naturally been the very first to see Dick’s worship of Pleasance Hatton, but if it gave her a pang, she was so inured to pangs, or rather she was in such an exalted, ecstatic state, like that of a willing martyr with regard to Dick, that she was hardly aware of the pain. She sought to promote Dick’s cause with Pleasance; and at the same time it was to Pleasance that Lizzie, unasked, but without a thought of deceit and self-seeking, expatiated fervently, yet with a kind of passionless despair, on her love for Dick.

“Lookee, Pleasance, I know when he is in the room without I ’a seed him; I feel when he is a-coming afore he is in sight. I could kiss the wely ground he steps on; there is none as is like he, such a strapping lad, yet so good to a poor sickly cripple gal as is only his cousin and will never be no more, little bettern a plague with her fondness for he. Do ’ee think, Pleasance, if I had not got that fall as did for my hip-joint, and if I had grown up straight and strong, and run about like the others, that Long Dick would ever ’a looked at me? Laws! sometimes I please myself with thinking on it,” said Lizzie, with an inexpressibly wistful look in her blue eyes, “and how he would never ’a needed to beg and pray to me, for I ’ould never ’a said Dick nay, and how mortal happy I ’ould ’a been in making him happy. But there, it’s no use thinking on it, it is none for me, it is for you, and you’ll do it some day, Pleasance, though you dunno care half enough now for your blessed power, no more nor for your fair face and body, and your know, and your a-coming on gentle-folk as helps to make you as is a true woman, gentle.”

Pleasance was struck and touched by this phenomenon of utterly lowly, utterly generous love that made no demand for return, that had not even a thought of demeaning itself by its own lavish, lightly-held expenditure. Pleasance not only felt that anything which she could ever be to Dick Blennerhasset would be small and poor, but it seemed to her that she could never love — it was not in her to love —

any man, though he were the very prince, the king's son of old romance, come to woo and win her gallantly, with such a love as poor Lizzie Blennerhasset spent without stint on her calmly kind, sometimes unheeding, sometimes half-affronted, half-impatient cousin Dick.

But though Pleasance contemplated the association between Long Dick and his cousin Lizzie with a girl's interest and with a marvel of her own, she had sense and justice to prevent her looking on the association as a barrier to Dick's suit to herself. Lizzie herself deprecated the idea. Thus, while Pleasance would no more have been guilty of stealing a friend's lover, and pluming herself on the theft, than she would have stolen the gown or shawl from some friend's back and boasted of the deed, she admitted the perfect right of the man whom Lizzie Blennerhasset loved, but who was only her cousin and friend, to approach her, Pleasance, with his love.

Therefore, Long Dick ought never to have had brief moments of frenzy against Lizzie, in which he blamed her and would have visited on her the distance which he could not for the life of him lessen, at which he stood from Pleasance Hatton. Happily, they were only moments, not long enough to inflict on Lizzie more than momentary anguish, or to turn Pleasance against him as with horror at his brutality and cruelty.

Long Dick conducted himself generally to Lizzie like a true man who has capabilities for tenderness in his truth, and is well-conditioned at the core. He did not trade upon her regard; he did not accept it with a coxcomb's heartlessness as a tribute to his captivations, far less make a mock of it as a man who would seethe a kid in its mother's milk. Like Lizzie, he could never forget that he had saved her life, and had, with a feeling, even as a boy, of that mysterious bond between them, taken a keener interest after the first days of absolute danger to her life, than any of her family had taken in Lizzie's recovery and well-being. So long as she had been a child, he had carried and wheeled and helped her about in her infirmity, and he had never forgotten her, but had come and sat with her, and brought her little gifts to lighten her weary days. He could not help it, and he supposed that she could not help it, that the girl had got fond of him, he was not to alter his treatment of her—or for that matter his real regard for her on that account.

Pleasance saw and appreciated Long

Dick's forbearance with Lizzie. Thus it was not Lizzie Blennerhasset altogether, or even in a great degree, who stood between Long Dick and Pleasance. And Pleasance certainly did not disdain, though she did no more as yet than suffer his suit. She took it as an honour. She had sometimes a lighter, half-coquettish pleasure in it, for she was a young woman with a woman's desire to be loved. But for the most part, she was rather disposed to regard it as a difficult problem, which was set her to solve.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE INHERITANCE.

"HERE, Pleasance, I 'a brought a letter for you," said Mrs. Balls, coming into the manor kitchen on her return from an afternoon errand to and gossip in Saxford during the slack season of the fall, a month or two after midsummer. She was so impressed with the importance of what she carried, that though she was short-winded in walking, she made her voice be heard in a panting cry outside the door, and entered holding out the letter, well covered by her ample fingers clad in silk gloves, in a nice distinction between the kid of a lady and the cotton of a working woman, neither of which was quite suitable to Mrs. Balls, who was a housekeeper in a respectable situation under Lawyer Lockwood.

"A letter for me!" said Pleasance, pausing as she took the offered letter, and staring at it as if she had been a South Sea islander, who, having never learnt to write, and having never had any communication made to her by such signs, looks upon their embodiment in a bit of soiled paper with suspicion and uneasiness.

"It be," answered Mrs. Balls succinctly. "I 'a got it from the post-office. Post-master calls me in as I was a passin', and says he, 'There is a big un for your Miss Hatton,' he says, and I says, 'Be there no mistake, Mister Case? for Pleasance do not be in the way of gettin' letters, havin no kith or kin she owns saving myself;' and he answers, 'There be no mistake; do you think I cannot read and write, missus? It would be as much as my place were worth an I couldn't, and how do you know who Miss Hatton may or may not correspond with?' he says, with a kinder wink as a joke atween he and me. But I up and tells him I were sure to know as you were a born lady, and had no mean, shufflin', deceivin' ways. I showed the letter to Missus Graylin' next,



and she at me in the same line. 'It will be sweethearting she'll be arter,' she says, 'and you had better be arter her,' says she, 'for them half-breeds are the wust to deal with;' and I says to that, 'Missus Graylin', I know Pleasance Hatton, child and gal, bessn I know you, and her is not half-breed. She d' be a lady by birth, to be sure, but she is bessn than that, an honest young 'oman as is proud to work for her bread honest like, and 'ould scorn a dirty trick to cheat her cousin and frien'——'"

Mrs. Balls took breath, and resumed the thread of her discourse.

"'More than that, Long Dick is lookin' arter her,' I says, 'and none other, and he do not be so great a hand with his pen as to take to it, rather than speak to the gal in the porch, or by the haystack, or when the hosses and the cattle are a-watering at the troughs, as he may do any day in his life. Long Dick is not such a book-learned fool as to try a dead goose's quill or a bit on sharpened steel when he can speak with the livin' lip, to the livin' ear.'"

Pleasance had heard very little of the great sensation and discussion which her letter had provoked. She was absorbed in the effect which it produced on herself.

Strangely enough, it was the first letter which she had received since she came to the manor. It was like a waif and stray from the past, and she sat with it in her hand, thinking how she used to feel when her father's American letters came, or when some schoolgirl home for the holidays had a thought of her absent companion, who was so much less happy than she, inasmuch as she had no home holidays, and so spared a moment to write a little letter, half prattling, half slap-dash, in which there were a great many errors, seeing that there was no Miss Smith or Miss Eckhard at hand to correct them, but which was to cheer Pleasance in her perpetual exile. If it had struck Pleasance that her present letter was not so much a relic as an effort at the renewal of the past, she would have shrunk from it. When at last she opened it, and glanced over it, she put it hastily down, with a strong revulsion.

"It is not intended for me," she said to Mrs. Balls, who was waiting in her bonnet and shawl, without the smallest pretence of going out of the way, or of not caring to hear, or indeed of expecting anything else than that the letter should be immediately read out, slowly and distinctly, that she might catch every word.

"It has been intended for Anne," said Pleasance, with something of the jarred-on, shocked feeling with which, as occasionally happens, we find the dead addressed as the living, in communications which can no more reach or concern them.

"You dunno say it, Pleasance," exclaimed Mrs. Balls, scandalized, "and who do the writer be, or what can he 'a to say to your sister, as were little bessn a child when she were took, poor gal?"

"It is something about the money that papa left," said Pleasance simply, taking up the letter, and proceeding to study its contents. "It is from the lawyer who has had charge of it, I suppose. He writes:—

'TO MISS ANNE HATTON, THE MANOR FARM, SAXFORD.

'MADAM,—Our firm was instructed on the 27th of April, 1855, by our client, Lionel Wyndham, Esquire, of Sufton Hall, Northamptonshire, to assume the management of a sum of money for the benefit of you and your sister, being the children of the late Frederick Hatton, Esquire. The sum in question was £430 (four hundred and thirty pounds), being what remained to the account of your late father at his banker's, Drummond & Co. The money was under the control of the said Lionel Wyndham, as the husband of the late Mr. Hatton's sole surviving sister, and your lawful guardian, but was transferred to our care to save our client the necessity of active steps, which under the circumstances he did not desire to take in the matter. According to his directions, the money was to remain in the bank until application was made for the whole or part of the fund, on your account or on that of your sister, by such of your relations on the mother's side as had constituted themselves your guardians, and as we, acting for your lawful guardian, should consider eligible to be your representatives. We find that no such claim has been made, and that the money has been left, doubtless pending your and your sister's coming of age, and taking possession of your shares. As by comparing dates, and the certificates with which we were furnished, on the transfer of Mr. Wyndham's power to us, that time is close at hand, we await your orders as to the disposal of the money, which, allowing for interest, and deducting the usual expenses, now amounts to the sum of four hundred and sixty-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, and threepence, of which your share is two hundred and thirty-three pounds,

nineteen shillings, and one penny half-penny.

'I remain your obedient servant,  
'JOHN HARDWICKE,  
for FAIRLIE & Co.'"

Mrs. Balls, after listening with open ears, had been thunderstruck by the contents of the letter. The first symptoms which she gave of recovery was to throw up her silk-gloved hands in the air, dropping from the left hand an alpaca umbrella, which fell with a crash on the floor, and made the cat on the hearth start up and fly for its life, and Pleasance's canary-bird stop in pecking its seed, and, with its head on one side, inquire with its beads of black eyes what could be the matter.

"Lor' a' mussy, Pleasance, you 'a come into a fortén. I knew allers summat 'ould be yourn when you were one-and-twenty, for Lawyer Lockwood — he said as much, when you comed fust. But did I ever think it were hunders and hunders on pounds? You are a heiress, my gal, as need never soil your fingers more, 'cept for choice, not so long as you live. As for Long Dick, poor chap, I doubt he's a long way behind you now, unless you think differently. It is liker it were Squire Lockwood's son, as is a scapegrace, the more's the pity, unless he be to pick up. You and me will live together, Pleasance, and have a likely gal to wait on us, and flummery as well as turnovers to eat every day. We can go where you like, to Cheam or to Lunnon, though I never were town-bred, and I doubt I 'ould miss the beast-esses, as I have been used to all my life, and what will become of Lawyer Lockwood's cheeses, yet a while, afore he a' got a proper pesson into my shoes, I cannot tell. But it is for you to name the place and seek your pleasure, Pleasance, since you 'a come into your fortune."

"But I have not come into it yet, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance, shaking her head. "This letter was for Anne, and she was two years older than I."

Mrs. Balls could not bear to think of any delay in the golden shower which had so suddenly fallen on Pleasance, and through Pleasance on herself. "But, mor, if you write and tell en, they'll never be so hard as to keep you any longer out of your fortén," pled Mrs. Balls, quite piteously, on the back of her exultation. "Why, Pleasance, though I should not say it to hurt a gal as is hale and hearty, thank God, still life is but grass and worms, as passon says, and at this rate you might not live to get your fortén, or

any pleasure out on it. See how your poor sister, as was a deal younger than you are now, was took at a stroke."

"And is not Anne infinitely better off than I am now?" said Pleasance softly and steadfastly; "we are Christians, and believe that."

"Oh, yes, we are Chrissens," said Mrs. Balls, still chafing, "and make the best on our losses; but I do not see, for my part, what being Chrissens 'a to do in forbidding us from entering on our forténs. I think it do be kinder thankless and grudging to speak so, Pleasance."

"And though we had this poor little remnant of my father's portion in our hands, at this moment, we could not, even if we wished it, live like idle ladies upon it. I know so much as that, from the spending of my earnings, and from what I have heard Long Dick calculate about his savings, and what I have read; it would not serve us over three or four years. I remember Mrs. Wyndham took care to point that out to our inexperience — to Anne's and mine, when we were poor young girls," ended Pleasance, looking back with wistful commiseration on her former self.

But Mrs. Balls could not see anything except that Pleasance was "contrairy."

"I am sure I should not know how to be an idle lady now; I should prove but a sorry specimen after having been busy and useful all these years," Pleasance tried to coax her old friend. "I could not keep my hands still, I should be forever putting out the cloven foot; and you, Mrs. Balls, would weary your heart out."

"Then what may you be goin' to do, may I ax?" said Mrs. Balls severely; "let the money, as your poor father meant to be yourn, lie still in that bank, to serve your enemies, and as if that bank were an old stocken', till it d' be robbed or broke, or what not, while you be growed so fine you'll not stir your foot to touch hunders because they beant thousands. Oh! Pleasance, the pride of the human heart, passon ain't far wrong there."

"I never said I would not touch it, dear," said Pleasance, looking up brightly. "I'll write that, alas! there is nobody but me, and I'll bide my time; and then, Mrs. Balls, though we do not care to be turned back into idle ladies — to waste the one day, and want the next — though we are wise enough to keep our place, and go on working, because we have got used to work, and because we know work is far the best, doing our duty in the station to which we have been called — yes, I was

called to it too, and more solemnly than you — we'll not be above taking the good of our fortune; we'll buy a 'tidy few things,' and cut a few capers from our store. Don't you see it will be far better than having to live upon the money when it would not go far or last long? It will be something to get pleasure from, as well as to fall back upon, for those rainy days that working-people are always hearing about, as if working-people, with simple needs, should not be better armed than any other people against rainy days. Why, Mrs. Balls, I am not indifferent, I am quite uplifted with the prospect of coming into my fortune."

Mrs. Balls was not reconciled that night to such moderation, if it were not sheer apathy or close-fistedness that was creeping over Pleasance. Mrs. Balls was very unhappy and cross in thinking, did her young cousin mean to keep her fortune to herself, and was she but eluding her in seeking to depreciate and make light of the great news? A poor return for all that Mrs. Balls had done for the girl and her sister — a miserable specimen of the selfishness and heartlessness in which even gentle birth on one side may result. Mrs. Balls had not cherished such ungenerous and unjust thoughts often, or been more out of sorts — not when pleuro-pneumonia had been apprehended among Lawyer Lockwood's cows. So much for the effect of even the announcement of a little fortune coming to one member of a united family party.

But a night's rest cleared away the cobwebs of misunderstanding. Mrs. Balls rose satisfied of Pleasance's integrity and kindness, as she was of her own. She began to comprehend that she was too old for a change of life, and that it was well for her that Pleasance was contented not to rise again in the world. This did not hinder, it probably enhanced in the end, as with the added consciousness of sober self-respect and prudent humility and general well-doing, Mrs. Balls's satisfaction and delight in dwelling on Pleasance's coming hundreds, which were to remain in the bank, and in communicating the fact of their existence and boasting of it, with an elaborate attempt at modesty, which by no means extinguished the boasting, to Mrs. Blennerhasset and Mrs. Morse, until the information spread like wildfire over Saxford.

As for Pleasance, her feelings were in the first place exactly what she had described them, after the first startling sensation imparted by the tidings; she was

girlishly, almost childishly, pleased with hearing of having a little, not too much, money of her own, of which until this reminder she had no distinct conception, and indeed had nearly forgotten, since she had judged, when she remembered it at all, that it might have taken wings and vanished out of her sight like other and more precious things.

If the money had been some large sum, Pleasance felt that she would have been in a strait, encumbered and distressed, for what could a girl who had cast in her lot with working-people, and who was herself grown up a working-woman, do with a fortune? It would have become a snare and a stumbling-block to her and her neighbours; it would have rendered her the prey of designing persons; it would have been a glaring incongruity, robbing her life of all simplicity and harmony. She should not have known what to do with the golden burden, and if she had been compelled, in pure self-defence, and as a duty of property, to draw apart from the class in which she had found shelter, and to mount again in the ranks, how abashed she should have been, with her real sentiments! What a traitress she should have considered herself to all her own convictions and resolutions! How she must have ended by being painfully convinced that she was from home, and hampered and degraded!

But, as it was, these hundreds of pounds were no distracting obligation either in prospect or in actual possession. In place of threatening to make Pleasance a poor rich woman, they promised to make her what was quite different, a rich poor woman. They would supplement her sufficient stock, and furnish her with opportunities for gratifying many an innocent inclination, and doing many a deed that she strongly desired to do.

When Pleasance was a schoolgirl at the Hayes, she had heard some girl or governess sing an old-fashioned song, in which the singer coveted the possession of a four-leaved shamrock, and vowed, if she held the ancient charms, she would exercise it in acts of universal beneficence. Pleasance felt as if she were the possessor of this shamrock, or, what was perhaps a happiness with a more delicate bloom, as if she were the anticipator, by sure and certain anticipation, of the possession of the shamrock.

For days after the receipt of the lawyer's letter, Pleasance went about house-keeping for Mrs. Balls, hanging up dried herbs, taking up carrots and onions, find-

ing stray chickens, chattering to Mrs. Balls, and even to Long Dick, when she came across him, more freely than was her wont, and all the time her mind was full of happy projects. She would buy a screen to keep off the draught from the door, and a soft big chair for Mrs. Balls, easier than the great oaken receptacles in which she and Anne had sat on the April evening when they had come to take refuge at the manor. She would buy such a crutch for Lizzie Blennerhasset as should greatly lighten her lameness. She would buy a new fiddle, or if the old were better, new and suitable music, and pay for courses of lessons for Clem Blennerhasset. She would—well, what could she do that would not compromise her with Long Dick? She would buy a spick and span new silver-mounted whip, which should be Dick's own, not Lawyer Lockwood's, and which she could trust Dick not to use unmercifully on her friends Dobbin or Diamond or Prince or Punch. She would be able to pay for the doctor and physic, and to provide a constant supply of wine and little dainties for poor Molly Griffith, who was dying of consumption in the village. She would buy a fresh fine cage fitted up with every convenience for her bird, and a fresh fine collar, only he would not appreciate it—better give him an additional bone—for Jowler.

The first diminution to Pleasance's happiness was caused by perceiving that the story of her coming fortune had roused the old, and as she thought the dead, suspicion and antagonism against her among the village girls, while their elders spoke to her with a cautious reserve and a crafty deference in midst of their independence which Pleasance liked quite as ill as the suspicion and antagonism. With the girls the offence of the coming hundreds was still more serious than the offence of wearing spectacles, and in reference to it the old jeering title "Madam" or "My Lady" was revived and bandied about worse than before, and with it the disparaging distinction which, in the minds of the spiteful speakers, had become so inappropriate—ay, there was the rub—that it was a special taunt to use it now, of "gentle beggar."

Lizzie Blennerhasset formed an exception to this rout, but even Lizzie offended and affronted Pleasance by supposing that she would have her "gowns" made in Cheam in another year or so, and not by a common dressmaker with a common cut, like Lizzie.

Pleasance twinkled away moisture that

would gather in her eyes, in the midst of her cheery anticipations, at the world's injustice, while she was bent on living it down.

Then there came a new trouble. Long Dick who had taken utter despair to himself, and fairly shunned Pleasance with a sullen, bitter air which he had not shown before, from the day that he heard that she was to have such an inheritance, broke out worse than ever, while Lizzie Blennerhasset was miserable, and Pleasance remorseful.

What help for it? and small blame to him, said the gossips, when the girl he had been going after for years, and had set his whole heart upon, would never have him, since she had word of a fortune, and fine friends to follow, very likely. They daresayed not. She had not been his bargain before, as the poor fellow had seen, and had given herself airs—though she had pretended not—which she might have spared; and it needed no Solomon to see that it was all up with Long Dick. Pleasance Hatton would look, as she had always been looking, on the sly, for all her affectation of friendliness, a great deal higher; she might get a small shop-keeper or a ship-captain in Cheam, with her hundreds to fill his shop or buy his ship.

These cool conclusions which were falling like a bolt of ice on Long Dick's heart, and burning into it, for ice as well as fire burns, came to Pleasance's ears.

"Who says that I have given them any right to foretell what will become of me? Nobody has such a right," cried Pleasance indignantly. "How dare anybody invent such wicked lies as that money will ever come between me and my friends, or change me to them in the smallest jot or tittle?"

The village gossips all but drove her into Long Dick's arms; she was stung into seeking him in the freedom of their intercourse, even as he fled from her, and into being so kind to him that her fate had nearly passed out of her hands then and there. The ardour of Long Dick's gratitude saved her, for Pleasance quailed and drew back anew before that ardour.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
RUSSIAN IDYLLS.

WHETHER the songs of the Russian people be "most musical" or not, there can be no doubt that a great many of them are "most melancholy." For the

sorrow and sighing which they express, for the gloom which they suggest, various causes have been alleged. Sometimes it is asserted that the climate exercises so depressing an influence as to transpose all song into a minor key; sometimes the supposed lowness of Russian spirits is accounted for by the absence of anything like high hills. But as similar influences do not appear to produce like results elsewhere, and as in reality the Russian peasant is as cheerful as a man can well be expected to be who lives to a great extent on cabbage soup and salted cucumbers, it is probable that the sadness of popular song must not be altogether attributed to the summer heats and the wintry frosts, or to the obstinacy with which the face of nature, in many parts of Russia, persists in being plain. With more plausibility have attempts been made to account for it historically as the bitter fruit of long-continued oppression and wrong — a survival in these better days of the terrible times in which the land was constantly being laid waste by civil war or by Tartar or Polish foray, when men's hearts fainted within them because of their trouble, and the blithe voice of song was hushed. Serfdom, also, cannot well have been without its share in lowering the tone of the nation's spirits. But it is probable that in order to arrive at a correct solution of the problem, a variety of circumstances must be taken into account. Each of the causes already referred to may have contributed its share to the general burden under which the poets of the people appear to have groaned. Some allowance also must be made for the softness of the Slavonic nature — one of the leading characteristics of a family of nations which has had to mourn the subjugation of so many of its members.

The sadness of a great number of popular poems may be accounted for by the fact that they belong to one or other of the two great divisions of "ritual songs," those referring to marriage or death. That dirges should be doleful all must understand, but the melancholy nature of so many Russian wedding-songs must appear strange to any listener who is unaware that the idea still survives in peasant poetry that a bride is purchased if not captured, and that she is expected to bewail her unwelcome transfer from "the dear parental home" to "a distant, unknown land." These songs have exercised a considerable influence upon many of the Russian poets not of the peasant-class, some of whom, moreover, were dis-

posed by the constitutional feebleness which, in their cases, led to premature decay, to sympathize with the sadder utterances of the popular voice, to brood over the darker side of the peasant's lot.

Both Koltsof and Nikitin were singers whose path lay amid frequent thorns, and sloped rapidly towards the grave. It was natural that, in describing the life of the common people, they should have echoed the sighing more often than the laughter which came to their ears from village homes. But there are other writers whose pictures of rural life are tinged by a gloom which has been deliberately darkened. In the olden days, when the peasant was at the mercy of his lord, and when the eyes of justice were firmly closed to all offences committed by a man of property, there was more than sufficient to justify the savage indignation of a satirist. The literature at the time of Nicholas expressed many a political or social protest under the pretence of its being a purely artistic utterance, and many a word-painter deepened the shadows on his canvas with an eye to other than the legitimate effects of *chiaroscuro*. The principal living representative of the indignant school is Nekrasof, a poet of genuine originality, vigorous, terse, and possessed of a wonderful command over language, one that enables him to conceal consummate art under an appearance of unstudied simplicity. Of his pictures of Russian life, representing for the most part village scenes, we now propose to offer a few specimens.

The following short poem tells its own tale with sufficient clearness. Nekrasof in his earlier writings, of which this is one, scarcely ever moralized. He usually treated his subject in the most realistic manner, seldom softening anything, still more rarely idealizing. The future, as is the case with the village scenes in Tourguéneff's admirable "Notes of a Sportsman," was painted to all appearance conscientiously from life, and then left to convey its moral as it best could.

#### THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE.

Old Nenila asked Vlas, the bailiff, for some wood to mend her cottage with. "You sha'n't have it," was his answer. "Don't you go expecting any!" "Well, the master will come," thought the old woman to herself; "the master will settle about it. He'll see how wretched my hut is. He'll order the wood to be given me."

A greedy fellow in the neighbourhood cut off a great slice of the peasants' ground

in the most unfair manner. "Well, the master will come," thought the peasants. "The land-measurers will catch it! The master will just say a word, and our land will be our own again."

A young labourer wanted to marry Natāsha; but the head-steward, a susceptible German, wouldn't let the girl do as she wished. "Let's wait, Ignāsha," says she; "the master will come." Whenever there's a dispute about anything, young and old repeat in chorus, "Well, the master will come."

Nenila has died. On the land taken from the peasants the thievish neighbour's harvest ripens hundredfold. The youngsters of old days have become bearded men. The labourer Ignāsha has been sent away to the army. As for Natāsha, she no longer dreams of getting married.

But the master has not come. The master has not so much as begun his journey.

At last one day there appears in the middle of the road a funeral car, drawn by three pair of horses. On the lofty car is set an oaken coffin. Within the coffin lies the master; behind it is his heir. They sing a requiem for the old master. The new one wipes away his tears, gets into his carriage, and sets off for St. Petersburg.

In some of his later poems about rustic hardships, Nekrasof has assumed a more didactic tone, but his peasant portraits are as realistic as of old—their outlines hard and clear, their colouring cold and crude. Thus, in his "Meditations at the State Entrance," he draws a picture of the crowds of poor suppliants who on ordinary days beset the palace doors, to which, on great occasions, society hurries, "with a sort of solemn awe," to inscribe its names and titles:—

"One day" he goes on to say:—

I saw some moujiks coming, common Russian country folk. They said a prayer before the church, and then stood with bent brown heads at a respectful distance.

The porter appeared. "Let us in!" they cried in a tone of half hope, half anguish. He looked at them hard. They were not comely to look at. Sunburnt their hands and faces, worn their old raiment, each one with a wallet on his bowed back, a cross on his breast, and blood on feet cased in home-made bast shoes. One could see that they had travelled a long way, from one of the far-off provinces. A voice called out to the porter, "Away with them. Ragged rubbish

is not welcomed by Ours." And the door shut with a bang. The pilgrims stood still for a while, then they undid their scanty purses. But the porter would not let them in—would not accept their paltry coppers. "God be his judge!" they said, and so saying, with arms hanging hopelessly, and with heads, while they remained in sight, still uncovered, they went on their way beneath the burning sun.

At this point the poet breaks into a vigorous address to the august tenant of the palace, urging the claims for relief of the peasant, to whose sorrows the final lines are devoted.

Native land! Tell me of that district, such as mine eyes have never seen, where thy guardian and tiller, where the Russian moujik, does not groan. He groans in the fields, along the roads.

He groans in police-cells, in prisons, in mines, in the convict-chain. Where the corn dries he groans, where the hay is piled, and where in his cart he spends the night on the open plain. In his own poor hut he groans, unblest by the light of God's sun. In every out-of-the-way town his groans are heard at the doorways of law court and government office.

Go to the Volga. What wail is that which resounds along the mighty Russian river?

That wail is what we call a song. There a team of towing-men is at work. O Volga! Volga! In the spring-tide abounding with waters, thou dost not pour over the fields so wide a wave as that flood of the people's sorrow in which our land is steeped.

Where the people is, there is lamentation. Ah, dear ones! what means your incessant complaint? Will ye awake full of strength? Or have ye, bowing before the decree of fate, already done all that lay in your power—composed a song like unto a groan, and given over your souls to eternal sleep?

This poem was written in 1858. In 1864 appeared another protest in favour of the working-man so strong in its expressions that it is said to have caused the suspension of the magazine in which it was published. It is called "The Railway." As they sit in a first-class railway carriage a "general" and his young son hold the following conversation:—

VANYA. Papa, who made this railway?  
The FATHER. General Klenmichel, my dear.\*

Overhearing this the poet falls into a reverie. Then in fancy he addresses the boy, offers now, while the winter moon shines brightly, to show him the truth. Too great for one pair of shoulders, he

\* "Engineers, my dear," is the modified form of the reply in the collected works.



says, was the burden of making this railway. But there is a tsar in the world — a pitiless tsar — and his name is Hunger. Hither did he drive many to die. The land beside the rail is rich in Russian bones.

List! Terrible sounds arise! Stamping and the gnashing of teeth. Shadows fly over the frost-covered panes. What goes there? The crowd of the dead!

Some run ahead along the rails; some keep pace by our side. Dost thou hear their song? "On this moonshiny night we love to look on our work!"

"We withered away in heat and cold, our backs forever bent. In earth huts we lived, with hunger we strove, scurried, frost-bitten, drenched to the bone. Cheated by gangsters, by officers flogged, crushed down by the hard pressure of need — yet we bore it all — we the soldiers of God, the peaceful children of toil!"

"Brothers! ye gather the fruits of our work. Our lot was to rot in the ground. Do ye think of us kindly? Or have ye long since forgotten our sorrowful fate?"

The poet tells the boy not to be alarmed at this wild song. The forms he sees are those of his brothers — moujiks from the Volga, from the Oka, from all parts of the vast empire. Much have they toiled and suffered. There, for instance, stands "a tall, haggard White-Russian, worn out with ague. His lips are bloodless, sunken his temples; there are sores on his thin hands; his legs are swollen with long standing up to the knees in water. Hollow is his breast from incessant stooping, day after day, over the spade. Look at him well, Vanya. Painfully did that man earn his bread." Just then the whistle sounds, the dead vanish. Vanya tells his father what he has seen and heard. The general laughs, but requests the poet now to describe the bright side of the labourer's life. He complies, and depicts the festive scene which closes the railway-making drama. All is going well. The dead are buried, the sick are in huts out of sight. The contractor gazes with content upon the finished works. Turning to the labourers, he gives them a cask of spirits and he wipes off the scores he has against them. Amid loud hurrahs they unyoke the horses from the contractor's carriage, and drag it along the road in triumph.

Nekrasof's earlier poems, in which there is nothing openly said about the dignity of labour and the brotherhood of man, are perhaps to be preferred to the less reticent productions of later years. To the former

class belong a number of village studies. One of them, entitled "In the Village," begins with a description of a wet and dreary day. Evening draws on; a swarm of crows comes flying home to roost, looking like a great black net hung between earth and sky. Two old women meet at the village well. "You seem to be always weeping," says the one. "Some sad thought goes through your heart like a master through his house." "How can I help weeping?" replies the other. "My heart aches and is bowed down by sorrow. He is dead, Kassianovna dead, my dear one, dead and buried in the earth." It is her son she mourns — her tall, strong-handed, firm-chested son. Forty bears had he slain; the forty-first killed him. The bear was killed too, and its skin was sold for seventeen roubles, which were given to the repose of his soul.

The old cottage shakes with the wind, the barn has tumbled down. I wander along the road as if dazed, feeling as if I might come upon my son. He would take his axe. Things would get set right. He would comfort his old mother. But he's dead, Kassianovna, dead, my dear one. If you like I'll sell you his axe.

Who will caress the desolate old woman? In the sorest need am I. In the stormy autumn, the frosty winter, who will provide me with fuel? Who will bring me fresh hare-skins when my warm fur cloak is worn out? He is dead, Kassianovna, dead, my dear one. Uselessly rusts his gun.

Trust me, my sister; from cares and sorrows, the world has grown so wretched to me! As I lie in my hut, I cover myself with the nets just as if with a shroud. But no! Death will not come. I wander alone, with a barren pity looked on by all. He is dead, Kassianovna, dead, my dear one. Ah! if it were not a sin —

But these rural pictures are not always so dreary. Take, for instance, the poem called

#### VILLAGE NEWS.

There is the wood, and there the last low hill. Noisy but light, a summer shower begins To patter; thousands of small nails, steel-bright,

Bound up, heads downwards, all along the road.

The tiresome dust is laid. Once more, thank God,

I've made this pleasant journey. See, the barns,

The corn-kiln. Ah! how sweet the warm grain's breath!

Hey! stop the carriage! See, from every house

Out run the inmates, all familiar faces.

There's not a moujik there but is a friend.

"Hail, brothers!"

"Here's your godson, Vanyushka."  
"I see him, gossip. Stay, I've got a toy  
For the youngster."

"Tell us how you've been.  
You've kept your word. We've not expected  
you  
For nothing. We've preserved the game so  
well

There's not been one bird killed, and now the  
broods  
Are strong on the wing. When you go out  
to shoot

'Twill be 'bang, bang,' if but your legs hold  
out.

But only see, how pale you are and thin!  
We didn't send you off like that. You look  
As if they'd flogged you through the ranks  
three times

Last winter. Really though, dear friend, you  
seem

But half alive. Have things gone ill with  
you?"

"I've got a stubborn heart that stupidly  
Bothers itself for nothing. But down here  
I shall get set to rights. What news have you  
To give?"

"Vlas died two days ago, and left  
His saints-book to you."

"Heaven be his! How old  
Was he? A hundred?"

"Yes, with a tail thereto.  
The Lord works wonders."

"How about the crops?"

"Only so-so. There's more bad news; they've  
stolen

A deal of wood of yours. The stanovoi  
Was sent for, but 'My district's big,' says he.  
'What can I do? I can't flog every one.'

So saying, off he bolted. In Botõf  
They've lost much cattle, and the accursed  
swine

Have eaten up a baby. In Shakõf  
A man got pitchforked lately. His son's wife  
It was who did it — not without good cause.  
A shepherd lad was killed among his sheep  
By lightning. Ah! that really was a storm!  
How we escaped, God knows! The bells,  
the bells!

Ring as if for Easter! All our brooks  
Were flooded six feet deep. The cattle ran  
Home from the fields like mad, the angry wind  
Blowing them off their feet. — We ail were  
grieved

About the boy. A tiny mite; but once  
He saved a ram from a wolf. He called him  
Wolf-cub!

Dear heart! By cock-crow he'd be up, sing  
songs,

Run to and fro, make himself gay with flowers.  
His mother saw him off that day. 'Take  
care,

My child,' says she. 'Just listen how the wind  
Is howling.' 'What's a storm to me? I'm  
not

A child,' says he, and leaped and cracked his  
whip.

We laughed, yawned through the useless  
morning. Then

The bad news came. We had to go  
And fetch the body. He'd been safe enough.  
But Vanka cried, 'What are you doing there  
Under a tree? That's dangerous. Be off!'

He never said a word, but went away,  
And lay beside the hillock underneath  
His mat. That very spot the Lord  
Struck with His bolt. We fetched the body  
home,

And when the mat was lifted up a cry  
Arose from all our women. Quietly  
Did the Wolf-cub lie asleep. His shirt blood-  
stained;

His pipe still in his little hand; a wreath  
Of cornflowers and of clover on his head."

In the same genial tone is written the  
piece called "Peasant Children." Very  
pleasant are its pictures of Russian child-  
life. Early on a fine summer's morning  
we see the youngsters scampering off to  
the woods to look for mushrooms, parting  
the leaves, circling the stumps, starting at  
times at the sight of a snake. Coming  
back, they find the village full of pilgrims  
on their way to the monasteries. Under  
the thick old village elms sit the tired  
travellers. The children gather round  
and listen to stories "about Kief, about  
the Turk, about wondrous beasts." Pres-  
ently away run the children from the burn-  
ing heat to bathe in the river, which winds  
among the meadows like a blue ribbon.  
The little flaxen-haired heads float down  
the stream "like pale mushrooms in a for-  
est glade." The banks resound with the  
shouting and the laughter accompanying  
their play and mimic fights. Racing home  
to dinner they catch sight of a wolf.  
"Such a monster!" A hare gallops by  
them with eyes askint; they find a hedge-  
hog and offer it flies and milk. When the  
fruits are ripe in the woods away they go  
to gather strawberries, raspberries, cur-  
rants, and blackberries, returning with  
faces stained with juice, and proud of  
having caught an old woodcock with a  
broken wing. When playtime is over,  
Vanya begins to work. He sees his fa-  
ther plough and sow. He watches the  
corn as it grows and ripens. He sees the  
grain threshed out and ground, and the  
flour baked. He eats of the new bread  
and rejoices; he goes out to help in the  
fields, and rides back to the village as hap-  
py as a king. One day, the poet tells us,  
during a hard frost, he met a child who  
was bringing home a sledge-load of wood  
from the forest — a tiny boy in big boots,  
big gloves, and ample sheepskin, who led  
his horse with an air of official dignity.  
Far off in the forest was heard the ring-

ing axe of the woodcutter, his father. "Has your father a large family?" cried the poet. "Very large," was the reply of the child, who proceeded to say, "And there are only two men in it — my father and I." "And how old are you?" "Just six." "Now then, stupid!" added the urchin, addressing his horse in a gruff voice, and with a tug at the bridle strode rapidly away. "The sun shone so brightly on this picture," continues the poet, "the boy was so absurdly small, that it all looked as if it were cut out of pasteboard, as if I had lighted upon a toy-theatre. But the boy was a real live boy, and the horse, and the sledge, and the load of brushwood, and the drifted snow, and the cold light of the wintry sun — all, all was thoroughly Russian."

By way of a contrast to these idyllic scenes we may take the following realistic illustrations of Russian drunkenness. They occur in a poem called "Brandy."

## I.

Without cause has the barin flogged me. What has come over me I know not. When I think of it I shudder all over. Darker and darker grows my soul within me. How can I look people in the face now? How can I show myself to her I love? Long lay I silently above the stove, held my peace, and touched no food. During the night came the Evil One, whispered in my ear wild, mad sayings. When I rose in the morning my heart was heavy within me. I tried to pray, but I could not. Not a word did I say to any one. Without crossing myself I left the house. Suddenly cried my sister after me, "Won't you have some brandy, brother?" I drank every drop there was in the bottle — stayed at home all the rest of the day.

## II.

A neighbour's daughter, the young Stefanèda, won my heart. I asked her of her father, and neither he nor the girl objected. But it seems that another youngster gained our starosta's good graces. And it ended in her being led past my window by the unloved one, with the bridal crown on her head. A man's heart isn't made of stone! Like a madman I leapt out of window into the street. "Wait a bit!" I cried; "I'll settle with you." So I went to the kabak to get a glass of brandy, by way of keeping up my courage. In came my brother Petrushka, and offered to treat me. I stayed out the drinking of one measure, and after that another followed in its turn. My heart grew lighter somehow, and for that day I forgot all about the knife. The next morning I thought better about it.

## III.

I agreed with a merchant to find the workmen and repair all the stoves in his house. The job was done in a month, and I went to get my account settled. He was going to cheat me out of part of the money, the thieving soul! I complained, and threatened him with the law. "Very well," said he, "then you sha'n't have a single kopeck." And he had me turned out of the house by the scruff of the neck. For eight weeks running I used to go to his house, but I could never find him at home. I had no means of paying the workmen, and they told me I should be taken to prison. So I sharpened a broad axe. "Perish then!" said I to myself. Off I set, hid myself like a thief beside the well-known house, and waited. But the cold half froze me. There was a kabak just across the way: thought I to myself, "Why shouldn't I go in?" In I went, spent my last shilling in drink, got into a squabble — and woke up at the police-station.

Russian ideas, it may be observed, often differ considerably from those to which we are accustomed as regards not only drink but many other things as well. Here, for instance, is a strange revelation of rustic humanity. An old soldier has been boasting of what he did during the French invasion and retreat. To him enters a peasant, and says: —

Well, soldier, you fought in that war yourself, did you? So you can speak with authority. Good. But let me too say a word. We played a trick or two ourselves.

When the Frenchman shoved himself into our company, and saw there was little to make by it, he fell into confusion, you remember, and immediately scampered back again. Well, we got hold of a family — father, mother, and three whelps. We smashed the moosoo at once, not with muskets, but with our fists. The wife cried, sobbed, tore her hair. We looked on, and were sorry for her. Pity took hold of us. An axe struck its blow, and there she lay alongside of her husband. Well, then, the children. They jumped about, wrung their hands, said something you couldn't make out a word of, and cried, poor things, at the top of their voices. Dear, dear! Tears pierced us. What was to be done? We talked it over for some time; then we killed the poor things as quickly as possible, and buried the whole lot of them together.

That's how it was, soldier. Trust me, we didn't sit with our hands folded. And though we didn't fight in the war, yet we played a trick or two ourselves.

From this uncomfortable story — which may remind the reader of Sir Robert Wilson's account of how the grand duke Constantine Pavlovich killed a French

prisoner out of sheer pity, and could not understand how any one could fail to appreciate his humanity, as well as of Mr. Fourguèneff's delightful description of the French drummer whom his moujik capturers were about to drown, when he was ransomed from them by a country gentleman who, though not musical himself, wanted his daughter to be taught the piano—we will turn to a subject which more readily lends itself to poetic treatment, that of the peasant's final severance from the plot of land he loves so well. It forms the theme of a poem called

#### THE UNREAPED PLOT.

It is late in the autumn. The rooks have fled. The forest is leafless, the fields are bare.

Only one plot remains unreaped. Sad are the thoughts it suggests to me.

Methinks I hear the ears whispering, "We are weary of hearing the autumn wind; Weary of bowing down to the ground, bathing in dust our juicy grain.

Every night, in greedy flocks, gather passing birds to plunder our stores.

The hare treads us down, we are crushed by the storm. Where is our sower? Why tarries he?

Is it because we are worse than the rest? Have we not blossomed and borne fruit aright?

No; we are not worse than the rest. Long ago swelled and ripened our grain.

Not that the autumn winds should scatter us; not for that surely he ploughed and sowed."

The wind brings them back a sad reply: "Your sower is fit for nothing now.

Well did he know why he ploughed and sowed; why he toiled at a task beyond his strength.

Poor fellow! he neither eats nor drinks. A worm is sucking his ailing heart.

The arms that of old these furrows traced are now shrunk to chips, hang down like thongs.

His eyes are dim. Weak now is the voice which used to chant a doleful song,

As bending forward with outstretched arms, he thoughtfully followed the plough through the field."

Disease and death are favourite subjects with Nekrasof. In one striking poem he sketches the inmates of a city hospital; in another he lets us listen to the sorrows of "Orina, the soldier's mother," whose son has come back from his regiment to die in her poverty-stricken hut. But by far the most remarkable of his funereal poems is that named "Frost,"\* a piece of some length, containing nearly a thou-

sand lines. In it is first described the interior of a peasant's cottage, the master of which has just died. The corpse lies on a bench by the window. The widow, sobbing quietly, is making the shroud. She is firm of will, and she refuses to give herself up to grief. Only the tears fall fast on her busy hands, "as grain drops silently from ripened ears of corn." Meanwhile, a couple of miles away, the dead man's father is choosing a spot for the grave. Long does he pause, looking round the dreary grave-yard wrapt in a winding-sheet of snow, through which emerge grey wooden crosses bent by many storms. Up to his knees in snow does he stand, resting shovel and pick on the ground, his hair all white with hoarfrost. At last he selects a place round which the sunlight will play, on which the cross will be within sight of the road; then bends his aged back, shovels away the snow, and pierces the frozen soil. At last the task is done, and he scrambles out of the grave. "It was not I who ought to have dug that hole," he mutters. "It was not Proclus who ought to have slept in it. It was not Proclus——" Just then he stumbles, and the pick falls into the grave. Recovering it with some difficulty he sets out homewards, meeting on the way his wife, who has been to the village to buy the coffin. On their return, the children having been sent to a neighbour's cottage, begins the work of preparing the corpse for burial.

Slowly, reverently, austerely, is the sad duty done. Not a word is uttered without need, not an outward tear is shed.

He sleeps, having laboured so long in the sweat of his brow! He sleeps, who so long tilled the soil! On the white deal table he lies, heedless of surrounding sorrow:

Clad in a long woollen shirt he lies, shod with new linden-bark shoes. Beside his head gleam lighted candles.

At rest are the large, callous hands, which have endured so much labour. Calm and unvexed is his comely face.

So long as this part of the ceremony lasts a mournful silence is observed. But when it is over, "there is no longer need to struggle with sorrow; forth from the lips in a stream of words burst the thoughts which have long been seething in the mind." Turning to her dead husband, Darya addresses him in wailing song:—

O dearest blue-winged dove of ours! Say whither from us hast thou fled? Unequaled wert thou in the village, for beauty, for stature, for strength!

\* *Moróz, Krasny Nos, Frost, the Red-Nosed.*

To thy parents a counsellor prudent ! In the field strong-handed for toil ! To thy guests open-handed and courteous ! To thy children and wife full of love !

Why so soon is thy life-journey ended ? Why desert us, O dear one, so soon ? Not in spring-water have we to bathe thee. So fast flow hot tears from our eyes.

Thy mother will soon die of sorrow ; thy father no more cares for life. Like a birch-stem left bare in the forest, stands thy wife in her desolate home.

For her misery hast thou no pity ? No care for thy children ? Arise ! from the field that thou lovest so dearly the harvest in summer-time reap !

Let thy arms, love, no longer be folded ; thy falcon-like eyes shut no more. Toss thy silken curls back from thy forehead ; thy sweet lips no longer keep closed.

Hearing the sound of the "wailing," the neighbours flock in, place burning tapers by the sacred picture, prostrate themselves before it, and silently return home. When the last visitor has left, the mourners sit down to their frugal meal. Then the old father, by the feeble light of the fire-splinter, sets to work at a pair of bast shoes ; the old mother lies down, sighing deeply, above the stove, and Darya, the young widow, goes to see after the children. "All night long the reader, with a light beside him, reads psalms above the dead, and from behind the stove the cricket responds with its shrill chirping."

Next day, while a keen wind drives fast before it the snowflakes which dull the sun's light, the dead man is carried to his last home. His little children sit on the sledge beside the coffin, the widow leads the horse. In front walk the old father and mother. Behind follow a few of the neighbours, talking among themselves of the bleak days in store for Darya and her fatherless little ones. Proclus is laid in the grave with all due solemnity, all uttering words of praise over his coffin. Even the starosta commends him, saying that he was always punctual in paying his dues to his master and his taxes to the crown. Then the friends cross themselves once more above the grave and set off homewards. "Tall, gaunt, grey, the bare-headed father, not moving, not speaking, stands like a monument above his son's grave. At length the greybeard bends down gently over it, and smooths its surface with his spade, his wife wailing aloud the while." Meanwhile Darya has returned home with the children, and found the fire out and the wood-bin empty. So she takes the little ones back to the

friendly neighbour, and goes with the sledge to the forest to cut wood.

In the forest all is cold and still. Darya cuts a load of brush-wood, and piles it on the sledge. Then, her work being done, she gives way to sorrow. Her tears fall unheeded, the lifeless winter sun, "like the round yellow eye of an owl," seems to stare at her with cold indifference. Brooding over her loss, she falls into a half dream, thinking how it will be her lot alone to reap the next year's harvest. At times she thinks her husband still lives, and is near her ; and she talks to him about the children, looking into the future, and seeing in fancy how well their girl shows in the village dance, with her bright blue eyes and long brown hair, and with what festivity is celebrated the marriage of their son, sturdy of frame, comely in face, with a complexion "of blood and milk." Presently she remembers what has happened, thinks of how she walked one night, during her husband's illness, to a distant convent ; how she was kept there a long time while a nun was being buried ; how at last she returned with a "wonder-working picture ;" but in spite of all her prayers the Heavenly Queen, who had helped so many others, would not wipe away her tears. Suddenly she seizes the horse's bridle, and gets ready to start homewards. But again a dreamy sensation comes over her. She leans against a pine, and remains standing there, holding the axe in her hand, but scarcely breathing, "without a thought, a groan, a tear." Throughout the forest reigns the silence of the grave, the frost ever growing stronger the while.

All about his domains goes Frost the chieftain, seeing whether the waters have been firmly bridged, and the roads made level and hard, and the pines decked out with ornaments of snow. From tree to tree he bounds, till at last he reaches that against which Darya is leaning, and from amidst its branches he sings of his invincible might. "Art thou warm ?" he asks her from the summit of the pine. "I am warm," answers the widow, shuddering as the cold takes hold of her. Lower down among the branches comes Frost, lower still, ever waving his magic mace. At last he is by her side. She feels his kiss on her eyes and lips. It seems to her that her husband is with her ; that it is his dear caress that she feels. From her numb hands down drops the axe ; on

her bloodless lips there plays a smile. She dreams that it is warm harvest-time. Back from the corn-field comes her husband, bringing home a load of golden sheaves. Then he goes back again, the children riding with him on the cart, while she looks after them with a smile, shading the sun from her eyes with her hand. Then a song arises in the distance; and as the dreaming Darya listens to it, the last shades of sorrow die away from her tranquil face. Still and passionless as the trees around her, she stands like a statue beneath the cold blue sky.

Not a sound is heard! Stand there and feel how your heart is subdued by that dead silence.

Not a sound! But thou art gazing at the vault of heaven, and the sun, and the forest, full of wonders, decked in its garb of frosted silver,

Utterly passionless, though dazzling with an ineffable charm. But hark! a sudden rustle is heard. A squirrel runs up the tree;

Springing from branch to branch of the pine, it throws down snow upon Darya. But Darya does not move. To Darya the frost has brought death in her enchanted sleep.

The sorrows of the Russian woman of the people are frequently described in eloquent words by Nekrasof. In the first part of the poem, of which a summary has just been given, he speaks of her thus:—

Three dreary lots has Fate to dispense. And the first is to wed a slave; and the second, to bear a slave; and the third, to obey a slave until death. And all these terrible lots have fallen to the share of the Russian woman.

Centuries have passed. All things have tended towards happiness. All things in the world have many a time changed. Only the stern lot of the peasant woman has God forgotten to change. And we are all agreed, that the type has degenerated of the once fair and strong Slavonian woman.

Fortuitous victim of Fate! Unseen, unheard hast thou suffered. Thy strivings and thy complainings hast thou not confided to the world.

But thou wilt tell them to me, my friend! From childhood hast thou been to me well known. Thou who art—incarnate fear! Thou who art—eternal weariness.

However, he continues, the type of the grand Slavonian woman has not entirely died out:—

Still are there women in the Russian villages, in whose faces is quiet dignity, in whose movements is graceful strength, whose gait and glance are those of a queen.

Of them say all who have eyes to see, "When she passes it is as when the sun shines! A look from her is as good as a rouble!"

They follow the same road as all the rest of our people. But to them sticks none of the mud of their poverty-stricken surroundings. She blossoms a rosy-cheeked beauty, tall and erect—comely in every dress, quick at all kinds of work.

On her sunburnt shoulders hang down the long plaits of her brown hair. Firm rosy lips cover her strong even teeth. When she becomes mistress of a household, all goes well within her gates, for she is always on the alert and busy:—

Clear and firm is her conviction that all salvation lies in work, and therefore are her stores always full, her children always well fed and healthy. When the family goes to church, she walks in front, bearing a babe enthroned on her breast, while beside her she leads her six-year-old boy. And home comes that picture to the heart of every one who loves the Russian people.

Unfortunately that picture, so far as its principal figure is concerned, is not one that very often greets the eye in Russia. Nekrasof has no doubt painted the portrait of his heroine from life, but his models can seldom have been so attractive. Among young Russian girls, it is true, especially in the southern provinces, there is often found one whose face and form may charm an admirer of the beautiful and the romantic, and her maiden life lends itself not unready to poetic treatment; but when she becomes a married woman, and her long braids of hair are hidden away under an uncomely kerchief, she and romance are usually parted forever. This fact Nekrasof states forcibly, in the poem called "The Troika." "A carriage and three" has just driven through a village, and its occupant, a young officer, has gazed with manifest admiration at a rustic beauty. She, in her turn, with a flush of pride on her cheek and a bright sparkle in her eye, looks after him down the road. To her the poet addresses himself. "It is no wonder he looked at thee," he says; "no one finds it hard to fall in love with thee. Playfully floats the rosy ribbon about thy hair as black as night. A tender down softens the rosy glow of thy embrowned cheek; from under thy arched brows teasing eyes look briskly forth." "Will thy life be full and complete?" he goes on to ask. "No, such will not be thy fate. Thou wilt be mated to a slovenly clown."

Girt under the armpits, will thy figure become ungraceful.



Thy exacting husband will beat thee, thy mother-in-law will torment thee.

Crushed by labour hard and black, wilt thou wither before thou hast fully blossomed. Thou wilt sink into a dull sleep that knows no waking. Thou wilt nurse children and toil and eat.

Soon on thy face, now full of life and animation, will appear an expression of stolid endurance and an unconscious, incessant dread.

And when thy dreary life-journey is over, they will lay in the damp grave thy uselessly expended strength, thy breast that has never known fostering warmth.

By way of a finale we may take the following sketch, descriptive of one of the many vicissitudes to which, in the days of serfdom, the lot of the Russian village maiden was liable. It is called "On the Road," and begins with a tired traveller's request that his *yamshtchik*, or driver, will cheer him by a song or story.

#### THE TRAVELLER.

I feel dreary! Do something to divert me, blithe driver. Chant me a stave, my friend, about recruitments and partings, or make me laugh at some absurdity, or tell me something you have seen. I shall be grateful for anything, brother.

#### THE DRIVER.

I'm not very lively, myself, master. My heart is heavy about my poor wretch of a wife. You see, sir, she was brought up from childhood in our seigneur's house, and educated along with our young mistress. She understood about needlework, you know, and embroidery, and she could read and play the piano—was up to all ladylike ways, in fact. As to her dress, it wasn't like that of our village sarafan-wearers. She went about in satin, for instance, and she might eat as much honey and *kasha* as she liked. She looked the real thing as much as any born lady. And it was not only we peasants who admired her, but a gentleman might have liked to marry her. (The tutor there fell in love with her, the coachman says.) But God didn't allot her good fortune, it seems. The gentry don't care much about servant girls.

Our young mistress married, and went to live at St. Petersburg. And when the master came back after his daughter's wedding he fell ill, and on Whitsun Eve gave back to God his gracious soul. Grusha\* was left just like an orphan. A month later came the heir, went over the list of peasants, and changed labour-dues for money payments. By-and-by he came to Grusha. Whether she annoyed him in any way, or whether he merely thought there wasn't room for her in the house, that we never knew. But any-

how he sent her back to the village. It was a case, you see, of "Know your own place, wench!" The poor girl cried bitterly. It was very hard on her, you know, with her white hands and white face.

I happened to be just turned eighteen, then, so I had a piece of land given me—and Grusha to wife. Dear me, what a heap of troubles did not I come in for! She looked so unhappy, you know, and didn't know how to mow or see after the cow. It would be a sin, to say she was idle; but the work never turned out well in her hands. When she was carrying wood or drawing water, she went about it as if she were working for a seigneur; so that one felt sorry for her sometimes. But what could one do? There was no cheering her up by giving her new clothes. The heavy shoes hurt her feet, she said, and she felt awkward in a sarafan. When strangers were present she kept up pretty well, but when she was alone she would cry like mad. The gentlefolks had spoiled her, you see. Otherwise she'd have been a hearty lass.

There's a picture she's always looking at, and then she's always reading some book or other. So I get a twinge of fright, sometimes, that she will spoil our boy too. She teaches him to read. She washes him, cuts his hair, combs it every day, just as if he were a little gentleman. And she won't beat him; won't even let me beat him. But she won't spoil the little rogue much longer. She's as thin and as white as a chip, you see, and she does more than she has strength for. In a whole day she won't eat more than two spoonfuls of porridge. In a few weeks more I'm afraid I shall have to lay her in the grave! Why it is so I cannot think. God knows I haven't worn her out with constant labour; I've always seen she had plenty of food and clothes; I never scolded her without a cause, and as to beating her—why I almost never beat her, never except when my hand had drink in it.

#### THE TRAVELLER.

That will do, driver, thank you! You've completely cured me of my low spirits.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE LITERARY MALTREATMENT OF MUSIC.

MUSICIANS cannot help now and then being struck by the strange and not always explicable mistakes made by some of our greatest writers in connection with music. They may, perhaps, be reminded in return that if authors frequently make blunders—or, to be precise, write nonsense—on the subject of music, musicians have sometimes shown remarkable ignorance

\* Agrippina or Agraphena.

of literature. Ivanoff, the famous Russian tenor, after seeing Beaumarchais' "*Barbier de Séville*" at the Théâtre Français, told Rossini, as an interesting piece of news, that the French had turned his "*Barbieri*" into a comedy, and that it went remarkably well in its new form. Only the other day an eminent Italian vocalist in London, on being introduced to the eminent English vocalist, Mr. William Shakespeare, expressed much satisfaction at making the acquaintance of our great national dramatist, adding, in an aside, to a friend, "*Je ne le croyais pas si jeune.*" Passing from singers, whose chief business is the production of sound, to composers, who belong to the great family of artistic creators, it would be easy to cite instances of disregard shown by the latter in their musical settings, for the sense and meaning of words. An Italian Church-composer, not finding the words or syllables of the *Credo* sufficiently numerous for the melody to which he was adapting it, is said to have interpolated here and there such words as *ah* and *non*. Thus treated his profession of faith became, "*Credo, non credo, ah non credo in unum Deum.*" Another, as if to show that he at least understood the literal meaning of his words, introduced in the orchestral accompaniment of an *Agnus Dei* the conventional instruments of pastoral music. Balfe, in fitting a melody to Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud," has strongly accentuated the first word—on which no accent should fall. It is true that the very fertile, though not always original, composer had borrowed his theme, note for note, from Macbeth's principal air in Verdi's opera of "*Macbetto*," which may account for some manipulation of the words. Wallace, in a trio in "*Mari-tana*" composed to the words, "Turn on, old Time, thy hour-glass," has made "time" a word of seven syllables, and "hour" a word of two. A French vocalist under the first republic found himself condemned not to extend one syllable (and that syllable with an *i* in the middle!) over seven notes, but to deliver six syllables where the composer had only furnished music for one. In Montigny's "*Déserteur*" one of the most popular airs begins with this line:—

Le roi passait et le tambour battait aux champs.

All mention of "*le roi*" being forbidden, "*la loi*" was found a convenient substitute for the banished word. "*Vive la loi*" did duty for "*Vive le roi*," and in "*Le Déserteur*" "*la loi*" was described as

passing in procession between lines of faithful soldiers. A singer who was unable to realize the idea of an abstract conception riding on horseback or in a carriage, replaced—

La loi passait et le tambour battait aux champs,  
by—

Le pouvoir exécutif passait et le tambour  
battait aux champs.

But the greatest sinners of all in connection with music are our own librettists. In the English version of "*Dinorah*," Corentin, the Breton peasant, having to say in verse, and to a particular tune, that some men are brave and others are not, is made to state the case by means of symbols in the following terms—

A was born to live in war and thunder,  
B is otherwise and so is C.

The author of these curious lines makes the bad character in Sterndale Bennett's "*May Queen*" say, in reference to the heroine's beauty (at the beginning of the trio):—

Can that eye a cottage hide?

the meaning of the strangely inverted inquiry being, "Can a girl with such eyes as yours consent to remain hidden in a cottage?"

Much better, as regards simplicity and sense, than "A was born," etc., or "Can that eye a cottage hide," are the following lines written by an ingenious Frenchman as an additional verse to "God save the king." When at the time of the Restoration Louis XVIII. was conveyed from Dover to Calais on an English man-of-war by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., a banquet was given at Calais in honour of the English lord high admiral; "God save the king" was sung, and this new stanza was tacked on to the anthem for the occasion:—

God save noble Clarence,  
Who brings her king to France,  
God save Clarence!  
He maintains the glory  
Of the British navy,  
O God, make him happy;  
God save Clarence!

The rhymes in these remarkable verses, to a French ear, or rather to a French eye, are probably not bad. It must be admitted, however, that the rhythm, though nearly perfect to the eye, leaves something to be desired by the ear. The words might easily enough be sung to the tune of "God save the king;" but it is diffi-

cult to imagine singers giving them with much spirit.

In "Arsinoë," "the first opera," according to Addison, "that gave us a taste for Italian music," Clayton, who afterwards wrote music for Addison's "Rosamond," and whose works were represented by Steele as a sort of "music of the future," before which Handel's paltry productions must eventually sink into insignificance, had to set the following verses:—

Queen of darkness, sable night,  
Ease a wandering lover's pain;  
Guide me, lead me,  
Where the nymph whom I adore,  
Sleeping, dreaming,  
Thinks of love and me no more.

In the "repeat" of the melody which Clayton fitted to these lines, or to which the lines had to be more or less satisfactorily adjusted, it suited the composer to stop at line the fourth; so that the singer ended the piece, without completing it, by exclaiming—

Guide me, lead me,  
Where the nymph whom I adore!

With a similar disregard of the meaning of his author, Shield, who composed a century later than Clayton, has travestied Shakespeare by punctuating him as follows:—

O happy happy happy fair,  
Your eyes are load-stars  
And your tongue sweet air.

But to return to Mr. Clayton, "The style of this music," he had explained in an address to the public, "is to express the passions, which is the soul of music." Clayton, apart from music, was probably a clever and agreeable man; and taking him at his own valuation, or judging him, perhaps, by his general ability, the contributors to "The Spectator" came to the conclusion that he was all he believed himself to be. They could follow Clayton in his plausible arguments and in the indignation he expressed at Handel's venturing to introduce a foreign entertainment into England; while Handel's music on the other hand said nothing to them. They did not hesitate then to give the publicity of "The Spectator" to a letter in which Clayton not only proposed to start concerts of British music—or rather of his own so-called Italian music "grafted upon English poetry"—but declared "that favouring our design is no less than reviving an art, which runs to ruin by the

utmost barbarism under an affectation of knowledge." The good opinion which Addison and Steele had formed of Clayton as a musician reminds one a little of the admiration felt for Berlioz, and indirectly for Berlioz's music, by Heine and Théophile Gautier—who could not fail to be charmed by Berlioz's wit. It reminds one much more of the popularity enjoyed by Thackeray's "Sir George Thrum," the sturdy representative of native musical talent, whose "downright English stuff," was contrasted with the "infernal twaddle and disgusting slipslop" of Donizetti. Without being a musician, Thackeray was artist enough to perceive the difference between the music of Donizetti, an Italian composer of the second class, and that of Sir George Thrum, a composer of no class.

Thackeray, with genius and intelligence equally developed, could not write absurdly, in however small a degree, on music, or on any other subject. But he could make mistakes; and it once occurred to him that Beethoven had composed a very beautiful piece, called "The Dream of St. Jerome," of which no mention is made in any catalogue of Beethoven's works. Beethoven might have produced a piece under that title; but, as a matter of fact, he did not. In due time, however—a proof that Thackeray's conception had nothing ridiculous in it—the dream became a reality; and "St. Jerome's Dream," composed by L. van Beethoven, may now be purchased of all respectable music-sellers. It is said that one day an admirer of Thackeray and of Beethoven, anxious to learn which of Beethoven's compositions had given so much pleasure to the great novelist, asked timidly, but with an air of conviction, at a West-end music-shop, for "Beethoven's 'Dream of St. Jerome.'" After a little delay, and probably a brief consultation, the answer returned to the enterprising amateur was to the effect that "The Dream of St. Jerome" might be had in a few days, but that it was for the moment out of print." It had, of course, been explained that this perfectly imaginary work was spoken of in "The Adventures of Philip" (chap. xxxii). And, as if to do honour to Thackeray's fancy, a piece, or portion of a piece, by Beethoven, was engraved under the title, which Thackeray had probably heard applied, half in pleasantry, half in earnest, to some other piece by the same master. In families where music is much cultivated a composition may easily get to be known by a name of which the significance will be by no means apparent

to those unacquainted with its private origin.

After all Thackeray's musical mistake is not worse than a literary mistake made for the first time many years ago by the great Wagner, and dutifully repeated again and again by his faithful followers. Figaro, in "*Le Barbier de Séville*," says, as he improvises the words of his air (in the situation where Rossini has placed "*Largo al factotum*,") "*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit on le chante*." Herr Wagner and the Wagnerites, for "*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit*" substitute "*Ce qui est trop sot pour être dit*," and assign the remark, as improved by themselves, not to Beaumarchais' Figaro speaking in jest, but to Voltaire speaking seriously in his own character.

Thackeray is not the only English novelist of the present day who, to an unknown piece of music, has given an unknown name. In Mr. Black's "*Three Feathers*," when Wenna goes up to the house to see the old lady, she sits down to the piano, and afterwards, in telling her sister what she has done, says that she played two "*Lieder*" and "*Beethoven's Farewell*"—under which title, when the piece has been sufficiently asked for, we may hope some day to see a companion to "*The Dream of St. Jerome*" brought out. Very different in character from these errors as to the titles of works, or as to the existence of works which were never composed, is a mistake which disfigures one of the masterpieces of modern fiction. In the novel in question a "perfect accord of descending fifths," is dwelt upon with a sort of rapture. Now irrespective of all rules on the subject, it would be sufficient to try an "accord of descending fifths" on the piano to see whether or not such a thing is even tolerable. It is to be feared, however, that in the highest literary circles a taste for sequences of fifths is on the increase. In a volume of very charming songs by one of the most popular novelists of the day the purple cover is ostentatiously adorned with a sequence of ascending fifths printed in notes of gold.

Attention having once been called to the matter, it need hardly be said that "accords of fifths" in music are neither desirable nor undesirable, but simply not to be thought of. Lucy and Stephen no more sang such intolerable sounds than Jules Janin saw live red lobsters—except, indeed, in his mind's eye—when in a celebrated flight of fancy he described the lobster as the "cardinal of the sea."

Alfred de Musset placed Andalusians in Barcelona —

Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone,  
Une Andalouse au teint bruni ?

But the Duke of Clarence ("God save noble Clarence" etc.) went far beyond Musset, and proved himself as a natural historian at least the equal of Jules Janin. Growing enthusiastic about the clearness of the sea at Malta, his Royal Highness is reported to have exclaimed: "At twenty fathoms, sir, you could see the bottom red with lobsters, by G—d." There may be red lobsters in the sea (dead ones) as there may be "sequences of fifths" in music. But neither would be delightful.

In "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" not only musicians and amateurs of music, but all readers must have been astonished to find one of the personages playing the piano "with an airy and bird-like touch." The bird as a pianist might form a companion picture to *la loi* as an equestrian.

Ouida, in a lively account of the sufferings to which the officers of her Majesty's brigade of guards are exposed during the London season, makes one of these unfortunate gentlemen so far forget himself at an evening party as to propose to a young lady "between two movements of a symphony." Ouida or her hero may have had peculiarly bad luck; but as a general rule nothing so formidable as a symphony is presented at an evening party.

To the poet a good deal is permitted. When, however, the poet appears in the character of novelist, and introduces a musical performance, he ought not to make his players execute a work under impossible conditions. Haydn wrote music of almost all kinds. But he never composed quartets for "three violins and a flute." Yet we are assured, in "*Les Misérables*," that on the occasion of Valjean's banquet "three violins and a flute played in an undertone quatuors of Haydn."

It may be said that if Victor Hugo, in an admirable romance, has thought fit to misrepresent the character of Haydn's quartets, his object in writing "*Les Misérables*" was not to teach music. But, author of the finest romances, the finest lyric poems, the only fine plays, and the best libretto of the period—his own arrangement of "*Esmeralda*" as an opera-book—it is to be regretted that he should have encouraged by his example a species of

carelessness in which it is only too easy to follow him.

In England no disgrace is attached to total ignorance of music and everything connected therewith. But when an author undertakes to enlighten the world on the subject of music and musicians he ought not to mistake a celebrated dramatic singer for a painter. Nor in speaking of a vocalist so entirely unknown to him, ought he to assume an air of familiarity with the man in that pictorial character which never belonged to him; nor, above all, ought he to make errors of this kind in a book treating not only in a general manner of music, but also in a special manner of "music and morals." In a work published under the title just cited, the author transports us "through the kindness of Dr. Liszt," to what he calls a *levée*—held late in the evening—at Chopin's rooms in the Chaussée d'Antin. Among Chopin's visitors is Adolph Nourrit, the famous tenor, whom Mr. Haweis mistakes for a painter. "Adolphe Nourrit," writes our author, "the noble and ascetic artist, stands apart. He has something of the grandeur of the Middle Ages about him. In his later years he refused to paint any subject which was wanting in true dignity." That is more than can be said of our guide to morals in connection with music. Painting, after Liszt, a gathering at Chopin's he produces a flagrantly incorrect copy of a very flashy original. Nourrit is said to have suggested to Meyerbeer the scene of the grand duet which closes so effectively the fourth act of "*Les Huguenots*," and to have given valuable hints to Donizetti for "*I Martiri*." He, in fact, showed himself in many ways an "artist," but not as he is here imagined, an artist with the brush. The unfortunate "artist," when he found his power as a singer forsaking him, committed suicide. It is almost needless to say that he was at no period of his life a painter.

Mr. Haweis does not think much of the opera as a form of art. He has a perfect right to argue that the musical drama is neither drama nor music; and, in spite of its existence, that it cannot exist. But, as a writer on music and on the connection between music and morals, he ought not to represent Mendelssohn as condemning the moral tendency of a scene in Meyerbeer's "*Robert le Diable*," when the scene which Mendelssohn refers to in the letter quoted in "Music and Morals" belongs to Auber's "*Fra Diavolo*." Besides confounding "*Fra Diavolo*" with

"*Robert le Diable*," and mistaking the first dramatic singer of his time for a painter of religious pictures, the same writer declares it to be "well known that the opening to the 'William Tell' overture was written for a celebrated violoncello at Vienna," whereas it is notorious that "William Tell," overture and all, was composed for the Grand Opera of Paris. A writer who makes such mistakes as these cannot fail, in the course of five hundred and odd pages, to make a great many more of the same kind. In fact he speaks of the "yodelling" of Polish peasants; describes the infant Gluck as "William Christopher Ritter von Gluck" (as though Gluck had been born a knight); makes Mozart's canary sing "in G sharp" (whereas all the poor bird did was to sing an air in which G sharp occurs); cites Oecolampadius (a contemporary of Luther) as one of the biographers of Mendelssohn; and says mildly of Salieri, who was suspected of having poisoned Mozart, that he "did not appreciate him." The majority, however of Mr. Haweis's errors are not at all amusing. He makes Mendelssohn die in 1847 and visit England in 1848. He assigns Beethoven's "*Adelaida*" to the year 1801 instead of 1794; and after referring to the composer's passion for the Countess Giucciardi, observes that in the immortal song of "*Adelaida*"—composed seven years before—"we can almost hear the refrain of 'My angel! my all! my life!'" (15) and such like passionate utterances.

If an author who professes to instruct and enlighten the public in regard to music—and who is himself a cultivated amateur—commits blunders, not by the dozen or the score, but by hundreds, it was scarcely to be expected that Charles Lamb, who did not care for music, would write very accurately about it. "Much less in voices," he says in the "Chapter on Ears," "can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable." It is to be regretted that gentle Elia did not content himself with the simple and sufficient word "bass;" "thorough-bass" meaning something very different from what he intended to express. Elsewhere, in "Imperfect Sympathies," Lamb, who frankly admitted that he could not "distinguish a soprano from a tenor," speaks of the Hebrew enthusiasm of Braham—who, it need scarcely be said, was a tenor—breaking out as he sang

"When the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea." There are, however, no such words in the tenor part of the oratorio.

Among other unfounded charges made against Prince Bismarck, the illustrious statesman has been accused of describing Beethoven's "Sonata in A flat" as Beethoven's "Sonata in A." In that interesting novel of contemporary political life, "For Sceptre and Crown," the Prussian foreign minister (*anno* 1866) cannot make up his mind to declare war against Austria. Much agitated he calls upon the eminent pianist and politician, Herr von Keudell, to calm him by playing the funeral march from—as the author, or at least the English translator, puts it—"Beethoven's 'Sonata in A.'" Prince Bismarck has declared more than once in the Prussian Chamber that he never said "Might before right;" and that his famous remark about the efficacy of blood and iron was not his own, but was quoted from a well-known German poem. It would be interesting to hear from Prince Bismarck's own lips that he never spoke of the piece, which he probably knows as "the sonata with the funeral march," as "Beethoven's 'Sonata in A.'"

Some writers, in dealing with musical matters, commit errors of so simple a nature that one scarcely likes to raise a laugh at their expense. The pedant who makes a mistake ought never to be spared. But there was, at least, no affectation of technical knowledge in the observations addressed to the chief of a French municipality by a secretary, who, commissioned to report as to the manner in which the local theatre was managed, wrote: "The conductor of the orchestra has not played a note since his arrival. If he contents himself with making gestures, I suggest that he be discharged."

Nothing droller than the above is to be found even in that great repertory of moral and musical blunders from which several choice specimens have already been presented. For the best collection of similar mistakes brought together with derisive intention Berlioz's "*Les Grotesques de la Musique*" should be consulted. It is to be observed, however, that whereas the English writer goes wrong only when he speaks of composers, singers, musical historians, and musical works, without showing any fundamental ignorance of music as an art, the errors which Berlioz thought worthy of his attention are those of persons to whom, musicians as they thought themselves, the first principles of

music must have been unknown. It will be enough to quote from Berlioz's entertaining work the substance of two anecdotes. A young lady—says the French composer whose literary productions every one can admire—buying a piece of music at Brandus's, was asked whether the fact of its being "in four flats" would be any obstacle to her playing it. She replied that it made no difference to her how many flats were marked, as beyond two she scratched them out with a penknife.

Our second anecdote, after Berlioz, is of a dancer who, rehearsing with the orchestra and finding that something went wrong, thought the fault must lie with the musicians. "What key are you playing in?" he inquired. "E," replied the conductor. "I thought so," continued the dancer; "you must transpose the air. I can only dance to it in D." What would Berlioz have said could he have seen in one of the most beautiful poems in our language these melodious but inaccurate lines?—

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that dancers, however perfectly they may dance in *time*, cannot, unless they make music with their feet, dance in *tune*. Berlioz, by the way, as a great master of instrumentation, might not have liked the composition of the little orchestra—"flute, violin, bassoon." But the bassoon was adopted, years ago, into English poetry, and, thanks to Coleridge and to Tennyson, will remain there.

What, nevertheless, is to be said about Coleridge and his "loud bassoon," except that in the first place the bassoon is not loud? Out of "The Ancient Mariner" no one ever heard a "loud bassoon." Having been long accustomed to it, however, people have got to like it, and now would not, on any account, see the "loud bassoon" replaced by the "tender trumpet," or the "gentle ophicleide;" which for the rest would suit neither the rhythm nor the rhyme of the poem. There is, however, another solemn and sonorous instrument which might have served the poet's purpose. The trombone, since it has been associated with the statue of the commander, in "Don Juan"—who never speaks except to an accompaniment of trombones—has possessed an unearthly character; and, vigorously played, there can be no question as to its being "loud." If indeed it were permitted to take with



Coleridge a tithe of the liberties which every one is allowed to take with Shakespeare, some commentator of "The Ancient Mariner" would doubtless have rewritten the last four lines of the "loud-bassoon" stanza with "loud bassoon" replaced more or less ingeniously by "loud trombone."

The author of "Music and Morals" supposes the life of Mendelssohn to have been written by a contemporary of Luther. An anachronism, however, is a comparatively mild form of absurdity. Shakespeare is full of anachronisms as of other inconsistencies. From Macbeth to Joan of Arc, all Shakespeare's serious characters quote Plutarch, and all his comic characters allude to affairs of the day—not their own day, but Shakespeare's. The old painters, too, committed anachronisms in regard to costumes and accessories of all kinds—including musical instruments. Apollo, the Muses, Orpheus, are represented playing the violin and other instruments by no means of their date; but at least they play them in a becoming manner. The instruments, too, are correctly drawn, and are those of the period at which the pictures were painted. In Paul Veronese's "Marriage of Cana," in the Louvre, the musicians play on stringed instruments of various kinds, such as the viola and violoncello. Domenichino's "St. Cecilia," also in the Louvre, plays the violoncello; and it is to be observed that she plays from notes which are held for her by a young angel who bears a strange resemblance to Mr. Buckstone. Many artists in the present day paint impossible instruments, and represent musicians playing under impossible circumstances. A few months ago a picture might have been seen at Christie's, the work of the late Mr. John Philip, in which there was a violin without bridge or strings. Mr. Du Maurier exhibited the other day in *Punch* a most gracefully drawn sestet party in which the performers had no music before them. Joachim will play his own part in Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's violin concerto without notes; it is the fashion just now for all our pianoforte soloists to play without notes. But the notion of concerted pieces being executed by all concerned without notes is preposterous. In a "Music Party" by an old Italian, Flemish or French painter, it would be as impossible to find players without notes, as to find a violin without bridge or strings.

Are no mistakes made, it may perhaps

be asked, except in connection with music? Are not the technical terms of pictorial act abused by critics of painting? Do not amateur strategists commit blunders in describing the operations of war? The answer to these questions is that though every one is liable to make mistakes, no one runs the risk of making ridiculous ones unless he travels beyond the region of what he knows, or has tolerable reason for thinking he knows. As regards music, Fielding, without being a musician, knew that those were impostors who decried the genius of Handel in the interest of his envious British rivals. Similarly Thackeray was not to be deceived by the laudations given by the Bludyers of his time to Sir George Thrum at the expense of Donizetti. But neither Fielding nor Thackeray thought it necessary to go into ecstasies about the "accord of descending fifths." Mozart, moreover, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, were able in their letters to speak of musical performances without resorting to technicalities; and there are excellent reasons why this rule—followed as a matter of course by the great masters in their familiar correspondence—should be observed by writers who know enough about music to employ musical expressions, but not enough to avoid employing them incorrectly.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

From The Spectator.

#### A MESSAGE FROM ST. KILDA TO LORD J. MANNERS.

WE wonder if Mr. Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, groom-in-waiting to the queen, and unopposed member for Inverness-shire, knows where St. Kilda is. If he does not, as it is probable that, like the British government, the lord-advocate of Scotland, the postmaster-general, and the majority of mankind he does not, he ought to be "heckled" next time he appears on the hustings as to his knowledge of his own county; and if he does he ought to be "heckled" much more thoroughly as to his neglect of the imperative interests of a most interesting section of his constituents. The people of St. Kilda have been totally forgotten by the British government, and he has not roared in their defence. It is all his fault. So far as we can make out, after much diligent study, the island of St. Kilda is by a legal fiction a part of the parish of Harris, the southern peninsula of Lewis, from which it is

some thirty miles distant; and as Harris is included in Inverness-shire we presume St. Kilda is in that county too, and if so, the duty of defending St. Kilda from official oppression devolves on Mr. Donald Cameron, who will, we trust, when he has heard the story, prefer constituents to conservatism, and either scold or persuade Lord John Manners into remembering that St. Kilda, small as it is, is part of the British Isles, and that to omit any part of the British Isles from the purview and scope of British postal arrangements is a grave dereliction of duty. Seriously, the omission of St. Kilda from postal arrangements, though probably accidental, and due to the exclusion of the island from post-office maps, involves severe oppression to very worthy Scotchmen, and ought to be immediately remedied.

St. Kilda is a very small—three thousand acres—very barren, very remote little island of the Hebrides, planted in a melancholy and extremely riotous ocean, so far to the westward that it has been found inconvenient to include it in the majority of maps, and it has in all seriousness been totally forgotten by the British government. If a murderer appeared among its population, they would have to hang him themselves, if there were wood enough for a gallows—which there is not—for they cannot get to Inverness. Not only is there no official on the place, but no one ever goes there, there is no delivery of the mails—not even once a month or once a quarter—and there is absolutely no regular communication kept up with the county of Inverness, to which the island is legally supposed to belong. The people are too poor to keep a boat large enough to cross the thirty miles of rough sea which intervenes between them and the nearest land, the place is out of the track of steamers, and except for one single day in the year, when an *employé* of the owner, Mr. Macleod, of Dunvegan, goes to levy £60 of rent, and make what profit he can of fish and feathers, the island is as unvisited as if it were in another planet, except by occasional yachtsmen and tourists, who, however, for generations back have never remained for more than a few hours. Lately, however, Mr. Sands, an artist with a love for solitude and for out-of-the-way experiences, made his way there, and remained on the island seven weeks, living in a cottage by himself, sketching the natives, and apparently practising for his own solace on the bagpipes; and his account of its people, simple and unpretentious as it is, has a sin-

gular pathos. He found the island inhabited by some seventy-three persons, remains of a rather larger number who had been severely visited by the small-pox, and who at first were inclined to fear that he might bring some kind of infectious disorder with him. The Free Church of Scotland, however, which, to do it justice, never shrinks from its duty when apparent to itself, has planted a minister even in St. Kilda, to be guide, philosopher, friend, and king to the poor people; and the minister, Mr. Mackay, the only man who talks English, does his duty with a will, standing there, Mr. Sands says as permanent sentry, to keep sin and misfortune out of St. Kilda; and as he exerted himself to remove their apprehensions, Mr. Sands received a warm welcome, and a great many presents of the only fuel, peat turf. The islanders, indeed, so far from becoming savage in their isolation, have become refined by it, and form a community resembling in many respects the Pitcairn Islanders. Crime is absolutely unknown. They are all Free Churchmen, and all communicants; they observe the Sabbath with a more than Scotch rigidity; they contribute no less than £20 a year to the Sustentation Fund, a sum equal to a rate of 6s. 8d. in the pound on their rental; and all read the Scriptures. Many of them can repeat from memory long chapters of the Gaelic Bible, they never fight, and they are studiously and almost superstitiously careful about giving offence to each other. They are so united, the six families of the island being of course closely related, that they are able to meet every morning and decide in council on the day's work, and they are unceasingly industrious:—

During three months of winter the men weave rough cloth,—tweeds and blanketing, of which, besides providing clothes for themselves, they export a considerable quantity. They vary this sedentary occupation by going to fish when the weather permits. In spring, they scale the crags and visit the adjacent islands for eggs and birds, and cultivate their plots of ground. Wherever one rambles, one sees some proof of their diligence. Every little spot of earth on the stony hills that will yield a crop is enclosed with a stone fence and cultivated. And even where the soil is too thin to be productive in itself, it is artificially deepened, by shovelling on it the thin soil adjacent. These beds or ridges are called "lazy bits," although they are worthy of a better name. They preserve the ashes of their turf fires for manure, mixing with it the entrails and carcasses of fowls.

The women are as industrious as the men,

doing all the work which many years ago was done for them by their horses — now extinct — herding their eighteen cattle and three hundred sheep, making cheese, spinning thread, snaring puffins on dangerous islets, and doing all the housework. They are fine, stalwart men and women, but they have given up dancing and the singing-matches of which they were formerly fond, have forgotten their legends, and have abandoned all sports, even swimming, and seem, if we understand Mr. Sands' account, stricken with a kind of melancholy natural to people under such circumstances, who have never seen a tree, never tasted fruit of any kind, could not distinguish a horse from a dromedary, and have lived for years under some strange doom as to their children: —

Macaulay says, "The St. Kilda infants are peculiarly subject to an extraordinary kind of sickness. On the fourth, fifth, or sixth night after their birth, many of them give up sucking; on the seventh, their gums are so clenched together that it is impossible to get anything down their throats. Soon after this symptom appears, they are seized with convulsive fits, and after struggling against excessive torments, till their little strength is exhausted, die generally on the eighth day." This mysterious illness still prevails, and if the cause is not speedily discovered, this interesting community will soon become extinct.

As the St. Kilda children, when removed to Harris, escape the distemper, it is probably due to the mothers' diet, which consists principally of barley-meal and roasted sea-birds, the islanders having a prejudice against fish, which is not, perhaps, so unreasonable as Londoners, who eat salt-water fish chiefly as a luxury, are apt to imagine. The St. Kildans, fancy, like the people of the Eastern seas, that fish diet causes skin-disease, which may possibly be true. The rank puffin-flesh, however, seems to strengthen the few children who survive, for they grow up tall and healthy, are singularly bold cragsmen, are perfectly sober, a sure sign of health of stomach, and will dare any precipice in their search for their game, the sea-birds, with which the island and the neighbouring rocks abound, and on which they live. They used to use the heads and necks of the solan-geese for shoes, but they have given that up now as uncivilized, though they still sweep the floor with a goose's wing. The women even visit the adjacent islets, and there, wholly unaided by men, catch the puffins in hundreds, barrelling their bodies for winter food and collecting the feathers for the owner's factor, who has established

a kind of monopoly of the island produce. He and he alone, in his annual visit, buys the fish and the feathers and whatever there is to sell, and deducting the rent and the price of the few articles they require, gives the people the balance, with which they buy the little they attempt to import, and support their church. They buy but little except a few bottles of whiskey for medicine, living on the sea-birds and their eggs for food, weaving their own clothing, and for the ornaments which the women cannot wholly lack beating out copper pennies for brooches, using the island peat for fuel, and for light burning the oil spit at them by the fulmar petrels: —

The fulmar petrel is about the size of a medium-sized gull, which, with the exception of the bill (which is strong and hooked at the point), he very much resembles in appearance. He has long wings, which he keeps extended when in the air, and a light, graceful flight. He seldom moves a pinion, but glides in curves and circles, as though to keep aloft did not cost him an effort. He frequents the island of St. Kilda, and chooses a lofty habitat on the stupendous cliffs, and builds his nest on the grassy ledges. This bird lays only one egg, and the young one is ready to fly about the end of July. When caught, the fulmar ejects about a pint of malodorous oil from his nostrils, aiming it at the faces of his captors, who thrust his head into the dried stomach of a solan-geese, and so preserve the liquid, which they burn in their lamps, and also export in barrels.

These islanders have only one grievance, the one to which we have alluded, but it is a very heavy one. They are too poor to buy a big boat, and having no communication with Scotland, they are absolutely at the mercy of the factor, who sells them all they require and buys from them all they have at his own prices. He seems to be a decent person, not taking more advantage than might be expected, but the islanders think if they had a boat, or could even send things in a mail-boat, say, once a month to Lewis, they might have more comfortable lives. They are capital oarsmen, and if the post-office would give them a boat would row it for themselves for the monthly communication, and so let poor Mr. Mackay, the minister, have his newspaper a month old, and at all events a chance of a letter from one of the few families who have left St. Kilda for the south or the colonies, and who now have not even a possibility of communicating with their friends. The people pay taxes, buying whiskey, and they are entitled to be recognized by the

post-office, and if we were Mr. Donald Cameron, member for Inverness-shire, including St. Kilda, Lord John Manners should have an uncomfortable life of it until their claim was recognized. Perhaps it may be some claim on the postmaster-general's sympathies that the St. Kildans are all exceedingly polite, so polite that they will on the slightest hint even leave off the luxury of boring. They think it polite to visit a stranger and talk to him:—

In the evening, about twenty women in a body paid me a visit, each bringing a burden of turf in her plaid, which they piled up in a corner of the room as a gift. After standing for a few minutes with pleasant smiles on their good-natured faces, they departed, with a kindly "*Feasgar math libh!*" I was subsequently honoured with frequent calls from the fair sex, and like misfortunes, they never came singly, but in crowds. I had still more frequent visits from the men, who also came all together if they came at all. Their visits were no doubt kindly meant; but as they all talked, or rather bawled, at one time, and with powerful lungs, I was almost driven distracted, and at length, to drown the din, seized the pipes (the largest size) and played a *piobrachd* with all the variations. But their good-nature rendered this strategy of no avail, as they listened with the utmost decorum until the performance was finished, and after thanking me politely, resumed their conversation as if it had never been interrupted. But after a time their visits suddenly ceased, from which I inferred that my half-jocular grumbings had been communicated to them by the minister. They, however, remained as friendly as ever.

People who are capable of taking a hint like that deserve a mail-boat.

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From The Queen.

#### GETTING OVER IT.

"You will get over it." Of all the stypics applied to a bleeding heart, a wounded soul, this sounds the most cruel, but is, in fact, the most wholesome. The reparative power of nature—that *vis medicatrix* of which schoolmen talked such marvellous nonsense in the days when ideas stood where facts stand now—is as true of the human mind as it is of the body; and shattered joy repairs itself, happiness is restored after mutilation, wounded affection is healed, and scars take the place of sores, all the same in the life of man as in the life of the world—in souls as in plants. It is wonderful, when we think of it, what we do get over; some of us, certainly, with more trouble, and taking a

longer time about it than others; but we all, with few exceptions, get over everything in time, and after the due amount of despair has been undergone, the due number of tears have been shed. . . .

It is easy to understand the passionate desperation of inexperienced youth when things go wrong, and disappointment comes to shatter the fairy shrine that hope and fancy had busied themselves in building up out of mist-wreaths and rainbows. The boy's fever-fit of despair when cruel parents interpose with their vile prosaic calculations of how much for house-rent, and how much for the butcher and baker, with the maddening deficit against the artist's income that is to provide food and a home for the beloved, and consequent denial of the daughter's hand, and interruption of all intercourse for the good of both—well, he thinks that he shall never get over it! It has broken his heart, destroyed his life, ruined his happiness forever, and there is nothing worth living for now, since Araminta is impossible. On her side, Araminta holds that it would be very nice to die and have done with the trouble of dressing for balls when Bertie is not there to see her—where, if he is there, he is not to dance with her, make sweet love in the conservatory, on the stairs, over the ices, the champagne. She thinks that, Bertie denied, her womanhood will have no more sweetness, bring her no more hope; she will never get over it—never, she says weeping to her *confidante*; but next year she is the radiant wife of a well-to-do stockbroker, and Bertie's artistry and love-making are no more substantial than her childish dreams of dolls and dolls's houses. Bertie too laughs at his former self, when he is a prosperous R. A., painting for guineas where formerly he was not paid in pence, and meets with Araminta at the private view—she a British matron with her quiver full and her brown hair grey; he also the father of a family, who has done with dreams even in his art, and who paints what will sell rather than what he thinks to be the best. Ah! the Berties and Aramintas of life get over their romances with humiliating celerity; and that *vis medicatrix* is sometimes quicker and more thorough in its operation than is quite satisfactory to the self-love of either. Submission to the inevitable is all very well in its way; but nobody likes that submission to be too entire when it involves the loss of himself.

The man's deeper disappointment—the woman's lifelong sorrow—even these are got over in a way, if the scars never heal

quite so kindly as with Bertie and Araminta. The older one grows, the deeper the wounds and the more pain they cause; though also, all of us, if wise, know that these wounds will be got over in time, that this pain will cease to ache. Nevertheless, for the time being, it is bad to bear, and the healing process is slower. Loss of fortune, of friends, of the dearest twin of your life — that second self, without whom it seems to you now that you cannot exist at all — the child from the mother's breast, the boy from the father's side, the prop of your old age, the companion of your soul and the joy of your eyes — all these go from you and fling you into the abyss of despair; but you get over it. A few years of troubled health may be, of tears starting readily to your eyes on small occasions, of the constant presence of gloom, and the daily thought of death — and then by degrees the clouds lift gradually, bit by bit, step by step, till you drift under the serene blue sky again, where, if all things are not as they were before the storm came which broke your flowers and beat down your temple, they are at the least beautiful to look at and good to live with. We grant it — great sorrows leave traces that are ineffaceable, and life is never entirely the same after them as it was before; but for all that, we get over even the deepest of these sorrows, and go on in the old grooves, with here and there sad places as reminders, but substantially everything the same as heretofore.

We get over even that loss of health and strength which leaves the citadel sound if the outworks are sapped and taken. The strong man and mighty hunter learns to live as a cripple — as a living death, paralyzed and bound to his chair for the remainder of his time. When it was first told him that he was maimed and ruined, he felt that he could not get over it — that he should die of the anguish which only strong men know. But the blessed *vis medicatrix*, which could do nothing for his body, does all for his mind, and he wears down into his sorrowful place, and gets over it in the best way he can. He finds consolation — “compensation,” as Emerson says — and, like a vine pruned to the quick, puts forth fresh ten-

drils, new leaves, and even bears good fruit to the end. It is a daily amazement to his friends, who knew him in the days of his powerful manhood and lusty strength, to see how well he has got over it; but the power which is good for one thing is for the most part good for another, and the resignation of a strong man to the inevitable is as brave as used to be his courage in the presence of danger, as vital as was his energy against obstacles and difficulties. Men get over, too, even the discovery of hidden passages in their lives which they believed when first disclosed would ruin them forever — that slip some twenty years ago, when the books of the private little society of which he was the treasurer and secretary were found to have been tampered with, and moneys that had been paid in were never able to be drawn out by those to whom they belonged. Well! when that small lapse from the gentleman's code of honour and the vulgar rules of common honesty was made known, the delinquent thought for sure he should never get over it; but he did. He lived it down; success, based on fraud, grew as the old legends say Naples grew on the foundation of the magic egg laid there by “Virgilius.” Let the egg break, and the goodly city would sink into the sea; let the fraud come full to the light, and the whole superstructure of opulence and respectability would fall to the ground. But it does not; and for the whispered revelations made in past time — he gets over them. So of the woman. She stands on the pinnacle of feminine honour. Her hair is grey, and her cheek has lost its roundness. She thought she should never have got over it, when years ago her letters were shown in the club, and her poor little secret was blown by gossip and scandal to all four corners of the earth. But she did in time, and now walks as smoothly as if no such misfortune had happened to her youth — as if she had never known what it was to be looked at askance, and spoken of with bated breath and small respect. She got over it; and now — who would suspect that she has ever had to ford so deep a river, to skirt by so terrible a precipice?

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## MORNING-GLORIES.

OH, dainty daughters of the dawn, most  
delicate of flowers,  
How fitly do ye come to deck day's most deli-  
cious hours!

Evoked by morning's earliest breath, your  
fragile cups unfold  
Before the light has cleft the sky, or edged  
the world with gold.

Before luxurious butterflies and moths are yet  
astir,  
Before the careless breeze has snapped the  
leaf-hung gossamer,  
While speared dewdrops, yet unquaffed by  
thirsty insect-thieves,  
Broider with rows of diamonds the edges of  
the leaves.

Ye drink from day's o'erflowing brim, nor  
ever dream of noon,  
With bashful nod ye greet the sun, whose  
flattery scorches soon,  
Your trumpets trembling to the touch of hum-  
ming-bird and bee,  
In tender trepidation sweet, and fair timidity.

No flower in all the garden hath so wide a  
choice of hue, —  
The deepest purple dies are yours, the ten-  
derest tints of blue;  
While some are colourless as light, some  
flushed incarnadine,  
And some are clouded crimson, like a goblet  
stained with wine.

Ye hold not in your calm, cool hearts the  
passion of the rose,  
Ye do not own the haughty pride the regal  
lily knows;  
But ah, what blossom has the charm, the  
purity of this,  
Which shrinks before the tenderest love, and  
dies beneath a kiss?

In this wide garden of the world, where he is  
wise who knows  
The bramble from the sweet-brier, the nettle  
from the rose,  
Some lives there are which seem like these,  
as sensitive and fair,  
As far from thought of sin or shame, as free  
from stain of care.

We find sometimes these splendid souls, when  
all our world is young,  
Where life is crisp with freshness, with un-  
shaken dew-drops hung.  
They blossom in the cool, dim hours, ere sun-  
shine dries the air,  
But cease and vanish long before the noon-  
day's heat and glare.

And if in manhood's dusty time, fatigued with  
toil and glow,  
We crave the fresh young morning-heart which  
charmed us long ago,

We seek in vain the olden ways, the shadows  
moist and fair:  
The heart-shaped leaves may linger, but the  
blossom is not there.

The fairest are most fragile still, the world of  
being through,  
The finest spirits faint before they lose life's  
morning dew.  
The trials and the toils of time touch not their  
tender truth,  
For, ere earth's stain can cloud them, they  
achieve immortal youth.

FLORENCE PERCY.

ON HEARING THE CHIFF-CHAFF,  
THE EARLIEST AND SMALLEST OF OUR MIGRA-  
TORY BIRDS.

WHERE mighty forest trees uprear  
Their leafless boughs on high,  
We listen with attentive ear,  
And watch with practised eye,

While music from the loosened throat  
Of many a winter bird,  
In liquid sweetness, note on note,  
Through all the wood is heard.

But not the trill of merry thrush,  
Or blackbird's cadence clear,  
Or twittering finch, in tree or bush,  
Can satisfy our ear.

Ah, what is that short simple song  
Which trembles through the air?  
That is the voice for which we long —  
Our favourite hails us there.

Two syllables are all the store  
Of music in its breast,  
But like a fountain running o'er,  
Its twin notes never rest.

It tells us that the nightingale  
Will soon be on its way,  
And that the swallow without fail  
Will keep its ordered day.

It heralds the bright-winged crowd  
Which flock from over seas;  
It harbingers the concert loud  
Of vernal melodies.

Therefore we love those twin notes plain  
For more than meets the ear,  
As pledges of the glorious strain  
Which crowns the perfect year.

So, in our hearts, a still small voice  
Comes preluding the song,  
With which the glorious saints rejoice  
In heaven's exultant throng!

Leisure Hour.

RICHARD WILTON.

From The Westminster Review.  
ROUSSELET'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.\*

OF the work named at the head of this article, not the smallest attraction to the English reader will be found in the interesting description given by M. Rousselet of his sojourn at native courts, and in countries under native rule recently visited under very different circumstances, by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Apart from this, however, M. Rousselet's work is of much value as the best existing popular description of the large portion of India through which he travelled. The eager and general attention with which the prince's movements have been followed renders very opportune the publication of valuable information which the newspaper reports, however admirable, do not supply. Colonel Buckle's translation has been in some quarters criticised with severity for which we cannot find sufficient grounds. It is certainly not perfect, but its imperfections are trifling, as they are not calculated to convey, in any appreciable degree, impressions other than those which the original is intended to convey. The present is, however, a very costly edition, and it may be hoped that one cheaper, and more portable, will shortly be forthcoming. M. Rousselet's description of his reception by, and his communications with, many of the native chiefs who have occupied prominent places in the pageants and ceremonies connected with the royal visit is well worth perusal. The prince saw comparatively little of those chiefs as M. Rousselet saw them, in their own homes. There was necessarily much monotony in the royal progress, consisting, as it for the most part did, of state entries, addresses, *levées*, formal visits, reviews, and balls, which must be, *mutatis mutandis*, one very much like the other. This has been complained of in India, but without sufficient reason, or consideration of the unavoidable difficulties in the way of other arrangements. M. Rousselet was very

differently situated; his choice was unfettered, and he exercised it, as we think, wisely. He was "comparatively indifferent to the India of railways, hotels, and telegraphs," but bent on seeing "the courts and countries ruled by native princes, great and small, of all ranks and all creeds." In these countries he spent several years, and lost no opportunity of studying "the architectural monuments, religious beliefs and symbols dating back to earliest history, works of art and systems of civilization and progress." He has placed before the public the result of these studies in a style admirably calculated to fix attention. We recognize throughout the advantage of the French traveller's having brought "a fresh mind and independent ideas to bear on his subject, free from any preconceived bias or prejudice." The exceeding fidelity of his picture can be thoroughly apparent only to those who have been in India; they will assuredly endorse the editor's opinion, that all who are "already familiar with the subjects of this work will find pleasure in recalling to memory the scenes and objects so well described, while the reader who has no personal acquaintance with a country as yet scarcely touched by railways, or even metalled roads, may, by the aid of a multitude of excellent illustrations, accompany the lively French traveller, in imagination, on his Indian journey. The engravings speak for themselves, and will probably give a better idea of what there is to see in the native states of India than has ever been given before."

M. Rousselet left France on the 20th June 1864, embarking at Marseilles on board the English steamer "Vectis" for Alexandria. Suez was reached by railway, and there he found the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer "Malta," from which he landed at Bombay on the 8th July, the latter part of the voyage from Suez having been, owing to the prevalence of the south-west monsoon, anything but enjoyable. On board the "Malta," however, everything had been done to make the time pass agreeably, and M. Rousselet's spirits were high when he reached Bombay; but the landing was effected under depressing conditions of heavy trop-

\* *India and its Native Princes: Travels in Central India and in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal.* by LOUIS ROUSSELET. Carefully revised and edited by Lieut.-Col. BUCKLE. Containing 317 illustrations and six maps. London: Chapman & Hall 1876.

ical rain and its accompanying misty half-darkness, which considerably quenched his enthusiasm. He found it difficult then to admire anything; indeed, he tells us that he never, in the whole course of his life, "experienced such a feeling of sadness and disappointment as on that day." His disappointment was not to end here. He had always imagined the accounts of rain in the tropics to be much exaggerated, and he insisted on at once proceeding on his journey into the interior, but was at last unwillingly convinced of the impossibility of doing so. He therefore located himself at Mazagon, in a comfortable and picturesque cottage, half-hidden by trees, and there proceeded "to utilize the rainy season by spending it in the study of the languages of India." Mazagon, during the rainy season, was not, however, in all respects to M. Rousselet's taste; his own very narrow escape, and the death of a servant, from the bite of a cobra-de-capello left on him no very favourable impression of a locality which he thus amusingly describes:—

At nightfall there arises on every side a noisy concert from a thousand little crickets, grasshoppers, and other insects, that to unaccustomed ears gives the effect of a piercing and continuous cry. Add to this the frequent assemblages of jackals near your house, striking up their melancholy strains, to which all the pariah dogs in the neighbourhood think themselves bound to respond, and you will have some idea of the sublime tranquillity of the night in this favoured town. I recommend it, however, to the enthusiastic naturalist, for besides the mosquitoes, which are here of remarkable size, he will have the pleasure of the company or vicinity of the bandicoot rat, which is of a monstrous size; the muskrat, an inoffensive animal, but not agreeable to nervous people on account of its smell and sharp cries; the enormous bull-frog, whose voice justifies the name it bears; and also the Indian vampire, called here the flying fox.

There is an excellent description of M. Rousselet's first visit to the native town of Bombay. On entering its huge bazaars, he was immediately deafened by the prevailing din, and found himself half-suffocated in an atmosphere full of the odour of *ghee* and grease, exhaled from the numerous confectioners' shops—an odour

which, he tells us, turns the stomach of all who for the first time experience it. Despite the smells, however, he could not help admiring "those famous bazaars, and the world of peoples and races, of perfectly distinct types and costumes," crowded together in them. The Tower of Babel could scarcely, he thinks, have assembled a more complete collection of the human race.

Another interesting and curious sight was afforded by the Jāin hospital for sick or deformed animals, who are there carefully tended until their cure or death. Of the sick quadrupeds, "some have bandages over their eyes; others, lame or in a helpless condition, are comfortably stretched on clean straw; their attendants rub them down, and bring the blind and paralyzed their food." In the next court M. Rousselet found dogs and cats in a condition so pitiable, and so repugnant to his feelings to behold, that he ventured to suggest to his attendant the greater charity of putting an end to their sufferings, and was thereupon asked whether in Europe invalids were so treated. In the enclosure reserved for bipeds aged crows were spending their lives peaceably in company with bald vultures and buzzards that had lost their plumage, while opposite strutted a heron, "proud of his wooden leg," and surrounded by blind ducks and lame fowls. Representatives of all the domestic animals, and all those that dwell in the vicinity of mankind, were found in "this paradise of the brute creation."

The native temples and shrines made no great impression on M. Rousselet, who was, however, surprised at the toleration accorded to the abominable sect of Vallabacharas, referring to whom he says, "Every year discloses some revolting crime committed by these priests, whose sole religion is the most shameless debauchery." The matter, which was, if we mistake not, a few months ago referred to by Sir Bartle Frere in an article contributed by him to one of the London magazines, may well engage the attention of the government; the atrocities are notorious, and the license that staggered M. Rousselet is simply an abuse of the rea-

sonable toleration which should be extended to religion everywhere. There are some things worse than even the horrible pagan practices which civilization extinguishes without hesitation, and this is one of them. That M. Rousselet is no advocate of religious intolerance is very certain. Of religious belief in India he says:—

The different religions of India are in general, to European eyes, merely a mixture of gross superstition and ridiculous fables. We are disposed to see in such things nothing more than error of the human reason; and whereas others are unwilling to admit that there exists the slightest poesy or the slightest good sense, it is a fact that they all contain sublime truths and grand ideas comprehended by all educated persons. The mass of the people, ignorant as they always are, can see nothing in them but the external symbols calculated to strike their imagination. . . . It is true that the interiors of the mysterious temples of India display to us nothing but monstrous idols with many faces and numerous arms, brandishing lances, sabres, and skulls; but all these gods personify the same ideas as the admirable statues created by Phidias and other renowned Grecian sculptors.

Of the Parsees, M. Rousselet speaks in terms of well-deserved eulogy. He describes them as “a tribe of rich and active men, full of devotion to the English rule,” laborious and patient, possessing all the good qualities of the Jews, exercising very considerable influence, due in a great measure to the union prevailing among themselves, and priding themselves, with good reason, upon the absence of a Parsee pauper or prostitute throughout Bombay. M. Rousselet, in describing a Parsee wedding to which he was invited, gives a singular account of the expressive but very simple ceremony:—

When they reached the centre of the room, the two young people prostrated themselves, and the chief *dustoor* having taken his place close to them, the group was covered with an immense Cashmere shawl, which formed a tent, and hid them completely. A moment afterwards, when the veil was withdrawn, the youthful pair were man and wife.

M. Rousselet's remarks regarding the intercourse habitual between Europeans and the higher classes of natives are sug-

gestive. He reasonably argues that intercourse, although things have become infinitely better than they were, can never be spontaneous and hearty unless the natives receive the same consideration that they are expected to afford. Of his own intercourse, he says—“I have myself held uninterrupted and intimate relations with many native gentlemen, and I never had cause for dissatisfaction in any particular.”

The representation, at the house of a native gentleman, of a grand Hindu drama much astonished M. Rousselet, whose attention, although he could not understand the words spoken, was captivated by that which he could appreciate—the gracefulness of the costumes, the harmony of the language, and the expressiveness of the gestures. Of one scene he says, “As regards action, this scene was truly beautiful; grief, love, and joy were all expressed with a subtlety and fidelity to nature of which I could not have believed an Indian actress capable.” The most astonishing portion of the affair was to come when M. Rousselet complimented his host on the exceeding talent of his charming actresses, and was told, after a hearty laugh, that the customs of the country did not permit the appearance of females on the stage, and that all female parts were, therefore, performed by boys selected for their beauty, and the sweetness of their voices.

We give M. Rousselet's own account of a grand nautch at which he was present. His description shows how greatly these things are misunderstood in many quarters, and how unreasonable are the demands of those who have insisted that all invitations to witness a nautch ought to have been declined by the Prince of Wales. The prince's advisers knew better what he would find there, and his Royal Highness not improbably contrasted the decorous tameness of the Indian exhibition with the license accorded to the dance in the theatres of Europe.

The dancers rose up, and unfolding their scarves and shaking their plaited skirts, they caused the bells to vibrate which were fastened round their ankles in the form of bracelets, and which served to mark the time. After a preliminary chorus, accompanied by viols and

tom-toms, they formed a semicircle, and one of them advanced close to us. With rounded arms, and her veil floating, she turned herself slowly round with a gentle quivering of the body, so as to make her bells resound. The music, soft and languishing, seemed to lull her senses, and with eyes half closed, she seemed to be clasping in her amorous embrace some invisible being. All thus played their parts in succession; one feigning herself a serpent-charmer or a lute-player; another, ardent and impassioned, bounding, and whirling round with rapidity; while another, adorned with an elegant cap, embroidered with pearls, addressed us with strange gestures, and followed the music with a coquettish movement of the body. They concluded their performance with an animated round dance accompanied by songs and clapping of hands. In all this I saw nothing of that gross immorality which, from all I had previously been told, I expected to find in the pantomime exhibited by these women. Their demeanour was correct, though with some little spice of provocation, and their costume was more modest than that of women in general.

We must pass hastily over the remaining reminiscences of Bombay; the melancholy visit to the European Cemetery, where was at last discovered the grave — “marked by a single stone, on which may with some difficulty be read his name” — of the French traveller Jacquemont, whose account of India contains much that may even now be usefully considered by those who take interest in its welfare; the financial collapse of 1864–65, which took place while M. Rousselet was in Bombay, and to which he refers in terms of well-merited reprobation; and the exploration, commenced in September, when the rains began to abate, of the caves of Elephanta, the Buddhist caves of Kennery and Magatani, the beautiful Brahmun caves of Jygeysir and Monpezir, and the remains of the ancient Portuguese town of Mahim, “which was an important port when Bombay was only a village.” These explorations were cut short by jungle-fever, which brought him “very near death’s door,” and from which he did not recover till the beginning of December, when he made a hasty excursion into the Kandesh district, visiting, *en route*, the hill-sanitarium of Matheran, and there witnessing, for the first time, some feats of the Indian jugglers, which, extraordinary as they were, appear to have been fairly eclipsed by performances before the Prince of Wales at Madras, where, without apparatus, without apparent means of hiding anything, and almost without clothing, one man produced eggs from nothing, and live pigeons from eggs; and another took out of his

mouth live scorpions, and handled them with impunity, spat out stones as large as plums one after the other, and then “evolved from depths unknown a carpenter’s shop, full of nails, large and small, and coils of string, till there was a pile of his products before the prince.”\*

M. Rousselet, after spending some weeks at Poona, historically interesting as long the seat of a native government at one time exceedingly powerful in western India, and as the spot on which was, in 1817, fought the battle that finally broke the peishwa’s power, and brought the whole Mahratta country under British rule, went on to visit the celebrated cave-temples at Ellora and Adjunta. These extraordinary works are very well described. The great temple of Kailas at Adjunta is a grand edifice, consisting of domes, columns, spires, and obelisks, carved out of a single rock, covered with bas-reliefs, representing thousands of different figures and forming a magnificent whole, so full of symmetry, power, and grandeur, that one may well marvel at the genius that devised and successfully carried out a work of which not the least extraordinary feature is that “one defect, one vein, one gap in the mass of basalt, and this achievement of giants would have been but an abortive attempt.” To Adjunta, however, M. Rousselet awards the palm. There he found, not roughly-hewn caverns, covered with strange and mystic sculpture, but elegant palaces, gracefully adorned with admirable paintings, which form “a complete museum” — frescoes which, not less in their colouring than in their conception, are simply marvellous. Nearly two thousand years have rolled by, and yet some of these colours, of extraordinary vividness and beauty, remain as though they were the work of yesterday. For the rest M. Rousselet shall speak for himself:—

The columns are ornamented with garlands of flowers, masks, and geometrical designs of exquisite taste; the ceilings are covered with rosework, where persons and animals are intermingled with the delicate outlines of the arabesques; and the walls are divided into panels portraying various scenes illustrative of the types, costumes, and manners of those bygone ages — Buddhist monks preaching to the people, who listen to them admiringly, princes and nobles adoring the sacred emblems, processions where the king is seen on horseback surrounded by his court, elephants bearing the relics, and the whole retinue pro-

\* *Times* correspondent, Dec. 16, 1875.

ceeding to the temple; desperate combats and sieges, in which the shock of contending armies, the fury of the besieged as they hurl enormous stones from the battlements, and engines of war of every description, are reproduced with striking animation and fidelity. By the side of these scenes of tumult, groups full of grace and expression represent the private life of the period. All the scenes of the palace, the harem, the convent, and the schools, are revealed to us.

Of Hyderabad, the capital of the country ruled by the nizam, M. Rousselet says very little indeed; he remained there a few days only, and appears to have found nothing of interest. Politically, Hyderabad is important; it is a hotbed of Mahomedan fanaticism, liable to break at any time—it broke only very recently—into violence and bloodshed. It is remarkable that the Prince of Wales did not visit Hyderabad, owing, it is generally believed, to untoward circumstances, which have excited much comment, and to which we shall presently refer at greater length (p. 469). The next halt was at Bijapoor, though there is but a brief description of “the marvellous monuments of this city of ruins.” The heat of the plains was now becoming very great; it drove M. Rousselet to the hill-sanitarium of Mhableshwar, where he devoted his time to the study of the language, Oordoo, spoken in the countries he was about to visit. Towards the middle of May he was again in movement, on his way to the north of India, *via* “the country of the Bheels, and Rajpootana.” He had now a companion, a young Flemish painter, M. Schaumberg, whose acquaintance he had made at Bombay. They first visited Surat, but arrived there at a most unfortunate time, when “a frightful attack of cholera was carrying off hundreds daily.” Then came Broach, “the ancient Barygaza mentioned by Arrian and Ptolemy,” where is to be seen a most wonderful banyan-tree, “the famous Kabira bar,” alleged to have been planted long before the Christian era, and to be the oldest and largest in India, as it may well be, seeing that it covers an area of six hundred and sixty yards in circumference, and is, M. Rousselet says, “in itself, a little virgin forest.”

Baroda was the next place visited. Here M. Rousselet remained from June to December 1865. He had brought from Bombay numerous letters of introduction from persons of influence, and these obtained for him an excellent reception, and enabled him to gratify his strong desire to

see a purely native court. He and M. Schaumberg were munificently lodged at the guicwar's expense, and were afforded every opportunity of becoming acquainted with native life. His account of the guicwar and of the guicwar's court is especially interesting in connection with the proceedings that have recently brought Baroda so prominently before the British public. We have already, on other occasions, shown that the lately deposed prince ought never to have been placed on the throne, for which he was notoriously quite unfit, and that, the mistake of placing him there having been committed, the best possible measure was his removal, though not as it was effected. It must be borne in mind that M. Rousselet describes not the recently deposed prince, Mulhar Row, but his predecessor and elder brother, Khundee Row, whose “strongly marked features at once gave a perfect idea” to M. Rousselet of the character of the man, who “to excessive kindness in the ordinary intercourse of daily life united the most unheard-of cruelty.” M. Rousselet certainly writes in no spirit of hostility to one from whom he received extraordinary kindness and hospitality which he fully acknowledges; yet, in describing the guicwar's “daily life,” he shows that to cruelty were added ruinous eccentricities for which his people had to pay, and that, altogether, Khundee Row Guicwar was little, if at all, better than his successor.

Just after M. Rousselet's arrival the guicwar determined that a celebrated diamond, “the Star of the South,” recently purchased, should “have the honour of a triumphal entry into his capital, and should be solemnly conveyed to the temple, there to be blessed by the priests.” This was done with pomp and ceremony so extraordinary that one might, says M. Rousselet, “have fancied one's self in the Middle Ages.”

At one time the guicwar took to collecting bulbuls, and had more than five hundred brought to the palace, where, during a whole month, their care and education employed him and his nobles. After this the birds were made to fight “a pitched battle,” in which “the beautiful little creatures attacked each other furiously, and were killed in great numbers.”

Again, a fancy was taken to being surrounded with holy men, who were summoned from all quarters. The guicwar was then “pleased to entertain these fellows after a royal fashion, clothing them in precious stuffs, and paying them marks



of the greatest respect ;" one, thus "surrounded with all the appliances of luxury imaginable," had been found "on a noisome manure-heap in the suburbs."

M. Rousselet was present at a mock marriage between two pigeons, adorned with collars, carried by pages, and placed on the sumptuously-decorated roof of the palace, surrounded by the guicwar, his courtiers, and the priests, who probably, says M. Rousselet, appropriated the considerable "sum given as a marriage portion to the two birds." Dances, and a grand banquet, followed by illuminations, concluded the festival. And so it went on—one day, diamonds for which all the jewellers' shops were ransacked; and another, pigeons, of which a collection gradually numbering sixty thousand was made, the guicwar spending his mornings in watching them take their flights together.

The expedients for raising money were as outrageous as the manner in which it was squandered. On one occasion, when the guicwar, reckless as he was, felt that new taxes might be more than difficult to collect, he hit upon the expedient of appropriating a portion of the money extorted from the people by his own corrupt minions, to whom he issued the following proclamation:—

His Highness has seen with regret that corruption has found its way into various departments of the administration, but he hopes that this state of things will forthwith come to an end. He counsels all those officials who have allowed themselves to be corrupted to bring into the royal treasury the sums received in this way for the last ten years. His Highness, considering this restitution as making honourable amends, will forget the past. If, however, any karkhoon shall neglect to refund the full amount of the bonuses thus received, his Highness will feel himself under the painful necessity of taking rigorous measures.

Loud, of course, was the outcry; even the newspapers protested; but the karkhoons had to yield, and in a short time about £280,000 were in the hands of the guicwar, who himself "laughingly recounted the affair" to M. Rousselet.

The other side of the picture is just as bad, and more repulsive. We do not refer to the elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo fights, nor to the wrestling of every sort, in which the guicwar took much interest. These were seen and are well described by M. Rousselet. Some of them the Prince of Wales witnessed during his visit to the reformed court of Baroda; and the propriety of his doing so has been questioned, we think, most unreasonably, for

though on the subject of these exhibitions tastes may well differ, it is a mistake to suppose that they involve anything like the amount of suffering inseparable from some of our own most cherished sports. But the same thing cannot be said of the *nucki-ka-kousti*, or fight with claws, thus described by M. Rousselet:—

The combatants, almost naked, but adorned with crowns and garlands, tear each other with claws of horn. . . . I was once present at a combat of this kind, but my heart was so moved by the horrible spectacle that I refused to go again. The wrestlers, intoxicated with *bhang*—liquid opium mixed with an infusion of hemp—sing as they rush upon one another. Their faces and heads are soon covered with blood, and their frenzy knows no bounds. The king, with wild eyes and the veins of his neck swollen, surveys the scene with such passionate excitement that he cannot remain quiet, but imitates by gestures the movements of the wrestlers. The arena is covered with blood, the defeated combatant is carried off, sometimes in a dying condition, and the conqueror, the skin of his forehead hanging down in strips, prostrates himself before the king, who places round his neck a necklace of fine pearls, and covers him with garments of great value. One episode, moreover, disgusted me to such a degree that, without any heed of the effect my sudden departure might have upon the guicwar, I at once withdrew. One of the wrestlers, whom the *bhang* had only half intoxicated, after receiving the first few blows, made a show of wishing to escape. His antagonist threw him, and they rolled together on the ground before us. The victor, seeing the unhappy wretch demand quarter, turned to the king to know whether he should let the other rise; but, inflamed with the spectacle, the monarch cried out, "*Maro! maro!*" (Strike! strike!) and the scalp of the unfortunate fellow was torn without mercy. When he was taken away he had lost all consciousness. The same day the king distributed among the victorious wrestlers necklaces and money to the amount of more than £4000.

M. Rousselet refers to another horrible occurrence, which, however, took place before his arrival—the execution by an elephant of a criminal condemned to suffer death. We do not attempt to go into the revolting details of a process which M. Rousselet correctly describes as "one of the most frightful that can possibly be imagined." That the government of India were kept in ignorance of this case may be inferred from the fact of their having, when at a later date a similar execution elsewhere was brought to their notice, inflicted severe punishment upon the native ruler in whose territory it had been carried out.

Strange indeed, but beneficial in the highest degree, is the sudden change at last effected at Baroda, where the boy lately placed on the throne is now surrounded by European tutors and educational appliances, while the administration of his territory is properly provided for. Faulty, however, must be the system under which a change so urgently and notoriously required could be so long delayed. Ten years ago the Bombay newspapers, M. Rousselet says, saw in the guicwar's proceedings "a manifestation of his madness, and urged the British government to undertake the supervision of the affairs of Goojerat." The official argument hitherto has been, and we fear still is, that no general rules can be laid down, and that each native state must be separately dealt with according to the circumstances that arise, and the character of the ruler. We are satisfied that this argument will not bear examination; we know how the theory has worked at Baroda; we can find no reasonable grounds for believing that it cannot so work elsewhere; and we entertain a strong conviction that there ought to be little difficulty in framing and enforcing general rules quite sufficient to secure the one all-important object — to check native maladministration long before it becomes intolerable.

The remains of Dubhooe, a place of great antiquity, about seventeen miles from Baroda, are described as containing some magnificent monuments, the finest, probably, throughout Goojerat. The ramparts, running entirely round the town for a distance of two miles, are built of enormous blocks of stone, beautifully fitted together, rising some fifty feet above the ground, and are decorated with broad bands of sculpture, representing animated scenes, and with ornaments so complicated, "that neither pen nor pencil can give any idea of them." One of the gates, called the Hira Durwaza, or Gate of Diamonds, an immense edifice, more than one hundred yards in length, and sixty in height, and entirely covered with admirable bas-reliefs, is of extraordinary beauty. It may be said that the illustrations which form so valuable a portion of M. Rousselet's work are due to this visit, for at Dubhooe he bitterly felt his inability "to reproduce by photography" "these generally unknown masterpieces," and he acquired the art almost immediately afterwards, on his return to Baroda.

Ahmenabad, "the ancient capital of the sultans," was reached early in December, and thence were visited the splendid ruins

at Sirkhej, the tombs of the queens, the palace and harem of the emperor Ahmed, the mausoleum of Shah Allum, and "the other interesting remains of Mahomedan greatness." At this time M. Rousselet narrowly escaped being involved in very serious difficulty, owing to his having inadvertently shot several peacocks, birds there considered sacred. On the 19th December the party, now consisting of twenty-three armed men, commenced their march through the Bheel country, and were, on the whole, very well treated by the wild and predatory Bheels. Christmas-day was, however, one of great anxiety; a passing Bheel, held to be wanting in respect, in not returning the salutes addressed to him, was beaten by one of the party, and deprived of his bow and arrows. In a few minutes the place swarmed with armed Bheels, indignant at this treatment of one of their tribe, and a conflict seemed inevitable. A lucky accident, however, enabled M. Rousselet to effect an amicable settlement; the bow and arrows were returned, their seizure was apologized for, and hostilities were averted. The next day the British outstation of Khairwarra was reached, and there the travellers were hospitably entertained by the officer commanding, Major Mackenzie. The forward march was through gorges, ravines, and defiles so wild and rugged that the beasts of burden could barely make their way. At last, however, a charming valley was reached, and here stood a group of Jain temples of singular beauty, built throughout of white marble, which had acquired through age a yellowish tint, and looked like carved ivory — magnificent but solitary relics of the efforts to convert and civilize the inhabitants of these regions made by the Jain missionaries. The travellers' approach to Oudeypoor, the capital of Meywar, was hailed with joy by all. The men of the escort shouted and danced, while M. Rousselet "stood in ecstasy, gazing at the sublime panorama spread out" at his feet. No description can, he says, convey the marvellous effect of that scene, and of the appearance of the town, which is well-named Oudeypoor, or the City of the Rising Sun.

It resembled one of the fairy cities in the "Arabian Nights." In the foreground, a long line of forts, pagodas, and palaces stood out from a background of gardens, above which appeared the town, a fantastic assemblage of bell-turrets, towers, and kiosks, built up the side of a pyramidal hill, on the summit of which was an immense palace of white marble, which contrasted finely with the dark blue of

the mountains behind it. This palace, with its splendid proportions, appeared to soar, like the New Jerusalem, above the terrestrial city.

Scanty attention was at first paid to M. Rousselet's party, owing to the temporary absence of the British political officer, and to some suspicions entertained by the native authorities. All this was, however, speedily rectified. An elephant and an escort were sent to conduct them to suitable quarters, supplies in abundance were forwarded, and every possible assistance was rendered by the rao of Baidlah, a handsome old Rajpoot nobleman, who during the troubles of 1857 afforded to European fugitives protection duly acknowledged by the British government, and eventually received from the queen of England a magnificent sword of honour, shown by him to M. Rousselet "with no little pride." By the rao's order the travellers were located on the island of Jugnavas, on the western side of which those who escaped from Neemuch and Indore in 1857 found an asylum, the boats on the lake Peshola, which surrounds the island, having been taken away and placed out of the reach of the fanatics who then filled the town of Oudeypoor. This island is described as a spot of extraordinary loveliness. It contains a series of palaces, covering an area of one hundred and sixty acres, built entirely of marble, of great architectural beauty, and ornamented with an almost fabulous richness.

Each mass of buildings has a garden attached to it, surrounded by galleries, where flowers and orange and lemon trees grow near a stream, the different channels of which form a curious pattern. Immense mango-trees and tamarinds shade these beautiful palaces, while the cocoa-nut and the date-palm raise above the very domes their feathery heads, which are gently swayed to and fro by the breeze from the lake. The smallest details harmonize with the beauty of the whole scene.

In this fairy retreat the travellers remained for some time, the kindness of the old rao of Baidlah being unremitting, and shown "by inventing new amusements every day." One fine morning, however, the firing of cannon announced the return of the political agent, Major Nixon, and within an hour they were sitting at breakfast with him, and were then told by him that they had been, on first arrival, taken for Russian spies. They were now comfortably lodged near the British residency, and introduced to the doctor and engineer, who, with Major Nixon, constituted the whole European society. A few days later they were received at a

grand *darbar* by the maharana, who apologized for his inability earlier to notice them, and invited them to prolong their stay. This they did, and during several weeks were right royally treated. Hunting parties were constantly organized, and the camp-life was delightful. Of this camp-life M. Rousselet gives the following excellent description:—

Our sleeping-tents were placed in a circle round two pavilion tents surrounded by verandahs and luxuriously furnished. Of these, one was the dining-room, the other the sitting-room, or reunion-tent. At six o'clock in the morning I was roused by the servant bringing me a glass of sherry. Jumping out of my *charpoy* with silver feet, I pulled off my clothes, and donning a simple *janghir*, or close-fitting drawers, issued from my tent. I then took my place on a little heap of straw, and, on looking round, saw each of my companions in front of his tent, in the same position and costume as myself. The *bheestees* arrived with their *mussucks*, and doused us liberally with cold water. In a few minutes more we all assembled, in a more suitable dress, round the table in the mess-tent, busily employed in discussing a *chota hazree*, or early breakfast. After a pleasant chat, while smoking some Manilla cheroots, we mounted our horses, and went to explore the surrounding country, shooting a few wildfowl on the neighbouring lake. At eleven o'clock the process of dressing was again gone through, and a second breakfast served. . . . A long file of servants, bearing dishes laden with a variety of meats, haunches of wild boar, breast of kid, and strongly flavoured ragouts and curries; some of them, however, would do credit to the tables of our European grandees. About a dozen plates were filled with pickles of all kinds, roasted berries, and sweetmeats. We merely went through the form of tasting this huge breakfast, which served to regale our attendants, as we preferred the excellent *cuisine* of the *burra sahib* (Major Nixon), and the Moselle from the royal cellars. The middle of the day was set apart for the *hankwa* (hunt). At four o'clock, after refreshing myself with a second bath, I received visits from the Hindu nobles, who chatted pleasantly on all kinds of subjects. The dinner, as is usual in India, lasted till late, and we were entertained up to midnight by the nautch-girls, jugglers, and fireworks.

The scene of so much hospitality and kindness was quitted with some reluctance, after a farewell audience of the maharana. M. Rousselet left the palace arm-in-arm with the rao of Baidlah, and felt, when on mounting his elephant he wrung the hand of the venerable rao for the last time, as though he "were parting forever from old and true friends." The next morning, after a late breakfast at

Major Nixon's, the march was resumed. After visiting the ruins of the celebrated stronghold of Chittore, M. Rousselet entered the province of Ajmere, "almost the only portion of Rajpootan proper that the English possess," and on the 24th March reached the military station of Nusserabad, which then presented a miserable appearance, owing to the destruction effected by the rebels in 1857. Some days, however, were passed there very pleasantly, and M. Rousselet had "one more proof that there are few countries where travellers are treated with more disinterested courtesy and kindness than in the English cantonments of India." The next halt was at Ajmere, which town was approached through a country covered with flowers, and with fields of roses producing the famous *attar*, which reminded M. Rousselet strongly of the outskirts of Grasse or Nice. He was exceedingly well received by a Jain banker to whom Major Nixon had introduced him, and was grateful for the kindness shown, for he writes, "Let people accuse the Hindus of not understanding hospitality! It may be very true of the proud Baboo from the banks of the Ganges, or the superstitious Deckanees, who would let you die rather than receive you into their home, but assuredly not of the inhabitants of noble Rajesthan, whether they be Rajpoots, merchants, or peasants." And again, referring to a visit just paid to the Ajmere political officer, Major Davidson, he writes — "I found him as agreeable and kind as all the English residents with whom I had had any intercourse." M. Rousselet remained during ten days at Ajmere, which is, he says, "the Frankfort of Rajesthan, and its numerous Rothschilds have rivalled each other in enriching it with superb monuments." To M. Rousselet the principal attraction of Ajmere was the mosque of Araideen-kajhopra, which is, he thinks, one of the most remarkable monuments in India. He found nowhere anything more beautiful than the roof of its long hall, and its mass of superb sculpture, which, reproduced in all its details, would "form such an album of Indian ornamentation as has never existed." It is very remarkable that this mosque, which is one of the finest buildings erected by the Mahomedans, should contain some of the best specimens of Jain architecture of the earliest period. We give M. Rousselet's explanation of this: —

When the Mahomedans first invaded India, they only thought of pillaging and destroying,

without for a moment considering how they were to replace the magnificence they were overturning. But when they had become masters of the country, and wished to establish themselves firmly in it, their first emperors hastened to build temples to the true God, and, having no architects, were obliged to intrust the work to the Hindus. The palaces of the ancient kings, and the wonderful temples of their predecessors, furnished them with an inexhaustible supply of materials. They only had, therefore, to destroy the idols, make a few characteristic alterations, and give the final stamp to the mosque by adding a front of pointed arches. One may say that such was the origin of this grand style of architecture, which some call Indo-Saracen, and to which India owes some of its most marvellous productions.

At the sacred lake of Poshkur M. Rousselet remained for a few days. Here the shores are covered with temples and cenotaphs, built long ago by the princely families of India, forming, in a triple circle round the lake, a picturesque collection of buildings in various styles, and "quite unique of its kind." But the glory of the place has departed. An old priest told M. Rousselet, "This kind of thing does not answer in these days; one barely succeeds in getting a livelihood, and the valley is in the hands of infidels." A long stay was made at Jeypoor, whence the valley of Ambîr, the ancient capital, and the great salt lake of Sambher, fifty miles in circumference, were visited. In the beginning of October a farewell visit was paid to the Jeypoor chief, of whose kindness and hospitality M. Rousselet writes in very high terms; and a few days later Ulwur was reached. During M. Rousselet's visit the rao of Ulwur was summoned to attend a grand *darbar* to be held by the viceroy of India at Agra, and M. Rousselet thankfully accepted the rao's invitation to accompany him thither. At the end of October they started, accompanied by the rao's court and an escort of three thousand men. M. Rousselet's party were liberally supplied by the rao with every requisite, and with numerous luxuries; they had a separate camp, numerous servants, horses, etc., placed at their disposal, and the style of their table may be inferred from the following statement: "Baskets of Bordeaux, champagne, hock, etc., followed us; and as the jolting of the carts, or the swaying motion of the camels, might have injured these precious liquours, they were carefully suspended to long bamboos, and carried by banghy coolies." A short stay was made at the capital of the Jât principality of

Bhurtpoor, Digh, a very ancient town, which flourished "about fifteen centuries before the Christian era." On the 10th November they arrived at Agra; and a few days later M. Rousselet was present at the grand *darbar*, which he describes as "so magnificent that one would have to go back to the most splendid days of the Mogul empire to find anything to compare to it." At this time the cholera was raging, yet "the people seemed to live without any apprehension of danger;" the festivities went on, and only on visiting the cemetery did M. Rousselet become aware of the number of victims. There was an investiture of the Star of India; a review by the viceroy of twenty thousand men, commanded by General Mansfield, now Lord Sandhurst, the evolutions being "executed to perfection;" an entertainment given by the rao of Ulwur, where, to M. Rousselet's great astonishment, the rao, "the descendant of Rama, was seen figuring in a quadrille with an English lady on his arm;" and a costly *fête* given by Scindia in the illuminated gardens of the Taj. All the splendid Mahomedan monuments were visited, and lastly, the gates of Somnath, brought by Lord Ellenborough's order from Ghuznee, and supposed to be the very gates of the temple of Kristna, at Somnath, in Goojerat, carried off in the tenth century to Afghanistan by the fierce iconoclast, the sultan Mahmoud. This, however, M. Rousselet questions, for the gates are, he says, "made of deodara wood, which does not grow in India proper; and the design, which is exactly similar to that of the sculptures of the Ebu Touloun at Cairo, does not at all resemble Hindu workmanship."

The journey was now to be continued through Bundelcund and Bhopal, but great difficulties arose; there were no more rajahs to supply carriage, and the servants brought from Baroda refused to go any further. At last, however, a start was made, and after a visit to Bhurtpoor, the ruins of Futtehpoor-Sikri were reached. The history of this town is indeed extraordinary. Commenced by the emperor Akbar in 1571, and completed on a splendid scale with extraordinary rapidity, it was abandoned in 1584, when Akbar carried off the whole population to people his new capital of Agra. Futtehpoor, "the town of victory," is now a scene of splendid desolation. The palaces, with their fountains and magnificent gardens, "wherein the pomegranate and the jessamine have grown for centuries," still stand "perfect

and entire amidst the ruined dwellings of the people," and the town may be at first sight taken for one recently deserted by its inhabitants. The imperial palace covers a space equal to that occupied by the Louvre and Tuileries. To each princess was allotted a separated palace; in that of "the queen Mary, a Portuguese lady whom Akbar had espoused," M. Rousselet found, greatly to his surprise, among numerous frescoes, "one representing the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary."

New-year's-day, 1867, found the travellers in their saddles, on their way to Dholepore, a small Jât principality, an icy wind sweeping over the plain, and making them shiver in spite of warm wraps. On reaching Dholepore they were at once visited by the prime minister, a Brahmun of the Deckan, a well-instructed man of polished manners, who spoke English fluently. They were most hospitably treated by the rana, who, on their leaving for Gualior, presented them with some handsome shawls and jewels, and furnished an elephant for the journey, which was not, however, accomplished without a narrow escape from serious injury, for, while seated on this elephant, in "a magnificent howdah, with velvet cushions supported by gilt swans," which had been presented to them at Dholepore, but which must "have been in existence a great many years," the howdah suddenly came in two, its occupants fortunately finding their way to the ground unhurt, though, as their horses had preceded them, they were obliged, "in spite of the intolerant heat, to continue the journey on foot, carrying the broken remains of the howdah," until they met a country cart, in which they placed their burden. Such was, says M. Rousselet, "the sorry plight in which we reached the bungalow of Gualior, after having counted on making a triumphal entry with our golden swans!" At Gualior there was much to be seen, though the court does not, M. Rousselet thinks, offer to the traveller the same attractions as those of Baroda and Oudeypoor, as at Gualior "politics and the reorganization of his country occupy the time and thoughts of the prince far more than festivities." On the 26th January they were received in *darbar* by Scindia, whose great skill in horsemanship they afterwards witnessed from a balcony. The chief of Gualior is thus described:—

The maharajah, Syajee Scindia, is a man of remarkable physiognomy. At first sight one is struck by the furrowed brow, the hard mouth, and the wild and melancholy expres-

sion which pervades the whole countenance ; but the features are full of a royal and imposing dignity, and express much sympathy and feeling. He was only thirty-three years of age, but appeared much older. He was afflicted with an impediment in his speech, which made him so nervous before strangers that he could scarcely articulate a sound.

M. Rousselet was struck by the superior administration of Scindia's territory, due to the remarkable minister, Sir Dinkur Row, who has so well served his own countrymen, and at the same time the British government. There is an excellent account of the ancient fortified city of Gualior, situated on the summit of a steep and isolated rock — the fortress which has since 1858 been held by British troops. The long and fatiguing ascent of steps cut out of the solid rock ; the five monumental gates placed at intervals ; the long causeway lined with "a series of monuments, bas-reliefs, caverns, and cisterns, forming a natural museum of great interest to the archæologist ;" the rocks overhanging the road, containing numerous chambers, altars, and statues ; the fine old palace at the summit, "which springs from the very brink of the precipice ;" the effect produced by this gigantic edifice, "combining rampart and palace in one ;" the imposing temple of Adinath, "one of the finest specimens of Jain architecture of the sixteenth century ;" the long lines of "large, well-ventilated, extremely clean," English barracks, which run close to the temple ; and the great ravine of Ourwhaï, with its sides rising perpendicularly to a height of ninety feet, and covered with statues cut in the solid rock — are all thoroughly described by M. Rousselet, who is of opinion that this fortress "furnishes one of the most valuable collections of Indian monuments, since we can here trace all the phases of the Jain and Hindu architecture from the second century before Christ to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries of our era." Ten years later than M. Rousselet's visit, the old fortress has looked down upon the brilliant, and in some respects extraordinary, spectacle of the Gualior army reviewed by the Prince of Wales, Scindia passing at the head of his troops ; saluting, for the first time, it is said, in his life ; handling very creditably a force consisting of four regiments of cavalry and five of infantry, with four batteries of artillery, horse and foot ; and afterwards publishing in general orders the Prince of Wales' eulogium on the creditable display. How far the indulgence of these military tastes by Scindia, or any other native feu-

datory chief, can properly be carried, is an important question which we do not care here to discuss. The force now maintained by Scindia is trifling compared with that broken at Maharajpooor and Punniar, where loss was sustained by the British troops which testifies to the fighting qualities of Gualior men.

At the end of January the travellers left Gualior with a rather motley caravan, headed by MM. Rousselet and Schaumberg, perched upon "tall dromedaries, with their elegant harness to their silken saddle-cloths." The mounted escort, furnished by Scindia's order, formed "a collection of typical characters that would have gladdened the heart of a painter of Oriental life ; all more or less in rags, for their new clothing had been left behind in the town." The rear was brought up by a string of camels bearing "mountains of boxes," on which were piled objects which M. Rousselet calls "heterogeneous ;" and such, indeed, they were, for among them were to be seen "fowls, monkeys, parrots, and even young *nautchnis*, or dancing-girls." They were now in Bundlecund, a country which contains some well-cultivated plains, thickly populated, but consists mostly of immense virgin forests, the finest in India. Of the inhabitants M. Rousselet does not speak well. "False as a Boundêla" is, he says, a Rajpoot proverb, though these Boundêlas are the equals of the Rajpoots in physical qualities and courage. That long before the Christian era Bundlecund was inhabited by an industrious and civilized people is shown by numerous vast dykes and ruins of great cities, throughout a country later on "the classic land of brigandism. In its sombre forests was born the terrible religion of the Thugs ; and there flourished, some years ago, the Dacoits, a set of highway robbers and assassins." Near Jhansi, where, in 1857, some of the worst scenes of the Mutiny were enacted, lies one of the large ancient works of irrigation with which India abounds — the artificial lake of Barwa-Sagur. Here a fine dam, half a mile long, forty feet high, and from thirty to forty feet broad, converts a small tributary of the river Betwa into a sheet of water two miles in length and one in breadth, which fertilizes the whole of the country below. While in Bundlecund, M. Rousselet visited the holy hill of Sounaghur, a pyramidal rock covered with innumerable temples piled upon one another amidst colossal blocks of granite, which, hanging suspended, as it were, above the temples, appear about to fall and crush



them, while not a trace of vegetation is to be seen. At this place M. Rousselet fell in with one of "the most hideous illustrations of Hindu fanaticism" — a *gos-sain*, or religious mendicant, who, besides the usual unkempt beard, hair tied in a knot above the head, and lean and naked body besmeared with ashes, presented the revolting spectacle of a left arm, "withered and quite stiff, standing out perpendicularly from the shoulder. Through the closed hand, bound round with straps of linen, the nails had worked their way, and were growing out on the other side, and the hollow of this hand, which had been filled with earth, served as a flower-pot for a small myrtle-bush." To obtain this horrid result long and terrible torture must be endured, the patient being tied down to a seat, and the extended arm fastened to a cross-bar, and thus kept until it withers and becomes rigid. About this time another unusual sight presented itself to M. Rousselet, in the shape of a group of nearly naked men, who, their arms covered with blood, were dancing and shrieking round a baggage-camel that had just died, while others, armed with long knives, were cutting the animal into shreds, and tearing out the entrails. Disgust, however, gave way to pity when M. Rousselet found these people to be the victims of "caste" — members of the fourth and lowest class, "to whom Hindu society denies the right, common to every human being, of enjoying the aliments of the earth, whom it places lower in the social scale than animals, and whose life is not worth a rupee!" At Oorcha, the former capital of Bundelcund, there was much to interest the travellers. M. Rousselet thinks that the palaces and chief temples here, "built all at one period by a young and powerful race," and containing nothing that is not imposing, full of originality, and boldly conceived, will bear comparison with the masterpieces of the great Hindu schools of architecture. While at Oorcha, M. Rousselet received from the chief British political officer in central India letters of introduction to the various subordinate agents. He gratefully acknowledges this assistance; and, to show the exceeding value of it, and "how much respect is paid to Europeans who have an official title, or who are supposed to have one," records a somewhat laughable history of the recovery of a leather provision-bag which was missed when leaving Oorcha. Believing it to have been stolen, he complained to the village chief authority, who promised in-

quiry. A week later M. Rousselet was at Nowgong, and there the bag arrived, accompanied by a document stating that it had been "discovered some distance from the village, in possession of the culprit, who was a dog. The letter went on to say that the dog had been duly punished, and that the bag had been sent on from post to post, as the attestation of each policeman on the route would prove."

At the British station of Nowgong the travellers remained a week, and were treated with kindness which they will, says M. Rousselet, "never forget." They then went on to Chutterpore, the capital of a small native state. The chief was, however, absent, celebrating the Holee festival "amidst the ruins of the ancient Kajraha, whose temples, dating back to a fabulously early epoch, are esteemed as the greatest marvel in Bundelcund." There the travellers followed him, and were very well received. His amiable manners and unlimited hospitality were very gratifying, and it "was evident that, though rather reserved and timid in manner, he was sincerely anxious to promote reforms which would tend to the good of his subjects." For some of these subjects he was much too good, for twelve months latter he was assassinated at the instance of a reactionary party, who, however, gained nothing by their crime, as the murdered chief's son being an infant, the regency was forthwith assumed by the British government. The second week of March found the travellers at Punnah, a small native state remarkable for its diamond mines, of which M. Rousselet has a high opinion. He thinks that, were the operations carried on properly, the results would be "miraculous." The mines have been worked for twenty centuries, but so imperfectly worked that they remain, he says, in "an almost virgin state." The stones at present obtained are of great purity, but of no considerable size; they average five or six carats in weight, though one of forty-three carats has been found. The chief of Punnah belongs to the "Young India" party, and wore, when M. Rousselet saw him, the costume of the reformers of Bengal. He has received a fair English education, is well versed in several of the Oriental languages, "possesses some notion of our practical sciences," and governs his state well. His singular loyalty during the Mutiny was rewarded by a cession of territory. M. Rousselet was invited to a grand hunt, and on reaching the palace found, instead

of escort, carriages, or horses, a road-locomotive, heated and ready to start, which had some time previously been obtained from Calcutta at great expense. M. Rousselet's astonishment was much relished by the chief, whose "eyes sparkled with pride." The two squeezed themselves into the narrow chariot attached to the locomotive, and were then off at full speed along a stuccoed road constructed for the machine. M. Rousselet describes the stupefaction of the wild Goonds who gazed at "this fiery chariot, with its plumes of smoke and its storm of sparks, advancing towards their forest." Several mishaps, which the chief recounted on the road, had already occurred. From Calcutta an English engineer had accompanied the locomotive, which, after his departure, remained unused, until at last an Indian stoker from one of the railways was obtained and appointed engineer. He, however, on one of the first expeditions, so overheated the engine that the chief and his companion, alarmed at the excessive speed and uproar, threw themselves out of the carriage; "and it was well for them that they did so, for about a hundred yards further on the boiler exploded, killing the unhappy engine-driver, who had remained at his post." Many stories are told of this chief's courage. Passionately fond of sport, he neglected even ordinary precautions, and at last would have been killed by a wounded tiger, had not his eldest son thrown himself upon the animal, and fortunately succeeded in despatching it. From this time the chief shot tigers from "a cage with strong iron bars, and fixed upon wheels," in which he awaited their coming. Altogether the reader will probably agree with M. Rousselet that the rajah of Punnah is "decidedly a remarkable man."

The next visit, to the chief of Rewah, was also a remarkable one. Here M. Rousselet found a man of "superb stature—a real Rajpoot, fully sensible of all the importance of his rank and power"—who received him with a discourse, "in the purest English," evidently prepared beforehand. M. Rousselet expressed surprise at this fluency in the English language, and was then further astonished, and, as he tells us, disgusted, by the following speech:—

Without a knowledge of English, an Indian prince must remain in ignorance of the least progress of civilization. Constantly hearing matters spoken of which he cannot understand, and himself unable to seek for science in books, he is compelled to follow in the

beaten track left by his ancestors, with all its accompaniments of oppression and barbarity; and, unless possessed of more than ordinary talents, he can only incur the disfavour of the imperial government, and, finally, the loss of his kingdom. If, on the contrary, he can personally keep pace with the progress of European opinion, he is sure to be encouraged and supported, and will thus succeed in bettering the condition of his subjects and increasing his revenues.

Fortunate Rewah! exclaims the reader. Not so, however, M. Rousselet, who curiously omits any explanation whatever of the grounds on which he arrives at the opposite conclusion. He merely says, "What can be said of sentiments so eloquently expressed? Unfortunately for Rewah, they are mere words."

There is an interesting description of the extraordinary *mhowah*-tree, which grows in abundance in the Rewah forests, and supplies "a nutritious food in its flowers and fruits, besides yielding, by various processes, wine, brandy, vinegar, oil, a textile material, and valuable timber for building." It is, says M. Rousselet, "ranked by the inhabitants as equal to the Divinity." While shooting at the Rewah chief's summer-palace at Govindghur, M. Rousselet was enabled to examine an extraordinary specimen of humanity found among the twelve hundred beaters employed—a savage from the high plateau of the Sirgonja, which, from its extreme poverty and terrible malaria, is almost a *terra incognita*, popularly believed to contain animals of gigantic size, and human beings "having the appearance of apes, living in trees, and shunning the eyes of men." Great was M. Rousselet's delight at finding "one of these men-apes, or *bundar lokh*," as the Indians call them, within his reach. He found the title fully justified by the low stature (scarcely five English feet), extreme length of arm, and animal expression of the wrinkled countenance of the specimen before him. The whole appearance of this savage satisfied M. Rousselet that he saw "one of the representatives of the interesting Negritto race of India, which, after having at a certain period peopled all the western coasts of the Gulf of Bengal, has now almost entirely disappeared." The creature's examination had so alarmed him that he escaped during the night, and was not again seen.

After leaving Rewah there was much trouble in the camp. The baggage was now carried on carts drawn by oxen, and the wretched progress made caused the

travellers bitterly to regret "those good camels of the west, with their long slow step, which none the less gets over long distances in a short space of time." Then, during the march, some of the baggage was stolen, having been carried off almost from under the very bodies of the sleeping servants. And on the night of the 17th April M. Rousselet fell asleep in the elephant-howdah, and awoke to find himself completely blinded, and with all the symptoms of ophthalmia. Sight was, however, shortly restored by "strong tea-baths." The travellers were now in the central provinces, and there found, says M. Rousselet, at every turn some indication of the able and energetic administration of Sir R. Temple. At Saugor they saw some extraordinary performances of serpent-charmers, one of the tricks bearing a "striking resemblance to the famous miracle of Moses before Pharaoh." The juggler, naked with the exception of a very small strip of cloth round his loins, placed a serpent in a basket, which he covered and quitted, and then armed himself with a sort of flexible wand, which, having whirled it for some minutes above his head, he suddenly flung at the spectators, and at their feet it arrived in the shape of a serpent. M. Rousselet paid, he says, the closest attention to several repetitions of the trick, but it defied detection.

The 25th April found M. Rousselet in a place which may, he thinks, "justly claim to rank with the most celebrated spots on the globe — the obscure valley of Bhilsa, buried in the heart of the Vindhya solitudes," where the first authentic monuments of Indian civilization, the original types of the architecture of the whole of the extreme East, have been, by a miraculous chance, preserved. M. Rousselet is scarcely wrong in placing on an equality with anything yet found in Egypt or Assyria these Bhilsa monuments, presenting, as they do, "in an incomparable series of basso-relievos, a faithful and highly-finished picture of the life, manners, and civilization of India twenty-five centuries before our own." He thinks that later Asiatic art has produced nothing to be compared with "four marvellous triumphal arches, admirably sculptured, and covered with delicate bas-reliefs," which stand before the entrance of the largest of the Chaityas.

These bas-reliefs represent the principal scenes in the life of Buddha, religious ceremonies, processions or royal *cortèges*, sieges and battles; and a series of more unpretending, but doubly precious, pictures, reproduce

the interiors of palaces, apartments with their furniture, and kitchens with their accessories; and, finally, dances and gymnastic exercises, . . . a complete picture of the life and history of the Indian people during the centuries which preceded the birth of Christ. . . . They are all the more distinguished from everything else that Asiatic art has produced, because the artist has limited himself to portraying what he had before his eyes, simply and delicately, without being compelled to have recourse to mythology for those exaggerated forms or attributes which after his time were destined to become the basis of Hindu sculpture.

Interesting as must have been these explorations to M. Rousselet, his sojourn in the Bhilsa valley was not altogether an agreeable one. The heat was deadly, the jungles were full of deleterious miasmata, and wild beasts swarmed to a dangerous extent. On one occasion he put his foot on a snake of the most deadly species; on another, having entered an opening, leading, apparently, to some ancient excavation, he heard loud cries from his guides, whom he had preceded, and, on looking about, found himself surrounded by bones and carcasses, some dried, and others still bleeding. He was in a tiger's lair, but fortunately "the master of the establishment was absent." Last, and worst of all, he was robbed; thieves entered his tent at night, while he was there asleep, and carried off his stereotype plates, and a steel box of English manufacture, containing all his valuables — an expensive watch, a thousand rupees in silver, a fine collection of diamonds and jewels received from various native chiefs, and bills of exchange for a very large amount. The bills were afterwards found near the village, and the Bhopal government indemnified him for the loss sustained, but nothing could, he says, replace memorials to which he "attached so great a value."

As the rainy season was now rapidly approaching, and jungle-fever raged in their camp, the travellers wended their way towards Bhopal, "the proud Mussulman city, one of the last bulwarks of Islam in Hindostan," the capital of the territory ruled by that remarkable female, the Begum Secunder, whose admirable management of her own state, and conspicuous loyalty to the British government, are notorious. At Bhopal M. Rousselet found, to his great surprise and pleasure, a small colony of descendants of a Frenchman, Jean de Bourbon, who, about the middle of the sixteenth century, arrived at the court of Delhi, and obtained high employ. His descendants were also

fortunate, and form at present a clan of about four hundred families, of whom three hundred have settled in Bhopal territory, and acknowledge as suzerain a lady, Madame Elizabeth de Bourbon, whom M. Rousselet found living in almost royal state, but faithfully attached, as are said to be the whole of her followers, to "the name, customs, and religion of their ancestors." M. Rousselet was indeed invited to attend, and was present at, their celebration of the *fête Napoléon*. At Bhopal M. Rousselet first saw the *jogees* — religious medics "of a frightfully sinister description," who, completely naked, go about brandishing a small, sharp-pointed weapon, and extort money by stabbing themselves until sufficiently remunerated. The weapons used are, it was explained to M. Rousselet, made with an excessively pointed and quite conical blade, so as to inflict wounds of no great consequence, the *jogees* taking care to strike only where there is little danger. Here M. Rousselet witnessed a very extraordinary performance, called "the egg-dance." On the head of the dancing-girl, who holds a basket full of eggs, is placed horizontally a tolerably large wicker wheel, round which are attached at equal distances threads, each having at its extremity a slip-knot, kept open by a glass bead. The dancer turns herself round with great rapidity, and while doing so takes an egg from the basket she holds, and inserts it in one of the slip-knots, which by a jerk she instantly tightens. By the rapidity of her turning the thread is at once drawn to its whole length, and the egg stands out from the wheel. One after another the remaining eggs are thus treated, until the threads, each with an egg at its extremity, form "a horizontal aureola" round the dancer's head, her turning at this time gradually increasing in rapidity. Now comes the withdrawal of the eggs, and this is the most difficult part of the operation, for it is effected, not by her stopping, but by continuing to turn, and by seizing the eggs, drawing them away from the strings, and replacing them in the basket as they were taken, one after the other, taking care when withdrawing one egg to avoid touching the thread of any other. All the eggs thus withdrawn, the dancer stops abruptly, apparently unaffected by the sustained whirling, and, advancing, presents the basket that the eggs may be broken, to prove the absence of trickery. That life in Bhopal has its disagreeables is evident from the state of M. Rousselet's apartments during

the month of August: they swarmed with reptiles, large and small; there were lizards everywhere, and a mat or carpet was seldom raised without disclosing some undesirable visitor. They found at one time or another, "scorpions of all sizes and colours, scolopendra, centipedes with venomous stings, and black hairy spiders of most respectable dimensions. As for serpents, not a day passed without discovering some black cobras, whip-snakes, and other species." At this time M. Rousselet was very nearly drowned while crossing a swollen river on an elephant, which was carried away by the flood. He owed his life to the animal's sagacious courage. Having received from the Begum a *khillut* of honour, to which a court dignity was attached, M. Rousselet prepared to quit Bhopal. The beginning of November found him returning through the plains of Malwa to Gualior, which he had quitted ten months previously. The last day's journey into Gualior, on the Indian mail-cart, was a time of suffering which M. Rousselet shall describe:—

We saw a curious-looking team of four horses coming down the road, galloping at full speed, and drawing behind them a light box, painted red, perched on two immense wheels, and executing the most fantastic springs. . . . "Quick, gentlemen!" exclaimed the courier, a tall, meagre, bony Indian, wrapped in an old red cloth tunic, which left his long, thin, naked legs exposed. I mounted beside him, and Schaumberg sat behind on the other half of the box. "Hold tight" was the policy. I clung to the sides, and we were off, tearing along at full speed, hurried away by the furious gallop of our horses, who seemed to have run wild. The cart sprang; it leaped; it seemed to me every moment that I was going to fly into the air. I wanted to speak, but it was impossible to open my mouth. The Indian, impassible, and almost upright on his seat, showered his whip about the horses. Ascents, descents, narrow bridges — all were passed in this giddy and tumultuous gallop. . . . Off we went again, passing several relays in the same manner. I felt I could not endure the torture much longer. The shocks and the joltings were so violent that I could not hold my pipe in my mouth. . . . "Stop," I said to the courier, "I will get down;" but he answered that the post only stopped at the relays. . . . At last our sufferings terminated; our horses were brought to before the travellers' bungalow, and we got down, bruised, worn out, and bent double, and vowed that we should never again be caught tearing along Indian roads on a mail-cart.

Christmas was spent at Gualior, and on the 28th December the travellers, having

now traversed the Deckan, Goojerat, Rajpootana, and Central India, and having yet to explore the magnificent valley of the Ganges, found themselves for the second time at Agra, where they took up their quarters in a portion of the Taj placed at the service of travellers; and here, on a terrace of that marvellous building, with the Jumna flowing silently below, they passed the last hours of 1867 and the first of 1868. From Agra they went to Secundra, where they spent a few days examining the magnificent mausoleum of the emperor Akbar; next came the city of Muttra; then Goverdhun and Bindraban, two spots famous in Hindu mythology; and, finally, Delhi, where a lengthened halt was to be made. Here M. Rousselet found himself at the threshold of what he calls "the India of modern civilization." He was quitting, with mingled feelings, the "life of the jungles, the life of free air and liberty, with its close communion between man and an almost virgin nature;" and he justly remarks that only those who have tasted the pleasures of such a life can form an "idea of the heaviness of heart felt by those who . . . are about to bid adieu to it, perhaps forever." From M. Rousselet's account of Delhi we extract a description of that which he considers the greatest curiosity to be found there. Referring to the beautiful Mosque of the Koutab, he says:—

But to the archæologist all these beauties fade before the monument which decorates the centre of the court—a simple iron column, on which the tourist would scarcely cast a careless glance, but which is, none the less, one of the wonders not only of India, but of the world. It is a smooth, cylindrical shaft of solid metal, from the pavement of the court to the elegant capital which surrounds it measuring twenty-two feet. The reader may say that this is not a matter to raise much enthusiasm—a column of cast-iron twenty-two feet in height is no great wonder. True; but this column is sunk in the earth to a corresponding depth, which thus gives it an entire length of forty-four feet. When I record that this gigantic piece of cast-iron was moulded in the fourth century of our era; that is, at a period when half the nations of the world were ignorant even of the extraction of this metal; and when I add that our manufactories, with all their improved processes, only dared to attempt a work as considerable as this for the first time about twenty years ago; it will not be disputed that the iron column of Delhi may be classed among the most marvellous works of antiquity. It is almost impossible to understand what means the Indians could have employed in moulding and casting this enor-

mous incandescent bar at a time when cranes and pestle-hammers were unknown.

Delhi has its proud and chequered history, which tells of Mahomedan grandeur, and of long and bloody struggles, but of nothing more glorious or more decisive than the desperate strife of 1857, when during several months a small British force held their ground against swarms of disciplined mutineers with a powerful and well-served artillery, and never let go their grip until they at last obtained possession of Delhi, at a price recorded on one of the tablets of the memorial monument erected on the ridge which, from May 30th to September 20th, was the scene of incessant fighting and carnage. Of about nine thousand Europeans and natives who formed the investing force, 1,129 were killed and 2,795 wounded during the siege. A different but very interesting sight was again presented to many of the survivors of that force, when, on nearly the same ground, twenty thousand British troops were reviewed by the Prince of Wales, who rode down the line accompanied by Scindia, and followed by several distinguished native chiefs formally gazetted as aides-de-camp to his Royal Highness.

On the 16th February the travellers parted company. M. Schaumberg, having been attacked by jungle-fever, was obliged to return to Agra, while M. Rousselet made his way towards the Punjab. On his way to Lahore he saw the great battlefield of Paniput; Umballa, where he found nothing requiring special remark; Loodiana, where he paid an interesting visit to one of the shawl-manufactories; and Umritsir, the holy city of the Seikhs, with its marble and gold basilisks in the midst of the beautiful Lake of Immortality. His stay at Lahore was brief, as he was anxious to push on to Peshawur, whence he examined "the terrible Afghan frontier, which none can pass without inviting certain death." He had intended to visit Cashmere, but cholera was raging: a *cordon sanitaire* had been established, and he could not obtain the necessary passports. He, therefore, returned to Umballa, and there found M. Schaumberg, who, happily rid of the fever, had hastened to rejoin him. They then visited Simla, and after passing a few days there, returned *via* Umballa and Delhi to Agra, whence they paid flying visits to Cawnpore and to Lucknow, where M. Rousselet examined with great interest the scene of that wonderful defence planned by the fine soldier and statesman who was not permitted to witness its success. The Prince of Wales,

during his recent tour in India, can have visited no spot more interesting than this one. It was undoubtedly a grateful task that he performed when he laid the foundation stone of the monument which will commemorate the natives who fell in defending the residency. Well did the chief commissioner of Oude describe, as without parallel in the world's annals, the conduct of those natives and of their surviving companions, whose only watchword, in the face of constant and excessive temptation, was "fidelity to their salt." Impressive, indeed, must have been the sight of those old warriors filing past the prince, some of them infirm from age and wounds, and scarcely able to walk unaided, yet still proud as ever of the old, and in many cases tattered, uniforms, and of the well-earned decorations which they wore. It seems unbecoming and little creditable to England that this monument should have been erected at the expense of Lord Northbrook, whose wise liberality the prince gracefully acknowledged.

From Cawnpore M. Rousselet went on to Allahabad, and while there visited some of the indigo-factories in the neighbourhood. He was very much struck by, and he makes some very pertinent remarks on, the position, curious as it is in some respects, which the indigo-planters occupy in their districts. Next came Benares, "the capital of the Brahminic and Buddhist world," which M. Rousselet compares to Christian Rome, the capital of the Catholic world; but, he goes on to say, "whereas Christian Rome dates its true splendour only as far back as ten centuries at the utmost, and at the present day maintains its sway over two hundred millions of believers, Benares has shone with uninterrupted splendour for more than thirty centuries, and still has its name revered by over five hundred millions of men—Brahminists of India, and Buddhists of Ceylon, Indo-China, China, and Thibet." M. Rousselet remarks on the singular fact that Benares, though so very ancient a city, contains nothing of very great antiquity; and he attributes this to the frequency of the religious wars of which it was the scene, and in which "the victor was each time eagerly bent on destroying all traces of the vanquished." At Benares M. Rousselet witnessed the curious spectacle of a Protestant missionary, who, "at ten paces from all that the Hindu holds to be most sacred in his religion," denounced that religion in most unmeasured language, but was listened to immovably, though, as it seemed, atten-

tively. M. Rousselet believes this very tolerance to be that which most disheartens the missionaries, of whom one said to him, "Our labours are in vain. You can never convert a man who has sufficient conviction in his own faith to listen, without moving a muscle, to all the attacks you can make against it." M. Rousselet appears to have been, when he wrote, scarcely, if at all, aware of the extent and effect of the educational movement in India, and of the fact that education has already produced results infinitely greater than those obtained from first to last by missionary labour. Benares, with its high houses on either side of dark narrow streets, is an uninviting place to explore, but the distant view of the illuminated city, which the Prince of Wales had from the roof of the castle of the raja of Benares, must have been superb, as the city rises to a great height in tiers, which were, throughout their whole length, systematically illuminated.

At the end of April M. Rousselet left Benares, and after visiting Behar, reached Calcutta in the month of June 1868. After a short rest there he set out for Cuttack, and afterwards visited Dacca. The end of August found him again in Calcutta, and on the first of the following month he embarked for Europe on board the "*Labourdonnaise*," leaving behind M. Schaumberg, his "good and faithful companion, who was detained by fresh projects in the country."

M. Rousselet, while claiming for his country the marks of respect rendered to his "own humble and obscure individuality," states at the conclusion of his narrative, "On the part of the English the reception I obtained was neither less sympathetic nor less courteous. No shadow of suspicion intervened to hinder my researches. On the contrary, I met everywhere with the heartiest hospitality, the warmest cordiality, and even, I must say, with the sincerest support."

We have, we fear, scarcely done justice to a narrative which derives much of its effect from three hundred excellent illustrations. The translated work is dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and has been presented by him to some of the educated natives, who could hardly have received a gift more fitting than that of a beautifully illustrated account of matter deeply interesting to every intelligent native of India, thoroughly known to very few of them, and certainly never before within their reach in its present agreeably intelligible



form. In England, too, such knowledge is one of the best correctives of the ignorant error to which Sir H. Maine, in the lecture on "The Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought," delivered last year at Cambridge, drew attention, when, having described "the apparent belief of some educated persons here that Indians require nothing but school-boards and normal schools to turn them into Englishmen," "and the brutal assumption of the English vulgar, that there is nothing to choose between the Indian and the negro," he explained the utterly different ideas suggested by even a moderate amount of knowledge of India, not as it is ignorantly supposed to be, neither as it here and there is, but as it really exists in "its great interior block," where the social system is one which cannot properly be described as barbarous, using the term in its usual acceptation, for the so-called barbarism is that either of "the very family of mankind to which we belong, or of races which have accepted its chief and most characteristic institutions. It is a barbarism which contains a great deal of our own civilization, with its elements as yet inseparable and not yet unfolded."

Of the difficulties attending the Prince of Wales' visit to India, one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—was, long before his arrival, thus foreshadowed in a Calcutta native newspaper.\*

The people of India have all along consoled themselves with the belief that though they sometimes suffer wrongs at the hands of their Anglo-Indian masters, it is done without the knowledge and sanction of the people in England. The universal belief is that the English in England, unlike a portion of their brethren in India, are strictly just, and would never knowingly allow an injustice to be done. This belief is on its trial. If H.R.H. the future king of England, accompanied by a portion of the *élite* of London, show Anglo-Indian indifferences to our protests and cries, our true interests and advantages, our complaints and petitions, the rumour will spread like wildfire from mouth to mouth, from Himalayas to Comorin, that they are all alike—princes and peasants. We beseech those who rule our destinies to see that such a rumour may have no basis to stand on.

A very strong proof of the existence of this feeling was furnished at Calcutta by a Mahomedan of Gya, who, having some complaint against one of the judges, broke through the line of troops, and, knocking aside the sword of an officer who formed

part of the mounted escort, threw his petition into the prince's carriage. The man is described as having approached with arms extended, to show that he had no weapon, and as having thus, probably, escaped being cut down.

The discussion of this subject was not, however, confined to the native newspapers. The following extract is from one of the Calcutta English papers.\*

If the prince were coming to redress matters that we know to be wrong, his visit would be the happiest event that could befall the country. But it is not so. He is coming simply to smooth difficulties over with gracious assurances that mean nothing but a continuance of the insincerity with which we veil our conduct from ourselves. One righteous and noble act would do more to bring the people's sympathies round us than all the fireworks that ever blazed, or the *durbars* that were ever held in the country.

It is not surprising that hostile foreign critics should write in the same strain. In a review of Asiatic events of international importance in 1875, which lately appeared in the official Russian *Invalides*, the proceedings of Great Britain are described very unfairly, and very incorrectly. Of the Prince of Wales' Indian tour it is said †—

The latter event, which makes so much noise, will bear no fruit. In his circuit through India, the successor to the English throne confines himself to receiving princes and officials, attending festivities, and frequenting hunts and reviews. He does not care to know the wants of the native population, and petitions handed to him are delivered to the local authorities without even a glance. The unpolitical character of the prince's visit has made a very bad impression on the natives.

It is much easier to admit that there is some truth in this last assertion, than to show what other arrangement was reasonably possible. In point of fact, however, the prince's visit has, whatever may have been the original intention, necessarily assumed to some extent a political character. Whether it will lead to any important political results remains to be seen, and must depend on others than his Royal Highness.

That misunderstanding and misrepresentation would attend the prince's movements was to be expected, but scarcely in the shape of an attempt to excite suspicion throughout India, by charging his Royal Highness with having, at Tinavelly,

\* The *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, August 1875.

\* The *Friend of India*, 9th October 1875.

† The *Times*, 29th January 1876.

in the Madras presidency, replied to a Christian missionary address in terms calculated to lead the natives of India to infer that "the influence of the heir to the crown will be thrown into the scale in favour of missionaries." \* Great concern was professed that one of the "conflicting influences" surrounding the prince should have succeeded in making itself predominant in drawing up the royal reply; Sir Bartle Frere was named as having allowed his piety to overmaster his discretion in counselling such language; the probability of further similar error was alleged; and a distinct disclaimer from the prince himself of any intention ever to depart from the promises of religious toleration already made by the British government was declared to be the only means of neutralizing the ill effects of the "first grand political error" committed since his arrival. A more unwarrantable attack was never made. The reply at Tinavelly could not, according to any reasonable construction, bear out the newspaper assertion. The prince said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to find our countrymen engaged in offering to our Indian fellow-subjects those truths which form the foundation of our social and political system, and which we ourselves esteem as our most valued possession." There was surely nothing here savouring of intolerance; but even assuming for a moment that there was, it was effectually neutralized by that which immediately followed, for in the next sentence the prince eulogized "the freedom in all matters of opinion which our government ensures to all."

The prince's utterances and movements must have been carefully and wisely guarded, when a legion of anxious critics can connect them with nothing more objectionable than religious intolerance existing only in their own imagination, a visit to elephant and rhinoceros fights at Baroda, and witnessing the nautch, or performance of native dancing-women, which in India has from time immemorial formed an important part of the entertainment given to an honoured guest. Had the prince attended, or in any way countenanced, such atrocious exhibitions as those shown (p. 456) to have been tolerated at Baroda when M. Rousselet was there, objections might well have been raised; but out of trials of strength between two unwieldy animals rarely injured in any way, even political capital can

scarcely be made. We cannot expect that anything will convince those who now insist, as the same class did in Falstaff's time insist, that "there shall be no cakes and ale," but the description of the nautch given by M. Rousselet (p. 453), an impartial judge, who had no interests to serve and no prejudices to gratify, will probably convince most people that it is in truth a harmless performance, which the Prince of Wales could not reasonably be advised to decline seeing.

The controversy between the government of India and the Hyderabad authorities regarding the nizam's projected journey to Bombay for the purpose of meeting the Prince of Wales, is, so far as we are aware, the only serious *contretemps* that has occurred in connection with the royal visit, and for this the Indian authorities seems to be clearly responsible. Whether the resident at the nizam's court strictly carried out or exceeded his instructions, we do not know. The facts ascertainable from the correspondence published here and in India are these: it was desired that the nizam, who is a child, should meet the Prince of Wales at Bombay; but to this the nizam's minister, Sir Salar Jung, would not consent, declaring the state of the nizam's health to be such as to render the journey a risk which his responsible ministers could not permit him to incur. The proposal, however, continued to be pressed by the resident and resisted by the minister, whose persistence at length drew forth a letter couched in dictatorial and threatening language, unadvisable under almost any circumstances, but especially so under those now proved to have existed. Sir Salar Jung's simple reply to these menaces was a reference to his former objections, and a polite suggestion that if the British government would not accept his opinion regarding the state of the nizam's health, they should obtain that of their own medical officer, who would be afforded every opportunity of forming a judgment. Here the published correspondence ends. Sir Salar Jung, however, gained his point. The nizam did not visit Bombay, and is the only native chief of importance who has not been presented to the Prince of Wales. There seems to have been extraordinary mismanagement. Whether the point really at issue was the nizam's dignity, and not his health, seems immaterial, inasmuch as in neither case do the proceedings of the British authorities appear capable of justification. If Sir Salar Jung's only motive throughout was a sin-

\* The Bombay Times of India, 13th December 1875.

cere conviction that the nizam's health was at stake, a very gratuitous affront has been put upon one whose good sense and capacity preserved tranquillity at Hyderabad in 1857, when that tranquillity was of priceless value; and whose eminent services in doing so have been acknowledged by the British government. If, on the other hand, there were good and sufficient grounds for attributing the minister's resistance to improper political motives, the obvious, indeed, the only reasonable course was either to accept the reason assigned by him or peremptorily reject it and insist on compliance with the requirement made. If the minister acted in good faith, he has been unwarrantably insulted. If he did not so act, he has been, by the want of judgment shown in dealing with him, placed in the position which the British government ought to have been made to occupy. It is broadly stated by the Indian newspapers that the minister's real object has been the assertion of the nizam's independent sovereignty; and that Lord Canning, when on his way to Hyderabad for the purpose of investing the present nizam's father with the order of the Star of India, was stopped by an intimation that the nizam might decline to visit him, the difficulty being solved by the viceroy not going to Hyderabad at all. It is also matter of very general belief that Sir Salar Jung desires above all things the restoration to the nizam of the administration of the Berar provinces. This administration was ceded in perpetuity to the British government nearly a quarter of a century ago; but it is not surprising that the Indian princes and their advisers should, since the restoration of Mysore, disbelieve the finality of any measure.

The tale of Mysore is to be found in the Third \* Report of the Commons' Select Committee on Indian Finance, who sat through several sessions, and had not concluded their inquiries at the accession to office of the present ministry, who, for reasons unexplained, thought fit to ignore the committee's unanimous recommendation that they should be reappointed; the result being that no complete report has been possible, although the importance of obtaining one is unmistakably shown by the evidence already recorded. This treatment of the committee was at the close of the last session deprecated by Mr. Fawcett, who notified his intention of moving their reappointment this year, in

the event of no steps being taken by the government. We can here but briefly refer to the evidence regarding the restoration of Mysore to native rule which the committee obtained. The most remarkable is that of Sir C. Trevelyan, who said, "I have a strong opinion. I may say that I have a right to an opinion, because I drew the original despatch of Lord William Bentinck's government, ordering the sequestration of Mysore. . . . I was cognisant of all the discussions that took place, and knew the whole thing, and I have watched it since from time to time, and my own opinion is that we ought not to have relegated that noble country to the chances of a new native government; not an established government, but a mere boy picked up at hazard, and manufactured for the occasion. . . . But assuming for the moment that it was proper not to absorb Mysore; even so, I maintain that it was a very extravagant arrangement financially. . . . If we chose to revive the native government of Mysore under the entirely new circumstances of the present time, we ought to have made a new financial arrangement, and have taken a proportion of the Mysore revenue suited to the advantages which they derive from us."

Sir C. Trevelyan's long and distinguished official career in India and in England gives great weight to his opinion on such a subject. Unless he is completely misinformed, or under some strange delusion, *how* the restoration to native rule of a large territory which during forty years had been under British administration was brought about, is at least as much to be deprecated as the restoration itself. "Done in the House of Lords under the influence of a brilliant oration;" accepted by the people of England because they "did not understand the subject;" and brought about mainly by "a limited number of officials immediately connected with the administration of Mysore, who pulled the strings with their petitions sent to Calcutta at the expense of five hundred rupees," with "large sums paid for agency in England," and with "interest made by them in all sorts of ways" — is Sir C. Trevelyan's description of a case which, together with those of the nawab of the Carnatic, of the descendants of Tippoo Sultan, and of the nawab of Surat, we believe to be deplorable. We trust that Berar may not be added to the list.

The great feature of the prince's visit to India has been his reception of and by

\* Pages 27, 28, and 35.

the native princes and chiefs; and here, with the single exception of the mistake committed at Hyderabad—a mistake wholly beyond the prince's control—everything appears to have succeeded, even beyond expectation. It seems to be on all sides admitted that very much of this success is due to the prince himself, whose genial manners and natural courtesy will not soon be forgotten. The intercourse between the native chiefs, hitherto very rare, which the prince's visit has brought about, must have a good effect, in spite of some few heartburnings, at supposed slights which, in a matter full of difficulties appreciable only by those who have had to deal with them, human ingenuity could hardly have prevented. Absurd exaggeration has been showered on almost everything connected with the royal visit, but it stands out clear that the heir-apparent to the British throne has left the best possible impression on one of the most important classes of his Indian subjects, and that the strong tie of personal loyalty thus created is likely, *if wisely cultivated*, to be of exceeding value, and to contribute to the satisfactory solution of the difficulties which surround the relations between these feudatories and the paramount authority. With the position and treatment of the native states is intimately associated a name which will assuredly go down to posterity as the name of one of our greatest Indian rulers. Lord Dalhousie's proceedings regarding the native states have been little understood, and have been subjected to misrepresentation which he, unfortunately, did not live to refute, and which may yet for a long time remain unrefuted, as he has, with the consciousness of power remarkable throughout his career, relegated the publication of his private papers to a period comparatively remote. His treatment of the native states was consistent and intelligible. Their treatment since his death has been an ever-varying quantity defying analysis. We believe that Lord Dalhousie foresaw more clearly, and estimated more correctly, than any of his less gifted successors, the difficulties inseparable from the maintenance of native rule within British India. His untimely death took place just when his counsels were most required. The mutiny of 1857, with its attendant horrors and danger, had caused in England a scare of which the court of directors were the first, and Lord Dalhousie's territorial policy the next victims; and then was hastily introduced a radical change of which the future satisfac-

tory working must have been simply taken for granted. It was the launch of the "Happy-go-lucky," which has since buffeted about until her straining appears to have convinced those responsible for her safety that *something* more is absolutely necessary. That there should be much groping in the dark under such circumstances is not surprising, for although everything points to the want of a sufficient system of dealing with the native feudatory states, the best intellects and the largest experience may well be taxed to devise one which shall, while gradually bringing the native rulers to our own administrative level, reconcile them to the absence of independent authority. Unquestionably difficult as is this problem, its satisfactory solution can only be rendered more unlikely than ever by ignoring the fact that between the aspirations of educated natives to an ever-increasing share in the administration of British territory, and the aspirations of educated natives who rule states within that territory, there must be a great and irreconcilable difference; and by hesitating to revise engagements framed under circumstances so utterly different from those now existing as to have become, in many respects, worse than useless. Of many questions which ought to have been thoroughly dealt with in 1857-58, we will refer to one of the least important—the right of coining exercised by many of the feudatory chiefs, and very recently formally recognized in the case of Baroda, of which State the coinage will now be a legal tender throughout the British-Indian empire. This must surely foster the illusions regarding independent sovereignty which it is so desirable to dispel.

To what extent a consideration of the important questions just referred to has influenced the decision that her Majesty shall henceforth take a title from India as well as from Great Britain and Ireland, is not apparent from the explanation hitherto afforded regarding a measure which has been allowed to assume an undesirable resemblance to those stage-effects which are not meant for, and will not bear, close inspection. No addition to the royal styles and titles was made when the direct government of India was eighteen years ago transferred to the crown, and this has now been described as an omission which the late loyal reception of the Prince of Wales in India affords a fitting opportunity for supplying. It is now also known that the omission was not accidental, but the deliberate act of the min-

istry of the day, who then lost, as we believe, the best possible opportunity for carrying out a measure of which the effect appears to be much misunderstood, inasmuch as it seems to be very generally believed that it would have removed, and that it will remove, difficulties due not to any insufficiency of the sovereign's titles, but to hesitating, weak, and inconsistent action very much in keeping with the prime minister's late unhappy definition \* of the position of the native feudatory chiefs, which was at once questioned by the able and experienced Indian officer † fortunately at hand to correct it, and to point out that of the native rulers of states within British India none are, and none can be, "sovereign princes," — a fact which cannot be too clearly proclaimed, or too unflinchingly insisted on. It is most improbable that on the masses of India either the prince's visit, or the change in the sovereign's titles, can have any considerable effect. Indeed, to most of them these things are a seven days' wonder, and nothing more. They are naturally occupied with their own surroundings, and scarcely look beyond them. Police requirements, judicial decrees, and revenue demands — by these they test, and are not very wrong in testing, the government under which they live. To them it has ever mattered little whether they rendered allegiance to the Great Mogul, the "Kumpani Buhadur," or the queen of England. They have been contented if free from police oppression, ruinous judicial processes, excessive revenue demands, and, though last not least, interference with their caste and religion. That they prefer "to be ruled by persons rather than by systems," has been lately put forward, on what authority we know not. Nor is the purpose of this assertion more intelligible, bearing in mind that no change in the form of government is contemplated or at all probable. But although the masses in India may not "understand the mysteries of our constitution," they can be influenced by those who do. The educated and higher classes understand both the use and the abuse of the power existing in England to reverse any order passed in India. Lord Lawrence, who ought to be an unusually competent judge, ‡ told the House of Commons' select committee, "The natives of India would not like it to be laid down that Parliament could not interfere, or would not interfere. I think, whether it

is for good or for evil, they value that power which Parliament has of interfering." The late address of the Calcutta Association to Mr. Fawcett sufficiently proves that educated Indians are well able to appreciate the functions and power of the British Parliament.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

1895.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT a bustling day it has been!" said Bertha, as she helped to fasten Amy Gordon's white muslin dress. She was invited with Miss Price to dinner.

"I wonder if every day will be like it," said Amy. "I fancy so from what one hears and sees. How delightful it would be, but for Mrs. Jones!"

"I don't know," sighed Bertha; "I think I should be happier if all were more regular, as I expected to find it; besides, I dread being asked to dinner."

"Why, dear? are you shy?"

"Yes; and besides —"

"Tell me; you seem low-spirited to-night." To Amy's surprise Bertha suddenly turned away, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Bertha! dear Bertha! please tell me what it is? Can I help you? can I comfort you?"

"It is nothing; do not ask me."

"But I do so want to know; does it dishearten you? are you unhappy about it all? Do tell me, dear."

And Amy knelt down beside her friend, and put her arms round her tenderly.

"You are very kind to me, Amy; I feel as if I had known you all my life."

"Try to imagine that you have, and let me make you happier."

"I will tell you, only keep my secret. You know that Mr. Leslie who arrived to-day?"

"I have seen him — yes."

"We were engaged."

"Were engaged? and not now?"

"I hardly like to tell you; do not think badly of him, but he has never written or come to see me since we became poor."

"I think badly of him! I think he is a villain!"

Bertha pushed her friend away from her.

"You know nothing of him," she said, with flashing eyes. Amy changed as quickly.

\* House of Commons, 17th February 1876.

† Sir G. Campbell.

‡ Third Report, p. 436.

"It may have been accidental," she said. Bertha shook her head, and two large tears streamed down her cheeks again.

"You think not?"

"I think it was his relations; they were very anxious he should marry some one with money. I do not know why, for he is very well off; there was some heiress they were always teasing him about."

"Could it be Miss Murch?"

"Don't say so!" cried Bertha, passionately; "don't, please! the same idea has struck me also. Now, dear Amy, help me; warn me if you can, always, so that I may avoid his seeing me."

"Would it not be better for you, dear, to see him and get it over? Think of the constant watching; it will wear you out."

"Oh no, no!"

"There is the gong! Shall I send an excuse? shall I stay? I cannot bear leaving you like this."

"No, go; thank you, dear Amy: you promise, then, to help me?"

"I will indeed."

"Perhaps you are not aware, Miss Gordon, that the bell has rung," said a prim voice; and Miss Price, in a long-waisted black silk gown, adorned with a huge mosaic brooch, entered the room.

"I am quite ready; how good of you to come for me!" and the two went downstairs. The moon had risen, and was looking through the attic windows. Bertha could see what a lovely night it was; she had been at work all day, and felt a longing for a few moments out of doors to cool her hot eyes and crimson cheeks. She put on a hat and cloak and stole down-stairs. At the head of the great staircase she paused, and, looking through, saw the long line of couples going into the dining-room. Sir Joseph headed the procession making some loud observation about the weather; two and two they passed on: now a voice struck on her ear, which made her grasp the bannister tightly—a voice she knew well, speaking in low, clear tones; she could not hear what he said, she could not see his face, but she saw that the lady on his arm was dressed in pale pink silk, that she had cherries in her hair, and gold bangles on her arms; in another moment she would be out of sight—no! she drops her fan, stoops to pick it up, turns her face, the dining-room lights fall upon it—it is fair, and bright, and rosy, but with such pouting lips and discontented mien!—it was Mary Murch.

"She is *not* a nice girl," said Bertha to

herself; "one would think she had a bad temper." Bertha's aching little heart was as nearly being spiteful as its gentle nature would allow it to be.

The broad terrace in front of the house lay in one sheet of silver moonlight, the water in the fountains plashed lazily, there was not a breath of air. Bertha wandered across the terrace to the shrubberies, enjoying the keen, still cold; her thoughts were in a tumult, and her body weary with the unwonted exertion of the day; she would not let herself cry again, but she felt very sad.

"Who is it?" said a figure suddenly emerging from the bushes.

"It is I; how you startled me, Miss Gwendoline!"

"Do not call me miss."

"Very well. Are you out alone?"

"Yes; trying to get a breath of air after the hot kitchen and the hotter Mrs. Jones."

"I am afraid she is very trying, from what Amy says; but you have such high spirits to pull you through."

"High spirits flag sometimes; mine are at a low ebb to-night."

"So are mine."

"I thought so by the sound of your voice. Come and walk with me; this is such a nice quiet shrubbery, so close to the house that we are quite safe. What a lovely night!"

"Yes; is it not?"

"It is a pity we have not each a tall cavalier with velvet doublet and flowing hair to walk with us, it would be so romantic. Did you ever think about having a lover all to yourself?"

"No."

"Your 'no' is so conscious, it means yes. I hate talking about these things, but I can't help it to-night. It must be very nice to be loved."

"It must indeed."

"But I should like not to care about him at all."

"Oh, would you?"

"Yes; have him my slave and lover, and not to care about him in the least—it is so irritating."

"What is?"

"Nothing; only when people won't see things, and are blind as bats and obstinate as mules, and believe all one says."

"I like to be believed."

"So do I—of course I do. What nonsense we are talking!"

Bertha gave a little laugh.

"I think I would rather have a certain amount of affection for my cavalier."



"If you had, he would not care for you."

The tears rushed to Bertha's eyes.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"I do think, seriously, that the world would be much happier and calmer without strong emotions of any sort."

"Oh, so do I!"

"And much more intolerable," added Gwendoline, pinching off a bunch of whin-pods, and cracking them with a loud-sounding pop.

"Do you like service, Gwendoline?"

"Pretty well; it does as well as anything else; but I am not sure about the rights of it."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean this: every class has its own particular rights and privileges—its own field for ambition; we are usurping the legitimate rights of the lower classes."

"I don't understand."

"This is all theory, my dear, so take it for what it is worth; but listen to what I think about it. We born ladies are born with advantages of breeding, and almost always of education, which give us an opportunity of exercising any talent we may possess. We may become artists, or musicians, or highly-paid governesses, with a prospect of a school for young ladies some day; or we may attract individuals to marry us. The Royal Academy, St. James's Hall, the Ladies' Seminary in St. John's Wood, or the School of Art—under royal patronage,—all these are the legitimate aims of poor ladies. Perhaps they are few who attain them; but then, after all, there must be a great deal of pudding to comparatively a few plums."

"You are not very clear."

"Am I not? I wish I could be. But what I feel is this,—that domestic service is the property of the lower orders; they, in it, can begin at the lowest step; the dirtiest little housemaid may hope one day to be treading the room in black silks and a gold chain; the pantry-boy to be waiting in broadcloth and a white tie. It is the advantage given to them, the education bestowed on them, and they have as much right to their field of ambition as we have to ours. It distresses me to hear the complaints on every side from all the mothers in the cottages that their daughters cannot get places."

"But ought we to go on as we are?"

"Not forever, Bertha—not forever."

"It does not do to build on the future, to make *chateaux en Espagne*," said Bertha.

"Why not?"

"Surely it is a dangerous habit."

"I cannot see that. On the contrary, it seems to me one of the privileges of human beings over brute beasts to dream dreams and build castles. Oh! what would life be without it?"

"I claim exemption for dogs from the accusation of not being able to enjoy *chateaux en Espagne*. Have you not seen dogs dreaming over an imaginary chase?"

"Past, not future."

"That is conjecture only. I have seen them also get up, waggle coaxingly across the room, lick their lips, and sit down again; and at such moments, seen dinner actually written in their honest eyes,—and such a dinner! so excellent that it could exist only on the table of a *chateau en Espagne*."

"After that retract your condemnation, and agree with me that it is lawful to enjoy the gift of imagination to the full."

"Granted, if you are a busy person; if you are an idle one, certainly not."

"I accept the compromise, for it is a wise one. I almost think we ought to be going in, Bertha, now, or we may catch cold."

"Yes, we had better go in; but I am sorry to do so. Look at those black clouds with their edges broken into masses of silver foam."

The two girls walked slowly homewards, their shadows stretching on the terrace to an enormous length.

#### CHAPTER VI.

A CARRIAGE came crashing through the gravel to Murch Hall, just as the great hall-clock struck twelve o'clock. The door was flung open, and a flood of hospitable light poured into the portico, and a crowd of eager faces filled the hall.

"What news? what news?" they cried.

"Let me out," said a deep voice; and from the midst of bundles of shawls and rugs emerged the tall form of Miss Highclere.

"Please tell me the result," cried Lady Goodchild; but Miss Highclere only waved her back and stalked through the whole party to the drawing-room. There was no thought of greetings or welcomes, only who could follow her quickest.

Arrived in the drawing-room, Miss Highclere planted herself with her back to the fire, with a very grim look on the grey face which showed under something which was neither a bonnet nor a helmet.

"Well," she said slowly, "we have lost the seat."

"Lost the seat!"

"Yes, lost the seat."

There was a profound silence; then Lady Goodchild said, *les larmes dans la voix*, "But what has my poor daughter done?"

"It was that scene in the House that did it," said Miss Highclere, wrathfully. "I always knew the constituents would never forget it. I always said so."

"You never said so before."

"Yes, I did."

"Then if you had acted the part of a true friend, you would have advised my daughter not to stand again."

"I did, but she would not listen."

"Well," said Lady Murch, "it is no use reproaching each other now. Be so good, Miss Highclere, as to tell us the reason of Mrs. Lane's defeat."

"I repeat; it was the result of that unfortunate scene in the House."

"What scene?" said Sir Frederick.

"She had been asking the House night after night for an opportunity of bringing in her Compulsory Adult Education to a Certain Standard of the Females of the Upper Classes Bill. She had spent months of her time upon framing the bill, and had thrown all her energies and hopes into it. The day was given at last; she made her speech admirably, and the bill was negatived without a division."

"It was a cruel shame," murmured Lady Goodchild.

"The chances of war," said her husband, testily.

"Then occurred the scene which has led to her defeat," said Miss Highclere, solemnly.

"But what did she do?"

"She flew at the member of the Opposition who sat opposite to her, exclaiming, 'I saw you laughing at me!' she tore off her bonnet and threw it on the ground, and then went off into a frightful fit of hysterics."

"She was worn out and over-excited from extreme fatigue," said Lady Goodchild. "She had not been in bed before three o'clock for a week past, and had to take a large glass of sal-volatile before she went down to the House that night, poor child."

"Then," said Miss Highclere, proudly, "we had an opportunity of seeing the superiority of the nerves of the female members to those of the male. I was in the lobby when she was carried out perfectly rigid and shrieking fearfully, and I saw one gentleman after another come out and drink a glass of brandy-and-water;

half of them did so at least, and all looking quite pale: none of the female members cared in the least."

"Well, it is a great disappointment," said Lady Murch, lighting a bedroom candle; "but it is very late, and you look very tired, Miss Highclere."

"I look tired! I! I am impervious to fatigue; but I have no objection to retire, for I have at least a dozen letters to write to-night."

And the party dispersed for the night.

Guests came and went with such constant change and rapidity at Murch Hall that the lady-helps scarcely had a moment to themselves; only Miss Highclere, George Leslie, and the Reids outstayed them all.

One day an unusual number arrived, and Lady Murch determined to amuse them all by dancing in the evening, and she invited all the household, with the exception of Mrs. Jones and the French lady's-maid, to get their work over and join in the evening's amusement.

Gwendoline, whose spirits had risen again to overflowing pitch, went singing about her work in her high sweet voice —

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,

"There's a porpoise close behind me, and he's treading on my tail:

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance;

They are waiting on the shingle — won't you come and join the dance?"

A sudden and unexpected chorus burst from pantry, stillroom, and passage —

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Entering into the fun of it, Mary Murch, Mrs. Reid, and Sir Joseph came into the room. Amy in the stillroom went on singing —

You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,

When they take us up and throw us with the lobsters out to sea.

To everybody's surprise, Sir Joseph suddenly broke out in a loud gruff voice —

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far," and gave a look askance,

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not "join the dance."

It was irresistible: the doors flew open; Amy ran in with her hands covered with flour, Mr. Fox and Mr. Herbert, coatless, the latter busily cleaning a teapot; merry little Susie Gray from the scullery, all joined together.

Would not, could not, would not, could not,  
could not join the dance.

Mrs. Jones fairly wrung her hands.

"There's veal, Sir Joseph," she said, piteously — "there's roast veal, and you know what a delicate thing that is, and me not knowing which way to turn with the noise. Miss Gwendoline, do try and do them potato-chips; and, Miss Amy, that there tart will be a black burning cinder."

"I'm off, I'm off," said Sir Joseph; "and we mustn't do it again. Fox, I came down to speak to the colonel."

"He's in the pantry, Sir Joseph."

"I want his advice about the young plantations," and he went off to find him.

"You want butter, don't you?" said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, there on that plate; thanks."

"Bless and save us, not so much! You're off your head to-day, Miss Gwendoline."

"It only wants a very little bit," said Herbert, demurely.

"You be off to your lamps, sir, if you please."

"I have done my work, and am come to help in the kitchen."

"We want no help in the kitchen, sir."

"I took the situation on the understanding that I might help in the kitchen."

"Well, take and rub down them dressers; but who's a-doing of your work?"

"Macdown; I've done everything for him for the last week, as he wanted to finish his article for the *Quarterly*, and now he is taking my duty. One good turn deserves another." And he began to scrub lustily.

"I suppose you have not yet told Gwendoline the sad and painful history of your reduced circumstances?" said Mary, in a low voice.

"No, she won't speak or take any notice of me, so I won't speak to her till she comes and asks me in the pantry."

"Nonsense."

"I won't."

"You are very blind."

He would have said something eagerly but she went away.

"By-the-by, Mr. Fox," said Gwendoline, suddenly, "I have mended your green baize apron; it is in that top drawer; it was rather a troublesome job."

"Oh, thank you."

"Mine is very much torn too," said Mr. Herbert. "It wants mending sadly."

"If you will put it here when you go up-stairs, I will tell Jones to see that Susie mends it. Mr. Fox, I see you are idle; did you ever pluck a duck? The char-

women always do it, but they have so much to do to-day that it will be very kind of you to undertake it."

"With all my heart, if Miss Murch will give me something to put the beast's feathers in. How shall I steady it?"

"Oh, put the poker across its feet to hold it down."

And Mary handed him the poker.

"Did you ever see such a melancholy fellow as that George Leslie?" said Mr. Fox, pulling away anxiously at the duck.

"He looks as if he had one foot in the grave," said Mr. Herbert.

"I say, you fellows!" shouted a voice, "can't you come and help? It is half past one, and I am miles away from the end of all there is to be done."

"One good turn deserves another," answered Herbert.

"But Fox might come. I say, Fox, do come; the governor has carried off the colonel, and I have his work as well as my own."

No answer.

"Fox, I say!"

"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

"Come and help."

"I can't come, I'm plucking a beast of a bird, and the more feathers I take off, the more it puts on."

"Stuff!"

"No, it can't be stuffed till it's plucked all over."

"Then you, Herbert."

"I'm scrubbing."

"The deuce you are! well, somebody must help me," and the very fat form of the valet, Mr. Macdown, appeared at the door with tucked-up sleeves and a leather apron.

"Miss Murch, you are doing nothing; could you not scrub the tables, and send me Herbert?"

"Needs must where the devil drives," said Herbert, throwing down his brushes and lounging away after the valet.

"I am going to see what Amy is doing," said Mrs. Reid. She found the little pastry-maid hard at work surrounded by exquisite little game-pies, open tarts, round tarts, square tarts.

"I am in my element," she cried, gaily; "look at my shapes and designs — cruel, that any one should eat them! Those two are from Villemin, these others from the '*Recueil des Faiences Italiennes*,' that one is Pugin, and that lovely rabbit pie is from a scrap in Street's '*Architecture of Spain*.' I consider that moulding a *chef-d'œuvre*!"

"It is indeed; but how do you get hold of all these things?"

"Oh, I know them well, I am so fond of designs. Do you notice that pie? The colouring of it gave me a great deal of trouble: a touch of brown to give the mellow effect of age, a dash of yellow lichen with the tiniest scrap of egg, and a wealth of weeds at the top represented by this parsley."

"It is most artistic. I hope the interior — the animal element — is as successful as the mental one."

Amy looked anxious. "Don't make me nervous," she said. "I know that sometimes when I have spent too much care and thought on the architecture, I have failed within: but Hannah made the rabbit part; so even if my walls be uneatable, the contents are sure to be admirable."

"What a number of them to-day!"

"They are for supper after the dance," said Amy, gleefully — "oh, how I love dancing!"

"Is Bertha coming this evening?"

"I don't know; I am afraid I shall not be able to persuade her to come — she *will* shut herself up."

"Is she not well?"

"Yes, she is well, but she is so dreadfully shy; it would do her all the good in the world if she could be persuaded to come."

"We would set her and George Leslie to dance together."

"Why?" Amy started.

"Because both being so forlorn they would suit each other."

"Well, I wish she would dance with any one."

"She never walks or drives with all of us: does she never go out at all?"

"Yes, early in the morning, any time when she can be sure of being alone."

"I suspect that she is a proud, unsociable girl."

"Oh no, she is such a darling; but she is very shy and unreasonable."

Meanwhile the object of their conversation was at work, dusting Lady Murch's bedroom; it was a pretty room, full of old china and valuable knickknacks, and Miss Price never allowed any one to dust it excepting herself and Bertha, of whom she had conceived a very high opinion.

Bertha was standing before the fireplace replacing a beautiful Dresden vase, when Lady Murch came in.

"I hoped I should find you here, my dear," she said, "for I wanted to speak to you."

Bertha stood before her, twisting her little feather-broom; one curl of her pretty brown hair had escaped, and hung on her

shoulder in a fashion to which it had once been accustomed.

"My dear," said Lady Murch, seating herself, "I wanted to tell you that I wish you to come to the dance to-night — now, do not begin at once to refuse. You shall stay by me or by Mrs. Lurgan if you are shy, and there are only about twenty people coming who are not in the house, and I really wish you to appear."

"I cannot — indeed I cannot."

"You will do so to please me, I am sure. I have been distressed to notice how you shrink away by yourself instead of mingling with the family in the right and proper way; and I cannot allow it to continue."

"Indeed! indeed!"

"I have ordered a little white muslin gown for you, just like Amy's," went on Lady Murch, severely; "so I hope for no excuse."

Bertha burst into tears.

"Now, my dear, excuse me; but this is really silly."

"Oh, please forgive me — you are so kind; but indeed, indeed, if you make me come down-stairs, I must —"

"Must what?"

"I must leave you."

"We will talk of that another time," said Lady Murch, rising much displeased; and she added as she left the room, "Remember I shall expect to see you to-night. Hysterical nonsense," she said to herself, as she went down-stairs, "unworthy of my household." Two voices caught her ear and made her smile as she passed —

"I will wear my pink, Agatha."

"You look a perfect guy in pink at your age; why can't you dress as best becomes you?"

"I am the best judge of that."

"You are not."

"I am."

"I tell you, you are not."

"And I tell you I won't be put upon," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"RING, ring, ring! Do you hear that bell, Mrs. Lurgan?"

"Yes, Miss Price, that is Sir Joseph's bell."

"Again! that is the fourth time. What can the men be about, and what can Sir Joseph want at this hour?"

"I know what he wants, Miss Price — he wants to dress; they put off dressing until after dinner, all except my lady herself, who called Sir Joseph a fool — an old fool, she said — because he was too much

absorbed in a game of chess with Mr. Fox to — There it is again!"

"Really, one of us must go; I suppose the gentlemen are dressing. Could you go, Mrs. Lurgan?"

"How can I, all unhooked? couldn't you go?"

"Not with hair down: let me see — perhaps one of the girls may be ready. There it is again! Bertha, Bertha!"

"Do you hear the governor's bell ringing, Macdown?" said Fox, putting a face covered with soap, and a hand holding a razor, into his friend's door.

"Of course I do; but what's a fellow to do?" and he exhibited a face in a similar condition. "Herbert's gone down ever so long ago; happily he's quicker than we are. There it is again, drat it! as Mrs. Jones would say."

Bertha answered Miss Price's call, looking very pretty, dressed in clouds of spotless muslin; her eyes looked all the softer for the tears she found so much difficulty in suppressing.

"I have been hurrying, Miss Price — I will run at once; the Miss Burdens have been ready half an hour, but they did not consider it proper to go."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Price, "I would have gone myself but for my hair. There it is again!" and Bertha sped away.

She knocked at Sir Joseph's door. "Come in," said a wrathful voice, and she ventured timidly in.

"There is nothing put out," he began; then suddenly, "I beg your pardon."

"I am so sorry," said Bertha; "but I suppose the gentlemen are dressing, and —"

"But they might have given me hot water at least, and put out some of my things. I have no socks — I have no white tie — I have no waistcoat — I have no" — he stopped abruptly.

"Here are your ties," said Bertha, briskly, "and I will fetch hot water in half a minute. Here are a pair of black silk socks — gloves. Your coat is not brushed; I will run down and get Mr. Herbert to do it. Give me the can, and I will get the water first."

"Indeed I cannot let you do it. Show me where to get it."

"No, no; I won't be a moment," and she sped away.

"You are an angel in my distress," said Sir Joseph, as she returned with the steaming can. "Now please don't disturb yourself about my coat, I am sure it will do."

"Oh no, I can get it done directly;" and taking the coat, Bertha ran downstairs. She knew that Herbert would probably be in the drawing-room, superintending the chalking of the floors; so she ran thither, passing through the ante-rooms. The drawing-room floor was evidently just finished, for Herbert, as she supposed, was standing by the fireplace with his back to her: she ran up to him with the coat on her arm.

"Oh, Mr. Herbert!" she began, but stopped suddenly, for she found herself face to face with George Leslie.

"There's the bell again, by George!" said Fox, again putting his head into Mr. Macdown's room.

"It is only half an hour since he rang before. Again! This is too bad. Shall I answer it, or you?"

"Oh, you; I can't get this tie right," and he tore it off and began another. Mr. Fox strolled off as another furious ring pealed through the house.

Sir Joseph had passed from towering passion to despair. "Just look at me," he said; "Lady Murch gone down a quarter of an hour, and I without a coat to my back!"

"Where is your coat, Sir Joseph?"

"The pretty little new housemaid has taken it away."

"What for?"

"To brush. She went half an hour ago, and has never come back; and if it had not been for her, I should have had no hot water or —"

"I brought you hot water myself."

"There was none here."

"But I brought it, I vow!"

"And I vow there was none here."

"Somebody must have bagged it."

"Well, never mind; only do, like a good fellow, go after my coat. Ah! here is the colonel; now I shall get all I want: and with my coat too; where did you find it?"

"I found it on the hearth-rug in the drawing-room," said Colonel Clarence, "and cannot conceive how it got there."

"It is too bad," growled Sir Joseph.

Face to face with George Leslie, Bertha felt all her strength fail her, and she would have turned and fled. What could she do? He was on his knees kissing her hand, pouring out incoherent words. "Bertha! Bertha! have I found you at last?"

Then she began to cry, and he led her away to the furthest window, where, shaded by the curtains, they could talk quietly, and out came the whole story,—how George had been seized with typhus

fever two days before the ruin came, and was too ill to know anything about it — how his father, more avaricious than honourable, had seen a way of breaking off the engagement, and kept his illness a secret, leaving the Fitzherbert family to believe that the young man was faithless. When he was well again, and had been told the news, he had quarrelled with his father, and gone at once to Mr. Fitzherbert. Bertha's father, however, deeply offended, refused to allow him to reopen communication with his daughter, vowing that she should never be received on sufferance by any man's relations; and as he refused to give him her address, poor George left him in despair and again fell ill. Before he had quite recovered from his second attack, his father died suddenly of apoplexy; and his mother, who had always sympathized with him, again made overtures to Bertha's father, who, however, continued inexorable.

"And now I have found you! found you at last, my beautiful Bertha!" There was such an endless amount of questions and answers to make, so much to say and talk about, that the time seemed to fly. Presently Colonel Clarence came in, but he did not perceive them in the shadow of the window-curtains; he picked up Sir Joseph's coat with an air of great astonishment, and went out.

"I must go now — indeed I must, George; they will be coming to finish lighting the candles, and I must — indeed I must arrange my hair again."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE party all assembled about ten o'clock, and as the dancing was not to begin till half past, Lady Murch proposed having some music in the large drawing-room, emptied of carpet and furniture. It was a luxury to sing in the room, and Mrs. Lurgan's fine contralto voice seemed of twice its natural power. Gwendoline also sang some gay French songs, and the Miss Burdens, after much pressing, performed an Italian duet; then Mr. Herbert was entreated to sing. *Il se fit prier* for some minutes; then, throwing aside hesitation, boldly turned to Gwendoline and begged her to accompany him. Gwendoline agreed, and they went to the piano; there was a sound as of first guests arriving, and she hesitated, turning over the music.

"Is there time?" she said.

"Oh yes, lots. I should like to sing, now that I am actually before the scenes; here is the song I mean to sing."

Gwendoline glanced at it, and flushing scarlet, sat down and began a brilliant prelude.

Herbert's voice was a good well-taught tenor, and he sang with much spirit.

I' sooth, my lady, your yoke is hard,  
More hard than I care to bear,  
In spite, fair lady, of flashing eyes  
And tresses of golden hair.

I love my lady, she knows full well,  
But a slave I will not be;  
And troth, proud lady, thy haughtiness  
Will sever my heart from thee!

At times, my lady, so sweet art thou,  
That I cannot burst my chain;  
And though I know that thy yoke is hard,  
Forthwith I'm a slave again!

But now my lady too far has gone,  
I swear that I will be free;  
And haply, fair lady, thou'lt weep to find  
That I am as proud as thee!

The noise in the ante-room increased to a babel of voices, and Lady Murch and Mary went out to meet them; so that Herbert, finding his finale likely to lose its effect, ran his voice up the scale, gave a long shake on a high falsetto note, and returned to the key-note on a shower of well-executed triplets.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Sir Joseph; and in the storm of applause Gwendoline escaped to the drawing-room, which was now beginning to fill. She did not know whether to cry, to laugh, or to be indignant; but a tumult of feelings excited her, till she looked quite beautiful.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" asked Mr. Reid, drawing on his white gloves. The music was beginning, and Amy's feet were dancing already.

"May I have the pleasure?"

"Are you engaged for this dance?"

Now all were whirling away. Even Sir Joseph was tempted to join by the baby face and disappointed look of the little sixteen-year-old Susie Gray. Never was there such a merry dance, never a better partner than fat Mr. Macdown, who danced more lightly and airily than anybody in the room, and who, as Captain Lawrence elegantly expressed it afterwards, "never turned a hair." Valse succeeded valse; lancers were few and far between; quadrilles were left out altogether, and the evening went on.

"May I have this dance at least, Miss Gwendoline?" said Herbert, rather savagely.

"So sorry, I am engaged."

"The next, then?"



Gwendoline looked innocently at her card.

"I am afraid."

"Third, fourth, fifth."

"Had you not better ask me again?"  
I am engaged for the next five — no, six."

"To be treated again as you have treated me the whole evening — I will not have it. Will you tell me who you dance this with?"

"Mr. Macdown."

"Oh, never mind him!"

"The best dancer in the room; ask me to throw over any one else."

"The next, then?"

"Lord Firton."

"Well, forget him."

"A stranger — impossible! And after that Sir Joseph; of course I could not throw him over,—and then."

"This is our dance, Miss Gwendoline!"  
The music struck up one of the newest vales, and the couple whirled away. Herbert folded his arms and stood gloomily leaning against the wall.

"If you are not dancing, Mr. Herbert," said Lady Murch, "would you mind just having one valse with Miss Price? I think she would like it."

"With all the pleasure in life." Lady Murch sailed away. The instant she was out of sight Herbert fled; he ran down the back-stairs, meaning to lie *perdu* until the dance was safely over.

"Another dance, please, Bertha."

"But I am sure people will remark it, George. Look at Lady Murch; she is watching us now. Oh, what a hypocrite she must think me!"

"Never mind if she does."

"But I should not like to lose her good opinion, she has been so very kind to me."

"We will ask her to come and see us some day. Come out into the ante-room for a little fresh air;" and they strolled away together.

In the further ante-room tea was placed. A door in this room led into the dining-room, which was not yet opened officially for supper. Bertha and George Leslie found this room empty, already arranged with cold refreshments, and only half lighted. At the end of the room they seated themselves on a low sofa, glad to get out of the gay scene for a few minutes alone. They were occupied with each other entirely when the door opened softly and Gwendoline came in. She started when she saw them, and a look of surprise came over her face.

"I was going down to see if I could

help Amy," she said; "Lady Murch wishes to have supper at once."

"I think everything is ready," said Bertha, trying to hide her confusion.

"Amy is gone down, so I think I will go also," said Gwendoline; and she ran down the back-stairs, and Bertha and George once more forgot all embarrassment, and plunged again into the old story that is ever new.

Gwendoline ran down-stairs to the kitchen. The sound of the music was ringing in her ears; perhaps it was that that made her cheeks so flushed and her eyes so brilliant. Amy was not in the kitchen; no one was there except Mrs. Jones, who was asleep before the fire, looking so marvellously peaceful that Gwendoline felt positively startled. She had left the kitchen-door wide open, and she could hear some one stirring in the pantry, even coughing a sort of cough which to her overstrained ears seemed to be significant. She stood before the kitchen-fire trying to make up her mind, to bend her proud spirit. She found herself growing more and more indignant, twisting her gloves round and round.

Mrs. Jones stirred in her sleep. Gwendoline went half-way to the door, then back again. Her heart beat so fast she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. "He had no business to say it; I won't go to the pantry," she said to herself; and strengthening her resolve she turned and left the kitchen. Half-way up-stairs she heard the door at the top open: some one was coming down; in one moment it would be too late. She flew down-stairs again without pausing to think, burst open the pantry-door, and panting and defiant stood before Herbert Montgomery.

"I have come," she said; "and what now?"

Sir Joseph and Miss Highclere were treading a measure together. Her black satin rattled over the floor with stiffness; her severe features were unbent, as she would herself express it, and wore a kindly smile.

"It is really a pleasure and encouragement to me, dear Sir Joseph," she was saying, "to see the admirable way in which this household succeeds. I see here the beginning of many and many a happy and contented year for yourselves, your one offspring, and your helps. All is in such perfect harmony — ages and occupations so well assorted, — I congratulate you upon having succeeded in putting your establishment on a footing likely to last with

comfort and happiness as long as this mortal coil ——” She paused.

“I hope so, Miss Highclere,” said Sir Joseph. “It is very pleasant to see how the young things are enjoying themselves to-night.”

“This dance over, Sir Joseph, I strongly advise a period of quiet hard work, sobriety, and tranquillity; I will speak to Lady Murch about it.”

“Do; she always is so happy to follow any advice she esteems so highly.”

They made the grand chain, and stood side by side.

“There is the supper-bell, Miss Highclere. Allow me to take you to the dining-room.”

Amy’s architectural designs were much admired and duly discussed. The fruit was beautiful, the soup excellent; and the guests, duly warmed and replenished, began to take their departure, saying as they did so that they had never before enjoyed an evening so much. The clock struck three as the last guest was about to depart. Lady Murch had a note to write which she was anxious to send by one of her guests, and she went in to her boudoir to do so. Just as she had finished it, Mr. Fox came in, begging her to be so very kind as to wait for him half a moment, as he wished to speak to her. He carried off the note.

#### CHAPTER IX.

A LOW fire burnt in Lady Murch’s boudoir as she sat over it waiting till the head-footman came back.

“I am so sorry to have kept you, Lady Murch,” he said; “and it was awfully good of you to wait. The fact is, circumstances have altered with me, and I wanted to take the earliest opportunity of telling you that I must give up your service, and ——”

A knock at the door interrupted him.

“Come in,” said Lady Murch. “Mr. Fox,” she said, holding out her hand to him as Herbert came in, “I am very, very sorry; we will talk of this another time.” Herbert started, and looked inquiringly at Fox.

“Yes,” said Lady Murch, answering his look, “I am grieved to lose Mr. Fox.”

“Lady Murch, I hope it will not put you to inconvenience,” exclaimed Herbert; “Fox really must stay on, for, indeed, I must positively leave in a month; most important reasons.”

“I don’t know what I shall do,” said Lady Murch. “Perhaps we may be able to settle something to-morrow; it is so very late now. Another knock!”

Gwendoline and Bertha both came in, looking so conscious and rosy that Lady Murch threw up her hands.

“Now, don’t say that you are come to give me up also; don’t say it, please!”

Half laughing, half crying, the whole story came out. Lady Murch could say nothing; she let them have their say, and then sent them all away, and went upstairs half disturbed, half delighted with all that had occurred.

She was in her bedroom, dressed in her white dressing-gown, when once more the door flew open and Mary came in. She threw herself on her knees, hiding her face in her mother’s lap, exclaiming —

“Oh mamma, mamma! I shall never, never be happy again unless I marry the footman!”

“What will your papa say?”

“He is so pleased! Do, mamma, say yes!”

Her daughter gone, Lady Murch was not yet to be allowed to go to rest. She was just about to get into bed, when once more her door opened, and there entered three figures, tall, prim, clad in white dressing-gowns and frilled nightcaps. Hand in hand they advanced to her, weeping. They said —

“We have heard all, dear, dear, dear Lady Murch, and we have come to tell you that I, Agatha Burden; I, Selina Price; and I, Amelia Burden, will never, never leave you.”

The following morning, as soon as she was down-stairs, after breakfasting in her bedroom, Lady Murch sent for Colonel Clarence.

All the high spirits were subdued, partly by fatigue and partly by the serious nature of all that had occurred.

All the morning private interviews were going on, and one after another those that had given warning were sent for. Mrs. Jones, who knew nothing, declared rapturously that things were righting at last, that her kitchen-helps were learning to keep themselves to themselves, and she might hope for better times, so quietly and steadily the kitchen-work was done.

Colonel Clarence had fortified himself with all the information he could obtain for Lady Murch. He pleaded for forgiveness for Herbert Montgomery, the greatest culprit of all, acknowledging that it was very wrong; a wild game altogether that he had played, but that Lawrence was quite as much to blame. It turned out afterwards that the character and recommendation were for quite a different person — a certain Jacob Herbert, a decrepit

young man, who had hitherto failed in everything he had undertaken; but a ten-pound note and a promise of more had induced the youth to allow Herbert Montgomery to slip into his place. He pleaded his own cause, the determination he had made to win Gwendoline, who in former days had refused him twice, and the difficulty of approaching her in any other way. And Lady Murch was forced to forgive him, especially as her own husband was charmed with the story, which awoke a long-dormant spirit of romance in his breast. Fox was so great a favourite with them all that every one was pleased with his engagement to the daughter of the house, notwithstanding his want of fortune. And George Leslie made his pretty betrothed more than happy by undertaking to finish her beloved brothers' education at Eton and Cambridge.

"There is only one little face that is very sad to-day," continued the old colonel.

"I am sorry to hear that. Whose is it?" said Lady Murch.

"It is little Amy Gordon, the pastry-maid, who will be left behind. But Macdown has been throwing so much energy into comforting her that I cannot help thinking——"

"Stop, stop, stop!" cried Lady Murch, holding her ears—"tell me no more."

"I was only going to say that with Sir Joseph's interest, that post in the British Museum——"

But Lady Murch was gone; and in her place, facing the bewildered colonel, stood the helmeted form of Miss Highclere.

"Good-bye, Colonel Clarence," she said; "I am just going."

"There is an old proverb about a falling house," murmured the colonel. She did not hear rightly.

"Did you ask the reason of my abrupt departure?" she asked, grimly. "It is because I consider the whole concern to have turned out a perfect *fiasco*."

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
MACAULAY.

It is told of Strafford that before reading any book for the first time, he would call for a sheet of paper, and then proceed to write down upon it some sketch of the ideas that he already had upon the subject of the book, and of the questions that he expected to find answered. No one who has been at the pains to try the experiment, will doubt the usefulness of Strafford's practice: it gives to our acquisitions from books clearness and reality, a right place and an independent shape. At this moment we are all looking for the biography of an illustrious man of letters, written by a near kinsman, who is himself naturally endowed with keen literary interests, and who has invigorated his academic cultivation by practical engagement in considerable affairs of public business. Before taking up Mr. Trevelyan's two volumes, it is perhaps worth while, on Strafford's plan, to ask ourselves shortly what kind of significance or value belongs to Lord Macaulay's achievements, and to what place he has a claim among the forces of English literature. It is seventeen years since he died, and those of us who never knew him nor ever saw him may now think about his work with that perfect detachment which is impossible in the case of actual contemporaries.

That Macaulay comes in the very front rank in the mind of the ordinary book-buyer of our day is quite certain. It is an amusement with some people to put an imaginary case of banishment to a desert island, with the privilege of choosing the works of one author, and no more, to furnish literary companionship and refreshment for the rest of a lifetime. Whom would one select for this momentous post? Clearly the author must be voluminous, for days on desert islands are many and long; he must be varied in his moods, his topics, and his interests; he must have a great deal to say, and must have a power of saying it that shall arrest a depressed and dolorous spirit. Englishmen, of course, would with mechanical unanimity call for Shakespeare; Germans could hardly hesitate about Goethe; and a sensible Frenchman would pack up the ninety volumes of Voltaire. It would be at least as interesting to know the object of a second choice, supposing the tyrant were in his clemency to give us two authors. In the case of Englishmen there is some evidence as to a popular preference. A recent traveller in Australia informs us that the three books which he found on every squatter's shelf, and which at last he knew before he crossed the threshold that he should be sure to find, were Shakespeare, the Bible, and Macaulay's "Essays." This is only an illustration of a feeling about Macaulay that has been almost universal among the English-speaking peoples.

We may safely say that no man obtains and keeps for a great many years such a position as this, unless he is possessed of some very extraordinary qualities, or else

of common qualities in a very uncommon and extraordinary degree. The world, says Goethe, is more willing to endure the incongruous than to be patient under the insignificant. Even those who set least value on what Macaulay does for his readers, may still feel bound to distinguish the elements that have given him his vast popularity. The inquiry is not a piece of merely literary criticism, for it is impossible that the work of so imposing a writer should have passed through the hands of every man and woman of his time who has even the humblest pretensions to cultivation, without leaving a very decided mark on their habits both of thought and expression. As a plain matter of observation, it is impossible to take up a newspaper or a review, for instance, without perceiving Macaulay's influence both in the style and the temper of modern journalism, and journalism in its turn acts upon the style and temper of its enormous uncounted public. The man who now succeeds in catching the ear of the writers of leading articles, is in the position that used to be held by the head of some great theological school, whence disciples swarmed forth to reproduce in ten thousand pulpits the arguments, the opinions, the images, the tricks, the gestures, and the mannerisms of a single master.

Two men of very different kinds have thoroughly impressed the journalists of our time, Macaulay and Mr. Mill. Mr. Carlyle we do not add to them; he is, as the Germans call Jean Paul, *der Einzige*. And he is a poet, while the other two are in their degrees serious and argumentative writers, dealing in different ways with the great topics that constitute the matter and business of daily discussion. They are both of them practical enough to interest men handling real affairs, and yet they are general or theoretical enough to supply such men with the large and ready commonplaces which are so useful to a profession that has to produce literary graces and philosophical decorations at an hour's notice. It might perhaps be said of these two distinguished men that our public writers owe most of their virtues to the one, and most of their vices to the other. If Mill taught some of them to reason, Macaulay tempted more of them to declaim: if Mill set an example of patience, tolerance, and fair examination of hostile opinions, Macaulay did much to encourage oracular arrogance, and a rather too thrasonical complacency; if Mill sowed ideas of the great economic, political, and moral bearings of the forces of society,

Macaulay trained a taste for superficial particularities, trivial circumstantialities of local colour, and all the paraphernalia of the pseudo-picturesque.

Of course nothing so obviously untrue is meant as that this is an account of Macaulay's own quality. What is empty pretension in the leading article was often a warranted self-assertion in Macaulay; what is little more than testiness in it, is in him often a generous indignation. What became and still remain in those who have made him their model, substantive and organic vices, the foundation of literary character and intellectual temper, were in him the incidental defects of a vigorous genius. And we have to take a man of his power and vigour with all his drawbacks, for the one are wrapped up in the other. Charles Fox used to apply to Burke a passage that Quintilian wrote about Ovid. "*Si animi sui affectibus temperare quam indulgere maluisset,*" quoted Fox, "*quid vir iste præstare non potuerit!*" But this is really not at all certain either of Ovid, or Burke, or any one else. It suits moralists to tell us that excellence lies in the happy mean and nice balance of our faculties and impulses, and perhaps in so far as our own contentment and an easy passage through life are involved, what they tell us is true. But for making a mark in the world, for rising to supremacy in art or thought or affairs — whatever those aims may be worth — a man possibly does better to indulge rather than to chide or grudge his genius, and to pay the penalties for his weaknesses rather than run any risk of mutilating those strong faculties of which they happen to be an inseparable accident. Versatility is not a universal gift among the able men of the world; not many of them have so many gifts of the spirit as to be free to choose by what pass they will climb "the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar." If Macaulay had applied himself to the cultivation of a balanced judgment, of tempered phrases, and of relative propositions, he would probably have sunk into an impotent tameness. A great pugilist has sometimes been converted from the error of his ways, and been led zealously to cherish gospel graces, but the hero's discourses have seldom been edifying. Macaulay, divested of all the exorbitancies of his spirit and his style, would have been a Samson shorn of the locks of his strength.

Although, however, a writer of marked quality may do well to let his genius develop its spontaneous forces without too

assiduous or vigilant repression, trusting to other writers of equal strength in other directions, and to the general fitness of things and operation of time, to redress the balance, still it is the task of criticism in counting up the contributions of one of these strong men to examine the mischiefs no less than the benefits incident to their work. There is no puny carping nor cavilling in the process. It is because such men are strong that they are able to do harm, and they may injure the taste and judgment of a whole generation, just because they are never mediocre. That is implied in strength. Macaulay is not to be measured now merely as if he were the author of a new book. His influence has been a distinct literary force, and in an age of reading, this is to be a distinct force in deciding the temper, the process, the breadth, of men's opinions, no less than the manner of expressing them. It is no new observation that the influence of an author becomes in time something apart from his books, and that a certain generalized or abstract personality impresses itself on our minds, long after we have forgotten the details of his opinions, the arguments by which he enforced them, and even, what are usually the last to escape us, the images by which he illustrated them. Phrases and sentences are a mask: but we detect the features of the man behind the mask. This personality of a favourite author is a real and powerful agency. Unconsciously we are infected with his humours; we apply his methods; we find ourselves copying the rhythm and measure of his periods; we wonder how he would have acted, or thought, or spoken in our circumstances. Usually a strong writer leaves a special mark in some particular region of mental activity: the final product of him is to fix some persistent religious mood, or some decisive intellectual bias, or else some trick of the tongue. Now Macaulay has contributed no philosophic ideas to the speculative stock, nor has he developed any one great historic or social truth. His work is always full of a high spirit of manliness, probity, and honour; but he is not of that small band to whom we may apply Mackintosh's thrice and four times enviable panegyric on the eloquence of Dugald Stewart, that its peculiar glory consisted in having "breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils." He has painted many striking pictures, and imparted a certain reality to our conception of many great scenes of the past. He did good service in banishing once for

all those sentimental Jacobite leanings and prejudices which had been kept alive by the sophistry of the most popular of historians, and the imagination of the most popular of romance-writers. But where he set his stamp has been upon style; style in its widest sense, not merely on the grammar and mechanism of writing, but on what De Quincey described as its *organology*; style, that is to say, in its relation to ideas and feelings, its commerce with thought, and its reaction on what one may call the temper or conscience of the intellect.

Let no man suppose that it matters little whether the most universally popular of the serious authors of a generation — and Macaulay was nothing less than this — affects *style coupé* or *style soutenu*. The critic of style is not the dancing-master, declaiming on the deep ineffable things that lie in a minuet. He is not the virtuoso of supines and gerundives. The morality of style goes deeper "than dull fools suppose." When Comte took pains to prevent any sentence exceeding two lines of his manuscript or five of print; to restrict every paragraph to seven sentences; to exclude every hiatus between two sentences or even between two paragraphs; and never to reproduce any word, except the auxiliary monosyllables, in two consecutive sentences; he justified his literary solicitude by insisting on the wholesomeness alike to heart and intelligence of submission to artificial institutions. He felt, after he had once mastered the habit of the new yoke, that it became the source of continual and unforeseeable improvements even in thought, and he perceived that the reason why verse is a higher kind of literary perfection than prose, is that verse imposes a greater number of rigorous forms. We may add that verse itself is perfected, in the hands of men of poetic genius, in proportion to the severity of this mechanical regulation. Where Pope or Racine had one rule of metre, Victor Hugo has twenty, and he observes them as rigorously as an algebraist or an astronomer observes the rules of calculation or demonstration. One, then, who touches the style of a generation acquires no trifling authority over its thought and temper, as well as over the length of its sentences.

The first and most obvious secret of Macaulay's place on popular bookshelves is that he has a true genius for narration, and narration will always in the eyes not only of our squatters in the Australian

bush, but of the many all over the world, stand first among literary gifts. The common run of plain men, as has been noticed since the beginning of the world, are as eager as children for a story, and like children they will embrace the man who will tell them a story, with abundance of details and plenty of colour, and a realistic assurance that it is no mere make-believe. Macaulay never stops to brood over an incident or a character, with an inner eye intent on penetrating to the lowest depth of motive and cause, to the furthest complexity of impulse, calculation, and subtle incentive. The spirit of analysis is not in him, and the divine spirit of meditation is not in him. His whole mind runs in action and movement; it busies itself with eager interest in all objective particulars. He is seized by the external and the superficial, and revels in every detail that appeals to the five senses. "The brilliant Macaulay," said Emerson, with slight exaggeration, "who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." So ready a faculty of exultation in the exceeding great glories of taste and touch, of loud sound and glittering spectacle, is a gift of the utmost service to the narrator who craves immense audiences. Let it be said that if Macaulay exults in the details that go to our five senses, his sensuousness is always clean, manly, and fit for honest daylight and the summer sun. There is none of that curious odour of autumnal decay that clings to the passion of a more modern school for colour and flavour and the enumerated treasures of subtle indulgence.

Mere picturesqueness, however, is a minor qualification compared with another quality which everybody assumes himself to have, but which is in reality extremely uncommon; the quality, I mean, of telling a tale directly and in straightforward order. In speaking of Hallam, Macaulay complained that Gibbon had brought into fashion an unpleasant trick of telling a story by implication and allusion. This provoking obliquity has certainly increased rather than declined since Hallam's day, and it has reached its height and climax in the latest addition of all to our works of popular history, Mr. Green's clever book upon the English people. Mr. Froude, it is true, whatever may be his shortcomings on the side of sound moral and political judgment, has admirable gifts in the way of straightforward narration, and Mr. Freeman, when he does not press

too hotly after emphasis and abstains from overloading his account with superabundance of detail, is usually excellent in the way of direct description. Still, it is not merely because these two writers are alive and Macaulay is not, that most people would say of him that he is unequalled in our time in his mastery of the art of letting us know in an express and unmistakable way exactly what it was that happened, though it is quite true that in many portions of his too elaborated history of William the Third he describes a large number of events about which, I think, no sensible man can in the least care either how they happened, or whether indeed they happened at all or not.

Another reason why people have sought Macaulay is that he has in one way or another something to tell them about many of the most striking personages and interesting events in the history of mankind. And he does really tell them something. If any one will be at the trouble to count up the number of those names that belong to the world and time, about which Macaulay has found not merely something, but something definite and pointed to say, he will be astonished to see how large a portion of the wide historic realm is traversed in that ample flight of reference, allusion, and illustration, and what unsparing copiousness of knowledge gives substance, meaning, and attraction to that blaze and glare of rhetoric.

Macaulay came upon the world of letters, just as the middle classes were expanding into enormous prosperity, were vastly increasing in numbers, and were becoming more alive than they had ever been before to literary interests. His essays are as good as a library; they make an incomparable manual and vademecum for a busy uneducated man who has curiosity and enlightenment enough to wish to know a little about the great lives and great thoughts, the shining words and many-coloured complexities of action, that have marked the journey of man through the ages. Macaulay had an intimate acquaintance both with the imaginative literature and the history of Greece and Rome, with the literature and the history of modern Italy, of France, and of England. Whatever his special subject, he contrives to pour into it with singular dexterity a stream of rich, graphic, and telling illustrations from all these widely diversified sources. Figures from history, ancient and modern, sacred and secular; characters from plays and novels



from Plautus down to Walter Scott and Jane Austen; images and similes from poets of every age and every nation, "pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical;" shrewd thrusts from satirists, wise saws from sages, pleasantries caustic or pathetic from humourists; all throng Macaulay's pages with the bustle and variety and animation of some glittering masque and cosmoramic revel of great books and heroic men. Hence, though Macaulay was in mental constitution one of the very least Shakespearian writers that ever lived, yet he has the Shakespearian quality of taking his reader through an immense gallery of interesting characters and striking situations. No writer can now expect to attain the widest popularity as a man of letters unless he gives to the world *multa* as well as *multum*. Sainte-Beuve, the most eminent man of letters in France in our generation, wrote no less than twenty-seven volumes of his incomparable "*Causeries*." Mr. Carlyle, the most eminent man of letters in England in our generation, has taught us that silence is golden in thirty volumes. Macaulay was not so exuberantly copious as these two illustrious writers, but he had the art of being as various without being so voluminous.

There has been a great deal of deliberate and systematic imitation of Macaulay's style, often by clever men who might well have trusted to their own resources. Its most conspicuous vices are very easy to imitate, but it is impossible for any one who is less familiar with literature than Macaulay was, to reproduce his style effectively, for the reason that it is before all else the style of great literary knowledge. Nor is that all. Macaulay's knowledge was not only very wide; it was both thoroughly accurate and instantly ready. For this stream of apt illustrations he was indebted to his extraordinary memory, and his rapid eye for contrasts and analogies. They come to the end of his pen as he writes; they are not laboriously hunted out in indexes, and then added by way of afterthought and extraneous interpolation. Hence quotations and references that in a writer even of equal knowledge, but with his wits less promptly about him, would seem mechanical and awkward, find their place in a page of Macaulay as if by a delightful process of complete assimilation and spontaneous fusion.

We may be sure that no author could have achieved Macaulay's boundless pop-

ularity among his contemporaries, unless his work had abounded in what is substantially commonplace. Addison puts fine writing in sentiments that are natural without being obvious, and this is a true account of the "law" of the exquisite literature of the Queen Anne men. We may perhaps add to Addison's definition, that the great secret of the best kind of popularity is always the noble or imaginative handling of commonplace. Shakespeare may at first seem an example to the contrary; and indeed is it not a standing marvel that the greatest writer of a nation that is distinguished among all nations for the pharisaism, puritanism, and unimaginative narrowness of its judgments on conduct and type of character, should be paramount over all writers for the breadth, maturity, fulness, subtlety, and infinite variousness of his conception of human life and nature? One possible answer to the perplexity is that the puritanism does not go below the surface in us, and that Englishmen are not really limited in their view by the too strait formulas that are supposed to contain their explanations of the moral universe. On this theory the popular appreciation of Shakespeare is the irrepressible response of the hearty inner man to a voice in which he recognizes the full note of human nature, and those wonders of the world which are not dreamt of in his professed philosophy. A more obvious answer than this is that Shakespeare's popularity with the many is not due to those finer glimpses that are the very essence of all poetic delight to the few, but to his thousand other magnificent attractions, and above all, after his skill as a pure dramatist and master of scenic interest and situation, to the lofty or pathetic setting with which he vivifies, not the subtleties or refinements, but the commonest and most elementary traits of the commonest and most elementary human moods. The few with minds touched by nature or right cultivation to the finer issues, admire the supreme genius which takes some poor Italian tale, with its coarse plot and gross personages, and shooting it through with threads of variegated meditation, produces a masterpiece of penetrative reflection and high pensive suggestion as to the deepest things and most secret parts of the life of men. But to the general these finer threads are undiscernible. What touches them, and most rightly touches them and us all, in the Shakespearian poetry, are topics eternally old, yet of eternal freshness, the

perennial truisms of the grave and the bride-chamber, of shifting fortune, the surprises of destiny, the emptiness of the answered vow. This is the region in which the poet wins his widest if not his hardest triumphs, the region of the noble commonplace.

A writer dealing with such matters as principally occupied Macaulay has not the privilege of resort to these great poetic inspirations. Yet history, too, has its generous commonplaces, its plausibilities of emotion, and no one has ever delighted more than Macaulay did to appeal to the fine truisms that cluster round love of freedom and love of native land. The high rhetorical topics of liberty and patriotism are his readiest instruments for kindling a glowing reflection of these magnanimous passions in the breasts of his readers. That Englishman is hardly to be envied who can read without a glow such passages as that in the "History" about Turenne being startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressing the delight of a true soldier when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy; while even the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by friends, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France. Such prose as this is not less thrilling to a man who loves his country, than the spirited verse of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." And the commonplaces of patriotism and freedom would never have been so powerful in Macaulay's hands if they had not been inspired by a sincere and hearty faith in them in the soul of the writer. His unanalytical turn of mind kept him free of any temptation to think of love of country as a prejudice, or a passion for freedom as an illusion. The cosmopolitan or international idea which such teachers as Cobden have tried to impress on our stubborn islanders, would have found in Macaulay not lukewarm or sceptical adherence, but pointblank opposition and denial. He believed as stoutly in the supremacy of Great Britain in the history of the good causes of Europe, as M. Thiers believes in the supremacy of France, or Mazzini believed in that of Italy. The thought of the prodigious industry, the inventiveness,

the stout enterprise, the free government, the wise and equal laws, the noble literature, of this fortunate island and its majestic empire beyond the seas, and the discretion, valour, and tenacity by which all these great material and still greater intangible possessions had been first won and then kept against every hostile comer whether domestic or foreign, sent through Macaulay a thrill, like that which the thought of Paris and its heroisms moves in the great poet of France, or sight of the dear City of the Violet Crown moved in an Athenian of old. Thus habitually, with all sincerity of heart, to offer to one of the greater popular prepossessions the incense due to any other idol of superstition, sacred and of indisputable authority, and to let this adoration be seen shining in every page, is one of the keys that every man must find who would make a quick and sure way into the temple of contemporary fame.

It is one of the first things to be said about Macaulay, that he was in exact accord with the common average sentiment of his day on every subject on which he spoke. His superiority was not of that highest kind which leads a man to march in thought on the outside margin of the crowd, watching them, sympathizing with them, hoping for them, but apart. Macaulay was one of the middle-class crowd in his heart, and only rose above it by extraordinary gifts of expression. He had none of that ambition which inflames some hardy men, to make new beliefs and new passions enter the minds of their neighbours; his ascendancy is due to literary pomp, not to fecundity of spirit. No one has ever surpassed him in the art of combining resolute and ostentatious common sense of a slightly coarse sort in choosing his point of view, with so considerable an appearance of dignity and elevation in setting it forth and impressing it upon others. The elaborateness of his style is very likely to mislead people into imagining for him a corresponding elaborateness of thought and sentiment. On the contrary, Macaulay's mind was really very simple, strait, and with as few notes in its register, to borrow a phrase from the language of vocal compass, as there are few notes, though they are very loud, in the register of his written prose. When we look more closely into it, what at first wore the air of dignity and elevation, in truth rather disagreeably resembles the narrow assurance of a man who knows that he has with him the great battalions of public opinion. We are always quite

sure that if Macaulay had been an Athenian citizen towards the ninety-fifth Olympiad, he would have taken sides with Anytus and Meletus in the impeachment of Socrates. A popular author must take the accepted maxims for granted in a thoroughgoing way. He must suppress any whimsical fancy for applying the Socratic elenchus, or any other engine of criticism, scepticism, or verification, to those sentiments or current precepts of morals which may in fact be very two-sided and may be much neglected in practice, but which the public opinion of his time requires to be treated in theory and in literature as if they had been cherished and held sacred *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*.

This is just what Macaulay does, and it is commonly supposed to be no heavy fault in him or any other writer for the common public. Man cannot live by analysis alone, nor nourish himself on the secret delights of irony. And if Macaulay had only reflected the more generous of the prejudices of mankind, it would have been well enough. Burke, for instance, was a writer who revered the prejudices of a modern society as deeply as Macaulay did; he believed society to be founded on prejudices and held compact by them. Yet what size there is in Burke, what fine perspective, what momentum, what edification! It may be pleaded that there is the literature of edification, and there is the literature of knowledge, and that the qualities proper to the one cannot lawfully be expected from the other, and would only be very much out of place if they should happen to be found there. But there are two answers to this. First, Macaulay in the course of his varied writings discusses all sorts of ethical and other matters, and is not simply a chronicler of party and intrigue, of dynasties and campaigns. Second, and more than this, even if he had never travelled beyond the composition of historical record, he could still have sown his pages, as does every truly great writer, no matter what his subject may be, with those significant images or far-reaching suggestions, which suddenly light up a whole range of distant thoughts and sympathies within us; which in an instant affect the sensibilities of men with a something new and unforeseen; and which awaken, if only for a passing moment, the faculty and response of the diviner mind. Tacitus does all this, and Burke does it, and that is why men who care nothing for Roman despots or for Jacobin despots, will still perpetually turn

to those writers almost as if they were on the level of great poets or very excellent spiritual teachers.

One secret is that they, and all such men as they were, had that of which Macaulay can hardly have had the rudimentary germ, the faculty of deep abstract meditation and surrender to the fruitful "leisure of the spirit." We can picture Macaulay talking, or making a speech in the House of Commons, or buried in a book, or scouring his library for references, or covering his blue foolscap with dashing periods, or accentuating his sentences and barbing his phrases; but can anybody think of him as meditating, as modestly pondering and wondering, as possessed for so much as ten minutes by that spirit of inwardness which has never been wholly wanting in any of those kings and princes of literature, with whom it is good for men to sit in counsel? He seeks truth, not as she should be sought, devoutly, tentatively, and with the air of one touching the hem of a sacred garment, but clutching her by the hair of the head and dragging her after him in a kind of boisterous triumph, a prisoner of war and not a goddess.

All this finds itself reflected, as the inner temper of a man always is reflected, in his style of written prose. The merits of his prose are obvious enough. It naturally reproduces the good qualities of his understanding, its strength, manliness, and directness. That exultation in material goods and glories of which we have already spoken makes his pages rich in colour, and gives them the effect of a sumptuous gala-suit. Certainly the brocade is too brand-new, and has none of the delicate charm that comes to such finery when it is a little faded. Again, nobody can have any excuse for not knowing exactly what it is that Macaulay means. We may assuredly say of his prose what Boileau says of his own poetry — "*Et mon vers, bien ou mal, dit toujours quelque chose*." This is a prodigious merit, when we reflect with what fatal alacrity human language lends itself in the hands of so many performers upon the pliant instrument, to all sorts of obscurity, ambiguity, disguise, and pretentious mystification. Scaliger is supposed to have remarked of the Basques and their desperate tongue: "'Tis said the Basques understand one another; for my part, I will never believe it." The same pungent doubt might apply to loftier members of the hierarchy of speech than that forlorn dialect, but never to English as handled

by Macaulay. He never wrote an obscure sentence in his life, and this may seem a small merit, until we remember of how few writers we could say the same.

Macaulay is of those who think prose as susceptible of polished and definite form as verse, and he was, we should suppose, of those also who hold the type and mould of all written language to be spoken language. There are more reasons for demurring to the soundness of the latter doctrine than can conveniently be made to fill a digression here. For one thing, spoken language necessarily implies one or more listeners, whereas written language may often have to express meditative moods and trains of inward reflection that move through the mind without trace of external reference, and that would lose their special traits by the introduction of any suspicion that they were to be overheard. Again, even granting that all composition must be supposed to be meant by the fact of its existence to be addressed to a body of readers, it still remains to be shown that indirect address to the inner ear should follow the same method and rhythm as address directly through impressions on the outer organ. The attitude of the recipient mind is different, and there is the symbolism of a new medium between it and the speaker. The writer, being cut off from all those effects which are producible by the physical intonations of the voice, has to find substitutes for them by other means, by subtler cadences, by a more varied modulation, by firmer notes, by more complex circuits, than suffice for the utmost perfection of spoken language, which has all the potent and manifold aids of personality. In writing, whether it be prose or verse, you are free to produce effects whose peculiarity one can only define vaguely by saying that the senses have one part less in them than in any other of the forms and effects of art, and the imaginary voice one part more. But the question need not be laboured here, because there can be no dispute as to the quality of Macaulay's prose. Its measures are emphatically the measures of spoken deliverance. Those who have made the experiment, pronounce him to be one of the authors whose works are most admirably fitted for reading aloud. His firmness and directness of statement, his spiritedness, his art of selecting salient and highly-coloured detail, and all his other merits as a narrator keep the listener's attention, and make him the easiest of writers to follow.

Although, however, clearness, direct-

ness, and positiveness are master qualities and the indispensable foundations of all good style, yet does the matter plainly by no means end with them. And it is even possible to have these virtues so unhappily proportioned and inauspiciously mixed with other turns and casts of mind, as to end in work with little grace or harmony or fine tracery about it, but only overweening purpose and vehement will. And it is overweeningness and self-confident will that are the chief notes of Macaulay's style. It has no benignity. Energy is doubtless a delightful quality, but then Macaulay's energy is energy without momentum, and he impresses us more by a strong volubility than by volume. It is the energy of interests and intuitions, which though they are profoundly sincere if ever they were sincere in any man, are yet, in the relations which they comprehend, essentially superficial.

Still, trenchancy whether in speaker or writer is a most effective tone for a large public. It gives them confidence in their man, and prevents tediousness — except to those who reflect how delicate is the poise of truth, what steepes and pits encompass the dealer in unqualified propositions. To such persons, a writer who is trenchant in every sentence of every page, who never lapses for a line into the contingent, who marches through the intricacies of things in a blaze of certainty, is not only a writer to be distrusted, but the owner of a doubtful and displeasing style. It is a great test of style to watch how an author disposes of the qualifications, limitations, and exceptions that clog the wings of his main proposition. The grave and conscientious men of the seventeenth century insisted on packing them all honestly along with the main proposition itself within the bounds of a single period. Burke arranges them in tolerably close order in the paragraph. Dr. Newman, that winning writer, disperses them lightly over his page. Of Macaulay it is hardly unfair to say that he despatches all qualifications into outer space before he begins to write, or if he magnanimously admits one or two here and there, it is only to bring them the more imposingly to the same murderous end.

We have spoken of Macaulay's interests and intuitions wearing a certain air of superficiality; there is a feeling of the same kind about his attempts to be genial. It is not truly festive. There is no abandonment in it. It has no deep root in moral humour, and is merely a literary form, resembling nothing so much as the hard geniality of some clever college tutor of

stiff manners entertaining undergraduates at an official breakfast-party. This is not because his tone is bookish; on the contrary, his tone and level are distinctly those of the man of the world. But one always seems to find that neither a wide range of cultivation nor familiar access to the best Whig circles had quite removed the stiffness and self-conscious precision of the Clapham Sect. We would give much for a little more flexibility, and would welcome even a slight consciousness of infirmity. As has been said, the only people whom men cannot pardon are the perfect. Macaulay is like the military king who never suffered himself to be seen, even by the attendants in his bedchamber, until he had had time to put on his uniform and jack-boots. His severity of eye is very wholesome; it makes his writing firm, and firmness is certainly one of the first qualities that good writing must have. But there is such a thing as soft and considerate precision, as well as hard and scolding precision. Those most interesting English critics of the generation slightly anterior to Macaulay,—Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt,—were fully his equals in precision, and yet they knew how to be clear, acute, and definite, without that edginess and inelasticity which is so conspicuous in Macaulay's criticisms, alike in their matter and their form.

To borrow the figure of an old writer, Macaulay's prose is not like a flowing vestment to his thought, but like a suit of armour. It is often splendid and glittering, and the movement of the opening pages of his history is superb in its dignity. But that movement is exceptional. As a rule there is the hardness, if there is also often the sheen, of highly-wrought metal. Or, to change our figure, his pages are composed as a handsome edifice is reared, not as a fine statue or a frieze "with bossy sculptures graven" grows up in the imaginative mind of the statuary. There is no liquid continuity, such as indicates a writer possessed by his subject and not merely possessing it. The periods are marshalled in due order of procession, bright and high-stepping; they never escape under an impulse of emotion into the full current of a brimming stream. What is curious is that though Macaulay seems ever to be brandishing a two-edged gleaming sword, and though he steeps us in an atmosphere of belligerency, yet we are never conscious of inward agitation in him, and perhaps this alone would debar him from a place among the greatest writers. For they, under that reserve,

suppression, or management, which is an indispensable condition of the finest rhetorical art, even when aiming at the most passionate effects, still succeed in conveying to their readers a thrilling sense of the strong fires that are glowing underneath. Now when Macaulay advances with his hectoring sentences and his rough pistolling ways, we feel all the time that his pulse is as steady as that of the most practised duellist who ever ate fire. He is too cool to be betrayed into a single phrase of happy improvisation. His pictures glare, but are seldom warm. Those strokes of minute circumstantiality which he loved so dearly, show that even in moments when his imagination might seem to be moving both spontaneously and ardently, it was really only a literary instrument, a fashioning tool and not a melting flame. Let us take a single example. He is describing the trial of Warren Hastings. "Every step in the proceedings," he says, "carried the mind either backward through many troubled centuries to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left." The odd triviality of the last detail, its unworthiness of the sentiment of the passage, leaves the reader checked; what sets out as a fine stroke of imagination dwindles down to a sort of literary conceit. And so in other places, even where the writer is most deservedly admired for gorgeous picturesque effect, we feel that it is only the literary picturesque, a kind of infinitely glorified newspaper-reporting. Compare, for instance, the most imaginative piece to be found in any part of Macaulay's writings with that sudden and lovely apostrophe in Carlyle, after describing the bloody horrors that followed the fall of the Bastille in 1789:—"O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-roused dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-officers;—and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel de Ville!" Who does not feel in this the breath of poetic inspiration, and how different it is from the mere composite of the rhetorician's imagination, assiduously working to order?

This remark is no disparagement of Macaulay's genius, but a classification of

it. We are interrogating our own impressions, and asking ourselves among what kind of writers he ought to be placed. Rhetoric is a good and worthy art, and rhetorical authors are often more useful, more instructive, more really respectable than poetical authors. But it is to be said that Macaulay as a rhetorician will hardly be placed in the first rank by those who have studied both him and the great masters. Once more, no amount of embellishment or emphasis or brilliant figure suffices to produce this intense effect of agitation rigorously restrained; nor can any beauty of decoration be in the least a substitute for that touching and penetrative music which is made in prose by the repressed trouble of grave and high souls. There is a certain music, we do not deny, in Macaulay, but it is the music of a man everlastingly playing for us rapid solos on a silver trumpet, never the swelling diapacons of the organ, and never the deep ecstasies of the four magic strings. That so sensible a man as Macaulay should keep clear of the modern abomination of dithyrambic prose, that rank and sprawling weed of speech, was natural enough; but then the effects which we miss in him, and which, considering how strong the literary faculty in him really was, we are almost astonished to miss, are not produced by dithyramb but by repression. Of course the answer has been already given; Macaulay, powerful and vigorous as he was, had no agitation, no wonder, no tumult of spirit, to repress. The world was spread out clear before him; he read it as plainly and as certainly as he read his books; life was all an affair of direct categoricals.

This was at least one secret of those hard modulations and shallow cadences. How poor is the rhythm of Macaulay's prose, we only realize by going with his periods fresh in our ear to some true master of harmony. It is not worth while to quote passages from an author who is in everybody's library, and Macaulay is always so much like himself that almost any one page will serve for an illustration exactly as well as any other. Let any one turn to his character of Somers, for whom he had much admiration, and then turn to Clarendon's character of Falkland; "a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odi-

ous and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." Now Clarendon is not a great writer, nor even a good writer, for he is prolix and involved, yet we see that even Clarendon, when he comes to a matter in which his heart is engaged, becomes sweet and harmonious in his rhythm. If we turn to a prose-writer of the very first place, we are instantly conscious of a still greater difference. How flashy and shallow Macaulay's periods seem as we listen to the fine ground-base that rolls in the melody of the following passage of Burke's, and it is taken from one of the least ornate of all his pieces:—

You will not, we trust, believe, that, born in a civilized country, formed to gentle manners, trained in a merciful religion, and living in enlightened and polished times, where even foreign hostility is softened from its original sternness, we could have thought of letting loose upon you, our late beloved brethren, these fierce tribes of savages and cannibals, in whom the traces of human nature are effaced by ignorance and barbarity. We rather wished to have joined with you in bringing gradually that unhappy part of mankind into civility, order, piety, and virtuous discipline, than to have confirmed their evil habits and increased their natural ferocity by fleshing them in the slaughter of you, whom our wiser and better ancestors had sent into the wilderness with the express view of introducing, along with our holy religion, its humane and charitable manners. We do not hold that all things are lawful in war. We should think every barbarity, in fire, in wasting, in murders, in tortures, and other cruelties, too horrible and too full of turpitude for Christian mouths to utter or ears to hear, if done at our instigation, by those who we know will make war thus if they make it at all, to be, to all intents and purposes, as if done by ourselves. We clear ourselves to you our brethren, to the present age, and to future generations, to our king and our country, and to Europe, which, as a spectator, beholds this tragic scene, of every part or share in adding this last and worst of evils to the inevitable mischiefs of a civil war.

We do not call you rebels and traitors. We do not call for the vengeance of the crown against you. We do not know how to qualify millions of our countrymen, contending with one heart for an admission to privileges which we have ever thought our own happiness and honour, by odious and unworthy names. On the contrary, we highly revere the principles on which you act, though we lament some of their effects. Armed as you are, we embrace you, as our friends and as our brethren by the best and dearest ties of relation.

It may be said that there is a patent in-



justice in comparing the prose of a historian criticising or describing great events at second hand, with the prose of a statesman taking active part in great events, fired by the passion of a present conflict, and stimulated by the vivid interest of undetermined issues. If this be a well-grounded plea, and it may be so, then of course it excludes a contrast not only with Burke, but also with Bolingbroke, whose fine manners and polished gaiety give us a keen sense of the grievous garishness of Macaulay. If we may not initiate a comparison between Macaulay and great actors on the stage of affairs, at least there can be no objection to the introduction of Southey as a standard of comparison. Southey was a man of letters pure and simple, and it is worth remarking that Macaulay himself admitted that he found so great a charm in Southey's style, as nearly always to read it with pleasure, even when Southey was talking nonsense. Now, take any page of the "Life of Nelson" or the "Life of Wesley;" consider how easy, smooth, natural, and winning is the diction and the rise and fall of the sentence, and yet how varied the rhythm and how nervous the phrases; and then turn to a page of Macaulay, and wince under its stamping emphasis, its overcoloured tropes, its exaggerated expressions, its unlovely staccato. Southey's "History of the Peninsular War" is now dead, but if any of my readers has a copy on his highest shelves, I would venture to ask him to take down the third volume, and read the concluding pages, of which Coleridge used to say that they were the finest specimen of historic eulogy he had ever read in English, adding, with forgivable hyperbole, that they were more to the duke's fame and glory than a campaign. "Foresight and enterprise with our commander went hand in hand; he never advanced but so as to be sure of his retreat; and never retreated but in such an attitude as to impose upon a superior enemy," and so on through the sum of Wellington's achievements. "There was something more precious than these, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he had secured by his military achievements, the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements had been directed; that they were for the deliverance of two most injured and grievously oppressed nations; for the safety, honour, and welfare of his own country; and for the general interests of Europe and of the civilized world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause; they were sullied by

no cruelties, no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses; his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his death-bed he might remember his victories among his good works."

With this exquisite modulation still delighting the ear, we open Macaulay's "Essays," and stumble on such sentences as this: "That Tickell should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villany seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree." Ὡς μανδύ, καὶ παμμυαρδύ, καὶ μυρώτατον! Surely this is the very burlesque and travesty of a style. Yet it is a characteristic passage. It would be easy to find a thousand examples of the same vicious workmanship, and it would be difficult to find a page in which these cut and disjointed sentences are not the type and mode of the prevailing rhythm.

What is worse than want of depth and fineness of intonation in a period is all gross excess of colour, because excess of colour is connected with graver faults in the region of the intellectual conscience. Macaulay is a constant sinner in this respect. The wine of truth is in his cup a brandied draught, a hundred degrees above proof, and he too often replenishes the lamp of knowledge with naphtha instead of fine oil. It is not that he has a spontaneous passion for exuberant decoration, which he would have shared with more than one of the greatest names in literature. On the contrary, we feel that the exaggerated words and dashing sentences are the fruit of deliberate travail, and the petulance or the irony of his speech is mostly due to a driving predilection for strong effects. His memory, his directness, his aptitude for forcing things into firm outline, and giving them a sharply-defined edge,—these and other singular talents of his all lent themselves to this intrepid and indefatigable pursuit of effect. And the most disagreeable feature is that Macaulay was so often content with an effect of an essentially vulgar kind, offensive to taste, discordant to the fastidious ear, and worst of all, at enmity with the whole spirit of truth. By vulgar we certainly do not mean homely, which marks a wholly different quality. No writer can be more homely than Mr. Carlyle, alike in his choice of particulars to dwell upon, and in the terms or images in which he describes or illustrates them, but there is

also no writer further removed from vulgarity. Nor do we mean that Macaulay too copiously enriches the tongue with infusion from any Doric dialect. For such raciness he had little taste. What we find in him is that quality which the French call brutal. The description, for instance, in the essay on Hallam, of the license of the Restoration, seems to us a coarse and vulgar picture, whose painter took the most garish colours he could find on his palette and laid them on in untempered crudity. And who is not sensible of the vulgarity and coarseness of the account of Boswell? "If he had not been a great fool, he would not have been a great writer . . . he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb," and so forth, in which the shallowness of the analysis of Boswell's character matches the puerile rudeness of the terms. Here, again, is a sentence about Montesquieu. "The English at that time," Macaulay says of the middle of the eighteenth century, "considered a Frenchman who talked about constitutional checks and fundamental laws as a prodigy not less astonishing than the learned pig or musical infant." And he then goes on to describe the author of one of the most important books that ever were written as "specious but shallow, studious of effect, indifferent to truth — the lively president," and so forth, stirring, in any reader who happens to know Montesquieu's influence, a singular amazement. We are not concerned with the judgment upon Montesquieu, nor with the truth as to contemporary English opinion about him, but a writer who devises an antithesis to such a man as Montesquieu in learned pigs and musical infants, deliberately condescends not merely to triviality or levity but to flat vulgarity of thought, to something of mean and ignoble association. Though one of the most common, this is not Macaulay's only sin in the same unfortunate direction. He too frequently resorts to vulgar gaudiness. For example, there is in one place a certain description of an alleged practice of Addison's. Swift had said of Esther Johnson that "whether from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she most liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than to oppose them. It prevented noise, she said, and saved time."\* Let

us behold what a picture Macaulay draws on the strength of this passage. "If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill-received," Macaulay says of Addison, "he changed his tone, 'assented with civil leer,' and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity." To compare this transformation of the simplicity of the original into the grotesque heat and overcharged violence of the copy, is to see the homely maiden of a country village transformed into the painted flaunter of the city.

One more instance. We should be sorry to violate any sentiment of τὸ σεμνόν about a man of Macaulay's genius, but what is a decorous term for a description of the doctrine of Lucretius's great poem, thrown in parenthetically, as the "silliest and meanest system of natural and moral philosophy"? Even disagreeable artifices of composition may be forgiven when they serve to vivify truth, to quicken or to widen the moral judgment, but Macaulay's hardy and habitual recourse to strenuous superlatives is fundamentally unscientific and untrue. There is no more instructive example in our literature than he, of the saying that the adjective is the enemy of the substantive.

In 1837 Jeffrey saw a letter written by Macaulay to a common friend, and stating the reasons for preferring a literary to a political life. Jeffrey thought that his illustrious ally was wrong in the conclusion to which he came. "As to the tranquillity of an author's life," he said, "I have no sort of faith in it. And as to fame, if an author's is now and then more lasting, it is generally longer withheld, and except in a few rare cases it is of a less pervading or elevating description. A great poet or a great *original* writer is above all other glory. But who would give much for such a glory as Gibbon's? Besides, I believe it is in the inward glow and pride of consciously influencing the destinies of mankind, much more than in the sense of personal reputation, that the delight of either poet or statesman chiefly consists." And Gibbon had at least the advantage of throwing himself into a controversy destined to endure for centuries. He, moreover, was specifically a historian, while Macaulay has been prized less as a historian proper, than as a master of literary art. Now a man of letters, in an age of battle and transition like our own, fades into an ever-deepening distance, unless he has while he writes that touching and impressive quality, — the presentiment of the

\* Forster's Swift, i. 265.

eve; a feeling of the difficulties and interests that will engage and distract mankind on the morrow. Nor can it be enough for enduring fame in any age merely to throw a golden halo round the secularity of the hour, or to make glorious the narrowest limitations of the passing day. If we think what a changed sense is already given to criticism, what a different conception now presides over history, how many problems on which he was silent are now the familiar puzzles of even superficial readers, we cannot help feeling that the eminent man whose life we are all about to read, is the hero of a past which is already remote, and that he did little to make men better fitted to face a present of which, close as it was to him, he seems hardly to have dreamed.

JOHN MORLEY.

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From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW DAY'S-MAN AT THE MANOR.

It was again spring, always late, cold, and bleak among those eastern downs approaching the coast. The fogs from Holland alternated with the whistling winds that blew over the German Ocean, lashing it to a fury, and raising on that long line of unsheltered sandy shore perfect whirlwinds of sand. These threatened to bury the inhabitants in their houses, as it buried their gardens, which were dug out annually.

Yet hardy fisher-folk and traders clung in great clusters for centuries — back even to the Danish invasion, to such towns as Cheam, and had thriven and flourished in them. There was as stout and faithful a population inland, who had settled on the bare, wide meadows, with deep ditches and slow streams, and who had fattened in them like their own oxen. Into strong, shrewd, stubborn natures they had taken the great, plain, unvarying traits of the landscape around them, and cherished it as far before the gardens of roses or frowning grandeur of mountains with which the imaginations of more sensitive people had on occasion tried to tickle the fancies of those dwellers in an eastern county.

There were not more staunch countrymen in all England. Not in soft and

bold, flowery and rocky Devon, which, to complete its contrasts, breaks into vast moorlands — not in the bowery hop-gardens of Kent, or the sunny wheat-fields and shady coppices of Berkshire, or the romantic glories of hill and dale in Derbyshire — was there a more home-loving, attached population than was to be found in that county to which belonged Cheam and Saxford. There were many such stirring coast-towns, the birthplace of ancient mariners and naval heroes of all time, with forests of shipping, old market-places, and fine old churches; and there were many such sturdy little villages, with small, square-towered, thatch-roofed churches and churchyards mossy and turfy, on the outskirts, and general stores for shops, and inns — half inns, half alehouses — for village centres.

As extremes meet, so in the extremes of prose in this land there was a curious, as it were unconscious, poetry, just as on its noisy, weather-worn quays, and in its crowded town lanes, and in some of its quiet, slumbrous halls and heavy, comfortable farmhouses, sad enough tragedies had been enacted.

And that late, cold spring-time of the east counties, which the very natives would deplore, had an unspeakable freshness in its blustering gales, and in the lingering frost-nips that contended with the increasing warmth of its sunshine, and with the springing sap of all life, such as no tender, balmy spring of the south or the west could command. It may be that it requires youth and health, or at least the recollections and associations of youth and health, to appreciate such rough, coy springs; but given the conditions, and no fair judge will deny that under all its disadvantages the much-belied east-coast spring has a charming something, invigorating and bracing, that is denied all other springs, and which is well-nigh worth their counterbalancing attractions.

A pedestrian who was in the neighbourhood of the manor, and who, by the way, was not an east-countryman, revolved some of these thoughts. The flats were not dull, wearisome, and heavy beyond bearing, but in their wide space and monotony, their comparative emptiness and loneliness, had something of the impressiveness, and even something of the vague sadness, which captivates the wanderer among mountains. The chill of this spring-time was not mere grey cloudiness, piercing to the bone and marrow, but was also illumined pure blue, that got into the blood and roused it to such sensibilities

and raptures as mere soothing softness and mildness of atmosphere could never evoke.

The pedestrian was a young man who looked hardly more than a lad, save for a certain spring of manliness about him. By his dress he was of the working-class, and his fustians had been donned new and clean for the occasion. He was of the middle size, fairly but rather slightly built, with a face not so regular and correct of moulding as it was well bronzed in colour and bright and pleasant in expression. He had lively dark eyes, which suited with what was seen of the wavy black hair, inclining to curl crisply under the straw hat.

If this young fellow were on the tramp from one situation to another, or in search of work, he was not much pressed. He walked along with a light step, to take in the landscape in its mental and moral import, as well as in its bold outlines and practical statistics. He even paused to lean on a gate not far from the manor-house, to watch a little cavalcade that approached it, coming home from field-work in the gathering twilight along a field-path by a ditch-side.

The party consisted of three or four outworkers, who might be a detachment from the main village gang. The group was of the usual kind, even in the principal figures which caught the gazer's eye. Perhaps because he was not altogether country-bred, the figures struck him. A tawny-haired young man, instead of riding his plough-horse walked by it and its fellow, on which was mounted a woman in a sun-bonnet and short skirts, sitting as on a side-saddle, though on the bare back of the horse, which jogged along with the slow, solemn pace of a work-horse; the jingling accoutrements sounding through the stillness as it journeyed to its stable.

The man was between the stranger and the rider, so that he could not see the face of the amazon. He judged her to be young simply because the only other woman of the party was so old to be engaged in field-work that, had age been a title and not an impediment to such a progress, she would certainly have been the mounted woman.

As the group turned in before the wayfarer, and took the road to the manor, he followed in their track. He was just in time to see the rider alight, still with her back to him — lifted down by the principal man — when she went up to the head of the horse, put an arm for a moment

lightly round its broad neck, and patted its long face with the other hand, as saying good night, with thanks, to a familiar acquaintance, before she passed into the old house.

The stranger was now close to those who were left of the party — the old woman and a man as old, who were taking their way to an outhouse, and a younger man, who was about to help the leader to take the horses to the stable.

"You beant seeking quarters for the night here?" said the head man, interrogatively, first noticing and addressing the follower. "This here is a farmhouse, but the willage is a little bit fudder on."

"Thank you," said the stranger, speaking clearly but slowly, and with a little hesitation. "Yes, I want quarters, to be sure. I suppose I shall get them at the first alehouse; but I should not object to a spell of work too, if any master hereabouts would take a stranger fellow on to do an odd turn."

"A stranger in them parts," said Long Dick, as if he were confirming the other's statement so far. "I dunno know your face, and your tongue ain't ourn."

"I have lived a good deal in London," said the stranger; "you may call me a cockney chap, if you like, for I cannot take a mouthful of my words as you do, but must clip them short."

"Be you town-bred?" was the next question.

"Well, I ain't exactly either town or country bred, but part of both," said the stranger evasively, and reddening through the brown of his cheek. "If you wish to know what I have worked at, I've tried mechanics — but must I answer all these questions before I get an answer to my question, whether a day's-man is taken on at a time on this or any other neighbouring farm?"

"You are a cockie chap to go again a man axing where and what you 'a been when you are axing a place," said Long Dick, in the derisiveness of superior wisdom. "I take it you'll find fault next with me axing your name?"

"No — look here, mate, I call myself Joel Wray," said the man with a laugh, either at his own unreasonableness, or from his sense of any little peculiarity in his name.

"And what may be turning you into the fields — we 'a enough of agricultural labourers in a general way — when you've been bred to mechanics, as you say? I suppose that be the carpentering and join-ing, or, as you seem a swellish sort of

town feller," said Long Dick, with a slow smile, "you may 'a been in the cabinet-making line?" As he spoke Dick gave a look at the other's hands, which had seen wind and weather like his face, but which were certainly not the horny hands of a labourer.

"I have made both cart-wheels and chairs and tables in my time," said the young man, with a little solemnity, as if his time had been that of a patriarch, and as if it cast a shadow backwards over him and his bronzed face and crisp curling black hair. "Now, I am inclined to do a little field-work for a change, and to try how you ploughmen lads fare. I suppose you have no objection?"

"No, I han't; it would come ill off my hand," said Long Dick, candidly, "for I 'a liked change in my day, though I'm a sort on settled now; and that minds me that you are but a whipper-snapper, if I may call you so, of a young feller, with less hair on your face than I 'a, to speak of trying how us ploughmen lads fare, as if you were a mighty sight above us in power and age."

"Forgive me," said Joel, not at all offended by being thus pulled up and brought to book. "It is a bad trick I have of speaking as if I were somebody. I suppose I caught it from being a widow's son, and living a good deal at home with my mother and sister. You know how women spoil a fellow. At the same time, is there not some saying about the quality of the goods not depending entirely on the size of the bundle? Now I dare say you beat all the country round in wrestling-matches," continued the speaker, surveying Dick's grand proportions with a mixture of admiration and undauntedness; "but if I were to have a throw with you, I should make some fight to keep my own."

"It's like you 'ould, for you d' be plucky," said Dick, not above being propitiated by the compliment to his physical supremacy. "I 'on't deny that I can keep my head, and I 'a kep it ere now; but them days are over with me," said Dick, assuming very much the same venerable tone which his companion had adopted and quickly dropped. "I 'a no more time for wrestling and boxing and sich riotous demeanours. I've as good as sobered down into a judge."

"Married, perhaps?" said Joel with a comical twinkle in his lively black eyes, which implied that he saw the giant in fancy a bond-slave to some mite of a woman.

"None so fast," said Long Dick, with

shy but unmistakable pleasure in the suggestion; "not mated yet, but mappens nigh-hand it."

"Well, I wish you joy of the missus to be," said Joel, a little flippantly for so short an acquaintance, "and I won't keep you standing here all night; I must push on to get into quarters."

"Wait a bit," said Long Dick as the young man was moving off; "I can put you on getting a job for one day; we want to be through with the hoeing on the wheat in the thirty-acre to-morrer. I know Muster Paul, that's our bailiff, won't have nowt to say again an odd hand; rudder the other way, if you'll put your shoulder to the hoe and dunna root out weeds and plants at oncet. I'll send Ned here to the Brown Cow, where you'll put up, to rouse you and set you on the field afore six in the mornin'. What do you say to that?"

"Done," said Joel, "and I'll owe you a good turn some other day."

"Bor, he's flush with his good turns for a strange young man out on work," said Dick to himself, as he turned away with his vanity slightly wounded by having his patronage freely received and then as freely returned to him with a gratuitous payment in future favours, as given by an equal at least.

But Long Dick was not proud, as he would have said, and he rather took to this brisk young journeyman—cockney, as he had called himself, with his hail-fellow-well-met and Jack-alike airs. Cockneys were strange cattle to Long Dick, who had a hankering to know more of them, while, as in the case of most slow people, such briskness of assertion and retort as this specimen had shown, proved an attraction for him. At the same time he was guilty of chuckling quietly at the notion of the mess the young mechanic would be likely to make of even so simple a country matter as wheat-hoeing; and if he stayed on and helped to load and unload a cart or two of miller's stuff or cattle-food, the manor might show him what his mechanic's manhood was made of, set his legs tottering and his arms giving way, and him crying out for help, for as bold and conceited as he had been. "Serve him right and do him good," said Dick, compounding for the malice of the thought by the consideration, "His comb be too high for so young a cock, either in town or country; the sooner it's cropped the better for him, I pound it."

The next morning, in spite of Dick's having kept his word as to rousing the auxiliary, to his disgust, Joel Wray, the town

and country mechanic, did not make his appearance in the thirty-acre till the whole of the other workers had assembled and were hard at work.

The delinquent showed little shame for his remissness. "I'm about in time," he said, cheerfully looking round at his fellow-workers, "which is saying a good deal for a first start on so raw a morning."

"To them as has cheek to make it, that may be an excuse," said Dick sharply, for he was now in harness at the head of his gang, and like Mrs. Balls, Dick in office and Dick out of office was a somewhat different person; "but I 'a heerd that a mechanic as was too late for his yard was fined and written down for every minute he lost to his master."

"I should think I know fines to my cost," said Joel shrugging his shoulders, and then he said no more, being occupied in taking up the hoe that was lying ready for him, and after quick observation proceeding to copy closely the practice of his next neighbour.

Of course he did it rather clumsily at first, and got into grief at short intervals, entangling his hoe with other hoes, making lunges forward and almost losing his balance in his zeal, pulling himself up and falling out of the row in the opposite direction, and annihilating not only the plants which must perish in the process, but those not destined for slaughter, so as to leave staring and gaping blanks in the regular rows of loosened and relieved wheat.

His operations were narrowly watched and highly appreciated by the village girls, who had assembled in full force, having been electrified by the news issuing from the Brown Cow, and circulating from end to end of Saxford ere bedtime the night before, that a strange working-lad had come to the place, and had been taken on for a day to help to do the wheat-hoeing in the thirty-acre.

The announcement was like that of the arrival of a distinguished stranger at a watering-place hotel, who may be expected to join its *table d'hôte*, and show himself in the drawing-room in the evening.

And this was a case in which the stranger had few of his own sex to compete with, in preparing to take his part in the unfamiliar crowded scene. Wheat-hoeing is for the most part given over to women, with a few men to direct, restrain, and generally rule over them. The men on this occasion were Long Dick — whose bow, if Dick cared to think so, was doubly strung, seeing he had not only a mis-

tress and queen in Pleasance Hatton, but the humblest of slaves in Lizzie Blennerhasset — Ned Case, his underling, who was little better than a hobbledohoy, and was but one lad at the best, and old Miles Plum, the cattle-feeder, and he, besides being grizzled, wrinkled, and bent with age, had a grizzled, wrinkled, bent wife of his own, working in the field.

It may be guessed what a treasure a new day's-man in the thirty-acre was on this day to the Saxford girls. How gossip with regard to his age, his height, his saucy dark eyes and bold bearing, and town-bred polish and wit, had fairly exhausted itself, until the Blennerhasset girls and Sally Griffiths and Sue Case and the Prynnes had dared each other's open jeers and taunts, and outdone each other in getting up, at a moment's notice, something smart, a touch here and there of a red petticoat or a blue neckerchief in their ordinary soiled field-clothes.

These quick aspirants to his favour were prepared to sniggle a challenge to the stranger's awkwardness, to be followed by swift encouragement to any chatter and romping which the rules of the field and Long Dick's oversight would permit.

But there was something disappointing about the smart young town journeyman; for all his smartness he showed himself simple in not seeing the approaches which were made to him, and in not responding to one of them.

The more boisterous and giddy of the girls were speedily mortified and in a manner put down by being forced to find that Joel Wray's whole attention was concentrated on his work, and that he was bent on overcoming its difficulties.

Long Dick in office was not more disposed to discretion and diligence in preserving discipline and ensuring industry than the volunteer was of his own accord. More than one rustic nose cocked itself indignantly while the corresponding head was tossed disdainfully, and the overlooked hoer muttered to herself or her next neighbour, "Stoopid snail," an equivalent in east-country dialect for muff or prig, while she gave a regretful sigh to the fact that so likely a young lad, fresh from Lun'on or some other great town, whom she should have supposed up to all gallantry, was so incapable of a country flirtation.

The morning was one of those pale grey mornings when the sun is silvery, not golden, and has as little effect in the matter of warmth as the moon; when there is a dense dew approaching to the whiteness



of hoarfrost on the grass and hedge-leaves; when the morning breeze has the asperity of salt in its blowing due east; such a morning as was apt to prevail even in the most favourable spring weather at Saxford and Cheam. Yet the wheat grew strong and hardy in the climate, and the very weeds, as Joel Wray found to his trouble — wild mustard, bugloss, wild chamomile — were of the toughest.

"Take care, Wray," said Long Dick warningly, as Joel made one of his lunges; "but you ain't making so bad a job of it for a beginner," he added benevolently, seeing that his assistant was willing to work, and feeling inclined to make some atonement for proposing to snap him up on account of his delay in turning out to work.

"It ain't very difficult," answered Joel with spirit, stopping and resting on his hoe, and always ready to talk; "it would be easy enough supposing you were used to it; it is only its long continuance which could be complained of. If it call for skill, it should not be uninteresting, while it is a great deal better worth, being means to a useful end, than croquet, for instance — I mean cricket," said Joel, staring hard at the long stretches of meadows glittering under low sun-rays on their thickly-beaded surface. "I take it there are famous cricket-grounds and cricket-players in this region."

"I take it there be," said Long Dick with a grin; "but we don't stop to speak on cricket or on nothink when we are wheat-hoeing; we keeps our breath for our works."

"All right," acquiesced Joel, returning instantly to his hoe, and going at the weeds doggedly.

The long row of hoers worked steadily for a while, and then when Long Dick was at the opposite end of the row, a girl next to Joel Wray said to her neighbour on the other hand, "Be madam not coming out to-day?"

Joel started slightly at the question, and listened for the answer.

"Missus Balls has the rheumatiz, and has growed so fine that she wants a gal to do her house-work of a mornin' afore startin'; but yonder comes Pleasance, I do declare."

A young woman was advancing through the field to the workers, with the rays of the morning sun striking upon her without dazzling her or those who looked at her. She was dressed the same as the other women, except that her petticoat, instead of being red in colour, was purple like the

bloom of heather, and for the usual rough jacket she wore a soft grey shawl crossed in front and knotted round her waist like a child's shawl. She had the same sun-bonnet, thick boots, and thick worsted gloves as the rest of the girls, for they were better off than the men in the last respect. Joel had found that manly custom required the men to work with their hands bare, and had had his hands grow swollen and blue in the surly cold.

The young woman had to pass in front of Joel; as she did so she glanced curiously at him; while he, aroused by the nickname which the girls had given her, looked up from his work and stared full at her. To his surprise, almost to his consternation, he saw, irradiated by the silvery beams of the morning sun, a lovely young woman with a face full of health, spirit, and that refinement which is born only of intelligence. To put the finishing touch to the picture, while she had clearly prepared to take her share in the hoeing, she still wore such a pair of spectacles as men have a habit of associating with school lore and professional dignity.

Joel Wray, — who had his own antecedents and his own storehouse of associations in the midst of the widely different surroundings, — by a strange trick of thought recalled, not Tennyson's bucolic amazons, who might have been appropriate in the field, but one of the Princess's "sweet girl graduates."

The new-comer crossed over to Long Dick, exchanging friendly greetings as she went, and then Joel guessed that she must be the woman whom he had seen riding home on one of Dick's plough-horses on the previous afternoon.

Dick came forward to meet her, and Joel heard her say to him in an anxious voice, speaking in a manner that had here and there a trace of the east-country accent with a country phrase, but was still the unmistakable manner of speaking of an educated person, —

"What do you think of Daisy this morning, Dick? I'm sure she is better, though the flings ain't gone yet. She turned her head and looked at me as if she knew me when I went into the stall, and after I gave her the mash she wanted to rub her head against my arm."

"Wool, that be a good sign in itself," said Dick, more as if he were eager to gratify the girl than as if he had an assurance of the recovery of some horned favourite.

He made as if he would have her work next him, but she slipped by him, and

took up her position near the old woman who had also been on the scene the day before.

The new girl began to hoe with the ease of a trained, vigorous young arm. Joel cast stealthy glances at her, for she puzzled and fascinated him, even to the risk of causing him to lose ground in the progress he was making.

The sun rose higher, and its young warmth began to be felt by the workers; their hum of conversation, which had arisen in spite of Long Dick's assertion that they kept their breath for their "works," subsided, and left room for the larks' carols to fill the air.

Joel's arms began to ache, but the girl at whom he looked ever and anon betrayed no symptom of giving in. She worked steadily. Evidently she was not out upon trial like him, or working from some fancy, but on the same terms as her companions. When she stopped it was only to pick up the hoe which the older woman beside her had let the weeds drag out of her hand, and to give her a little help in demolishing a formidable group of rag-wort and thistles, and with that the girl resumed her own task, and plodded at it as if the plodding were the grand end of life.

Joel was not going to be beaten by a girl in spectacles with a tongue above her position, he was not going to be beaten by anybody. He did congratulate himself that his first bout of wheat-hoeing was to be but for one day, but he managed to keep his aching arms in motion and to do some service for the wage that was in store for him, until the dinner-hour, when both the village and the manor being near, the workers dispersed to their meal.

Joel did not suffer his arms to fall to his sides too obtrusively, but neither did he accompany any group on its way to rest and refreshment, and join in its discussion of that and similar day's work, and of day-labourers' interests generally, which would have been in better keeping with his pretensions. He felt a little discomfited, he could hardly tell why. In place of going back to the village he strolled away and sat down in solitude by the side of a ditch, and ate the bread and cheese and drank the bottle of ale with which he had, as he had judged, furnished himself orthodoxly. Then he shied pebbles at supposititious water-rats in the ditch, and watched yellow-hammers tapping at the snails in their shells in order to procure their dinner.

He was able to resume work a little refreshed, and to continue working, incited to endurance by the sight of the beautiful

young woman in the knotted, grey shawl and spectacles, who had turned up duly with Long Dick and the lad, and the old man and woman, and had set herself to work as if she had been born to hoe wheat—which, for all the discrepancies that impressed Joel vividly, she might have been, and as if she did it with all the satisfaction in the world.

Just before the thirty-acres field was cleaned, to Joel's secret relief, a little diversion occurred in the work; a hoer's hoe struck on a nest of field-mice. A little exclamation and momentary gathering round the spot followed. To Joel's amusement, several of the working-girls evinced as much repugnance, and even terror, as their sisters in a drawing-room might have betrayed on a similar excavation. The very old woman, who might be concluded beyond the age of affectation, cried out, though she had been used to beasties all her life, them sort allers made her feel creepy, and she could not agree with her sister who had once carried a pair in her pocket to a gentleman as wanted them for a favourite cat.

In the mean time Long Dick had taken up the young mice in his hand, and the girl in spectacles, in place of retreating like the most of her companions, was standing close to him, bending down to examine the vermin narrowly.

"What sleek little velvet coats, and what fine little paws they've got, Dick!" she cried, in ecstasy, "and what bright little eyes!—they are past the blind stage—and what funny little noses!—they are a great deal prettier than either puppies or kittens."

"Should you like me to carry en to the manor, Pleasance?" he said, answering a longing expression of her eyes; "you could put 'en in a cage and feed en on a little milk and crumbs, and tame en easy in no time."

"Like an organ-boy?" she said with a girlish, pleased laugh. "What would Mrs. Balls say? She says I am worse than any herd she ever knew with animals already."

"Mor! never mind Missus Balls," said Dick smiling back on her, "I'll manage en."

The mice were laid aside and tied up securely in Dick's handkerchief, and the work of the field went on as before, while Joel Wray said to himself sardonically, "A sweetheart's offering from that fine-looking, giant lout to the missus to be; unmistakably she is his match in beauty; but what a strange young woman to make

pets of mice! She is not a bit like a boy, either, except that she seems simple and frank in her way."

The hoeing of the field was finished within the afternoon, and the hoers accompanied Long Dick and the servants from the manor in a round by the house before they went back to the village, in order to be paid for that and their week's previous work, by Lawyer Lockwood's bailiff, who had a room at the back of the manor-house which he used as an office.

Joel Wray was following the rest, having walked last, with the three men, in the rear of the girls, when Long Dick, having handed over the handkerchief full of mice to Pleasance, who received them tenderly, and with the kindness and fearlessness of a born naturalist, decoyed the stranger lad to the barn, and told him to wait there till Ned yoked a cart which was to carry grain to a particular windmill.

"It ain't sundown," said Dick, "and we ain't a-goin' to go with the women, and call the arternoon's work made out by two hours and a bit's turn at such holiday-making as wheat-hoeing. There d' be a fine breeze risin'; we be bound to take a yokin' on grain to Miller Morse's hopper to-night yet. You'll len' us a hand with the sacks, now, 'ont you?"

"Ay, I'm your man," said Joel, a little proudly, as if seeing through the mischief, and setting it at nought.

The cart was soon yoked, and brought in front of the barn-door, from which the sacks of grain were to be carried and put into the cart, to be conveyed thence to the mill. The horse in the cart stood obediently without any driver, while Long Dick and Ned went into the barn, and, bowing their backs like beasts of burden, pulled whole sack-loads on their shoulders, and trudged out with them to the cart. Young Ned panted and laboured under his load, but Long Dick walked without a strain, and rose from under his burden, shaking himself, like a man who had felt the carriage more of a play than a toil.

Joel Wray came forward and succeeded in hoisting a sack on his back, nay, he walked, keeping a straight line with it, to the cart, and laid it down with its fellows, but when he turned round his sun-burned face was violently flushed, the sweat was hanging in drops on his forehead, and on his hands and wrists the sinews might be seen standing out like cords.

Ned and Long Dick took second loads, and Joel set his teeth and proposed to follow their example.

"He's game," said Dick under his breath, half pleased, half disappointed.

"Dick!" called Pleasance. She had come out with some grain to the fowls, and was standing watching the men at a little distance. "Dick!" she said again, with more authority and reproach than she knew that she was expressing in her undertone, "don't let him; don't you see that he's not fit like you and Ned?"

But before Dick could do more, under his own load, than give a half-stifled growl to Joel to desist, the latter had laid hold on the remaining sack, pulled it on to his shoulders, staggered with it somehow to the cart, and, having let it go, turned to Pleasance with a face as white as it had been red, and saying faintly, "Thank you; but I don't shirk any job that I've undertaken," made a motion to lift his straw hat, before he obeyed the bailiff's "Hie! hie! young man; do you want your day's wage?" from the open window of his room.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DORA IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

THE new day's-man departed as he had come, on the day following that of his work in the wheat-field, leaving no trace of him behind, but he turned up again with the first days of harvest.

He told Long Dick, whom he came across, that he had been on the tramp all the time, except when he worked odd days to any farmer who would take him on.

His appearance coincided with his story. His moleskins were no more like the new suit that he had worn on his first arrival, than the uniform of a soldier who has seen a campaign is like the same uniform as it was put on spick and span from the regimental tailor. His complexion, naturally brown, had acquired the nut and berry brownness of a gypsy, or an Italian, a tint which dark complexions take on, even in this country, from constant exposure to sun and weather, and which is quite distinct from the brick red that hot summers bring to such faces as Long Dick's.

Joel Wray also walked a little lame, which he explained by saying that he had over-walked himself. Young Ned, who saw Wray's feet, bore his testimony that they had been blistered to the last degree and not attended to, and that, even yet, it must require no small effort for him to walk in a countryman's boots.

But the spirit of the young man was un-

abated ; he was as inclined as ever to propose to himself fresh adventures, as persuaded as ever that what man did he could do, as prone to assert and defend himself ; and when he was free to speak he had still a tongue of his own specially given to asking questions, in short, he reappeared as plucky and cheeky, as Long Dick had called him.

Now in no place, and in no circumstances, is the proverb that "a rolling stone gathers no moss" more weighty than in the country, among agricultural labourers. Even Long Dick, who had tried his hand at more than one craft, and was fond of change and movement, held that it was no feather in the rover's cap, when the smart young mechanic proclaimed without hesitation, that he had been on the tramp, only doing odd days' work, and was still unsuited with a situation, for that matter did not seem desirous of finding one.

But even among the few corn-fields of the great pasture-lands, harvest coming on at once, far and near, made a rush on labourers. Neither had Long Dick seen anything in Joel Wray to qualify his first sneaking kindness for the brisk strange youngster who had gone far to prove that when he was engaged, he would work to the extreme limit, ay, and beyond the limit of his ability.

Therefore Dick mentioned the stranger a second time to the bailiff, and the bailiff took Joel on readily in the exigency of the moment, and on Dick's word.

Joel had learned better behaviour in one respect. He did not sleep in on this occasion, but was up with the earliest, and abroad from the Brown Cow, and on the field of action, the special field of wheat which was to be cut, before a scythe or sickle had been put into it.

It might be that the golden glow of the sunshine, which was only deliciously tempered from its noontide fervour, on the July morning, did not demand such a sacrifice of ease and comfort even from a young mechanic, as the cold silveriness of the spring sunrise. Or it might be that a hardly acknowledged haunting curiosity and interest which had gone with the stranger and mixed itself up in all his dreams and devices, and had drawn him back to the same locality, led him out thus early on the chance of pleasing an idle fancy or of satisfying his inquisitiveness.

It was a splendid summer morning — all the more splendid that the excessive clearness of the atmosphere, as if it had

dropped all its dew on the earth, enabled a gazer to see miles, on every side, of emerald green pasture, with their herds of cattle and droves of horses — not a veil of haze, not a bank of grey or white cloud, fleecy or curdled, intervening to break the remote blue line of the horizon. It did not bode good in the eyes of those who were watching for fine weather.

Lawyer Lockwood had so far conformed to the march of time as to have scythes as well as sickles in employment on his fields. He must have made still farther concessions to public opinion and had a reaping-machine, except for the fact, that not only were his corn-fields few, but that those of his neighbours being equally limited, there had been no room for the admission of more than one or two of those great overthrowers of harvest customs to arouse the wonder, envy, and wrath of the population between Saxford and Cheam.

The scythes were for Long Dick, Ned, and old Miles Plum. Joel Wray had seized one, but he had been authoritatively ordered to lay it down.

"Do'ee want to cut off your own legs or ourn?" demanded Dick. "You may be used to saws and files, but you know you ain't used to mowing udder grass or corn."

And to the young man's mortification at first he was sentenced to a place and a sickle with the women, who cut the corn in their own division of the field, or else bound the corn which had been cut, after the men.

It was at the height of the milking and cheese-making season ; but harvest, like marriage and death, according to old country customs, broke all other engagements. The milk at the manor was saved up for days, and made into special cream and skim-milk cheeses, while not only Pleasance, but all the staff of village girls ordinarily engaged in the dairy, took part in what was wont to be coveted by young and old and middle-aged, over all the yearly round of labour, because with the work — and it was hard work under a hot sun — there came also the old-as-the-fields joy of the harvest, and the crowning triumph of the ingathering.

The women, to old Phillis Plum, were in more becoming while not less suitable dress, even without a reference to the heedless stranger journeyman, than that in which Joel had seen them at the hoeing. The season warranted it, and custom had established it. There was a standard fashion for the harvest-field as there is for a ball-room.

The women had discarded their heavy woollen clothing and put on gowns, many of them kept fresh for the first day of the harvest. Any jackets that were worn by the elder women were white or brightly striped. Aprons came under the same rule, being light in texture as well as in colour, fit to be rolled up round the waist, not to interfere with the wielding of the sickle or the binding of the sheaves, and to be let down over the lap to receive the food sent from the farm or the village, and eaten in the field, or to be gathered together to hold the heads of corn if glean- ing were permitted as the last act on the field, the great spoils of which had been already carted into the farm-yard. The sun-bonnets or hoods were also of lighter material, and were mostly white in colour. They were only trying to the older women. They made a far from unbecoming finish to the gay and tender patches of pink or blue or buff, in which a painter might miss rich depth of colour, but which to the ordinary looker-on were sweet as the tints of wild roses, harebells, and prim- roses, into which the rest of the women's attire resolved itself.

Pleasance Hatton had a chintz-patterned gown, which, though it was of common calicot, looked dainty and cheerful as the flower of the little eye-bright. Her tucked-up apron was white, like the aprons of squires' madams and dames and duchesses of centuries gone, and as she was fond of having her aprons; for she would say if aprons would not wash, she did not see what use they could be for; she could not abide an apron which was not of washing-stuff.

Her white hood shaded a face like a Hebe's, with something of a youthful Minerva's in it, whether the last something were a lingering reflection of the spectacles, which were not worn on the present occasion, or of the breadth of forehead between the hazel grey eyes, that the spectacles often aided.

Joel Wray found that he had not been mistaken in his estimation of her remarkable face and bearing. He concealed his feelings, but he could have gazed upon her like one entranced. She remembered him as the young mechanic who had joined them for a day in the spring-time, and who had stood up gallantly to his work when it threatened to be too much for his strength and training. She gave him a smile and a little friendly nod of recognition, which filled him with delight.

Long Dick proposed that she should be of the party who bound after the scythes;

but she said no, she wanted to prove her skill with the sickle.

"She ain't the missus that was to be — not yet," said Joel Wray to himself, with a sense of relief and satisfaction as illogical and incoherent as the phrase.

Then Joel placed himself with alacrity, like Hercules among Omphale's women, contriving boldly that his station should be between Pleasance and old Phillis Plum's; and the work commenced. There was no room for conversation as the reapers grasped handfuls of the russet straw, and stored sheaf after sheaf on the newly-made stubble. Joel was content not only with the sunny fields, the wealth of grain, the corn-cockle, blue-bottle, poppy, and marigold that flecked it with brilliant blossoms, but with watching the busy-handed, blythe-hearted young woman beside him, and comparing her in his fancy to Nausicaa, to Hermann's Dorothea, to Eppie in the bothie with the Highland name. His mass of desultory reading had furnished him with widely varying comparisons, at least as abundant and available as the mechanics' institutes and libraries scattered broadcast over the country.

The first interruption was the cruel roughness and sharpness of the stubble, which caused him, limping already as he stepped forward, keeping pace with the waving line, to swerve beyond concealment.

"Ah, Ned has told us," she said, addressing him with hurried softness and pity, for she could not help observing and being slightly disturbed by his close study of her, "you have been over-walking yourself; but you are to stay with Miles Plum at the offices to-night, to save you from having to go and come from the village, and we shall make dressings for those poor feet of yours, so that they shall not pain you much to-morrow."

Joel, a little subdued in his irrepressible frankness and confidence, murmured his thanks gratefully, begging her not to speak or think of troubling herself for so small an evil on his part; and withal he looked his thanks still more than he spoke them, so that Pleasance said no more, though she could not regret what she had said.

The next thing was her surreptitiously observing the struggle which he made with his pain and his awkwardness—for he was as awkward at corn-cutting as at wheat-hoeing—to keep himself up to the mark of the women, and to do at least as much work as they did.

Pleasance did not say anything, for the stranger lad was but the very slightest ac-

quaintance of hers; and besides, in her intuitive delicacy and sympathy, she felt that he was vexed already at having to maintain such a struggle, and that he would be still more vexed if attention were called to it, or if it were as much as spoken of between her and him.

But though Pleasance said nothing, she thought the more; and it may be recorded of her with regard to this thought, that if women have an extravagant admiration for bodily strength and skill in a man, they are touched in another way, even to the quick, to see a man do brave battle against odds, with a true man's spirit that yet exceeds his strength and his skill.

The third thing was, that in giving a desperate stroke Joel Wray cut himself sharply just above the wrist.

Pleasance cried out, "I was afraid you would do that," and then stopped, blushing, but she did not stop acting: she quickly took her handkerchief from her pocket and proceeded to tie up the wound.

"It is nothing," he said, almost gruffly; and it was a cut as shallow as it was sharp, but he suffered her to staunch the bleeding and protect the injury by the folds and knot of her handkerchief, thinking that if it had been artery that had been cut, she would have sprung to him, or to any man or woman on the field, to compress it and bind it together, with the same quivering closed lips, and eyes with the moisture held back in them, careless for the pain to herself, only bent on serving another in such a ministration.

In a few moments he was at work again, with her working by his side, and, as he told himself with a foolish boyish thrill, having her token on his arm.

At mid-day came the hour's rest and the meal, eaten only on harvest and hay-making occasions on the field. The rarity of the circumstance, together with the harvest atmosphere, gave it somewhat of a festival character, to which Mrs. Balls, with sundry elderly assistants who were appointed to provide the refreshment, did their best to contribute, by supplying full pitchers of cyder and great piles of bread and cheese.

The repose as well as the food was welcome — a hundredfold more welcome than it could be at a picnic, as that queer fish Joel Wray reflected.

There was not much leisure, to be sure, to look around and see how the "field" employed itself. After having cleared away the victuals with the magic celerity of healthy appetites set on edge by a long morning's work, the lad Ned and some of

the women spurred on old Miles Plum to spend a little of his scant remaining breath in a quavering song the beginning and end of which was a lavish encomium on a highly estimable grey mare. A few of the younger girls got up and strolled away to pull straws and blow away dandelion-seeds, in order to tell each other's fortunes.

Despatch was necessary for these feats, in which not all the company were privileged to join; for just before the conclusion of the first spell of work, Long Dick's scythe broke, and he was forced to go off with it, reprobating his fate, to have it mended in his uncle's smithy, where Lizzie Blennerhasset would gladly find him a bite to eat in lieu of the harvest meal which he lost.

"It is an ill wind which blows nobody good," reflected Joel Wray, irrelevantly; and undoubtedly Long Dick was saved from some annoyance, for the stranger hovered round and kept by Pleasance Hatton, in the interval, in a manner which the quick village gossips began to remark.

It seemed only one or two blissful minutes to Joel Wray, that he sat beside Pleasance Hatton — not indeed outwardly apart from the others, only at one end of the semicircle, with the waving corn summoning them to fresh exertions behind them, and the field with its trophies of sheaves and ricks, the far-reaching pastures, the windmills, and the barges coming and going on the stream before them — surely the most peaceful of country landscapes.

Joel's tongue, which had been tied by a rush of feelings early in the day, was loosed now, and he talked freely and fluently, in his sharply clipped, smoothly rounded speech, which had such an echo of Pleasance's own.

Oh, how perilously winning was that ready, intelligent talk to Pleasance, coming upon her as if with the revival of old equal intercourse, which was no sooner heard than it filled her with a yearning sense of the vacancy and isolation that had preceded the unlooked-for experience! It came upon her with the sharp joy of surprise and the bliss of wonder. Yet Joel Wray was saying no more than did she not think spare old Miles Plum — now that he had finished his poetic praise of his grey mare, and was whetting his scythe — was like the figure of death on a tombstone? And were not the shapes and voices of the children who had strayed up from the village ostensibly with messages to their mothers and sis-



ters, in reality drawn by the universal attraction of the harvest-field, well matched with the scene?

One of the children, a pretty little toddling boy, belonged to the daughter of the bailiff—the last, a stout figure in farmer's garb of grey coat and grey hat, with a resolute mottled face and wiry whiskers, had just come on the field, to see how the work was progressing. The daughter, somewhat more refined than the ordinary women around her, half way between a rustic and a lady, had followed her father with a letter which had arrived for him and required an answer. Her child seeing his grandfather, ran and clasped the familiar knees, holding up the little fists clenched upon all the flowers which they were able to hold.

Pleasance's and Wray's eyes fell simultaneously on the group, and simultaneously they turned with a flash of pleased recognition to each other. "Dora," exclaimed Wray. "Grandpapa's Flowers," exclaimed Pleasance.

"I saw the play acted in one of the theatres before I left London; it is very popular," said Joel, clearing his throat.

"I read the story first by Mary Russell Mitford, and then by Tennyson. I used to read Miss Mitford's stories, and I have Tennyson's earlier poems," said Pleasance, quite naturally and easily, so long accustomed to the discrepancies between her education and her position, that she had quite forgotten how they would strike a stranger.

He looked amazed and stared for a moment, and then said—

"Oh, I suppose you have good working-people's libraries in the country, as well as in the town."

"No," she said, "I am sorry to say there are not, and I should be sorrier, but that grown-up people in our class hardly read at all in the country, at least that is my experience. The vicar has a Sunday-school library which serves the boys and girls as long as they continue at school; after they leave it they mostly give up reading."

"But you"—he ventured and paused.

She did not seem to look upon the observation as a liberty, though a little reserve stole over her in her answer.

"I was not educated here, and I have a number of books—they seem a number in this quarter," she corrected herself with a little laugh, "I read them still when I have spare time. The theatre must stand in the place of books to many people, and

must teach them many things very delightfully."

He wondered if she were laughing at him, and if there were not only native intelligence so far cultivated, but sarcasm in the thoughtful eyes. But she was looking at him quite simply, and he guessed that while she might have a little book-knowledge, of which she had made the most, she was in a delusion about the theatre, supposing it a place where historical dramas and moving moral tragedies were acted for the instruction and improvement of the people.

He did not wish to undeceive and disappoint her, he felt instinctively that she would be disappointed if he told her, that the theatre was a place where people went only to be entertained. She might say next, was not instruction—instruction not in science and art, but in greater human truths, struggles and conquests, the highest and best entertainment, or make some other equally wise, unanswerable speech. There was no wise speech with which he would not credit those flexible yet firm lips.

He preferred to say evasively, where her last sentence was concerned, "The 'Dora' that I saw played, was neither written by Miss Mitford nor by Tennyson, but by one Charles Reade."

"How odd that they should all three choose the same simple little text!" she said. "But don't you think that writers must all go back to first duties as well as to first feelings?"

He was saved an answer by the signal for the harvest work to recommence.

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From The Athenæum.  
LIFE, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS OF  
GEORGE TICKNOR.\*

THIS "Life of George Ticknor" will be welcomed by many Englishmen who have travelled in the United States, for it will bring to mind one of the pleasantest of houses, and one of the kindest of hosts. They will recall the street that faced the green elms on the Boston Common, the well-known door, the hospitable greeting. They will see once more that noble library, rich in its stores of English and of Spanish literature, in its gift-books from Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, and many others, in its folios of historical and liter-

\* *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor.* 2 vols. (Boston, U.S., Osgood & Co.)

ary autographs; and, best of all, they will hear again the conversation of George Ticknor himself, so varied, so full of information and of soundest sense.

Elsewhere in Boston they might, perhaps, find a more ostentatious luxury, but nowhere greater cultivation or a more exquisite refinement. Elsewhere they might meet with more boldness in the formation of opinions, or greater brilliancy in their expression, but nowhere such a balanced judgment or an intellect trained more carefully. Nor was anything more delightful than Mr. Ticknor's readiness to assist by his information or advice any one who might ask his aid. It was the same for all. It might be merely that some young travelling Englishman was consulting him as to the best tour, or the political relations of the various States. It might be that some great statesman, like Daniel Webster, was going to make a speech, and (the note lies now before us) begs Mr. Ticknor to write out for him "those verses in Virgil, in which he so beautifully describes the motions of the heavenly bodies." Or, again, Lord Stanhope is editing his "Miscellanies," and it is to Mr. Ticknor that he turns for information about Washington and André. It was unlikely that the special knowledge would be wanting. It was impossible that the kindly willingness should fail.

Those of us who have known Mr. Ticknor only through his great work, the "History of Spanish Literature," or as the biographer of Mr. Prescott, will feel something of surprise in the discovery that the interest of these memoirs lies less in their literary than in their social aspects. But Mr. Ticknor was no mere student. He was a man of society and of the world. He travelled much, and he went nowhere without making the acquaintance of the most remarkable men of each country that he visited. He kept the most careful diaries, noting down the descriptions and the conversations of those he met, and these diaries form no inconsiderable portion of the book before us. At Boston he was busy as professor at Harvard, or in founding the Boston Library, or engaged in his own literary work. In Europe he was scarcely less busy,—collecting and arranging his materials, learning all that could be learnt, seeing all that could be seen.

He was born at Boston in 1791, was a student at Dartmouth College, and was then admitted to the bar, but, after a year's experience, he resolves on giving

up the law, and in 1815 he comes to Europe in order to study at Göttingen.

On reaching Liverpool, his first introduction is to Roscoe, and then, on his way to London, he stops at Hatton to visit Dr. Parr, who astonished him not a little by observing, "Sir, I should not think I had done my duty if I went to bed any night without praying for the success of Napoleon Bonaparte."

In London, Mr. Ticknor formed a friendship with Lord Byron; two men more unlike in every respect can hardly be conceived of, and it is amusing to think of Byron impressing his visitor as being "simple and unaffected," or of his speaking "of his early follies with sincerity," and of his own works "with modesty." It is amusing, too, to hear that, as Lady Byron is going out for a drive, "Lord Byron's manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month." The following curious anecdote shows that Byron was no less unpatriotic in his views than Dr. Parr himself. Mr. Ticknor is calling upon him, and Byron is praising Scott as the first man of his time, and saying of Gifford that no one could have a better disposition, when —

Sir James Bland Burgess, who had something to do in negotiating Jay's Treaty, came suddenly into the room, and said abruptly, "My lord, my lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated." — "But is it true?" said Lord Byron, "is it true?" — "Yes, my lord, it is certainly true; an aide-de-camp arrived in town last night; he has been in Downing Street this morning, and I have just seen him as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris." After a moment's pause, Lord Byron replied, "I am d—d sorry for it;" and then, after another slight pause, he added, "I didn't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I sha'n't now." And this was the first impression produced on his impetuous nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo.

But Byron is not Mr. Ticknor's only London friend, and we read of a breakfast with Sir Humphry Davy, "a genuine bookseller's dinner" with Murray, and a visit to the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Göttingen, however, is the object of his journey, and at Göttingen he remains for the next year and a half. If he does not learn to scorn the delights of society, he has at least the resolution to live the la-

borious days of the earnest student. He works at five languages, and works twelve hours in the twenty-four. Greek, German, theology, and natural history seem chiefly to claim his attention, but he is also busy with French, Italian, and Latin, and manages at the same time to keep up his English reading. He is much amused with the German professors, and describes them with no little humour. There is Michaelis, who asks one of his scholars for some silver shoe-buckles, in lieu of a fee. There is Schultze, who "looks as if he had fasted six months on Greek prosody and the Pindaric metres." There is Blumenbach, who has a sharp discussion at a dinner-table, and next day sends down three huge quartos all marked to show his authorities and justify his statements.

During a six weeks' vacation there is a pleasant tour through Germany, and at Weimar Mr. Ticknor makes the acquaintance of Goethe, who talked about Byron, and "his great knowledge of human nature."

And now, in the November of 1816, there came an intimation that Harvard College wished to recall Mr. Ticknor to his old home, and give him the professorship of French and Spanish literature. It was a matter of difficulty for him to make a final decision, and a year passes before he determined to accept the charge, and a year and a half more before he enters upon its duties.

Meanwhile he leaves Göttingen, visits Paris, Geneva, and Rome, and then goes on to Spain. In Paris he sees Madame de Staël, but she is ill and dying. She tells him:—

Il ne faut pas me juger de ce que vous voyez ici. Ce n'est pas moi, ce n'est que l'ombre de ce que j'étais il y a quatre mois, — et une ombre, qui peut-être disparaîtra bientôt.

He meets Madame Récamier, and Chateaubriand, and Humboldt, and has something interesting to tell of each.

At Rome he sees much of the princess Borghese (Pauline Bonaparte), with whom he is somewhat astonished:—

At Lucien's, where a grave tone prevails, she is demure as a nun; but in her own palace, where she lives in great luxury, she comes out in her true character, and plays herself off in a manner that makes her as great a curiosity as a raree-show.

When in Spain, Mr. Ticknor is busy learning Spanish, and collecting Spanish books, and here he lays the groundwork for that special literary distinction, for

which he is now so widely known. One of the most beautiful descriptions in the whole book is his description of the Alhambra. It is too long for the quotation of more than a single sentence:—

Here you pass under superb rows of oaks and elms, whose size and regularity prove to you that they are the same where those proud kings walked, who claimed to themselves the title of emperor and sultan; and a little further on you find yourself in a thicket as wild as the original fastnesses of nature. Sometimes you meet with a fountain that still flows as it did when tales of Arabian nights were told on its borders, and sometimes you find the waters burst from their aqueducts, and bubbling over the ruins of the palaces, or pouring in cascades from the summit of the crumbling fortifications.

At Malaga he met Madame de Teba, who was afterwards Madame de Montijo, the mother of the empress of the French. Mr. Ticknor was greatly charmed with her, and considered her

the most cultivated and the most interesting woman in Spain. . . . Young and beautiful, educated strictly and faithfully by her mother, a Scotchwoman, who, for this purpose, carried her to London and Paris, and kept her there between six and seven years,—possessing extraordinary talents, and giving an air of originality to all she says and does, she unites, in a most bewitching manner, the Andalusian grace and frankness to a French facility in her manners, and a genuine English thoroughness in her knowledge and accomplishments. She knows the five chief modern languages well, and feels their different characters and estimates their literature aright; she has the foreign accomplishments of singing, playing, painting, etc., and the national one of dancing, in a high degree. In conversation she is brilliant and original; and yet, with all this, she is a true Spaniard, and as full of Spanish feeling as she is of talent and culture.

On his way home he stops at Paris, and meets Talleyrand, who says of America (what would he say now?), "*C'est un pays remarquable, mais leur luxe, leur luxe est affreux.*"

Again in London, he is a frequenter of Holland House, where "there was no alloy but Lady Holland," and where he becomes known to Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, and Brougham. Then there are visits to Hatfield and to Woburn. In short, there is no one so eminent as not to feel drawn to this cultivated and pleasant scholar of the New World, and there are few places among the stately homes of England where he would not be a welcome guest.

But all this social success failed to

spoil him, though it tended, no doubt, to increase the natural fastidiousness of his taste. It is curious to find him speaking of Hazlitt and Godwin as "these people," and to hear him contrast, with the parties to which he usually went, a "Saturday's Night Club" at Hunt's, where —

Lamb's gentle humour, Hunt's passion, and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing *olla podrida* I ever met.

For an opposite reason, Wilberforce does not entirely please him; "his voice has a whine in it, and his conversation is broken and desultory."

We must pass over Mr. Ticknor's visits to Scott at Abbotsford, and to Wordsworth and Southey at the Lakes, and follow him back to America, which he reached in the June of 1819.

He now entered upon the career of active usefulness, for which he had so long prepared himself by patient and conscientious study, and for fifteen years he held the post of professor at Harvard. His life was a singularly happy one. He was happy in his marriage and in his children, in his literary occupations, and in the many friends who loved and valued him. He busied himself in philanthropic and educational movements, endeavoured to effect reforms in the great college with which he was connected, and wrote articles in the *North American Review*. In 1824, Lafayette was his guest, and he felt a peculiar delight in repaying the kindness which, years before, he had met with at La Grange.

But in 1834 a great sorrow fell upon that happy home, by the death of Mr. Ticknor's only son, and he resolved on giving up his professorship, and taking his wife and daughters for a tour in Europe. Life in London was much the same as ever, but some friends were no more, and some were changed by years, though not in kindly feeling. A tour in Ireland, where the British Association was meeting, was interesting, but no part so interesting as the visit to Miss Edgeworth. She was

a small, short, spare lady of about sixty-seven, with extremely frank and kind manners, and who always looks straight into your face with a pair of mild deep-grey eyes, whenever she speaks to you.

They spent three winters abroad — at Dresden, at Rome, and at Paris. The description of the life at Dresden, and of the court, of which they saw much, is extremely curious, and Mr. Ticknor's friendship with Prince John, afterwards king of Saxony, continued till his death. They also visited Berlin and Vienna, and Mr. Ticknor's conversations with Prince Metternich, which are noted down with the same precision which Mr. Senior always showed, are in many ways remarkable. In Paris he saw Louis Philippe, who was "stout without being fat, and clumsy from having too short legs," Lamartine, Thiers, and many others of almost equal note.

Back once more in London to the literary breakfasts and the great dinners. One morning he was breakfasting with Sydney Smith, who declared "that he had found the influence of the aristocracy in his own case 'oppressive,' but added, 'However, I never failed, I think, to speak my mind before any of them; I hardened myself early.'" But in the same evening Mr. Ticknor meets him "at the truly aristocratic establishment of Lansdowne House," and he adds, "I must needs say that when I saw Smith's free good humour, and the delight with which everybody listened to him, I thought there was but small trace of the aristocratic oppression of which he had so much complained in the morning."

Mr. Ticknor's estimate of men is always honest. He cannot bear pretension, or coarseness, or affectation. He is invariably won by geniality, refinement, and cultivation. He says of Lockhart, "He is the same man he always was, and always will be, with the coldest and most disagreeable manners I have ever seen." Prof. Wilson talks petulantly and sometimes savagely, "he is a strange person." Brougham, when Mr. Ticknor met him, was "violent and outrageous, extremely rude and offensive to Maltby and Sedgwick." But those whom Mr. Ticknor learned to like far outnumbered the few by whom he felt himself repelled, and Hallam, Lyell, Lord Holland, and Lord Spencer were among his warmest friends. But he probably cared for no one more than for John Kenyon, the author of the now forgotten "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," and in his day the cheeriest and most genial of men. It is Kenyon, whom Mr. Ticknor and his family last see before they leave, — "an old and true friend, and when he stood by the carriage-door as we stepped in, we could none of us get out the words we wanted to utter."

Ten years of quiet life at Boston are now devoted to Mr. Ticknor's most important work,—that work by which he will always be remembered—his "History of Spanish Literature." It is curious what an attraction Spain and Spanish history have always had for the best Americans. It is, as Hawthorne once said, as if America wished to repay the debt due for her discovery. Prescott and Motley, Washington Irving and Longfellow, have each in turn caught inspiration from the history or the legends of Spain; and to Mr. Ticknor Spain owes the most careful and elaborate account in our language of her rich and various literature. The success of the book was immediate, and its author at once took his place among the most distinguished men of letters in America.

We cannot dwell at length on the remaining twenty years of this happy, useful life. That Mr. Ticknor was almost the founder of the Boston Public Library; that he wrote the "Life of Prescott," the historian; that he once again visited England; and that, in his eightieth year, he passed away without physical suffering or mental decay,—these facts alone are necessary to be noted.

We have still a word to say about his character and mode of thought. His fastidious nature made him shrink from the vulgar bustle of public life, as it made him avoid any near contact with what was mean or sordid. He was conservative in all his political and social instincts, and his chosen friends in America were men like Webster, Everett, and Prescott; but his opinions were never narrow or illiberal. Excess in any side or in relation to any subject would be almost abhorrent to him, and to be *integer vitæ* would be what he himself aimed at, and what he would expect from others. An earnest and devout Christian and a friend of Channing,—a hater of slavery, yet keeping aloof from the abolition party,—a true lover of the union, but sadly mistrustful as to the effects of that terrible civil war,—he endeavoured to keep his judgment calm and steady in the midst of controversy and contention. Of his private relations there is no need to speak, but no one could have been more loved, more honoured, or more mourned by those who knew him best. In Mr. Ticknor's death his country lost one of the ripest scholars and one of the truest gentlemen she has as yet given to the world.

As regards the form of these memoirs, they leave nothing to be desired. The

editing, partly by Mr. Hillard, partly by Mrs. Ticknor and her daughter, has been done most carefully. The two volumes are, no doubt, long, but they are so full of interest that we hardly know whether anything could have been spared. Lastly, the indexes have a completeness which we might look for in vain in most English memoirs. On the whole, we are inclined to think that this is the very best book of its class that has ever come over to us from America.

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From The Pall Mall Budget.  
MY EASTER HOLIDAY.

As Easter was coming round again, I could not help thinking of a visit which I made just twelve months ago to my native place in Auvergne, and of the unexpected consequences which resulted from it. These reflections set me ruminating about the changes which time had wrought in my childish haunts, and the vast difference which a single decade had made in all that was most familiar to me. Ten years ago you might have looked in vain on the map of France for such a town as Eaux-Renard. We were a village then and called ourselves not Eaux-Renard, but Choux-Rouge, a name which had reference, I believe, to the staple feature of our vegetable produce—red cabbages, good to the taste though slightly indigestible. In the autumn we exported these cabbages wholesale to Paris, where they fetched a remunerative price; in the winter we pickled them and put them into earthenware jars with coloured labels on the top. It may have been prejudice, but there was a firm impression at Choux-Rouge that our pickled cabbages were infinitely better than any other pickled cabbages; and a bitter feud existed between us and a neighbouring village called Choux-Pourpré, which carried on an ungenerous competition. Truth obliges me to own that at the Paris Exhibition of 1855 it was Choux-Pourpré that bore off the prize. But then we heard that the jury had been packed, so that the verdict was evidently due to a cabal.

Choux-Rouge consisted of a double row of thatched cottages straggling sluggishly at the foot of a hill like a company of tired-out militiamen. I say militiamen, because our village had not the trim appearance of a company of soldiers, but looked much as those regiments of costermongers I have seen troop through En-

glish lanes in May, or like those squads of Garde National which formerly mounted guard outside Baron Haussmann's Hôtel de Ville in Paris. Some of the cottages were comely and stout, others consumptive and tottering; some had a smart, new look, as of fresh paint and whitewash; others were unbecomingly shabby, exhibiting large holes in their thatch, and ugly patches of mould on their walls. I remember one that was an object of deep commiseration to its fellows, having had its single chimney-pot blown down in a gale and its doors broken in by a mischievous cow coming home from grazing. I have read somewhere in a book, edited by a local author, that we were an intelligent population, and I see no reason to doubt it. One out of every ten of us, at least, could read, and one out of every twenty could both read and write. In politics we gave proof of good sense by always voting as we were bid, and took changes of dynasties or changes of cabinets with composure. In religion, we believed what our *curé* told us, and went very regularly to mass, except when we had something else to do. As concerns habits, we lived chiefly on bacon and knew of lawyers only by hearsay. When one of us broke his leg the blacksmith's boy had to ride out seven miles on his master's cob to fetch the doctor, and the latter was generally so long in coming that we made a point of never falling ill sooner than be at the trouble of sending for him. I am thankful to say we were not puffed up, but we thought ourselves better than our neighbours. Our mayor was acquainted with more of the alphabet than the mayor in the next village, for he could go as far as the letter G; Pierre Piedegrue, the publican, kept a billiard-table, the only one for ten miles round; Aristide Buvardot, the postman, had a clarinet upon which he used to play to us of a Sunday evening when the weather was fine, and Miette Boulingrie, the daughter of old Boulingrie, the wheelwright, had contrived a pair of castanets with some pieces of slate to accompany him; in a word, we were happy with our lot, and had it not been for the tax on salt and the conscription, the *octroi* duties and that unpleasant little business about the pickled-cabbage prize, we should have agreed with Dr. Pangloss that this was an excellent world, and that it would be difficult to imagine a better.

I beg you not to forget that I am talking now of ten years ago, when we had not yet a name in society, nor a platoon

of *gendarmes* to ourselves, nor streets lit with gas, nor a spick-span new church with a flashing gilt weathercock; nor any of the other luxuries, in short, which we at present enjoy to the envy and humiliation of our rivals. For at this moment we are a fashionable watering-town, and have got into the way of holding our heads as high as if we had never consorted with any but people of quality. We have a new mayor who knows the whole of his alphabet, and could recite it backwards if need were. On the spot where Pierre Piedegrue once retailed brandy at twopence the glass and blue wine of a sound flavour for a penny, towers an imposing hotel where the waiters look like gentlemen-ushers, and prefix a *de* to everybody's name, as if all mankind were counts and viscounts. Aristide Buvardot and his clarinet have emigrated. Three lawyers and five doctors have taken up their abode in the town, and there is much more illness than there used to be. Our *curé* has grown fat and wears silk stockings instead of woollen; his sermons have also considerably diminished in length, and he gives one roast capon and burgundy when one goes to dine with him. As to politics, we take in six or seven Paris papers, yawn over the speeches of our deputy, and are much less convinced than we formerly were as to the omniscience of all governments in general and of our own government in particular.

Whether we are happier now than we were is another question, and not especially relevant; for, if streets lit with gas and a new weathercock and abundance of doctors are not enough to make one happy, this only proves that there are certain natures which can never be satisfied, but must forever be carping and finding fault. I was discussing this subject lately with Mlle. Miette Boulingrie, who now wears a gold chain round her neck, and has grown to be a smart pretty barmaid at the large hotel above-mentioned. Mlle. Miette held with the new state of things; I, for some reason or other, was playing the part of the *laudator temporis acti*. "Time works odd changes, mademoiselle," I said; "who would ever have guessed upon seeing you clatter through the village with those small wooden shoes of yours, and a milkpail hanging from each shoulder, that you would some day be pouring me out absinthe from a crystal flagon, with — with — yes, with a diamond ring on your finger," I added, for I just then noticed a jewel I had not observed before. "That remark is not very original, Mon-



sieur Démocrite," answered Mlle. Miette, laughing and colouring a little. "Time works changes in us all. I remember you with a red plush waistcoat and blue-glass buttons, which you wouldn't put on now if you were paid to, though you were very proud of it once." "I fancy it was that waistcoat which first procured me the honour of dancing with you." "Perhaps it was; but I was only twelve then, and I thought it fine to have a partner better dressed than the others. Besides, to own the truth, you bribed me by dropping two oranges into my pocket, wrapped up in paper." "I wonder whether I could bribe you to do anything for me now, with two oranges wrapped up in paper?" "That depends. What is it you want me to do?" and she raised her eyes toward me inquiringly, though with some timidity. "I should like you to tell me as nearly as you can what is the brightest day you ever remember to have spent." Mlle. Miette smiled. "Where are the two oranges?" she asked, holding out her hand playfully; "we don't give credit here." There was a waiter passing at that moment, and, considerably to Mlle. Miette's amusement, I ordered a couple of oranges, which he brought next minute on a plated tray with accompaniment of pounded sugar, gum-syrup, and silver dessert-knife. "Here is the fruit, mademoiselle," I said; "now tell me what was the brightest day you ever spent?" "The brightest day," she echoed in an arch tone, taking up one of the oranges and twirling it like a ball; "why, Monsieur Démocrite, the brightest day of my life was the day I first saw you;" and three weeks afterwards we were married.

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From The Liberal Review.  
NEIGHBOURS.

IT is one of the necessities of life in these modern times that people shall not live alone. It is well, therefore, to accept the inevitable and be amiable even under trying circumstances. No doubt, one's immediate neighbours are not always exactly what one would like them to be; but it is certain that if they are treated properly, rather than aggravated, they are not nearly so bad as first appearances indicate. The truth appears to be that a large proportion of those people whose homes stand side by side seem to have an unfortunate talent for misunderstanding each other and so are led to adopt offensive attitudes. Thus it happens that while

everybody who knows Robinson and his family intimately are fond of sounding their praises, Smith, who resides next door to Robinson, has nothing but condemnation to bestow upon the much-belauded individual and his belongings. Smith, too, may be the recipient of many flattering encomiums from his associates, yet it is certain that Robinson can find nothing to say in his favour. The truth may be that both Robinson and Smith are thoroughly well-meaning fellows at bottom, and that their little tribes are up to a fair average of excellence, but it is certain that in nine cases out of ten Robinson has no cause to think well of Smith nor Smith to become devotedly attached to Robinson. The chances are that the pair, though they meet on an average at least once a day and can at times hear the hum of voices through the walls which divide their respective tenements, fail to display any mark of recognition when they are brought face to face with each other. Robinson evidently feels that he is bound, in justice to himself, to ignore Smith, while Smith is assured that he would deservedly forfeit his self-respect if he were to show that he is alive to the fact that the world is graced by the presence of a Robinson, the opinion of Robinson being that he is incomparably superior to Smith, while it is the unalterable conviction of the latter individual that he is of immeasurably more importance than Robinson. Naturally, the families of the two houses become imbued with the same views as those which are possessed by their respected heads, and thus there is presented the singular spectacle of one set of human beings apparently failing to realize the existence of another set of human beings, albeit that the two sets are constantly flaunting and parading before each other. At the same time, though the houses of Robinson and Smith act in this remarkable fashion—though when Smith is not trying to "cut" Robinson, Robinson is on the alert to administer a snub to Smith—there are times when they become profoundly agitated and show that such is the case. It may be that Robinson keeps hens, and that these hens trespass on to the land of Smith. Then is there a terrible outcry, which is not decreased when, one day, Robinson discovers that some of his much-prized fowls have been ruthlessly slain. Or it may be that Smith is the owner of a cat, which is demolished by a savage dog belonging to Robinson. In the event of such a catastrophe as this occurring war to the knife

is invariably the inevitable result. During the course of the hostilities the dog has, naturally, a very hard time, and Smith and Robinson are perhaps persuaded to enter into conversation with each other. Whether, however, much profit results from the intercourse which is thus brought about is doubtful—except, occasionally, so far as certain gentlemen of the legal fraternity are concerned. Failing any other cause, Smith and Robinson can get up a tremendous amount of sensation about a tree. Say, that the roots of a shrub are planted in the grounds of Smith, and that its branches extend to those of Robinson. Well, here is cause for hundreds of skirmishes and not a few pitched battles. Robinson, perhaps, vows that the interloping branches shall be cut down; whereat Smith fires up and, after a while, discovering that Robinson's children have done his property serious damage, declares that he will have satisfaction, come what may. So things go on for an indefinite period, but, fortunately, though the sky is ever very overcast, nothing serious happens in a general way, with the exception that a vast amount of ill-feeling is engendered. Neighbours, of course, may be a comfort to each other, but if they prefer to be constant sources of aggravation and discomfort no one has, perhaps, any right to complain. Nevertheless, it may be pointed out that when people have to live side by side they may as well try to please as to displease, especially as one provocation invariably provokes another. Thus, if a man encourages his children to make a noise which he knows will nearly drive his neighbour to distraction, and if he persistently turns a deaf ear to all the complaints which are made to him on the score of the nuisance, he cannot be surprised if, in despair, his neighbour starts a cornet, or sets his daughters at a jingling piano. Again, if Mrs. Smith circulates all the offensive gossip which has its origin in Mrs. Robinson's kitchen, it is but to be expected that Mrs. Robinson will find a number of unpleasant things to say at the expense of Mrs. Smith. Now, all the petty quarrels which take place between neighbours seem to have their origin either in paltry greed, or the exaggerated opinions which many people entertain as to their own importance, and, accordingly, are undeserving of merciful consideration. Indeed, most neighbourly feuds being the result of that detestable snobbery which seems, unfortunately, to have an immovable clutch on English society, the one satisfactory

feature about them is that they add one more link to the existing chain of proof that people are invariably cursed by their own folly.

Now, while many neighbours are snobish to a preposterous extent, and refrain from rendering those little services to each other which they might render without any loss to themselves, others rush to an extreme in the contrary direction. In their desire to be friendly or, as they put it, neighbourly, they well-nigh pester the life out of you. They drop in to see you at odd times and with astonishing frequency; they borrow your property to an extent which should prove that they have perfect confidence in the strength of the ties which bind them to you; and they impart to you things of a confidential nature which are continual sources of anxiety, inasmuch as you fear that you will some time inadvertently let them slip. All this is, no doubt, very gratifying, but it is probable that if the good people were less assiduous in their attentions the intimacies which they form would be of a more permanent character than they are. As it is, those to whom they apply themselves are apt to find their favours rather irksome, and are inclined to get the opinion into their heads that houses, grounds, and goods and chattels are not quite common property

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From The Month.

#### LORD PALMERSTON AT BROADLANDS.

I WAS at Broadlands in 1852, just as Lord John Russell's ministry was resigning office, and when his friend and colleague had behaved to him in a way calculated to provoke him to an anger which would have been easy to imagine; and I never saw the slightest trace of it in him—there was not a word of bitterness, or recrimination, or of affected moderation. The only difference—if there were any—was that his mind, thus set free from the weight of business, seemed freer, brighter, and that he gave more time to conversation. It was the only time that I saw him stay in the drawing-room after tea, talking for a long time; and he never struck me as more amiable and good-humoured than just at that very time when he had good reason not to be so. In this last visit of ours to Broadlands, when his position is so different, being, as he now is, at the summit of dignity, we find that he has resumed his habits of work, his regular

hours, his short conversations. The only part of the day given to society is the dinner-hour, and half an hour which he spends in the drawing-room after joining the ladies with the rest of the guests. Tea is brought in at ten precisely: he takes a cup, and as soon as he has put it down on the table, he rises and retires to work without intermission till the middle of the night; a labour which he resumes next morning, and which is uninterrupted till dinner-time, with the exception of a walk or a ride of three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, which he allows or imposes on himself, late in the day, for his health's sake. . . . Indifferent to what people think of him, persevering, active, indefatigable, sincerely liberal, and desiring liberty for all; a partisan of reform, yet attached to all the old customs of his country, and as little of a rash innovator as an obstinate follower of routine, his mind is open and ready to understand the real wants and desires of the English nation. A master of his language, knowing how to be lucid, eloquent, genial, enthusiastic, according to his audience, there is no speaker who can make himself better understood by every one nor whose language seems better to express the sentiments of each individual in the crowd he is addressing. These, I believe, are about all the qualities and gifts which gain for him the great popularity he enjoys in England; but several of these qualities are of no use to him when he has to do with other countries: some of them even change their character and become dangerous in intercourse with foreigners—his indifference to opinion looks like contempt, his taste for liberty makes him pass for a favourer of revolution. Neither does he write as he speaks, and, strange to say, he lets fall fewer intemperate expressions in the heat of a speech than he writes deliberately in a despatch. In a word, whilst in England he is nearly

always master of his audience, because he knows them better than any one, his ignorance of foreigners is extreme, and the mind, so liberal towards his countrymen, is seen to be imbued with the strongest and strangest prejudices with regard to others. This alone is sufficient to explain some of his mistakes, as well as the dislike he inspires abroad. And yet this dislike is unjust; for, in spite of his blunders, nothing is more untrue than the opinion which ascribes to him the systematic design of revolutionizing Europe with the object of advancing an English interest which is entirely imaginary. He has a sincere love of justice, and an equally sincere hatred of oppression; he believes that it is for the interest of all nations that each one of them should be governed in the best possible way, and that this is especially the interest of England. He is right in thinking that the political experiments made in his own country have been successful, and he is wrong in not seeing that elsewhere their dangers might often exceed their advantages, and that English institutions are easy to caricature, but almost impossible to imitate. In short, he often makes mistakes; but, on the other hand, people make a good many mistakes about him. Conversation with him is not difficult. He talks with tiresome people just as he does with those who are not tiresome, without seeming to perceive the difference. His manners are not exactly what one would call those of a *grand seigneur*, but he is simple and cordial, and there is nothing about him which shows the slightest surprise or intoxication at his high position. His memory, activity, and energy are the same at seventy-two that they were at twenty-five: it is rare to find all these qualities and faculties so vigorous at that age; and it may well be said that labours and anxiety sit lightly on him.

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**INFLUENCE OF NUTRITION ON FORM.**—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Mr. T. Meehan remarked that the influence which nutrition, in its various phases, had on the forms and characters of plants was an interesting study; and in this connection he had placed on record in the proceedings of the academy, that two species of *Euphorbia*, usually prostrate, as-

sumed an erect growth when their nutrition was interfered with by an *Æcidium*—a small fungoid parasite. He had now to offer a similar fact in connection with the common purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*), one of the most prostrate of all procumbent plants, which, under similar circumstances, also became erect.

Popular Science Review.

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## TWILIGHT VOICES.

WHAT are the whispering voices  
That awake at twilight fall?  
Do they come from the golden sunset  
With their haunting, haunting call?

They tell me of breezy spring-times,  
And of dreamy summer eves,  
And of snow-wreaths merrily shaken  
From the shining ivy leaves.

But the far-off treble changeth  
To a tenor tone, and so  
I know that the voices tell me  
Only of long ago.

What are the tuneful voices  
That of early dawn are born?  
Do they come from the orient portals  
Of the palace of the morn?

They tell of a golden city,  
With pearl and jasper bright,  
And of shining forms that beckon  
Out of the dazzling light.

Then a rush of far-off harpings  
Blends with the vision clear,  
And I know that the night is passing,  
And I know that the day is near!  
Good Words. F. H.

## GRAPES, WINE, AND VINEGAR.

WEARY and wasted, nigh worn-out,  
You sigh and shake white hairs, and say,  
"Ah, you will find the truth one day  
Of life and nature, do not doubt!"

Age rhymes to sage, and let us give  
The hoary head its honours due:  
Grant youth its privileges too,  
And notions how to think and live.

Which has more chance to see aright  
The many-colour'd shows of time,  
Fresh human eyes in healthy prime  
Or custom-dull'd and fading sight?

Gone from the primrose and the rose  
Their diversely delicious breath,  
Since no fine wafting visiteth  
An old, perhaps a snuffy, nose!

Youth has its truth: I'd rather trust,  
Of two extremes, the ardent boy,  
Excess of life and hope and joy,  
Than this dejection and disgust.

Vinegar of experience — "drink!"  
Why so, and set our teeth on edge?  
Nay, even grant what you allege,  
We'll not anticipate, I think.

Who miss'd, or loses, earlier truth,  
Though old, we shall not count him sage:  
Rare the strong mellow'd wine of age  
From sunshine-ripen'd grapes of youth.  
Fraser's Magazine.

## A SONG OF LAND AT SEA.

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an  
acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any-  
thing." — *Tempest*, scene 1.

SOFT wind, low piping through the shrouds all  
day,  
Dost thou not whisper of the woods to me?  
Oh for thy wings, that I might speed away  
Over this trackless waste of weary sea!

Sing on, sweet wind, a song of summer leaves,  
Lispering, through trembling shadows in the  
lane,  
Of roses nodding under moss-grown eaves,  
Of raindrops tinkling on the cottage pane.

Under thy pinions bent the springing wheat,  
The large field-daisies bowed their starry  
crowns,  
The wild thyme sighed to thee, and faintly  
sweet  
The scent of gorse was blown across the  
downs.

Soft wind, low piping through the shrouds to  
me,  
What would I give to roam where thou hast  
been!  
A thousand furlongs of this restless sea  
For one lone mile of moor or woodland green!  
Leisure Hour. SARAH DOUDNEY.

## APRIL: A SONNET.

SNOW on the ground, and blossoms on the  
trees!  
A bitter wind sweeps madly 'cross the moor;  
The children shiver at the cottage door,  
And old men crouch beside the fire for ease.  
Yet still the happy lark disdains the breeze;  
The buds swell out, the primrose makes a  
floor  
Of sylvan beauty, though the frost be hoar,  
And ships are battling with tempestuous seas.  
'Tis April still, but April wrapt in cloud, —  
Month of sweet promise and of nature's  
bliss,  
When earth leaps up at heaven's reviving  
kiss,  
And flouts at winter lingering in her shroud.  
Haste swiftly, spring, to banish drear decay,  
And welcome summer with the smile of May.  
Spectator. JOHN DENNIS.

From The Edinburgh Review.

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY.\*

IN the early years of this century two men were born in England, destined to exercise no common influence on the literature of their country and the opinions of their own age, and possibly of all future time. Both of them were devoted by natural gifts, by education, and by taste to the cultivation and the love of letters, and as men of letters they will be judged by posterity. The power they wielded, and sought to wield, was that most enduring of all dominions, the dominion of the pen. Statesmen, warriors, orators, judges, inventors cross the stage of life, but the great writers remain upon it. The influence of a Homer, a Thucydides, or a Bacon is not only untouched, but it is extended, by time. Countless generations will feel it, as past generations have felt it, as we feel it now. These are the fixed stars of human history; they shine with the pure lustre of thought; their constellation never sets; whatever is most abiding in the fitful destiny of man, abides in them.

To attain to some share in this influence was the object to which the two lives we have now in view were directed. From infancy they followed it with unconscious passion, for at an age when children are commonly engrossed by their toys or their grammars, these boys revelled in the works of great thinkers, poets, and historians. Their amazing powers of memory retained all these impressions with a vivacity and reality seldom acquired by the most laborious study. Like beings endowed with another sense, they only perceived by later observation that their fellow-creatures achieved by infinite drudgery what came to them by nature and intuition. The infancy and boyhood of John Stuart Mill and Thomas Babington Macaulay were marvellous, and, what is not less amazing, they both fulfilled the promise of their earliest years.

But here the parallel must cease, or rather the parallel becomes a contrast. We shall not again retrace the effects on

Mill of the dogmatism of unbelief, of the excessive strain on the reasoning faculties, of a sensitive nature bound in an iron philosophical creed, of the absence of all tender domestic influences, of a passion rebellious to the laws of the world if not of morals, and of a morbid dislike to society, which soured his views of life and left him in doubt of all things. Invert every one of these propositions, and you have a Macaulay. He was, we readily concede it, inferior to Mill as a powerful and original thinker — less as a logician, less as an abstract philosopher. But he carried with him through life the most intense enjoyment of it; he was blest with affections for those nearly allied to him as warm and tender as ever touched the heart of man; he was harassed by no bitter or lawless passions; his sense of his own powers never swelled into vanity or affectation; everything amused and delighted him which set in motion the aerial shapes of his imagination; his conversation was the most brilliant and varied that had been heard for a century — if indeed anything like it was ever heard at all; and he held fast to manly, liberal, and enlightened principles, with a passionate earnestness which left no room for scepticism or despondency. These qualities may be traced in his writings, and they contributed largely to the charm with which he grouped the personages of history in the most picturesque and dramatic forms, giving to everything he touched the freshness of life. He has been accused of heightening the colours and exaggerating the attitudes he threw upon the canvas; but this was no more than the result of his own exuberant nature. He saw all things in strong light and shape, because there was sunshine on them all. Nothing was hazy or indistinct; nothing overcast with doubt or gloom.

This, however, is not the time or the place to expatiate in needless criticism or panegyric on Lord Macaulay's writings. They enjoy a popularity beyond the range of fiction, and they have merits which will fascinate the world when the most popular fictions of the day have ceased to please. Our business to-day is to trace, what his nephew well calls "the joyous and shining

\* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Esq., M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London; 1876.



pilgrimage" of their author through the world, and we rejoice that these volumes record in the familiar language of common life the warmth of heart, the enthusiasm, and the simplicity of character which were united in Lord Macaulay to the most marvellous attainments. No man was ever less anxious to obtrude his personal claims to distinction on the world. He cultivated literature as an art, but the artist was kept out of sight. His work was purely objective. Even in his speeches and in his conversation, and still more in his writings, the nature of his discourse, the subject of his descriptions, absorbed him altogether. His biographer justly remarks that it would be almost as hard to compose a picture of the author from his "History," his "Essays," and his "Lays," as to evolve an idea of Shakespeare from "Henry the Fifth" and "Measure for Measure." His manner of life, his habits of thought, his lively affections, were really known to those only who enjoyed his intimacy. With a vast acquaintance his bosom friends were few in number, and of these by far the nearest and dearest were the members of his own family. By them, or by their descendants, the veil of privacy which it pleased him to retain over his inner life is now removed, and this publication presents to his admirers a living picture of himself, traced to a considerable extent by his own hand.

Scotland may claim both John Mill and Macaulay as her descendants, but not as her children—or, if children, they were, in some respects, undutiful sons. Yet Macaulay paid his debt to the land of his forefathers by his splendid contributions to a journal which is identified with Scotland by its best and dearest traditions; and the most brilliant of his Parliamentary speeches were delivered by him as the representative of our Scottish capital. Something, no doubt, he owed to the fervour and daring of the old Highland spirit, shown in former generations by the ministers of the Kirk, his ancestors, whom Dr. Johnson met in the Hebrides; and Zachary Macaulay, his father, retained the type of his descent unaltered. Never lived there a man of a sterner or more undoubting faith, of a higher sense of

duty, of more indomitable industry in the great cause to which he devoted his existence—but he was absolutely devoid of those genial, imaginative, and humorous sympathies which, in despite of himself, shed such light and gaiety over his Cameronian household. Macaulay used to say that he derived his "joviality" from his mother, on the principle, we suppose, that it certainly did not come to him from his father. But his mother was a Quakeress, of Bristol extraction; his early education was conducted under the prim but benevolent eyes of Mrs. Hannah More. We must leave the champions of the rival influence of hereditary gifts and of educational authority to explain as best they may, the existence of a man who owed so little to his parents or to the position in which he was born.

We shall pass summarily over the period of baby hymns and juvenile epics, which streamed from the brain of this young prodigy almost as soon as he could speak or write. Mr. Trevelyan has wisely contented himself with a brief account of these performances, and has not given them to the public—a thing Macaulay himself would especially have abhorred, for he held that nothing ought to be brought to table but the ripe fruit of care and thought, and he held very cheap the crude efforts of his early life. Be it enough to say that when he went to Cambridge at eighteen, we already find him writing a vigorous and picturesque style, treating all subjects, himself included, with clear good sense, conversant with an astonishing amount of literature of all ages and languages, and thirsting for distinction in the liberal arts. He had not been sent to a public school, a circumstance which had perhaps allowed him a greater latitude and freedom in his studies, and when he entered Trinity College he entered upon the world. His first appearance in public life seems to have been at a Cambridge election, when the mob were hustling the successful candidates. His ardour was cooled by receiving a dead cat full in the face. The man who had thrown the missile assured him that it was by mistake, and that the cat was meant for Mr. Adeane. "I wish,"

said Macaulay, "that you had meant it for me and hit Mr. Adeane" — a joke worthy of an older politician.

Mr. Trevelyan has described with a tinge of hereditary sympathy the strong attachment of Macaulay for Cambridge, and above all for Trinity. That was indeed the starting-place and the goal, the very Mecca of his life; and it was there he received the impressions which formed and moulded his character and his intellect.

Of all his places of sojourn during his joyous and shining pilgrimage through the world, Trinity, and Trinity alone, had any share with his home in Macaulay's affection and loyalty. To the last he regarded it as an ancient Greek or a mediæval Italian felt towards his native city. As long as he had place and standing there, he never left it willingly or returned to it without delight. The only step in his course about the wisdom of which he sometimes expressed misgiving was his preference of a London to a Cambridge life. The only dignity that in his later days he was known to covet was an honorary fellowship which would have allowed him again to look through his window upon the college grass-plots, and to sleep within sound of the splashing of the fountain; again to breakfast on commons, and dine beneath the portraits of Newton and Bacon on the dais of the hall; again to ramble by moonlight round Neville's cloister, discoursing the picturesque but somewhat exotic philosophy which it pleased him to call by the name of metaphysics. From the door of his rooms, along the wall of the chapel, there runs a flagged pathway which affords an acceptable relief from the rugged pebbles that surround it. Here as a bachelor of arts he would walk, book in hand, morning after morning throughout the long vacation, reading with the same eagerness and the same rapidity whether the volume was the most abstruse of treatises, the loftiest of poems, or the flimsiest of novels. That was the spot where in his failing years he specially loved to renew the feelings of the past, and some there are who can never revisit it without the fancy that there, if anywhere, his dear shade must linger.

The group of men he met there was remarkable — the present Lord Grey, Lord Belper and Lord Romilly, the three brothers Villiers, Praed, Moultrie, Sidney Walker, and above all, Charles Austin,

whose fame would now be more in proportion

to his extraordinary abilities had not his unparalleled success as an advocate tempted him before his day to retire from the toils of a career of whose rewards he had already enough. With his vigour and fervour, his depth of knowledge and breadth of humour, his close reasoning illustrated by an expansive imagination, set off, as these gifts were, by the advantage, at that period of life so irresistible, of some experience of the world at home and abroad, — Austin was indeed a king among his fellows.

Grave, sedate,  
And, (if the looks may indicate the age,)  
Our senior some few years: — no keener wit,  
No intellect more subtle, none more bold,  
Was found in all our host.

So writes Moultrie, and the testimony of his verse is borne out by John Stuart Mill's prose. "The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which, combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world." He certainly was the only man who ever succeeded in dominating Macaulay. Brimming over with ideas that were soon to be known by the name of utilitarian, a panegyrist of American institutions, and an unsparing assailant of ecclesiastical endowments and hereditary privileges, he effectually cured the young undergraduate of his Tory opinions, which were never more than skin deep, and brought him nearer to Radicalism than he ever was before or since. The report of this conversion, of which the most was made by ill-natured talebearers who met with more encouragement than they deserved, created some consternation in the family circle: while the reading set at Cambridge was duly scandalized at the influence which one whose classical attainments were rather discursive than exact had gained over a Craven scholar. To this hour men may be found in remote parsonages who mildly resent the fascination which Austin of Jesus exercised over Macaulay of Trinity.

No doubt a life of Lord Macaulay would be incomplete without some allusion to Charles Austin, and we thank Mr. Trevelyan for this courteous allusion to one who may in aftertimes be chiefly remembered as Macaulay's rival and friend. Austin surpassed Macaulay himself in powers of argumentative conversation. He was less discursive, more logical, and he launched shafts barbed with "the scorn of scorn" with a more unsparing hand. But he had infinitely less of poetic fire and human sympathy; less imagina-

tion, less of heart, and less of persistent ambition. His radical opinions subsided at last into a mild form of conservatism, and either from indolence or indifference to the world, he never took a pen in hand to leave behind him any trace of his great intellect. Hence he is remembered more for what he might have been than for what he was.

The day and the night together were too short for one who was entering on the journey of life amidst such a band of travellers. So long as a door was open or a light burning in any of the courts Macaulay was always in the mood for conversation and companionship. Unfailing in his attendance at lecture and chapel, blameless with regard to college laws and college discipline, it was well for his virtue that no curfew was in force within the precincts of Trinity. He never tired of recalling the days when he supped at midnight on milk-punch and roast turkey, drank tea in floods at an hour when older men are intent upon anything rather than on the means of keeping themselves awake, and made little of sitting over the fire till the bell rang for morning chapel in order to see a friend off by the early coach. In the license of the summer vacation, after some prolonged and festive gathering, the whole party would pour out into the moonlight and ramble for mile after mile through the country till the noise of their wide-flowing talk mingled with the twittering of the birds in the hedges which bordered the Coton pathway or the Madingley road. On such occasions it must have been well worth the loss of sleep to hear Macaulay plying Austin with sarcasms upon the doctrine of the greatest happiness, which then had still some gloss of novelty; putting into an ever-fresh shape the time-honoured jokes against the Johnians for the benefit of the Villierses; and urging an interminable debate on Wordsworth's merits as a poet, in which the Colebridges, as in duty bound, were ever ready to engage. In this particular field he acquired a skill of fence which rendered him the most redoubtable of antagonists. Many years afterwards, at the time when "The Prelude" was fresh from the press, he was maintaining against the opinion of a large and mixed society that the poem was unreadable. At last, overborne by the united indignation of so many of Wordsworth's admirers, he agreed that the question should be referred to the test of personal experience: and on inquiry it was discovered that the only individual present who had got through "The Prelude" was Macaulay himself.

It is not only that the witnesses of these scenes unanimously declare that they have never since heard such conversation in the most renowned of social circles. The partiality of a generous young man for trusted and admired companions may well colour his judgment over the space of even half a century. But the estimate of university contemporaries was abundantly confirmed by the

outer world. While on a visit to Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, Austin and Macaulay happened to get upon college topics one morning at breakfast. When the meal was finished they drew their chairs to either end of the chimney-piece, and talked at each other across the hearth-rug as if they were in a first-floor room in the Old Court of Trinity. The whole company, ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out formed a silent circle round the two Cantabs, and, with a short break for lunch, never stirred till the bell warned them that it was time to dress for dinner.

It has all irrevocably perished. With life before them, and each intent on his own future, none among that troop of friends had the mind to play Boswell to the others.

Neither of these friendly disputants, certainly, wanted either *τόλμα* or *φωνή*, which were regarded as the two first conditions of Attic oratory; but let posterity be consoled. We are old enough to have heard in our time a great deal of Austin's argumentative conversation, and opportunities were not wanting to us; but brilliant as it undoubtedly was, something of the reputation of these eminent talkers was due to the disposition of their audience. It is true, however, that conversation pitched in so high a key—so animated, so instructive, and so amusing—is not to be heard in modern society.

These literary conversations, followed by the animated debates of the Cambridge Union, in which Austin, Macaulay, Romilly, and Praed took the lead, probably contributed as much to the future success of these men as the lessons of their tutors. Macaulay's definition of a scholar was a man who could read Plato with his feet on the fender. He had himself no great share of that critical scholarship, then much in fashion, which raised a man to the bench of bishops by editing a Greek tragedy. But he had through life what is far better, a vast and lively acquaintance with Greek literature. Homer was as familiar to him as "Paradise Lost." During his retirement in India the Greek poets and orators were his constant companions. But at Cambridge his classical attainments earned for him no distinction except a Craven scholarship, to which he added on two occasions the chancellor's medal for English verse. He was not chosen a fellow of his college until his third trial, nominally for the strange reason that his translations from Greek and Latin into English were too bald and unadorned. When the Tripos of 1822 appeared his name was not in it; in short, Macaulay was "gulfed" (as his nephew expresses it), and he was disabled from contending

for the chancellor's classical medals. This failure, for such it was, was mainly due to his hatred of mathematics. Thus he exclaims to his mother in a letter written in 1818:—

I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics or mathematicians. Oh for words to express my abomination of that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties in numbers and figures! Oh that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity! Oh that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation of entity with the two predicaments, so that I were exempted from this miserable study! "Discipline" of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms. All my perceptions of elegance and beauty gone, or at least going. By the end of the term my brain will be "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Oh to change Cam for Isis!

Perhaps the recollection of these disappointments tended to give him a low estimate of university honours, much as he loved his university. In his later years he wrote, "After all, what a man does at Cambridge is, in itself, nothing. If he makes a poor figure in life, his having been senior wrangler, or university scholar, is never mentioned but with derision. If he makes a distinguished figure, his early honours merge in those of later date." This opinion is, however, inconsistent with the arguments of his celebrated speech (delivered in 1855), in favour of competitive examination, when he entertained and amazed the House of Commons by a rapid enumeration of the performances of a score of senior wranglers. It was said of Macaulay by his most intimate and dearest friend, that he never really applied himself to any pursuit that was against the grain. Had he set his mind on taking high honours, he probably could have accomplished it. But his mind wanted those habits of severe application, governed by a strong will, without which no man can conquer the *reluctantes dracones* of life. For this same reason it was not in his destiny to become a great lawyer or a great statesman. He wanted for his growth the liberty of the broad fields of literature. There without an effort he could roam and rule. At this very time, in 1822, he competed with success for a prize of ten pounds, bequeathed by Mr. Greaves of Fulbourn for the best essay on the conduct and charac-

ter of William III. There was struck the keynote of his life. The essay is still in existence, and it shows that the junior bachelor of two and twenty thought and wrote with the same spirit as the grave historian of forty-eight.

In a passage that occurs towards the close of the essay may be traced something more than an outline of the peroration in which, a quarter of a century later on, he summed up the character and results of the Revolution of 1688. "To have been a sovereign, yet the champion of liberty; a revolutionary leader, yet the supporter of social order, is the peculiar glory of William. He knew where to pause. He outraged no national prejudice. He abolished no ancient form. *He altered no venerable name.* He saw that the existing institutions possessed the greatest capabilities of excellence, and that stronger sanctions and clearer definitions were alone required to make the practice of the British constitution as admirable as the theory. Thus he imparted to innovation the dignity and stability of antiquity. He transferred to a happier order of things the associations which had attached the people to their former government. As the Roman warrior, before he assaulted Veii, invoked its guardian gods to leave its walls, and to accept the worship and patronize the cause of the besiegers, this great prince, in attacking a system of oppression, summoned to his aid the venerable principles and deeply-seated feelings to which that system was indebted for protection."

There was in truth in Macaulay, though to judge by the results of his life no one would suppose it, a vast amount of indolence. His reading was universal, but he wandered like a bee over every blossom in the garden, and the wonder is that any honey was made. The following passage from a journal kept by his sister Margaret is extremely curious:—

March 30, 1831. — Tom has just left me, after a very interesting conversation. He spoke of his extreme idleness. He said: "I never knew such an idle man as I am. When I go in to Empson or Ellis their tables are always covered with books and papers. I cannot stick at anything for above a day or two. I mustered industry enough to teach myself Italian. I wish to speak Spanish. I know I could master the difficulties in a week, and read any book in the language at the end of a month, but I have not the courage to attempt it. If there had not been really something in me, idleness would have ruined me."

I said that I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. "My accuracy as to facts," he said, "I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is in my mind soon constructed into a romance."

He then went on to describe the way in which from his childhood his imagination had been filled by the study of history. "With a person of my turn," he said, "the minute touches are of as great interest, and perhaps greater, than the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in solitude, my mind would have rusted by gazing vacantly at the shop-windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. Pepys's "Diary" formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know every inch of Whitehall. I go in at Hans Holbein's gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The conversations which I compose between great people of the time are long, and sufficiently animated: in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London, which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their parts in my stories." He spoke, too, of the manner in which he used to wander about Paris, weaving tales of the Revolution, and he thought that he owed his command of language greatly to this habit.

On October 1, 1824, Macaulay was elected fellow of Trinity, which gave him a temporary independence, of essential value to him in the next seven years, and in 1826 he was called to the Bar, and joined the Northern Circuit at Leeds. But his study of law had been as perfunctory as his study of mathematics, and his legal career seems to have been confined to writing Aristophanic jests for the bar mess. Fortunately in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, just at the close of the Goderich ministry, gave him a commissionership of bankruptcy, which raised his income to about a thousand a year.

Nothing in Macaulay's literary career excites in us more astonishment than his contributions to *Knight's Magazine*, written when he was only three and four and twenty, whilst he was reading for this fellowship, which, with some little difficulty, he at last obtained. The "Fragment of a Roman Tale" (June 1823) breathes all the fire and tenderness of passionate love — a theme the writer never touched upon again; and perhaps it suggested to Bulwer the most graceful of the scenes in "The Last Days of Pompeii." The scenes from "Athenian Revels" reflect, as in a glass, the dramatic style of Plato and the daring wit of Aristophanes. The essays on the Italian writers show that Macaulay had already sounded the ocean depths of

Dante and traced to their source the brighter streams of Petrarch's song. The review of Mitford's "Greece" (November 1824) displays the same marvellous acquaintance with Hellenic politics and literature, and it winds up with a passage of splendid eloquence on the immortal influence of Athens. No doubt, it may be said, that these pages are overcrowded with allusions and images, which a more mature age would have restrained. But what clearness of thought! what abundance and what rhythm of language! That young author might have been addressed in the prophetic words applied by Socrates to Isocrates at about the same age. "He seems to me to have a genius above the oratory of Lysias and altogether to be tempered of nobler elements. And so it would not surprise me if, as years go on, he should make all his predecessors seem like children in the kind of oratory to which he is now addressing himself; or if — supposing this should not content him — some diviner impulse should lead him to greater things. My dear Phædros, a certain philosophy is inborn in him."\* Already, at four and twenty, Macaulay was incontestably the first rhetorician of an age fertile in literary genius. Well might Jeffrey exclaim, as he did on the receipt of the first article written for this journal, "The more I think the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." Of the contributions with which Macaulay continued for many years to honour these pages, it would be unbecoming and superfluous for us to speak. Though he regarded them as fugitive productions, they have taken a prominent place in literature, and we know not how many millions of copies have been circulated in Britain and America, throughout the English-speaking world.

The Macaulay family migrated in 1823 to a large rambling house in Great Ormond Street, at the corner of Powis Place, a quarter of London which, though not fashionable, was still in those days inhabited by judges, barristers, and merchants. These were Tom Macaulay's London quarters until 1829 (when he went to live in chambers in Gray's Inn), and here the great critic and future orator and statesman passed, in the bosom of his family, the gayest years of his life. His spirits and his drollery were inexhaustible.

The fun that went on in Great Ormond Street was of a jovial, and sometimes uproarious, description. Even when the family was

\* Plato, Phædros, *sup. fin.*

by itself, the schoolroom and the drawing-room were full of young people; and friends and cousins flocked in numbers to a resort where so much merriment was perpetually on foot. There were seasons during the school holidays when the house overflowed with noise and frolic from morning to night; and Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days in playing with children, was master of the innocent revels. Games of hide-and-seek, that lasted for hours, with shouting and the blowing of horns up and down the stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads, which, like the scalds of old, he composed during the act of recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus. He had no notion whatever of music, but an infallible ear for rhythm. His knack of improvisation he at all times exercised freely. The verses which he thus produced, and which he invariably attributed to an anonymous author whom he styled "the judicious poet," were exclusively for home consumption. Some of these effusions illustrate a sentiment in his disposition which was among the most decided, and the most frequently and loudly expressed. Macaulay was only too easily bored, and those whom he considered fools he by no means suffered gladly. He once amused his sisters by pouring out whole Iliads of extempore doggerel upon the head of an unfortunate country squire of their acquaintance who had a habit of detaining people by the button, and who was especially addicted to the society of the higher order of clergy.

His Grace Archbishop Manners Sutton  
Could not keep on a single button.  
As for Right Reverend John of Chester,  
His waistcoats open at the breast are.  
Our friend has filled a mighty trunk  
With trophies torn from Doctor Monk,  
And he has really tattered foully.  
The vestments of Archbishop Howley.  
No button could I late discern on  
The garments of Archbishop Vernon,  
And never had his fingers mercy  
Upon the garb of Bishop Percy.  
The buttons fly from Bishop Ryder  
Like corks that spring from bottled cyder,

and so on throughout the entire bench, until, after a good half-hour of hearty and spontaneous nonsense, the girls would go laughing back to their Italian and their drawing-boards.

Mr. Trevelyan, who has himself the family taste for this quaint sort of humour, has not scrupled to mix a good many specimens of this amusing doggerel with the graver matters of his book. We see no reason to blame him. They are as characteristic of his uncle as the highest flights of his rhetoric or his eloquence. They are the natural outburst of his amazing spirits, which could extract as much amusement from a street-ballad or a bad novel as from the wit of Boiardo and Aristophanes. And, after all, if many of the jokes are bad jokes, they are not worse than the puns and gibes on which the

name of Swift has conferred a lasting interest, and they are scrupulously free from Swift's vulgarity and coarseness. There never was a purer mind or more sensitive taste, in these respects, than that of Macaulay; and no doubt he owed this refinement partly to temperament, but far more to the circumstance that he had been brought up and spent his whole life, in the closest intimacy of friendship and sympathy with his sisters. Zachary Macaulay had five daughters and four sons; of whom Lord Macaulay was the eldest. Of the other sons it is unnecessary to speak. The daughters nearest to the age of their illustrious brother were, as far as we know, ladies educated in the strict opinions of the Clapham sect; but their brother always spoke of them with tender affection, and when Jane died he declared his heart was broken. Hannah More Macaulay, afterwards Lady Trevelyan, and Margaret, married to Mr. Edward Cropper, who died in 1834, though respectively ten and twelve years younger than their eldest brother, were his dearest playmates and associates. Lady Trevelyan was, of all the family, the member most congenial to himself. She shared his enthusiastic curiosity; she ranged like him through whole galleries of fiction, until it was said that she and her brother between them could have re-written "Sir Charles Grandison," and probably Miss Austen's novels to boot; she accompanied him to India; she returned with him to share the glory of his later years; and she bequeathed to her son the filial task of compiling this biography. We remember no other instance of so complete and unbroken a union of two persons in that charming relation of life. And the cause of this singularity is this, that Macaulay never, as far as we know, or as this book reveals to us, transferred his affections to any other woman. He seems never to have been in love; there is nowhere the slightest propensity to marriage; he does not appear even to have corresponded, or lived on terms of intimate friendship with any woman, outside his family circle. He liked the society of women —

When, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast  
Swells to the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

He was warmly attached to those who, high in heart and intellect, shed a lustre alike on society and on domestic life, as the late Lady Stanhope and the present Duchess of Argyll; he was grateful to Lady Holland for her kindness, even when she wept and raved at his going to



India. But no woman appears ever to have exercised over him that irresistible charm, from which no other man of genius and feeling was ever, we believe, exempt. His heart, as it is termed, was given to his sisters alone; when Margaret died during his residence at Calcutta, he pours forth all the passionate grief of a lover, and declares he had almost lost his reason; henceforth Hannah and her children became and remained the sole objects of his affection.

The following passage describes his own intense feeling on this subject:—

The attachment between brothers and sisters [he writes in November 1832], blameless, amiable, and delightful as it is, is so liable to be superseded by other attachments that no wise man ought to suffer it to become indispensable to him. That women shall leave the home of their birth, and contract ties dearer than those of consanguinity, is a law as ancient as the first records of the history of our race, and as unchangeable as the constitution of the human body and mind. To repine against the nature of things, and against the great fundamental law of all society, because, in consequence of my own want of foresight, it happens to bear heavily on me, would be the basest and most absurd selfishness.

I have still one more stake to lose. There remains one event for which, when it arrives, I shall, I hope, be prepared. From that moment, with a heart formed, if ever any man's heart was formed, for domestic happiness, I shall have nothing left in this world but ambition. There is no wound, however, which time and necessity will not render endurable: and, after all, what am I more than my fathers,—than the millions and tens of millions who have been weak enough to pay double price for some favourite number in the lottery of ilfe, and who have suffered double disappointment when their ticket came up a blank?

And he wrote in this strain at thirty-two!

These years, then, spent in Great Ormond Street, were chiefly employed in the duties of the Bankruptcy Court or on the Northern Circuit, where he held no brief, in writing a series of articles for this journal, some purely literary, and some directed with great force against the utilitarians of Queen Square, and in the keenest enjoyment of domestic life. The society of the Macaulay family was restricted to a few friends of the old Clapham set; their means were small; and genius had not yet broken through the wall which early habits had built round it. He had been obliged to sell the gold medals he won at Trinity, and even later he would sup on a bit of cheese sent him by a Wiltshire con-

stituent, with a glass of audit ale from the old college. But at one of the most critical moments of his life, and, as it turned out, of English history, all this changed. The Marquis of Lansdowne, quick above all men to discern indications of ability in literature or in art beyond the circle in which his rank and age placed him, and not less kind than prompt in raising young aspirants from obscurity to fame, discerned the genius of Macaulay in his writings, even before he knew the man.

Public affairs [writes Lady Trevelyan] were become intensely interesting to him. Canning's accession to power, then his death, the repeal of the Test Act, the emancipation of the Catholics, all in their turn filled his heart and soul. He himself longed to be taking his part in Parliament, but with a very hopeless longing.

In February 1830 I was staying at Mr. Wilberforce's at Highwood Hill when I got a letter from your uncle, enclosing one from Lord Lansdowne, who told him that he had been much struck by the articles on Mill, and that he wished to be the means of first introducing their author to public life, by proposing to him to stand for the vacant seat at Calne. Lord Lansdowne expressly added that it was your uncle's high moral and private character which had determined him to make the offer, and that he wished in no respect to influence his votes, but to leave him quite at liberty to act according to his conscience. I remember flying into Mr. Wilberforce's study, and, absolutely speechless, putting the letter into his hands. He read it with much emotion, and returned it to me, saying: "Your father has had great trials, obloquy, bad health, many anxieties. One must feel as if Tom were given him for a recompense." He was silent for a moment, and then his mobile face lighted up, and he clapped his hand to his ear, and cried: "Ah! I hear that shout again. Hear! hear! What a life it was."

And so on the eve of the most momentous conflict that ever was fought out by speech and vote within the walls of a senate-house, the young recruit went gaily to his post in the ranks of that party whose coming fortunes he was prepared loyally to follow, and the history of whose past he was destined eloquently, and perhaps imperishably, to record.

We know no second argument for borough influence so practical as this, that Calne, under the guidance of Lord Lansdowne, sent to the House of Commons within thirty years two such men as Thomas Macaulay and Robert Lowe, who might, and probably would, otherwise, have sought for seats in vain, or not ventured to seek for them at all.

On entering Parliament, in April 1830, Macaulay addressed the House on a bill

for the removal of Jewish disabilities, and once again on some other occasion; but he spoke no more; "doing more," as Mr. Trevelyan observes, "for future success in Parliament by silence, than he could have effected by half a dozen brilliant perorations." The time was at hand which was to give far greater occasions for his eloquence; and we do not know that any circumstance in Macaulay's career was more fortunate, than the accident which placed him in Parliament on the eve of the Reform agitation, but before it had begun. The Reform Bill was brought into the House by Lord John Russell on March 1, 1831. On the following day Macaulay delivered the first of his great speeches. It placed him at once in the first rank of Parliamentary orators. The excitement of the House knew no bounds. Men compared him to Fox, Burke, Canning, and Plunket—to the greatest masters of language and the noblest champions of liberty. And in the heat and fury of that great conflict, which was destined to regenerate by reform the constitution and the monarchy of England, none bore a more vigorous part than the young member from Calne. But we have here to speak less of his political achievements than of their personal results to himself.

We can assure Mr. Trevelyan, though he expresses an opposite opinion, that there was a vast deal more of the "exclusiveness of fashion" in 1831 than there is in 1876, for the sway of Lady Jersey, Lady Cowper, and Princess Lieven was an absolute despotism compared with the anarchy of the post-Reform period. Macaulay never aspired to be a man of fashion; he had too much pride and not enough vanity to be gratified by the flattery of people whom he despised. But it is curious to learn how far apart he had lived, even till he had passed his thirtieth year, from what is called the best society of London. Hence it was that whilst he remained singularly free from the levity and indifference of a man of the world, he never acquired the ease of manner, the lightness of touch, or the graces which accompany high breeding.

Macaulay had been well received in the character of an Edinburgh Reviewer, and his first great speech in the House of Commons at once opened to him all the doors in London that were best worth entering. Brought up, as he had been, in a household which was perhaps the strictest and the homeliest among a set of families whose creed it was to live outside the world, it put his strength of mind to the test when he found himself courted and

observed by the most distinguished and the most formidable personages of the day. Lady Holland listened to him with unwonted deference, and scolded him with a circumspection that was in itself a compliment. Rogers spoke of him with friendliness and to him with positive affection, and gave him the last proof of his esteem and admiration by asking him to name the morning for a breakfast-party. He was treated with almost fatherly kindness by the able and worthy man who is still remembered by the name of Conversation Sharp. Indeed, his deference for the feelings of all whom he liked and respected, which an experienced observer could detect beneath the eagerness of his manner and the volubility of his talk, made him a favourite among those of a generation above his own. He bore his honours quietly, and enjoyed them with the natural and hearty pleasure of a man who has a taste for society, but whose ambitions lie elsewhere. For the space of three seasons he dined out almost nightly, and spent many of his Sundays in those suburban residences which, as regards the company and the way of living, are little else than sections of London removed into a purer air.

The descriptions of his new social relations, written for the amusement of his sisters, are entertaining enough, and will be read with the interest which always clings to such reminiscences. But, inasmuch as the writer could paint every portrait but his own, even the conversation of Holland House loses much of its brilliancy when Macaulay's voice takes no part in it. Yet we must borrow one or two sketches.

London: July 11, 1831.

My dear Sister,—Since I wrote to you I have been out to dine and sleep at Holland House. We had a very agreeable and splendid party; among others the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and the Marchioness of Clanricarde, who, you know, is the daughter of Canning. She is very beautiful, and very like her father, with eyes full of fire, and great expression in all her features. She and I had a great deal of talk. She showed much cleverness and information, but, I thought, a little more of political animosity than is quite becoming in a pretty woman. However, she has been placed in peculiar circumstances. The daughter of a statesman who was a martyr to the rage of faction may be pardoned for speaking sharply of the enemies of her parent: and she did speak sharply. With knitted brows, and flashing eyes, and a look of feminine vengeance about her beautiful mouth, she gave me such a character of Peel as he would certainly have had no pleasure in hearing.

In the evening Lord John Russell came; and, soon after, old Talleyrand. I had seen Talleyrand in very large parties, but had never been near enough to hear a word that he said.

I now had the pleasure of listening for an hour and a half to his conversation. He is certainly the greatest curiosity that I ever fell in with. His head is sunk down between two high shoulders. One of his feet is hideously distorted. His face is as pale as that of a corpse, and wrinkled to a frightful degree. His eyes have an odd glassy stare quite peculiar to them. His hair, thickly powdered and pomatumed, hangs down his shoulders on each side as straight as a pound of tallow candles. His conversation, however, soon makes you forget his ugliness and infirmities. There is a poignancy without effort in all he says, which reminded me a little of the character which the wits of Johnson's circle give of Beauclerk. For example, we talked about Metternich and Cardinal Mazarin. "*J'y trouve beaucoup à redire. Le cardinal trompait; mais il ne mentait pas. Or, M. de Metternich ment toujours, et ne trompe jamais.*"

The same compliment, if it be one, that Talleyrand paid to the cardinal, might fairly be addressed to the most powerful and successful of living ministers.

The portraits of the host and hostess are uncommonly like.

London: July 25, 1831.

My dear Sister, — On Saturday evening I went to Holland House. There I found the Dutch ambassador, M. de Wesseburg, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Smith, and Admiral Adam, a son of old Adam who fought the duel with Fox. We dined like emperors, and jabbered in several languages. Her ladyship, for an *esprit fort*, is the greatest coward that I ever saw. The last time that I was there she was frightened out of her wits by the thunder. She closed all the shutters, drew all the curtains, and ordered candles in broad day to keep out the lightning, or rather the appearance of the lightning. On Saturday she was in a terrible taking about the cholera; talked of nothing else; refused to eat any ice because somebody said that ice was bad for the cholera; was sure that the cholera was at Glasgow; and asked me why a cordon of troops was not instantly placed around that town to prevent all intercourse between the infected and the healthy spots. Lord Holland made light of her fears. He is a thoroughly good-natured, open, sensible man; very lively; very intellectual; well read in politics, and in the lighter literature both of ancient and modern times. He sets me more at ease than almost any person that I know, by a certain good-humoured way of contradicting that he has. He always begins by drawing down his shaggy eyebrows, making a face extremely like his uncle, wagging his head and saying: "Now do you know, Mr. Macaulay, I do not quite see that. How do you make it out?" He tells a story delightfully, and bears the pain of his gout and the confinement and privations to which it subjects him, with admirable fortitude and cheerfulness. Her ladyship is all

courtesy and kindness to me: but her demeanour to some others, particularly to poor Allen, is such as it quite pains me to witness. He is really treated like a negro slave. "Mr. Allen, go into my drawing-room and bring my reticule." "Mr. Allen, go and see what can be the matter that they do not bring up dinner." "Mr. Allen, there is not enough turtle soup for you. You must take 'gravy soup or none.'" Yet I can scarcely pity the man. He has an independent income, and, if he can stoop to be ordered about like a footman, I cannot so much blame her for the contempt with which she treats him.

Lord Grey was not very prompt to recognize the services which had been rendered to his government by the zeal and eloquence of this youthful ally. Office was notoriously of importance to Macaulay, and the sooner he was engaged in the active service of the government the better. Yet he was only offered at first a commissionership at the Board of Control, and it was not till the autumn of 1832 that he succeeded his friend Hyde Villiers in the secretaryship of that office. No doubt it was fortunate, as it turned out, that an official connection with the government of India was his first step in the public service. The following session, moreover, witnessed the passing of a most important India bill, which threw open the China trade; extinguished slavery in the British territories in the East; and made a considerable step towards the transfer of the sovereignty of India from the company to the crown. This measure was introduced by Mr. Charles Grant, as president of the Board of Control. But it had been in a great part prepared by Macaulay, and it was defended by him in the House with the most brilliant eloquence. The session of 1833, however, did not pass without many anxieties. Macaulay, himself, who sat for Leeds in the first Reform Parliament, was desponding. He saw "nothing before him but a frantic conflict of extreme opinions; then a short period of oppression; then a convulsive reaction; and then a tremendous crash of the funds, the Church, the peerage and the throne." Mr. Stanley's bill for the emancipation of the West-Indian negroes, based on a long period of apprenticeship, was strongly condemned by the zealous abolitionists, by Zachary Macaulay and by Macaulay himself. At this moment, with all his hopes of political power and influence bursting into life, whilst pecuniary embarrassments were gathering round his family to such an extent that for several years every penny Macaulay earned, beyond what the necessities of life demand-

ed, was devoted to paying off his father's creditors, with no professional income, and no means of subsistence but his pen, rather than support a measure which he conscientiously disapproved, Macaulay twice tendered his resignation. To the honour of the government it was not accepted, and he was allowed to stand aloof from the West India bill.

In the touching verses he wrote after his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847, the queen of gain, the queen of fashion, and the queen of power pass scornfully by his cradle, and leave the nursling to pursue a nobler and a happier aim,—

The sense of beauty and the thirst for truth.

Nothing could be more sincere. His indifference to gain was only modified by the desire to be generous to others, and he did not reckon the honours or amusements of the world amongst its real enjoyments. But it is singular that in 1833, after the extraordinary success of his earliest literary productions, it should not have occurred to him that he held between his fingers a power which might instantly create and command wealth, if not "beyond the dreams of avarice," yet certainly beyond his own wants. Had he devoted himself at once, and continuously, in 1833 to literary work—had he then commenced his "History," and brought out a volume a year, he might have realized as large a fortune as Sir Walter Scott, and probably far more than he brought back from India. But such was the simplicity of his character that this thought never struck him. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to consent to the republication of his essays and articles—in themselves a fortune; and he seems to have thought there was something humiliating in degrading literature into a craft or profession.

Literary history is full of the miseries of authors. Macaulay knew every anecdote in existence of their privations and struggles. The affronts Dryden had endured from Tonson, the exigencies Mackintosh submitted to from Lardner. But he only discovered by long and late experience that in these times an author of genius, who manages his affairs with prudence, may realize gains quite equal to the returns of any other profession. It would probably have been to his own advantage, and certainly to the advantage of the world, if he had never been tempted to wander from the paths of literature into the beaten tracks of parliamentary and official life.

The India bill of 1833, which Macaulay had largely contributed to frame and to pass, contained a provision that one of the members of the Supreme Council at Calcutta should be appointed by the crown from among persons not being servants of the company. This office was called the legislative membership of council, and it was to be filled by a lawyer, chiefly with a view to improving and drafting the acts of the government of India. The salary was ten thousand a year, and to Macaulay himself, then in the thirty-fourth year of his life, this splendid post was offered. In an interesting letter to his sisters, which is too long to quote, he weighs the favourable and the adverse reasons. Money and office had in themselves no attraction for him; the most brilliant employment abroad was to him an almost intolerable exile. But he felt that the political prospects of his party were gloomy; he knew that the state of his father's affairs was disastrous; and he desired above all things to lay by a modest competency before he again embarked in public life. On these grounds he resolved to leave England, and he persuaded his sister Hannah to accompany him to Calcutta. Macaulay, to say the truth, knew but little of law and less of India—he had been a few times on the Northern Circuit, and he had sat for a few months at the Board of Control. This appointment gave a new direction to his powers, and studies, before repulsive, acquired a new interest. It is probable that we owe to Macaulay's Indian experience two of the most brilliant essays in the English language, which have brought the marvellous fabric of the British empire in the East visibly before millions of minds that had never thought of it before. But to Macaulay's dramatic genius the career of Clive and Warren Hastings—the triumph and the toil of the great Englishmen in India—was infinitely more captivating and attractive than the prodigious spectacle of India itself with its laws, its religions, its castes, its customs, its languages, dating from times when the British Isles were a swamp and a forest, inhabited by a barbarous race. It is extremely characteristic, that the chosen companions of his voyage to India were Richardson, Voltaire, Gibbon, Sismondi, Hallam, Don Quixote, Homer, and Horace, with a few books on jurisprudence and a couple of Persian and Hindostanee grammars. On the voyage he says, "I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English, folios, quartos, octavos, and duos.

decimos." We have no doubt of it; but we question whether Colebrooke's Institutes or the land-tenures of India had a very large share of his attention. Indeed, what must strike every reader with astonishment, is the vast amount of classical reading and research, to which, judging from these letters, Macaulay's time was habitually devoted at Calcutta.

"During the last thirteen months I have read Æschylus twice; Sophocles twice; Euripides once; Pindar twice; Callimachus; Apollonius Rhodius; Quintus Calaber; Theocritus twice; Herodotus; Thucydides; almost all Xenophon's works; almost all Plato; Aristotle's "Politics," and a good deal of his "Organon," besides dipping elsewhere in him; the whole of Plutarch's "Lives;" about half of Lucian; two or three books of Athenæus; Plautus twice; Terence twice; Lucretius twice; Catullus; Tibullus; Propertius; Lucan; Statius; Silius Italicus; Livy; Velleius Paterculus; Sallust; Cæsar; and, lastly, Cicero. I have, indeed, still a little of Cicero left; but I shall finish him in a few days. I am now deep in Aristophanes and Lucian."

That the enormous list of classical works recorded in the foregoing letter was not only read through, but read with care, is proved by the pencil-marks, single, double, and treble, which meander down the margin of such passages as excited the admiration of the student; and by the remarks, literary, historical, and grammatical, with which the critic has interspersed every volume, and sometimes every page. In the case of a favourite writer, Macaulay frequently corrects the errors of the press, and even the punctuation, as minutely as if he were preparing the book for another edition. He read Plautus, Terence, and Aristophanes four times through at Calcutta; and Euripides thrice. In his copy of Quintus Calaber, (a versifier who is less unknown by the title of Quintus Smyrnæus,) appear the entries

"September 22, 1835.

Turned over, July 13, 1837."

It may be doubted whether the Pandects would have attained the celebrity which they enjoy, if, in the course of the three years during which Justinian's law commission was at work, the president Tribonian had read Quintus Smyrnæus twice.

The Indian empire is a subject so vast and so profound, even to those whose lives have been spent in its service, that it is not too much to ask of the most gifted members of the Indian government that they should give it all their attention. But though Macaulay's knowledge of India was superficial, it would be unjust to suppose that his presence in the council was not of great value. He brought to Indian administration an intelligence, admirably

stored by study and experience, with the most enlightened views of government; and his minutes are models of good judgment and practical sagacity. The part he took in India was essentially the application of sound liberal principles to a government which had till then been singularly jealous, close, and repressive. Thus he vindicated with the greatest energy the liberty of the Indian press, he maintained the equality of Europeans and natives before the law, and he gave an impulse to the work of education, to which the prodigious progress of the native races in the last thirty years, through the study of the English language, is mainly attributable. His greatest legislative work, in his own judgment, was the draft of a penal code—a subject which required less special technical knowledge of India than many others—for the rules of evidence and the definitions of offences might be common to all mankind. But twenty-two years elapsed before this code was promulgated. It was revised with great care and labour by experienced lawyers, and it owes a good deal to other hands, more especially to Sir Barnes Peacock, by whom it was at last brought into operation. Mr. Trevelyan quotes the high authority of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen in support of the fact that Macaulay had, somehow or other, acquired a very considerable knowledge of English criminal law, however little he had practised it. All these enlightened measures and reforms drew down on him a torrent of abuse, especially from the English society in Calcutta and the Mofussil, to which he seems to have been entirely indifferent. And as he strolled up and down his garden at early dawn or in the full splendour of Indian moonlight, his mind became gradually more and more indifferent to politics. What, he said, is the fame of Townshend to that of Hume, of Lord North to that of Gibbon, of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson?

I am more than half determined to abandon politics, and to give myself wholly to letters; to undertake some great historical work which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life; and to leave the pleasures of pestiferous rooms, sleepless nights, aching heads, and diseased stomachs to Roebuck and to Praed.

At the close of 1837 Macaulay embarked with his sister and her husband in the "Lord Hungerford" East Indiaman to return to England. The voyage was long and stormy. Zachary Macaulay died in May 1838, before his children reached

their native shore. The first business which awaited the returning legislator was a literary quarrel, that threatened to end in a duel. Lord Brougham had assumed towards Macaulay an attitude which boded no good. And, above all, the prospects of the political party with which Macaulay was so closely connected by principle and by regard were extremely depressing. We have read with curiosity and interest the remarks of Mr. Trevelyan on the causes which led to the fall of Lord Melbourne's government, differing as they do very widely from the impressions we ourselves retain of that event. But whatever those causes were, the fact is certain that a reaction had quickly succeeded to the violent emotions of the Reform agitation; that the party and the Parliament which had carried so many great measures, was soon broken up, partly by the secession of its more conservative members, but much more by the imprudent pressure of its radical adherents. At the moment of King William's death the cabinet was on the verge of defeat. It was rescued for a time by the popularity and Whig proclivities of the young queen. But we regard it as a misfortune to the Whig party that the existence of the ministry was prolonged after it had lost its power; and certainly there never was a moment less calculated to encourage a Whig statesman to resume his connection with public affairs.

Macaulay proceeded to make a tour of Italy in the autumn following his return. He visited that country, as his nephew justly remarks, with the eyes of an historian, but he had a faint appreciation of the beauties of natural scenery and still less of the great works of mediæval art. The charm of those portions of his Italian journals which are given to the reader consists in the vast array of historical associations which those spots, consecrated by the heroism of ages, awakened in his memory. And it is probable that he here first conceived the idea of those Roman ballads which he afterwards executed with such singular felicity.\* A proposal

\* Some of these "Lays" must already have been composed in his mind, for he says: "I then went towards the river, to the spot where the old Pons Sublicius stood and looked about to see *how my Horatius* agreed with the topography. Pretty well; but his house must be on Mount Palatinus, for he never could see Mount Cælius from the spot where he fought." This evidently refers to the passage, —

But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home,  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the walls of Rome.

Yet his brother Charles seems to have supposed that

from Lord Melbourne to take the office of judge advocate followed him to Florence in November 1838, but the offer "did not strike him as even tempting," and was declined.

In Rome Macaulay had met Mr. Gladstone, then the rising hope of the Tory party. Oddly enough his first task on returning to London was to read and review Mr. Gladstone's "Essay on Church and State," which he did with the exclamation, "The Lord hath delivered him into our hand;" and certainly never was a crude theory more mercilessly demolished. Mr. Gladstone acted on the principle that a soft answer turneth away wrath, for he addressed his critic in the following terms: —

"I have been favoured with a copy of the forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review*; and I perhaps too much presume upon the bare acquaintance with you, of which alone I can boast, in thus unceremoniously assuming you to be the author of the article entitled 'Church and State,' and in offering you my very warm and cordial thanks for the manner in which you have treated both the work, and the author on whom you deigned to bestow your attention. In whatever you write you can hardly hope for the privilege of most anonymous productions, a real concealment; but, if it had been possible not to recognize you, I should have questioned your authorship in this particular case, because the candour and singlemindedness which it exhibits are, in one who has long been connected in the most distinguished manner with political party, so rare as to be almost incredible. . . . In these lacerating times one clings to everything of personal kindness in the past, to husband it for the future; and, if you will allow me, I shall earnestly desire to carry with me such a recollection of your mode of dealing with a subject upon which the attainment of truth, we shall agree, so materially depends upon the temper in which the search for it is instituted and conducted."

How much this letter pleased Macaulay is indicated by the fact of his having kept it unburned; a compliment which, except in this single instance, he never paid to any of his correspondents.

The elevation of Mr. Abercromby, the speaker, to the peerage, in May 1838, left a seat for Edinburgh vacant, and the Liberal constituency of our ancient city willingly accepted Macaulay as their candidate. He conciliated the Radicals by adopting the ballot, but in all other respects his political creed consisted in an emphatic renewal of his devoted attachment

the "Lays" were composed after his return to England.



to Whig principles. The passage, in these days, it may be well to quote.

"I look with pride," said Macaulay, "on all that the Whigs have done for the cause of human freedom and of human happiness. I see them now hard pressed, struggling with difficulties, but still fighting the good fight. At their head I see men who have inherited the spirit and the virtues, as well as the blood, of old champions and martyrs of freedom. To those men I propose to attach myself. While one shred of the old banner is flying, by that banner will I, at least, be found. Whether in or out of Parliament — whether speaking with that authority which must always belong to the representative of this great and enlightened community, or expressing the humble sentiments of a private citizen — I will to the last maintain inviolate my fidelity to principles which, though they may be borne down for a time by senseless clamour, are yet strong with the strength, and immortal with the immortality, of truth; and which, however they may be misunderstood or misrepresented by contemporaries, will assuredly find justice from a better age."

The day came, even in Edinburgh, when the enthusiasm excited by this patriotic language was forgotten; but the day never came when Macaulay flinched from those principles; and the day will never come when those who follow, at however great a distance, in his footsteps, will forsake them.

It was not long before Macaulay was called upon to make a considerable sacrifice to his sense of public duty. The most cherished desire of his heart had been to devote himself, on his return to England, to some great literary work, for in his eyes all that he had hitherto achieved was desultory and ephemeral. He applied himself, indeed, with fresh energy to the review, and it was at this time that the splendid articles on Clive and Warren Hastings were written, to be followed by many others. But the *magnum opus* he had in view — the work which was to hand down his name to posterity, and perhaps be read and admired at the distance of a thousand years, was his English history. The plan was already framed in his mind, though in proportions very different from those which it afterwards assumed; and on March 9, 1839, it appears from his journal that he wrote a portion of the introduction. "Pretty well," was his own note upon it, "but a little too stately and rhetorical." But before the close of September he received a letter from Lord Melbourne, with an offer of the secretaryship at war and a seat in the Cabinet. No doubt to attain to a place in the executive

government of England before a man is forty, by sheer force of intellect, is a triumph and a temptation which few men of strong political feelings and ambition could resist. But in accepting office Macaulay added nothing to his own fame. He had no inducement to accept it but the consciousness that it was his duty to support what he knew to be a falling government. His powers of debate were wasted in violent and fruitless altercations, and his duties as secretary at war might have been as well performed by a chief clerk of the department. In one respect his short ministerial career was remarkable. He gave a strenuous support to Lord Palmerston in the transactions of 1840 which nearly led to war with France; and he did not side with the dissentient voices in the Cabinet, though amongst them were several names dearest to the Whig party and to himself. The struggle of the Cabinet was not of long duration. In less than two years the Melbourne ministry fell, and Macaulay was liberated from office.

He wrote at this time to Macvey Napier:—

I am not at all disappointed by the elections. They have, indeed, gone very nearly as I expected. Perhaps I counted on seven or eight votes more; and even these we may get on petition. I can truly say that I have not, for many years, been so happy as I am at present. Before I went to India, I had no prospect in the event of a change of government, except that of living by my pen, and seeing my sisters governesses. In India I was an exile. When I came back, I was for a time at liberty; but I had before me the prospect of parting in a few months, probably forever, with my dearest sister and her children. That misery was removed; but I found myself in office, a member of a government wretchedly weak, and struggling for existence. Now I am free. I am independent. I am in Parliament, as honourably seated as man can be. My family is comfortably off. I have leisure for literature; yet I am not reduced to the necessity of writing for money. If I had to choose a lot from all that there are in human life, I am not sure that I should prefer any to that which has fallen to me. I am sincerely and thoroughly contented.

These agreeable prognostications were to a great extent realized. Eighteen years of life still remained to him, and he spent them in full and unbroken enjoyment. His influence in Parliament was considerable, and on more than one occasion he turned the opinion of the House, by the incomparable ingenuity of his arguments. He lost his seat for Edinburgh indeed, but that was the result of a proud and

manly adherence to principle and to his determination never to degrade the character of a representative. Although he gradually withdrew from general society, and was bored by the vacuity of country-houses and big dinners, he clung more closely to the intercourse of his relations and intimate friends; and meanwhile the history steadily, though slowly, advanced.

It is this period of Macaulay's life which offers the greatest interest to those of the present generation who enjoyed his society, and Mr. Trevelyan has fortunately preserved to us considerable portions of his daily journal at this time. The events recorded are indeed slight and few, but the picture of that animated and accomplished company of kindred minds is full of brilliancy and truth. It was an age of social breakfasts. Macaulay himself preferred a party of friends, assembled at a breakfast-table to eat muffins and broiled salmon, to any other mode of entertainment; and if he did not set the fashion, he certainly adopted it with great cordiality and gave it an unusual charm. Hallam, Sydney Smith, Lord Carlisle, Lord Stanhope, M. Van de Weyer, Senior, and Bishop Wilberforce shared this taste, and the breakfasts were incessant at their respective houses. Bright as those mornings always were, the brightest were the days on which Macaulay appeared, or on which he assembled the same party at the Albany or on Campden Hill. Rogers' breakfasts were a thing apart, for at them the chief object of the host seemed to be to exhibit himself and tell his own stories over again, with the well-known fall of the lip or the anticipated tear. But Macaulay's parties were perfectly natural and unaffected, the conversation was spontaneous and unprepared; yet involuntarily the circle found itself drawing closer round the magician's chair.

So charming left his voice that they awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to  
hear.

Not less congenial to Macaulay were the dinners of "The Club"—that remarkable society founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, which has numbered amongst its members the best talkers of a century, but certainly none more brilliant than him who was elected on March 19, 1839. For twenty years Macaulay constantly attended these dinners, which are held on alternate Tuesdays during the session. He was there completely in his element. Each of the guests was ear and voice to the others.

Lord Carlisle's journal has preserved a few shadowy records of these delightful meetings, but, whatever else the club may have retained, the spirit of Boswell has ceased to haunt it. Mr. Trevelyan speaks of "The Club" in the past tense, as if he supposed that after the dissolution of so brilliant a company, nothing survived. We beg to assure him that he is mistaken. "*Esto perpetua*" is the motto of the club, and we hope that the time will never arrive when English gentlemen are wanting to support its literary and social traditions.

Whatever fault might be found with Macaulay's gestures as an orator, his appearance and bearing in conversation were singularly effective. Sitting bolt upright, his hands resting on the arms of his chair or folded over the handle of his walking-stick;—knitting his great eyebrows if the subject was one which had to be thought out as he went along, or brightening from the forehead downwards when a burst of humour was coming;—his massive features and honest glance suited well with the manly sagacious sentiments which he set forth in his pleasant sonorous voice, and in his racy and admirably intelligible language. To get at his meaning people had never the need to think twice, and they certainly had seldom the time. And with all his ardour, and with all his strength and energy of conviction, he was so truly considerate towards others, so delicately courteous with the courtesy which is of the essence and not only in the manner! However eager had been the debate, and however prolonged the sitting, no one in the company ever had personal reasons for wishing a word of his unsaid, or a look or a tone recalled. His good things were never long in the making. During the Caffre war, at a time when we were getting rather the worst of it, he opened the street door for a walk down Westbourne Terrace. "The blacks are flying," said his companion. "I wish they were in South Africa," was the instant reply. His quotations were always ready, and never off the mark. He was always willing to accept a friendly challenge to a feat of memory. One day, in the Board-room of the British Museum, Sir David Dundas saw him hand to Lord Aberdeen a sheet of foolscap covered with writing arranged in three parallel columns down each of the four pages. This document, of which the ink was still wet, proved to be a full list of the senior wranglers at Cambridge with their dates and colleges, for the hundred years during which the names of senior wranglers had been recorded in the university calendar. On another occasion Sir David asked: "Macaulay, do you know your popes?" "No," was the answer; "I always get wrong among the Innocents." "But can you say your Archbishops of Canterbury?" "Any fool," said Macaulay, "could say his Archbishops of Canterbury back-

wards :” and he went off at score, drawing breath only once in order to remark on the oddity of there having been an Archbishop Sancroft and an Archbishop Bancroft, until Sir David stopped him at Cranmer.

Macaulay was proud of his good memory, and had little sympathy with people who affected to have a bad one. In a note on the margin of one of his books he reflects upon this not uncommon form of self-depreciation : “They appear to reason thus : The more memory, the less invention.”

Yet he had himself remarked on another occasion that it was dangerous for a man of strong memory to read too much, because in acquiring an amazing command over the thoughts of others, he might dilute the power of original thought in himself. That was undoubtedly to some extent the case with Macaulay. Every incident he heard of, every page he read, assumed in his mind a concrete, objective, spectral form. He *saw* them before him : but his genius was less conversant with abstract truths or their relations. These qualities made his writings and conversation eminently graphic, clear, and attractive, rather than profound studies of human nature or of the causes of events. To this distinction between the most brilliant modern writer of history and the great models of antiquity, especially Thucydides and Tacitus, Macaulay was by no means insensible : it originates in a different order of mind and in far other powers of original thought. The historian of antiquity to whom his writings bear the nearest resemblance is Livy.

Macaulay never worked at anything so hard as he laboured at his “History.” His method of composition was slow and toilsome ; his care and correctness, both as to matter and style, endless. His researches to ascertain facts, even of trifling importance, were extraordinary. Yet the bulk of the materials he used were derived from printed sources — memoirs, pamphlets, sermons, ballads, broadsheets, Parliamentary journals and the statute-book. He seldom attempted to dive into that ocean of manuscript records, which threatens to bury the sources of history under strata of rubbish ; but he made considerable use of the Dutch and Spanish despatches, and of Narcissus Luttrell’s diary, then unpublished. He was also aided by the previous researches of Mackintosh. The work of preparing the materials of history, and that of writing actual history, must be performed by two distinct classes of men. All experience shows

how impossible it is to attain to complete and indisputable accuracy even in the narrative of an ordinary contemporary event. With every fresh witness, with every fresh piece of evidence, the difficulty increases. We speak with confidence of the history of the ancients, because the witnesses are few in number : but the more we know, the more we doubt. Macaulay laboured with an honest and intense desire to be truthful and just, though he wrote under the influence of strong predilections ; and his slips of memory are exceedingly rare. One of these is curious. We had occasion in reviewing the first volumes of his “History” to point out that he was mistaken in conferring on Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne, a grave in Westminster Abbey. It now turns out from a journal of a tour in Ireland, made for the express purpose of visiting the scenes memorable in the history of those times, that Macaulay actually saw the tomb of Schomberg in St. Patrick’s, Dublin, and noted Swift’s savage inscription on it. This must have escaped his recollection.

Early in 1849, in the midst of events which convulsed Europe with new revolutions, this great history of an old and triumphant revolution was given to the world. It is needless to say how it was received — the sale of edition after edition was rapid and enormous. It was read with enthusiasm by all classes ; for if it contained some of the noblest passages of historical composition to instruct the statesman and delight the scholar, it was amusing enough to divert the frivolous, and clear enough to give pleasure and knowledge to the uneducated. Whatever Macaulay’s hopes of success or consciousness of desert may have been, the results exceeded all expectation. In one instance alone was a serious attempt made to depreciate the merit and detract from the influence of the greatest historical work of our time. A contemporary reviewer, writing with the deliberation and judgment required on such an occasion, declared that —

Mr. Macaulay was a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and the future volumes as they may appear will be, devoured with the same eagerness that “Oliver Twist,” or “Vanity Fair” excite, with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it : but his pages will *seldom*, we think, *receive a second perusal* ; and the work, we apprehend, will *hardly find a perma-*

ment place on the historical shelf, nor ever, assuredly, be quoted as authority on any question or point of the history of England.\*

Such criticism could do Macaulay no harm, and as was said at the time, the writer of the article in attempting murder had committed suicide. But in his private journal, the historian made the following remark.

*April 13.* — To the British Museum. I looked over the "Travels" of the Duke of Tuscany, and found the passage the existence of which Croker denies. His blunders are really incredible. The article has been received with general contempt. Really Croker has done me a great service. I apprehended a strong reaction, the natural effect of such a success; and, if hatred had left him free to use his very slender faculties to the best advantage, he might have injured me much. He should have been large in acknowledgment; should have taken a mild and expostulatory tone; and should have looked out for real blemishes, which, as I too well know, he might easily have found. Instead of that, he has written with such rancour as to make everybody sick. I could almost pity him. But he is a bad, a very bad, man: a scandal to politics and to letters.

From that day to this, the same journal has never lost an opportunity of launching shafts against the literary reputation of Lord Macaulay. Mr. Croker is dead, but the race of Crokers is not extinct, nor is it likely to expire as long as the principal organ of the Tory party sedulously keeps it alive.

It is certainly not a matter of regret that Macaulay was relieved for some years from the fatigue of Parliament. In 1852, when the Whigs returned to office, he refused a seat in the Cabinet; but when it was proposed in June of the same year to put him in nomination for Edinburgh, the compliment of a voluntary *amende* paid by so great a constituency was not unwelcome to him. His own bearing was high and rigid. He had made no advance and no concession. But Edinburgh, to her honour, was glad to take him back on his own terms. Unhappily the time was already past for Macaulay to render to his constituents or his country any important political services. Within two days of the election and before he could go down to Scotland, on July 15, 1852, he felt suddenly oppressed with an exceeding weakness and languor. Dr. Bright was called in and pronounced that he was suffering from seriously deranged action of the

heart. From that moment the exertions of public life became extremely painful and onerous to him, and at times he was scarcely able to write — as he himself expressed it, he had aged twenty years in a single week. The case was a singular one: a man of fifty-two, scarcely past the prime of life, of temperate habits, given to daily exercise and regular hours, who had never been ill, suddenly found his powers of life impaired, and felt that, although he might linger for some years, the "strict arrest of the fell serjeant, death," was on him.

*"December 31, 1853.* — Another day of work and solitude. I enjoy this invalid life extremely. In spite of my gradually sinking health, this has been a happy year. My strength is failing. My life will not, I think, be long. But I have clear faculties, warm affections, abundant sources of pleasure."

At very distant intervals, he gives expression, in two or three pathetic sentences, to the dejection which is the inevitable attendant upon the most depressing of all ailments. "I am not what I was, and every month my heart tells it me more and more clearly. I am a little low; not from apprehension; for I look forward to the inevitable close with perfect serenity: but from regret for what I love. I sometimes hardly command my tears when I think how soon I must leave them. I feel that the fund of life is nearly spent."

His temper was unruffled by the thought that the great work he had commenced, and which he once hoped to bring down "to a period of living memory," must remain incomplete. Nothing but expressions of gratitude ever passed his lips, for the happiness of the life he had enjoyed. Enough for him to work on whilst it was yet day; and to persevere with unbroken industry, good humour, and benevolence to the end. Once he spoke in Parliament in favour of retaining the master of the rolls in the House of Commons, and again in defence of the competitive system of appointments to India; but he felt all the time that it was greivous waste of strength, with the reign of Anne still unwritten, for him to consume his scanty stock of vigour in the tedious and exhausting effort of political debate.

The desire of literary fame was certainly one of Macaulay's strongest passions. To be ranked with those great writers who had shed a glory and a joy over his own existence — to be read by future ages and distant countries — to be incorporated With that dear language which I spake like thee, —

were results intensely gratifying to his

\* *Quarterly Review*, March 1849.

imagination. He lived to enjoy these as fully as a man can enjoy, or taste, the pleasures of posthumous fame, by anticipated distinction. Yet he was not prone to exaggerate his own importance, and he looked at it, willingly enough, from the comical side. Thus he writes in March 1850:—

At last I have attained true glory. As I walked through Fleet Street the day before yesterday, I saw a copy of Hume at a bookseller's window with the following label: "Only 2*l.* 2*s.* Hume's 'History of England' in eight volumes, highly valuable as an introduction to Macaulay." I laughed so convulsively that the other people who were staring at the books took me for a poor demented gentleman. Alas for poor David! As for me, only one height of renown yet remains to be attained. I am not yet in Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

I have seen the hippopotamus, both asleep and awake; and I can assure you that, awake or asleep, he is the ugliest of the works of God. But you must hear of my triumphs. Thackeray swears that he was eye-witness and ear-witness of the proudest event of my life. Two damsels were just about to pass that doorway which we, on Monday, in vain attempted to enter, when I was pointed out to them. "Mr. Macaulay!" cried the lovely pair. "Is that Mr. Macaulay? Never mind the hippopotamus." And, having paid a shilling to see behemoth, they left him in the very moment at which he was about to display himself to them, in order to see—but spare my modesty. I can wish for nothing more on earth, now that Madame Tussaud, in whose pantheon I once hoped for a place, is dead.

Or, to quote another form of honour paid to his memory—that perhaps which he would himself most highly have appreciated—amongst the national relics in the British Museum a few lines traced by his hand have been deemed worthy to find a place, as one of the choicest of our treasures.

A manuscript page of his "History," thickly scored with dashes and erasures,—it is the passage in the twenty-fifth chapter where Sir Hans Sloane is mentioned as "the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country,"—is preserved at that museum in a cabinet, which may truly be called the place of honour; within whose narrow limits are gathered together a rare collection of objects such as Englishmen of all classes and parties regard with a common reverence and pride. There may be seen Nelson's hasty sketch of the line of battle at the Nile; and the sheet of paper on which Wellington computed the strength of the cavalry regiments that were to fight at Waterloo; and the note-book of Locke; and the auto-

graphs of Samuel Johnson's "Irene," and Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens;" and the rough copy of the translation of the "Iliad," written, as Pope loved to write, on the margin of frayed letters and the backs of tattered envelopes. It is pleasant to think what Macaulay's feelings would have been, if, when he was rhyming and castle-building among the summer-houses at Barley Wood, or the laurel-walks at Aspenden, or under the limes and horse-chestnuts in the Cambridge Gardens, he could have been assured that the day would come when he should be invited to take his place in such a noble company.

But indeed no form of human honour and reward was wanting to his success. The Institute of France conferred on him the rank of an associate. Oxford made him a doctor of laws. The town council of Cambridge elected him in 1857 to the high-stewardship of the borough—an honorary office which had been held by the protector Somerset, by Bacon, by Oliver Cromwell, and by Clarendon. The members of the Prussian Order of Merit elected him a knight. And soon after his health compelled him to retire from the representation of Edinburgh, the queen raised him to the rank of a peer of England—the first example of a peerage bestowed on literary genius, for at the time it was granted Macaulay had ceased to be a politician. It was, however, not unwelcome to him that this mark of the queen's favour was conferred by the hand of Lord Palmerston. Though Lord Palmerston was certainly not a representative of Whig opinions, but rather of the liberal side of Toryism, his high-spirit, his pluck, and vigour in action had always exercised a powerful attraction over the mind of Macaulay. In 1852, when he was dismissed from the Foreign Office, Macaulay wrote in his journal:—

*December 24.*—Palmerston is out. It was high time; but I cannot help being sorry. A daring, indefatigable, high-spirited man; but too fond of conflict, and too ready to sacrifice everything to victory when once he was in the ring.

In fact Macaulay liked Lord Palmerston, not only in spite of his defects, but in some degree *for* his defects, which warmed his imagination. It was therefore with peculiar pleasure that he received his peerage from so friendly a hand. He took his seat with modest pride beside the representatives of the historic families of England, whose forefathers were to him better known than his own contemporaries. But his elevation to the peerage produced no other results. He never spoke in the

House of Lords, for though he had once prepared an answer to Lord Ellenborough on some Indian question, the opportunity passed and the speech was not delivered.

Scarcely any portion of these volumes will be read with greater interest than the record of the years (chiefly under Macaulay's own hand), which were spent in the steady prosecution of his historical labours. Yet there are no events to record — nothing but the play of his own mind and fancy, the pursuit of a noble object, and numberless touches of humour, tenderness, and generosity, which endear him more and more to us. These we must rapidly pass by: but the success of the second instalment of his great work must be commemorated, for it was the most extraordinary occurrence of the kind not only in his own life, but in all literary history.

On the 21st of November 1855, he writes: "I looked over and sent off the last twenty pages. My work is done, thank God; and now for the result. On the whole, I think that it cannot be very unfavourable. At dinner I finished 'Melpomene.'" The first effect upon Macaulay of having completed an instalment of his own "History" was now, as in 1848, to set him reading Herodotus.

"November 23. — Longman came. All the twenty-five thousand copies are ordered. Monday, the 27th of December, is to be the day; but on the evening of the preceding Saturday those booksellers who take more than a thousand are to have their books. The stock lying at the bookbinders' is insured for ten thousand pounds. The whole weight is fifty-six tons. It seems that no such edition was ever published of any work of the same bulk. I earnestly hope that neither age nor riches will narrow my heart."

"November 29. — I was again confined to my room all day, and again dawdled over my book. I wish that the next month were over. I am more anxious than I was about the first part, for then I had no highly-raised expectations to satisfy, and now people expect so much that the seventh book of Thucydides would hardly content them. On the other hand, the general sterility, the miserably enervated state of literature, is all in my favour. We shall see. It is odd that I should care so very little about the money, though it is full as much as I made by banishing myself for four and a half of the best years of my life to India."

On the last day of February 1856, Macaulay writes in his journal: "Longman called. It is necessary to reprint. This is wonderful. Twenty-six thousand five hundred copies sold in ten weeks! I should not wonder if I made twenty thousand pounds clear this year by literature. Pretty well, considering that, twenty years ago, I had just nothing when my debts were paid; and all that I have, with the exception of a small part left me by my uncle,

the general, has been made by myself, and made easily and honestly, by pursuits which were a pleasure to me, and without one insinuation from any slanderer that I was not even liberal in all my pecuniary dealings."

"March 7. — Longman came, with a very pleasant announcement. He and his partners find that they are overflowing with money; and think that they cannot invest it better than by advancing to me, on the usual terms of course, part of what will be due to me in December. We agreed that they shall pay twenty thousand pounds into Williams's bank next week. What a sum to be gained by one edition of a book! I may say, gained in one day. But that was harvest-day. The work had been near seven years in hand. I went to Westbourne Terrace by a Paddington omnibus, and passed an hour there, laughing and laughed at. They are all much pleased. They have, indeed, as much reason to be pleased as I, who am pleased on their account rather than on my own, though I am glad that my last years will be comfortable. Comfortable, however, I could have been on a sixth part of the income which I shall now have."

The cheque is still preserved as a curiosity among the archives of Messrs. Longman's firm.

To this statement Mr. Trevelyan adds the following details, which are an appropriate answer to the predictions of the *Quarterly Review*.

Messrs. Longman's books show that, in an ordinary year, when nothing is done to stimulate the public appetite by novelty of form or reduction of price, their stock of the "History" goes out of their hands at the rate of seventy complete copies a week. But a computation founded on this basis would give a very inadequate notion of the extent to which Macaulay's most important work is bought and read; for no account would have been taken of the years in which large masses of new and cheap editions were sold off in the course of a few months. 12,024 copies of a single volume of the "History" were put into circulation in 1858, and 22,925 copies of a single volume in 1864. During the nine years ending with the 25th of June 1857, Messrs. Longman disposed of 30,478 copies of the first volume of the "History;" 50,783 copies during the nine years ending with June 1866; and 52,392 copies during the nine years ending with June 1875. Within a generation of its first appearance, upwards of a hundred and forty thousand copies of the "History" will have been printed and sold in the United Kingdom alone.

Caring little for money, except in so far as he was able to make a liberal and generous use of it, Macaulay enjoyed the power his new opulence had conferred on him. Until he was fifty-two years of age, he had never had a carriage of his own, except when in office; indeed he had



never even had a house. He now removed from the Albany to an agreeable villa on Campden Hill, with a gallery to the south and a garden—an abode perfectly suited to him: and he continued, with increasing liberality, to assist those who had any claims on him, and a great many of those who had not. The appeals to him from distressed literary men were numberless, but he never turned a deaf ear to them. One morning a gentleman calls on him and relates his embarrassments; he was a Cambridge man and his name was known in philology; Macaulay is moved, and without even ascertaining his identity, gives him a cheque for a hundred pounds. His generosity, when his heart was touched, and his heart was easily touched, was really unbounded.

Macaulay lived exactly four years after the publication of the second portion of his "History," and had his health and energy not been greatly impaired, that time would have sufficed to carry him to the close of the reign of Anne. But the truth is that although he had only then completed his fifty-fifth year he was prematurely old—as old, physically, as most men are at seventy. In intellectual power and in the gift of memory he suffered no decline. It is a subject of eternal regret that he should not so far have husbanded or applied his time and strength as to include the reign of Anne in his "History"—that reign which has been so often attempted, and as yet so inadequately described.

Gradually and unwillingly Macaulay acquiesced in the conviction that he must submit to leave untold that very portion of English history which he was competent to treat as no man again will treat it. Others may study the reign of Anne with a more minute and exclusive diligence,—the discovery of materials hitherto concealed cannot fail from time to time to throw fresh light upon transactions so extensive and complicated as those which took place between the rupture of the peace of Ryswick and the accession of the house of Brunswick; but it may safely be affirmed that few or none of Macaulay's successors will be imbued like him with the enthusiasm of the period. There are phases of literary taste which pass away, never to recur; and the early associations of future men of letters will seldom be connected with "The Rape of the Lock," and the "Essay on Criticism,"—with "The Spectator," "The Guardian," "The Freeholder," the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," and the "History of John Bull." But Macaulay's youth was nourished upon Pope, and Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, and Defoe. Everything which has been written by them, or about them, was as familiar to him as "The Lady of the Lake," and "The

Bride of Abydos," were to the generation which was growing up when Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and Moore's "Life of Byron" were making their first appearance in the circulating libraries. He had Prior's burlesque verses, and Arbuthnot's pasquinades, as completely at his fingers' ends as a clever public-schoolboy of fifty years ago had the "Rejected Addresses," or the poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. He knew every pamphlet which had been put forth by Swift, or Steele, or Addison as well as Tories of 1790 knew their Burke, or Radicals of 1820 knew their Cobbett. There were times when he amused himself with the hope that he might even yet be permitted to utilize these vast stores of information, on each separate fragment of which he could so easily lay his hand. His diary shows him to have spent more than one summer afternoon "walking in the portico, and reading pamphlets of Queen Anne's time." But he had no real expectation that the knowledge which he thus acquired would ever be turned to account.

In truth he was conscious that, with no acute disease, and with little actual suffering, the sand of life was well-nigh spent in the hour-glass. He turned with deeper affection to those he loved. His tears flowed more readily at any passage of his favourite authors that touched his sensibility, or at any kind and generous action which kindled his admiration. To use Mr. Trevelyan's touching language:—

Of the feelings which he entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes,—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, "the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity." Great as were the honours and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards, which he gained by his own works, were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure which he derived from the works of others. That knowledge has largely contributed to the tenderness with which he has been treated by writers whose views on books, and events, and politics past and present differ widely from his own. It has been well said that even the most hostile of his critics cannot help being "awed and touched by his wonderful devotion to literature." And, while his ardent and sincere passion for letters has thus served as a protection to his memory, it was likewise the source of much which calls for admiration in his character and conduct. The confidence with which he could rely upon intellectual pursuits for occupation and amusement assisted him not a little to preserve that dignified compo-

sure, with which he met all the changes and chances of his public career ; and that spirit of cheerful and patient endurance, which sustained him through years of broken health and enforced seclusion.

There are people who conceive themselves to be fond of reading and conversant with literature, because they devour the nerveless publications of the day, and exhaust the circulating libraries. They forget, or they do not know, that the broadest and richest fields of literature lie in more remote regions. Macaulay, with his boundless appetite for books, had but scant indulgence for the writers of his own time. Measured by his standard they appeared to him paradoxical, fantastical, and even contemptible. He rushed past these ephemeral productions, to dwell more constantly and more frequently with the imperishable remains of former ages. That which really charmed him in letters was not their novelty but their antiquity, their vitality, their duration. His biographer admits, apparently with regret, that writers of the stamp of Mr. Buckle, Mr. Carlyle, and Mr. Ruskin had not the power to command his attention. Perhaps if they could have come down to him with the authority of a thousand years, and a dead language, he would have appreciated them more highly.

The gloom of the winter of 1859 was heightened to him by the dread of an approaching separation from his beloved sister and one of his nieces, who were to join Sir Charles Trevelyan at Madras in February : but from the terrible pang of that departure he was mercifully spared. On Christmas-day his family once more gathered round his hearth—but he talked little and continually fell asleep. On the morning of December 28, he dictated a letter to a poor curate, enclosing a cheque for twenty-five pounds. That was the last time he signed his name. That same evening, sitting in his library, with a book before him, still open at the last-read page, he ceased to breathe. "He died as he had always wished to die ;—without pain, without any formal farewell ; preceding to the grave all whom he loved ; and leaving behind him a great and honourable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences." On January 9, 1860, they laid him in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of the statue of Addison, and he was joined to that illustrious company of scholars and statesmen whom it had been the study and the glory of his life to emulate.

What Lord Macaulay was his own writings and these volumes sufficiently attest. We shall not attempt to retrace the outlines of his genius and his character, for we have already recorded in these pages our own sense of his greatness.\* His extraordinary powers of intellect and memory were already known to the world. But the world had yet to learn with how fine a poetic temperament and with what warmth of heart these gifts were combined.

In conclusion, it only remains to us to acknowledge the skill and candour with which Mr. Trevelyan has executed a very delicate and difficult task. So much of the life of his illustrious uncle was spent within the sanctuary of domestic life, that it was impossible to make it entirely known to posterity without lifting those veils of privacy which are commonly drawn closer by the ties of kindred and personal affection. But it was his good fortune to have nothing to conceal, and nothing to relate that was not amiable, honourable, and true. Details, sometimes trivial in themselves, add to the reality of the picture, and we do not doubt that these volumes will be read throughout the world with a curiosity and an interest, only to be surpassed by the success of Lord Macaulay's own writings.

\* See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxi., p. 273.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

JUSTIN VITALI'S CLIENT: A FRENCH  
"CAUSE CELEBRE."

# I.

A MAN on whose prospects success seemed to shine most sunnily was Justin Vitali, of the Bar of M——. At the age of thirty he had already achieved a reputation as a learned lawyer and an eloquent pleader. Without influential connections to help him on—labouring under the drawback of being a Corsican, which is not a title of merit in the eyes of French barristers who dislike the politics of their insular brethren, addicted, moreover, to solitary study which kept him from chumming with his fellows or going out into society and making friends of the sort who often do more for a barrister than professional merit does, Justin Vitali had, nevertheless, attracted attention much quicker than if he had had recourse to ambitious acts. He was just the sort of man whom solicitors appreciate. He had the gift of

listening. It has been said that conversation has become a lost art in these our times because every man reflects on what he shall answer instead of paying attention to what he hears; Vitali, on the contrary, hearkened with all his ears, and his memory was so retentive that he often surprised a client by reminding him of a cursory remark which had been uttered without any intention that it should be remembered. It was a maxim of his that the merits of a case are ascertained less by what a client says than by what he lets slip; and he had a tact for drawing on a speaker to be communicative by an appearance of tacitly acquiescing in all his observations. This power of concentrated attention brought to bear on the reading of his briefs lent Vitali the force which an advocate must needs acquire who speaks with a full knowledge of his case, and it made him a dangerous opponent for leading barristers of large practice who went into court having but skimmed their briefs. It got to be said that when eminent counsel knew they were to be pitted against Justin Vitali they took care to master their facts and charged a heavier fee for the trouble. But, though other barristers might by fits and starts emulate the Corsican's industry, few could compete with the inborn gifts which made him an orator. He was a muscular man of middle height, with a swarthy complexion, black hair which he wore long and brushed off his high forehead without any parting, thick black whiskers trimmed short, and dark eyes, large and piercing. In his ordinary attire he might have been taken for a provincial farmer in Sunday dress, for he wore ill-cut baggy clothes of rough cloth, and was not careful about dusting them; but in court his gown and cambric fall became him well, and as soon as he had put them on he was another man. In this atmosphere of justice, which was his real sphere, he thawed; the cold expression of his features gave place to a look of ardent interest in all that was going on; he would turn his eyes with prompt, inquiring flashes on judges, witnesses, and on the jury if it were a criminal case; and casual spectators who did not know his ways, might have thought that he was continually tempted to spring on to his legs before the time. But this excitement was only outward, for when Vitali rose to speak, his impulses were always under his control; they were like a steam-machine which a child's hand can guide. He despised tricks of rhetoric, declamatory gestures, and sensational phrases,

his eloquence being the natural outpouring of a full mind and heart, flowing like a torrent from a subterranean lake. He had a clear and melodious voice; his gestures were few and graceful, and his Corsican imagination tinged his speeches with a warm colouring, with happy metaphors, and with occasional beauties of true poetical pathos, more especially when he was pleading in cases in which his own sensibilities were greatly stirred.

This very frequently happened, for Vitali had laid down for himself a singular rule of conscience: he would plead no causes which he did not sincerely believe to be just. A well-known Scotch professor of jurisprudence being asked to deal with the question as to whether an advocate were justified in pleading iniquitous causes, answered that a counsel is a mouthpiece, not a judge, and that it is merely his function to place his client's case before the bench in the manner in which the client himself would have stated it had he possessed the requisite oratorical ability and legal knowledge. Vitali took a different view of an advocate's duties, and contended that a man has no right to place his talents and his learning at the service of a person who is endeavouring to do a wrong. "As well," said he, "might a locksmith argue that he was justified in aiding a burglar to break into a house so long as he took no share in the proceeds of the robbery." And on another occasion, smiling at somebody who had styled barristers "the defenders of the widow and the orphan," he replied dryly, "Yes, but if some barristers defend the widow and orphan it is presumably because others attack them; therefore the bar contains as many assailants as champions of the widow and orphan." Often when he had read a brief through, Vitali returned it with a note to the effect that he thought the cause untenable. And once or twice he had appended some words of critical advice which proved most unwelcome to the suitors who had wished to retain him. Had he been less laborious or able, or less successful in winning the causes which he did undertake, his hyper-scrupulousness would have blighted his professional prospects. As it was, solicitors gave him a character for eccentricity, and while praising him aloud, thanked heaven in secret that there were not more like him.

But Vitali had also made himself numerous enemies, for it was not to be expected that a man should set up a rigid moral principle without seriously offend-

ing many worthy people who were less rigid. All the suitors whom Vitali had snubbed spoke with wrathful contempt of his pretended integrity, deriding it as the affectation of an hypocritical character; and from *esprit de corps* the Corsican's fellow-barristers concurred. After all they were as good as he. Did he imagine forsooth that *they* pleaded unrighteously, that *they* had no principles, that *they* would let the temptation of a heavy retaining fee sway their sensitive consciences? Although M—— is a large maritime city of nearly half a million inhabitants, its society is thoroughly provincial, and everybody there knows or believes he knows everybody else. It came to be rumoured that Justin Vitali's "bearishness" was due to his having been crossed in love; others discovered that his real name was Vitali della Sebbia, but that he had dropped his aristocratical patronymic because he was the son of a fraudulent bankrupt, who had hanged himself to escape the hulks; others felt sure that Vitali would turn out to have been a secret agent of the Jesuits, and they begged the rest to mark their words. In short, envy being unable to deny the Corsican's talent went to work dropping fly-spots on his reputation or his motives; but this did not prevent Vitali from increasing in credit among suitors day by day, for suitors, like patients, will run to the man who can bring them speediest relief, and there is no relief in law like a good verdict.

## II.

At the moment when this tale opens Justin Vitali had just been pleading a cause which was to set the seal to his renown. He had appeared as counsel for an opposition newspaper prosecuted by government. The prosecution was unjust, but as there is no jury in press-trials, the defendants had little justice to expect from three judges who, besides being ever anxious to serve government, seemed to have the letter of the law on their side. Vitali took codes and precedents in hand, and proved that law as well as abstract equity were on the side of his clients; and he forced the bench to acquit on a legal technicality. No such thing had ever been seen in the annals of newspaper-trials in M——; and after the judges had delivered their finding, in a densely-crowded court, which had become the scene of enthusiastic and tumultuous cheering, they grew afraid of their own work. The president of the tribunal, a shrewd old time-serving judge, repaired to a recep-

tion which the prefect was holding that evening; so did the deputy procurator-general, for he was impatient to demonstrate that he had done his very utmost to get the journalists fined and sent to prison.

But they found the prefect much less concerned about the failure of his prosecution than about Vitali's remarkable display of eloquence and legal acumen. He was a Bonapartist, who served the republic grudgingly and hoped perseveringly for a restoration of the third empire, which might make a cabinet minister of him.

"What a speech!" he said musingly to the president; "a dismal pity that such an orator should belong to the Radicals."

"But M. Vitali is a Bonapartist, I believe," replied the president, glad to show that he and his assessors had not been worsted by a republican.

"A Bonapartist — and yet he pleads for the 'Reds'?"

"That is the failing of the man. He pleads for anybody — whom he thinks in the right."

"If he be a Bonapartist, he is a man to be taken up," exclaimed the prefect, eagerly, for he knew the president was also an Imperialist. "We might push him forward at the next election. He would be a wonderful recruit for our party, now that Rouher is aging."

"H'm! he would give you a good deal of trouble. Independence is his hobby."

"Oh! as to that, I have known many an Aristides grow tractable when a good berth was offered him," was the prefect's confident answer. "The procurator-generalship of M —— is still vacant, and I'll see if I can't get Vitali appointed to it."

"He wouldn't accept," said the president, with assurance. "So long as you pay a procurator-general but fifteen thousand francs a year, the post isn't worth the consideration of a man of thirty in large practice."

"You leave the honour out of account," rejoined the prefect. "Besides, the post would only be a stepping-stone to politics. At all events we can try."

The deputy procurator, who was approaching, and overheard the prefect's remarks, pulled a wry face. He had set influences at work to obtain the procuratorship for himself, and he lost no time in leaving the party to go and telegraph to his friends in Paris to bestir themselves.

Meanwhile Justin Vitali, exhausted by his long and intricate speech in court, had returned to his chambers. They were poorly furnished rooms, whose chief lux-

ury was the library of well-bound law-books, which every French advocate is bound to possess before he can be admitted to the bar. Prior to sitting down to the frugal dinner which was sent him every day from a cookshop, Vitali went up to his writing-table, which groaned under a weight of papers, and began this letter:—

"MY DEARLY-LOVED MOTHER,

"To-morrow's newspapers will carry you the report of a trial which has been my greatest success, and which will, I trust, definitely consolidate my position. My earnings are steadily on the increase, and I have little doubt now that after five years more of patient work, favoured by the luck which has hitherto befriended me, I shall be able to pay off my poor father's debts and clear his memory of the stain which was so maliciously and wrongfully thrown upon it. Towards this end, on which we have both set our hearts, you may rely that I shall not cease to strive, to the exclusion of every other hope or ambition——"

He had got so far when there was a ring at the door of his chambers, and his servant entered with a card, saying that a lady desired to see M. Vitali at once.

"A lady at this hour? Did you ask her business?" said Vitali, as he glanced at the card, on which was the name "*Madame Desplans*."

"She is a young person, sir, and she says she will not detain you above an hour," said the servant.

"An hour; that is at least frank: they generally say 'not above five minutes,' remarked Vitali with a weary smile. "Inquire whether the business is so urgent that the lady cannot fix an appointment."

"She seemed very anxious to see you, sir," rejoined the man, and he opened the door to go out; but at this moment a lady dressed in deep mourning suddenly glided past him, and entered the room.

The shade over the table-lamp kept the light down and rendered it difficult to discern the visitor's features. But it was evident that she was young, slight of stature, and judging by the quality of her apparel and her gracefully dignified carriage, a person accustomed to good society. She walked straight up to Vitali's table without speaking. He rose astonished, but bowing, and offered her a seat, and it was only when the servant had retired that she addressed him in a musical voice of great vivacity and rendered slightly tremulous by excitement.

"Excuse me for intruding upon you, M. Vitali, but I wish you to appear for me in a lawsuit. I received notice this morning of an unworthy action that is to be brought against me, and nobody was ever so shamefully abused as I am in that paper. Here it is in my pocket, and I will leave it with you. When I got it at ten o'clock I cried for an hour; but my maid told me I had better come to you who are so famous, so I went to the courts, but you were speaking in that newspaper-case, and when it was over I could not get near you because of the throng of persons who were applauding you. I applauded like the rest, for I assure you you were very eloquent, and it occurred to me that if you could find so many things to say for a journalist, you would speak still better in defence of a lonely persecuted woman."

"The suit is about a will," interrupted Vitali politely, for he was proof against compliments. "Allow me to glance at the paper. H'm! mercenary acts, wiles. It appears the plaintiffs wish to have the testator's will annulled on the ground of——"

"Yes, on the ground that I used undue influence!" exclaimed Madame Desplans. "Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why the money in question was bequeathed me by a man who at least twenty times offered to marry me and who might have been alive now if I had given him my hand! But I won't waste your time in exclamations; here are the bare facts. I was left an orphan at twelve, and at eighteen was married to a retired naval officer, who had been a great friend of my father. Captain Desplans, though much older than I, was a most affectionate husband, and we lived happily together for four years—until the captain, having embarked all his fortune in a speculation, was ruined. The blow preyed greatly on his mind because of me. During a few months he tried hard to find employment, but his age for active work was past, so that he fell ill of despair and very soon died, leaving me unprovided for."

"You were absolutely destitute?" asked Vitali, who continued to glance at the notice of process.

"I had just ten thousand francs and my jewels."

"And no relatives or friends to give you a home?"

"No relative at all," said Madame Desplans, shaking her head; "but I had one friend, Captain Lacroix, who had formerly been lieutenant on board my husband's ship, and who is the person men-

tioned in that document. It is he who left me the property in dispute, and whose mourning I am wearing. And oh, when I think that those selfish relatives of his, who never once came near him in his illness, and who had done all they could to make his life wretched — when I think that they dare to accuse me of having been mercenary, false, depraved, and everything that's wicked, it's too much to bear: oh, oh!" and the young widow burst into tears.

"Console yourself, madam," said Vitali gently: "these law papers are often drawn up in brutal terms; but if the charges brought against you be false, there will be so much the more dishonour for your accusers."

"False, why of course they are false; can you doubt it?" ejaculated Madame Desplans, looking up as if the merest hesitation were an outrage on her. "Why I devoted myself to Captain Lacroix, and spent six months nursing him when, as I have told you, I might have become his wife if I had pleased, and have inherited the whole of his property instead of the half which he left me. He was about forty years old when I first became acquainted with him, that is some six years younger than my husband. He frequently visited at our house, and I was not long in perceiving that he cherished a deep attachment towards me. He ended by declaring himself, and I ordered him not to let me see his face again, threatening if he returned to our house I would inform my husband of his conduct. He did go away and remained absent for two years; but so soon as my husband was dead he hastened back from Italy, where he was, and made me an offer of his hand. I felt no doubt that he sincerely loved me, but I was angry with him for his past behaviour; besides which he was a man of passionate and morose temper, with whom I knew it would have been impossible for me to live happy."

"This paper says that he was almost imbecile from confirmed intemperance."

"He became that after I had rejected him," said Madame Desplans, drying her eyes. "I believe he had given way to drink during his two years' absence, but upon my telling him that I would never be his wife he appears to have abandoned himself altogether; so that one day I received a raving letter from him in which he said that he was on his deathbed, that it was my cruelty that was killing him, but that I could restore him to life if I would go and see him and give him a word of hope. I confess that I was seized with

terror, and with some remorse, for it is horrible to be told one is causing the death of a man whose only crime is to have loved you too well. Consulting only my first impulse, I hastened to Captain Lacroix's house, thinking that I would only stay there a few days to nurse him until he got well. But he lingered on for months alternately lucid and delirious, but always quite incapable of taking care of himself, and in such a complete physical prostration that I awoke every morning with the conviction that he would be dead before night. When he did die at last it was found that by a will dated during the time while my husband was alive, he had left me half his fortune, that is a million francs, for he was a rich man, the son of a Marseilles merchant. Then it was that his relatives, who had left me to nurse him on his deathbed, fell upon me with that paper in which they charge me with having circumvented the unhappy man, with having tried to cozen him into marrying me; indeed they almost hint that when I found he would not yield to me, I ended by poisoning him, so as to become possessed of what he had left me the sooner. Ah, it is all too infamous, M. Vitali! Do I look like a scheming adventuress — do I look like a poisoner?"

She had half risen in uttering these words. Vitali lifted the lamp-shade and the light fell full on her features. No, it was not the face of an adventuress nor of anything but what was sweet and good. She had large blue eyes, soft and candid as a child's, a tiny mouth which no falsehood could ever have defiled, and pale golden hair that seemed to crown her pure brow with an aureola of innocence like those on angels' heads. So at least thought Justin Vitali as his admiring gaze fell on the young face turned supplicatingly towards his. From that moment his destiny altered its course.

She had no need to continue clasping her hands as she did, for her cause was now right in his eyes, although all mankind should arise to accuse her. There was a look of protection in the glance he bent on her; then something like timidity stole into it, and a sensation which he could not account for, but which made his heart beat, took sudden possession of him. He turned towards his desk, caught up a pen, and to give himself a countenance, asked his visitor some desultory questions, her full names and address (her Christian name was Clotilde), whether she had a solicitor, what documents she could furnish to assist her defence, etc. All this



time he felt nervous, and dared not look again at Madame Desplans. He stammered, and the consciousness that he was doing so made him redder: then he became aware that he was prolonging his questions with an inward purpose of preventing his visitor from going away—and this discovery filling him with confusion lest he should be detected, he said abruptly, by manner of closing the interview:—

"Your solicitor will have to instruct me in due form, madame, but your case is happily not a difficult one. By the way, am I to understand that you are entirely dependent for support on Captain Lacroix's legacy?"

"Yes," answered the young widow artlessly; "I brought my husband no dower, but though destitute I probably should not have accepted the captain's money if his relatives had behaved with common kindness to me. I knew nothing about his will till it was opened after his death, and I was more surprised than anybody to find that a million had been bequeathed to me. But now that I have been so basely slandered I would maintain my rights at any cost, even if I were bound to throw the million into the sea as soon as I got it."

"That is natural," answered Vitali, who was too much of a Corsican not to sympathize with the craving for revenge. "The legacy is but a just acknowledgment of your devotedness in tending the dying man—besides, I suppose the captain was aware that your husband had been ruined."

"He was not only aware of it, but he was himself partially the author of our ruin, and that is just the point, for in his will he treats the legacy as a retribution," exclaimed Madame Desplans animatedly. "I should tell you that Captain Lacroix often advised my husband on pecuniary matters, and once he counselled him to invest in a mining-company which had been started in Corsica."

"In Corsica!" exclaimed Vitali with a start, while a deep pallor of a sudden overspread his face.

"Yes; and the company soon went to ruin, for it had been founded by a dishonest banker—one Della Sebbia. But what is the matter, M. Vitali?—you look unwell."

"Della Sebbia was not dishonest, I solemnly vow," said Vitali, standing up and speaking with considerable emotion. "In founding the mining-company, madame, he sincerely believed that he was promoting a genuine enterprise, and when the

ruin overtook him and his shareholders he committed suicide."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Madame Desplans, opening wide her blue eyes and assuming an air of contrition, "but I hope I have said nothing—was that M. della Sebbia——"

"He was my father," said Justin Vitali, whose brow contracted as with pain.

There was a moment's silence. The young widow had risen, and the Corsican and his client stood for a brief space close together with downcast faces, neither speaking. Madame Desplans broke the silence by saying, in a tone of compassion and regret:

"I am truly sorry, M. Vitali—I could not guess—but this will not prevent you from defending me, will it?"

"That is a question for yourself to decide," answered Vitali, a little bitterly. "But if you cannot believe in the honesty of the father, I would advise you not to submit your fortune and reputation to the care of the son."

"I will believe anything you tell me, M. Vitali," said Madame Desplans, without hesitation; then she added, with a half-smile, "but, unintentionally as it may be, your father was the cause of our ruin. He was the cause that I am standing before you to-day; so you owe me a kind of reparation. Prevent me from being despoiled of Captain Lacroix's legacy, and we shall be quits."

### III.

WHAT momentous events may not happen between two paragraphs of a letter interrupted for an hour! When Vitali wrote to his mother that he would devote himself to clearing his father's memory "to the exclusion of all other objects or ambitions," he said what he meant: when he resumed his letter, this passage in it was no longer true. His filial piety had not lessened, but a new element of hopes and fears had entered his life. His main object at present was to clear Clotilde Desplans; and when he had done that, what then? Here he asked himself with uneasiness why he should shrink from looking to the time when the professional relations between himself and the young widow should be at an end, and when perhaps she would go away and be never more seen of him? His life would become a cheerless blank again then, as it had been before she had come to him like a sunbeam into a prison cell. He had looked upon her, and it seemed to him that her face

must forevermore remain shining before his mind's eyes.

When she had gone, he carefully read through the writ of process with which she had been served, and which, like all such documents in France, was a most elaborate indictment, covering several pages of stamped paper. The terms of it made his blood boil. Accustomed as he was to the calumnious malice of litigants, to the diabolical ingenuity with which a plaintiff's lawyer can pervert the meaning of the simplest acts and words so that they may be made to bear a felonious significance, Justin Vitali nevertheless thought that slander had never been pushed to greater length, and humanity, honour, decency, and common sense never been more outrageously set at defiance, than in this document, which accused Clotilde Desplans of being a false intriguer and swindler. He foresaw that the case would make an immense noise, for, in a country where women's influence is paramount, the public have a great interest in knowing what constitutes an exercise of *undue* influence; then the magnitude of the sum at stake would lend importance to the suit, besides greatly heating the plaintiffs' pleas, for Frenchmen do fight with exceeding desperation for a million francs.

All the other briefs which Vitali had in hand at this time lapsed into the background of his preoccupations; and on the morrow of Madame Desplans' visit, it cost him real physical suffering to go into court and give his attention during three hours to a knotty insurance-case. He had scarcely slept through the night from thinking of the extraordinary concourse of circumstances which had made him morally the debtor of Madame Desplans, whom his father had unwittingly ruined. He deemed it nobly generous of her to have said that if he won her suit she would consider they were quits; and most magnanimous of her to have shown such readiness in believing in his father's innocence—a point upon which all the world, ay, his most intimate friends (with whom he had quarrelled on that account) remained sceptics. How could he for a moment mistrust the guiltlessness of one who displayed such confidence in him and his? how could he help longing for the day when he should tear her name spotless as a jewel from the ignoble hands who sought to soil it, or help fretting at the inevitable delays which obliged her to remain under the cloud of foul aspersions for weeks at least, perhaps for months?

In the luncheon interval of the in-

surance-case, Vitali stayed in court and wrote Madame Desplans a letter, putting her some questions which he had omitted to ask on the previous day, and sending some general remarks upon the conduct of her case, with the intention of reassuring her. He did not notice that this letter far exceeded in length and in style the usual manner of a business communication, but in all he said he wished to pave the way to an offer to place his purse at her disposal until the trial was ended. It had occurred to him in the night that Madame Desplans' circumstances must be woefully straitened, and that she possibly had not enough to live on in comfort for the next few weeks, setting aside the defrayal of expenses attendant upon the preliminaries of every lawsuit. He was wording his proposal with infinite delicacy, and bidding Madame Desplans regard any loan she would accept as a simple advance on the fortune which she would shortly recover, when one of the most eminent *avoués* in Rouen crossed the court and touched his shoulder. It was M. Boidoux, to whom he had been indebted for many a brief.

"Vitali," said M. Boidoux, "I sent you a big brief yesterday, but don't go to work on it yet, for it will have to be amended, as the case is going to be transferred from a civil suit into a criminal action."

"Very well," replied Vitali, nodding absently. "I haven't yet looked at yesterday's briefs. Who are the parties to this one?"

"Heulard, Viel, and some others, *versus* Desplans, a young widow, and we are for the plaintiffs."

"What?" exclaimed the Corsican, starting as if he had been hit.

"You seem to have heard of the case," observed M. Boidoux, taking a pinch of snuff. "We thought at first we had to do merely with undue influence, but circumstances have come to light which show there was downright murder. Madame Desplans poisoned —"

"Who told you that?" ejaculated Vitali, with so energetic an expression of indignant fury that M. Boidoux recoiled.

"Heigh! What dog has bitten you? You surely don't take an interest in the defendant?" he asked incredulously.

"I am retained for Madame Desplans, and I mean to go on with her case to the end," answered Vitali hotly.

"Oh no, that I am sure you won't!" replied M. Boidoux, wagging his grey head. "You'll drop her brief like a red coal, for I know you. I don't say but that it would

have been a pretty case for you to fight, if there had been no proofs of murder, for after all what is undue influence in a pretty woman? Madame Boidoux used no undue influence on me before our marriage, but if she had asked me to convert all my fortune into golden marbles that she might play at ring-taw —"

"Come to the point, M. Boidoux, I beg," cried Vitali shaking the lawyer's arm almost brutally. "What do you mean by proofs of murder?"

"Laudanum in the body," replied M. Boidoux positively. "At least we hope to find some there," he added, correcting himself. "Examining the deceased's papers the day before yesterday, we came upon letters in which he expressed fears that Madame Desplans was endeavouring to poison him. These letters had been written by him in bed; they had been put into envelopes, sealed, addressed, and stamped for posting, and it was evident that Madame Desplans had suppressed them. This set us instituting inquiries, and we ascertained that Madame Desplans had on a certain day purchased laudanum. Of course we applied forthwith to the procurator for an order to have Captain Lacroix's body exhumed, and that is being done at this moment. As for Clotilde Desplans, she is in prison; we had her arrested last night."

Muttering a growl, and launching a fulminating glance at the lawyer, Vitali fled from the court at the moment when all the parties to the insurance-suit were returning to it.

He rushed across the pleaders' hall, flew down a staircase, and with his gown streaming behind him, made for a courtyard leading to the prison-house. But on reaching the open air, he sank discouraged on a stone bench. He recollected that it would be impossible for him to see Clotilde. In France a prisoner apprehended on a criminal charge is kept in solitary confinement (*au secret*) till the examination by the *juge d'instruction* is at end; and sometimes this examination lasts for months! Vitali thought with a shudder of the agonies which the young widow was going to endure, debarred from all communications with the outer world, precluded from seeing any faces save those of her gaolers and of the examining magistrate, who day after day would torture her with insidious cross-questions intending to wring from her an avowal of guilt. Some strong men have been known to go mad under this protracted torment:

how was a weak, impressionable woman likely to bear up against it?

Vitali went back with aching head and heart to the court, and pleaded for his client in the insurance-case. It required a miracle of self-command to enable him to bring his mind to what he was doing, but the very force of his sorrow lent him an artificial strength, and though he spoke with a haggard face and an irritable manner, he won his suit. As he was leaving the court, Boidoux accosted him, looking triumphant.

"I told you how it would be. The *post-mortem* is over, and they have found laudanum in the body."

"I don't believe it," snarled Vitali.

"But come, man — when I tell you so! The doctors say he took a dose fit to kill a family."

"Reason the more. He committed suicide."

"Ah, if you're going to plead that, it's another affair," said the lawyer tranquilly. "But I warn you it will be uphill work; we have a chain of evidence that is flawless."

"Look here, M. Boidoux, have you ever yet known me plead for a criminal?" asked Vitali, halting and glaring at the old solicitor as if he would eat him.

"No, my dear fellow, but you're not infallible," said M. Boidoux, buttoning up his top-coat. "At any rate the affair is going to make a pretty fuss. See, it's already in the papers," and he handed the Corsican an evening journal, in a conspicuous part of which was printed in large letters: "MYSTERIOUS POISONING-CASE. ARREST OF THE MURDERESS."

#### IV.

THE "Desplans Poisoning-Case," as it was called, was destined to convulse not only the city of M——, but the whole of France. There happened to be no topic of engrossing interest before the public at that moment, and this tale of alleged crime came as a welcome prey for the popular tongues to feed on. The youth and beauty of the suspected murderess, her distinguished social status, the large sum which was supposed to have prompted the murder, all these features combined to invest the affair with a special attractiveness, so that in every place of public meeting throughout the country Madame Desplans and her doings supplanted discussions about politics, new comedies, and new fashions. As the doctrine of contempt of court is unknown in France.

— at least in the English latter-day application of the same — the newspapers freely commented on the evidence that had come to light. All that could be raked up as to Madame Desplans' antecedents was broadly published; her portrait appeared in the illustrated papers (and a sweet portrait it was), and, under the form of *complaintes*, long-winded ballads descriptive of the crime were whined in the streets by itinerant singers. At first, public opinion was, as almost always happens, dead against the prisoner, but the publication of the portrait caused a reaction; and when it became known that Madame Desplans was to be defended by Justin Vitali, "whose voice had never been lifted up in an unjust cause," the country divided itself into two equal camps, the one largely composed of husbands, married ladies, and old ladies, who trusted that the prisoner would be guillotined; the other made up of all gallant and romantic souls, who enthusiastically, nay, frantically, proclaimed her innocence.

The theory of the prosecution, as regards the prisoner, was briefly summed up thus:—

Clotilde Desplans was a person of extravagant tastes. Cold-hearted, wilful, fond of finery and generally frivolous, she had married Captain Desplans without concern for his old age, and solely because he was rich. Once married, her conduct had been flagrantly irregular. Captain Desplans had been obliged to forbid Captain Lacroix his house because the latter had made love to Clotilde; and soon Clotilde's reckless expenditure plunged her husband into pecuniary embarrassments, which he sought to override by injudicious speculations, and so ruined himself. From this moment, averred the prosecution, Madame Desplans had formed the project of marrying Captain Lacroix; and if no proof existed of her having poisoned her husband to compass this end, there existed a strong presumption that she had done so, and it was certain that Captain Lacroix had suspected her of this crime. This accounted for his having refused to marry her, though his love for her had been very great; and also for his having addicted himself to drink in the grief which the knowledge of her infamous deed had caused him. It was not denied that during the closing months of his life Captain Lacroix's intellect had been deranged, and many of the letters he had written on his deathbed bore evident traces of insanity; but the prosecution argued that though facts might be exag-

gerated in these letters, there was a substratum of truth in them, and that they must be taken in connection with the finding of poison in the deceased's body. Madame Desplans had hurried to Captain Lacroix's house immediately on his being bedridden, and from that moment she had allowed no one to approach him. She had discharged two out of his three servants, and these persons deposed to her having taken possession of the captain's house as if she were mistress of it, to her having been imperious and quick-tempered, and to her having required them to give up the keys of the captain's plate-cupboard, cellars, etc., which she constantly kept about her, with the keys of his desk, bureau, and of a safe that contained his valuables. The third servant, an old woman, who had remained with the captain till his death, stated that Madame Desplans had nursed the captain with great apparent kindness, but she confessed that when the two were alone together she had often overheard the sick man's voice abusing Madame Desplans as a would-be murderess. Moreover, that Madame Desplans had ordered her — the servant — on no account to post any letters the captain might write. A chemist deposed to Madame Desplans' having bought laudanum at his shop; and the doctor who attended the sick man gave evidence that he died rather suddenly at a moment when a turn for the better had seemed to supervene in his condition. From this it was inferred that Madame Desplans had poisoned the captain from fear that he would recover, and that when once restored to health he would cancel the testamentary dispositions he had made in her favour at the time whilst her husband was still alive, and whilst he — Lacroix — still deemed her worthy of his love. As a criminal indictment is never complete in France unless the remotest and least-important circumstances in a prisoner's life are laid bare, the examining witness had summoned a former governess of Clotilde's to prove that the prisoner had as a child been headstrong and often unmanageable. A discharged maid swore to her having frequently quarrelled with her husband; a discharged valet of Captain Desplans' had heard her remark at a dinner-party that death by laudanum must be a pleasant death, which clearly pointed to a long pre-occupation on the means of taking life, and to a suspicious conversantship with the properties of poisons.

What Justin Vitali suffered whilst all these depositions and conjectures, some

terrible, some absurd, came to him piecemeal through newspaper reports, it is impossible to describe. Weeks passed without his being admitted to see Madame Desplans. Her case was in the hands of M. Ragot, a small wizen *juge d'instruction*, who would turn a prisoner over and over as a dog does a bone, and would not let him go so long as a scrap of secret remained to be torn off. This grim man being questioned one day by Vitali as to Madame Desplans' health, answered blandly that the prisoner was as well as could be expected, and that he had given orders that she should want for nothing in the way of comforts compatible with her position. Vitali, who had never spoken to Ragot before, felt that he was committing an imprudence in questioning him; but he could bear the suspense no longer, and he had indulged a furtive hope that he might be able to insinuate a word or two that would propitiate the judge in Clotilde's favour. But his first hints in this direction fell against M. Ragot like paper pellets against a stone wall. M. Ragot was duty incarnate. M. Ragot, though not above five feet high, was a colossus in the science of worming facts out of a prisoner and keeping his counsel about the same till the time came for their official publication. The French code which invests a *juge d'instruction* with the most tremendous of powers — that of examining prisoners in secret, and committing or releasing them on his own sole uncontrolled responsibility, has reared a class of men astute as lynxes, silent as confessors. M. Ragot would not have whispered a secret to the coals on his fire for fear it should be spread by the smoke up the chimney. He confined himself to telling Vitali that his case was progressing "hopefully," — but "hopefully" in a *juge d'instruction's* mouth means that proofs of a crime are thickening, or that the prisoner is being successfully harried into self-accusation.

Vitali was fain to be patient. With no materials to work with other than those which had been supplied him by Madame Desplans in one short hour's interview, he had to construct a defensive theory of his own, but to do this cost him little trouble, for he considered his whole case to be clear as the noonday. Captain Lacroix was a madman labouring under that form of hallucination which doctors call the "delirium of persecution:" his fears of being poisoned were all a result of his mania and nothing else. The two servants who testified to Clotilde's imperiousness were disreputable persons who had

been discharged for misconduct, and who were now revenging themselves. The purchase of laudanum had probably been made at the sick man's own request, and to procure him sleep at nights — anyhow, the fact that Clotilde had openly bought it, giving her real name and address to the chemist, was irreconcilable with any theory of murder. The same might be said with regard to the suppression of the sick man's letters, and with respect to Clotilde's whole conduct throughout. Nothing was more natural than that she should prevent the wretched maniac's letters from being posted to spread alarm among his friends and make his insanity notorious; but if there had been intent to murder she would not have allowed those letters to survive as evidences of her victim's suspicions. To this Madame Desplans' detractors answered that assassins have in all times been proverbial for their lack of foresight, which explains why they are so often found out; but Justin Vitali's reply was that with this system of putting far-fetched constructions upon everything, there is not a person, however innocent, but would have guilt affixed on him.

Talk of pleading unjust causes! — where was Vitali's talk of abstract justice in the present case? If proof had been forthcoming that Clotilde Desplans had been seen to pour the poison into the patient's mouth, he would still have brought forward rebutting arguments. He had become morally deaf and blind to all pleas that did not tally with his deliberate convictions. He did not regard the theories of the prosecution as things to be reasoned with, but demolished.

So time wore on, and Vitali's chivalrous obstinacy and devotion to the cause of the suspected murderess came to be as much matters of public rumour as the details of the "murder" itself. Vitali's equals and rivals at the bar of M—— laughed to see him "gone so mad," and rejoiced to think that after such an unbroken series of forensic successes he was at last going to run amuck and probably cover himself with ridicule. But the younger barristers who could not yet compete with the eminent Corsican advocate, and who were disposed to take him for their model, thought him sublime, and loudly declared their admiration. It was through them and the younger journalists at M—— that Vitali's fame was being trumpeted to all the corners of France. Formerly his celebrity had been purely local, but now there was not a city but was made aware of the renown he had earned by his pecul-

iar conscientiousness; and however the trial might result, it seemed inevitable that the orator of M—— would be obliged in deference to his national popularity to forsake the provincial bar for that of Paris, where a wider field of honours would be open to him. Already Parisian solicitors were writing to him to promise him their patronage in return for his. It was at this juncture that Vitali received a sudden offer of the procurator-generalship at M——. His secret admirer, the Bonapartist prefect, had not forgotten him, and had exercised his influence so diligently that the minister of justice had allowed him to sound the Corsican as to his willingness to become a government servant. Before the Desplans case Vitali would have refused the offer on pecuniary grounds, for his duty towards his father's creditors compelled him to prefer money to honours; but it flashed upon him that if he became procurator the conduct of the prosecution against Madame Desplans would devolve upon him *ex officio*. Now public prosecutors enjoy a good deal of latitude. They receive the commitment writs of the *juges d'instruction*, and it lies within their discretion to suspend proceedings on the ground that the evidence taken before the examining magistrate was insufficient. Or if the case be brought to trial, they can abandon the prosecution in court, declaring that the evidence they have heard has convinced them of the prisoner's innocence. It is not often that procurators do this, and Vitali knew that the deputy procurator of M——, who would have charge of the case if *he* had not, was one of those men who feel professionally bounden to assert a prisoner's guilt to the very end. It sickened him to think that this narrow-headed functionary would slaver the venom of his salaried animus on Clotilde's purity. He reflected that Clotilde would leave the court with a prouder head if her acquittal, instead of being wrung from the jury by a counsel's speech, were brought about by the public prosecutor abandoning the charge in the name of society; and as for getting another advocate to take his place as the prisoner's counsel, this matter gave him no uneasiness, for he modestly thought that any barrister of heart could defend Clotilde as well as he could. These considerations induced him to call on the prefect and accept the proffered post.

"Ah, well done!" said the ruler of the department, motioning him amicably to a seat. "We were in some dread that you

would refuse; but remember that this appointment is only the first rung of the ladder which you can climb if you are willing. The elections are coming on, and I may tell you confidentially that if you like to stand in the Bonapartist interest — you *are* an Imperialist, I believe?"

"Yes," said Vitali, "and if I can be of any service to the cause I shall be happy to requite the honour you have done me. But I will frankly tell you why I accept this post," and he proceeded to enounce his reasons — with an emotion in breathing Madame Desplans' name which would have struck any observer.

"Oh, oh!" said the prefect, becoming grave, but speaking with a smile. "We all know of your partisanship in this celebrated cause, M. Vitali, but let me give you a friend's advice and urge you to keep aloof from Madame Desplans' affairs on undertaking your new duties. Touching as it is to see you champion the suspected pr — lady — so warmly in a private capacity, it might greatly damage your public career if you began by occasioning a miscarriage of justice."

"But it would not be a miscarriage of justice!" exclaimed Vitali with animation. "Do you think I would defend Madame Desplans if I deemed her guilty? It is because I would answer for her innocence with my head on the block that I long to set her free and restore her fair fame as a public official speaking for my country."

"That is all very good," responded the prefect, "but the world would not believe in so much impartiality."

"But they must be brought to believe it."

"My dear M. Vitali, when we cannot go against the stream one had better swim with it."

"What! when that stream is bearing an innocent creature to infamy and death?"

"Come, come, you must really allow me to guide you," said the prefect with the good-humoured authority of an experienced statesman. "Recollect you are my *protégé*; I look to your running a very brilliant race, and we must not let you mar it at the start. So if you positively cannot refrain from being romantic and generous, I will have your appointment deferred till the trial is over."

"Ah, it would be no use to me then!" cried Vitali in despair. "It was for *her* I was going to accept, not for me."

He returned home in very low spirits. The prefect's manifest conviction of Clotilde's guilt depressed him more than anything he had yet heard from other per-



sons; and for the first time he began to contemplate the possibility of not being able to carry a verdict against public prejudice. Hitherto he had been buoyed up by the confidence that on going into court he would straightway break down the flimsy structure of the prosecution like a house of cards; but what if his eloquence failed?—what if the jury were stubborn and closed their eyes to the light of truth that he would thrust before their faces? It chanced that for the past few days there had been a lull in the newspaper comments on the Desplans case. Everything that could be said about the preliminaries of the affair had been said and mis-said, and the public were now taking a rest from conjecture in expectation of the impending final act of the drama. Gloomy presentiments and visions began to pass through Vitali's brain. He saw a densely packed court full of cruel faces, a bench of obstinate judges, a ruthless sentence pronounced amid a silence broken only by the sobs of an innocent prisoner; then a public square with a machine rearing aloft two huge red posts and a knife, a fainting form dragged up the scaffold steps; and the roar of a surging multitude. It was evening and he shivered. The noise of carts passing in the street under his windows suggested tumbrils, and the occasional voices of workmen and boys, singing, that heartless indifference of crowds who go their ways not caring for blood that has been shed, even though it cry to them from the stones.

A knock at his door roused Vitali from his reverie, and his servant came in with a letter. It bore the stamp of the palace of justice. Vitali's fingers trembled as he tore it open, and he scanned its contents, then staggered, raising his hand to his brow and uttering an awful moan as he read this:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The preliminary examination of Clotilde Desplans is at an end, and you will be free to visit her to confer about her defence every day dating from to-morrow. I feel some satisfaction in informing you that the prisoner has at length made a confession of her guilt.

"Pray accept the assurances of my regard,

THOMAS RAGOT,  
"*Juge d'Instruction.*"

v.

FRENCH procedure, as it has been said, isolates a prisoner—cuts him off from all human succour, and leaves him alone with

the official inquisitor as a fly with the spider. The *juge d'instruction* weaves a web of evidence round his victim, patiently, laboriously. There is no reason why he should hurry, for the longer time he takes so much the less chance will there be of the prisoner's escape, and it is the judge's business to convict rather than to judge. When at last the web has been made so strong that not a thread is wanting; when the net seems to encompass the captive on all sides with its serried, symmetrical meshes, then the spider magistrate opens the door to the counsel for the defence—and the fly—and says complacently, "Now break through my handiwork if you can!"

When he recovered from his first shock of horror, Vitali decided that Clotilde's confession could only have been wrung from her by moral torture. The tormentor's craft was not abolished when the rack and thumbscrews were done away with, and now, as in old times, innocent persons have been known to plead guilty so as to escape from the sufferings of an endless inquisition. Vitali made no doubt that this was the case with Clotilde. His truly was the faith that removes mountains.

So early on the morrow as he could expect to gain admittance he repaired to the prison. It was ten o'clock, and the morning was bright and balmy, one of the sort that inspires hope. The dismal portals of the gaol opened to receive the advocate; some soldiers lounging in the entrance yard stood aside respectfully and whispered his name to each other, and a turnkey conducted him down a flagged passage into a small whitewashed room furnished with a deal table, two rush-bottomed chairs, and a stove. This was the counsel's parlour. It looked pitifully bare, and the iron gate which closed it in lieu of a door (so as to admit of a gendarme's surveillance from without) brought back the minds of visitors implacably to the nature of the building in which they stood. But Justin Vitali forgot that it was a prison. At last, after weeks of anguish that had seemed like years, he was going to see again the woman whose image one brief interview had impressed so ineffaceably on his mind; and at the thought his heart beat like a schoolboy's. Five minutes passed. There were some light steps down the passage; a sister of mercy in black robe and large white-winged cap appeared at the gate, opened it noiselessly with a key at her girdle, and stood back a step while the prisoner entered, then drew the

gate back again with a clanging snap and vanished. Vitali and Clotilde Desplans stood together alone.

The prisoner was dressed in a black merino with white collar and cuffs. She was wasted to thinness; her complexion was as wax, and her eyes, preternaturally enlarged, glistened with the fire of inward fever. She was but the shadow of the lovely, smartly-dressed little woman who ten weeks previously had introduced herself so abruptly to Vitali; so that as the Corsican gazed at her his heart was moved to its depths, and a violent quivering of his lips spoke to the intensity of the emotion he felt. As for her, she scarcely seemed to recognize her defender. She had seen him but once, and apparently he had not been present in her thoughts night and day ever since, as she had been in his. She looked at him sadly a moment, as if to ask on what errand he had come, then bowed to him with a slight smile and sank into a chair:

"Oh, it's you, M. Vitali," she sighed. "The sister did not tell me. I hope you have come to say that all this misery is going to end soon."

"Very soon, I trust," replied Vitali, trying to command his voice, as he took the other chair. "I have come to confer with you about your defence."

"What is the use of defending me?" she asked, in a tone of utter weariness. "They will have it that I am guilty of murder, so I have ended by agreeing with them, in order that they may let me have peace."

"But everybody knows that a confession extorted by such means as have been brought to bear on you is worth nothing."

"Oh, isn't it? I am sorry for that," wailed Clotilde, putting up her hands before her eyes as if to shut out a hideous vision. "Anything is better than what I have gone through. To be insulted, threatened, and cross-questioned day after day—to have all the acts of my life twisted into crimes—to be brought to look upon the disinterred bodies of my husband and Captain Lacroix, and to be told that witness upon witness are swearing to my guilt—oh!"

"The inhuman fiends!" murmured Vitali, rising and pacing about the room.

"It wasn't kind of them," continued Clotilde plaintively, "for they saw that I was weak and could not answer their ingenious charges. Whenever I opened my lips they told me I was telling untruths. They believed discharged serv-

ants sooner than me. It seems I never did a good thing in my life, but have been wicked ever since I was born. Let them put me to death if they please, and the sooner the better, for they don't suppose I can ever forget these weeks of agony, and what they have left me of life is not worth keeping with such recollections."

"You shall not only live, but your innocence shall be proved spotless as snow!" exclaimed Vitali, whose voice was unsteady, and whose whole frame shook. "I will come to see you every day, Madame Desplans,—I am your friend—and will get you acquitted."

"Thank you for saying so—but why should you be my friend?" sighed Clotilde incredulously; "you don't know me. You must have the same opinion of me as the rest."

"Before God, I believe that no purer woman than you ever trod this earth!" cried Vitali.

"Oh!" murmured Clotilde, and burying her face in her hands she leaned forward over the table and sobbed in a convulsion of grief that seemed as if it would send the soul from the frail body.

A gendarme was pacing to and fro in the flagged passage outside. His yellow baldrick flashed before the gate and his sword clanked. The sunbeams that streamed through the grated window of the parlour touched the golden hair of the weeping sufferer with trembling rays as if caressing them, and Justin Vitali leaned against the wall with his arms folded, his face awry with anguish, and his lips murmuring silent prayers which God in heaven heard.

With an abrupt effort shaking off the emotion which paralyzed him, he applied himself to the urgent task of restoring hope in his client. She had sunk into the apathy when death appears as a blessed relief, and the idea of degradation attaching to a capital sentence had lost all significance in her eyes after the humiliation which she had already undergone. Vitali talked to her of the future without being able to provoke a spark of interest. He returned to the charge, and declared that almost all her countrymen believed in her innocence, and that she must show herself strong for the day when her justification should be made manifest. But all this failed to move her. At last, however, by a display of the strong interest which he himself took in her, and by bidding her answer to the best of her ability a series of questions he would put, he succeeded in making her dry her eyes and exert her

memory, which sufficed momentarily to put despair aside.

"The laudanum which you bought, Madame Desplans, was, I need not ask, to procure the patient rest?"

"Yes; he ordered me to buy it. He used to take several drops at a time to make him sleep. I cannot conjecture whether he took an overdose by intention or accident; for I never suspected he had died by poison until I heard it said here."

"And those letters he wrote?"

"Oh, those letters! they have done nothing else but reproach me with not having posted them," sighed Clotilde, wretchedly. "But it was by Captain Lacroix's orders, given me in moments when he was lucid, that I posted nothing that he wrote while the fits of mania were on him. If a single one of those letters had reached his relations, they would have come and shut him up in a madhouse, to get possession of his property. This he knew, and he used to implore me not to let his deranged state become known. I was not aware of what was in the letters. I never opened them, but laid them aside, hoping always that the captain would recover his reason, and would then destroy them himself. If I had burned his letters, he might have fancied, after his cure, that I had read them—that is, profited by his helpless condition to pry into his secrets."

"And you continued for months nursing Captain Lacroix, and bearing with all his paroxysms? You knew that he accused you of wishing to poison him?"

"Oh, yes! When his hallucinations came, he used to call me murderess and thief; and sometimes he threw things at me. But these attacks never lasted long, and in his lucid intervals he would beseech me so piteously not to let him be shut up, that I had not the heart to hand him over to his friends. I continued hoping to the last."

"One question more," said Vitali, with moist eyes. "Those servants of Captain Lacroix whom you discharged had, I presume, misbehaved themselves?"

"Yes; there were a valet and a housemaid who I found were robbing him of his plate, clothes, wine, and of everything else they could smuggle out of the house. It was the captain himself who told me to send them away, and to take possession of all his keys for him."

"Well, everything is exactly as I thought, Madame Desplans," exclaimed Vitali, in a sudden and buoyant tone of confidence. "Rely on me—promise me to be trustful and hopeful."

Clotilde shook her head.

"I vow that you shall be acquitted," cried Vitali, adjuringly. "I swear to heap confusion on the enemies who have foully traduced you, and to make you leave the court with the respect and pity of all honest men and women showering upon your sweet saintly footsteps like flowers."

"Ah, if I could believe you!" ejaculated Clotilde, stirred by the Corsican's vehemence, and looking at him with eyes in which began to gleam a faint ray of hope.

"Do believe me!" implored Vitali, taking one of her small pale hands and pressing it between both his. "Is there nobody on earth whom you would care to live for—who would have joy in your acquittal—who——"

"Don't!" exclaimed Clotilde, feverishly withdrawing her hand and abruptly starting back, panting, half wild. "Don't, M. Vitali, put these delusive hopes into my head if they are never to be realized. Will you swear to me that there is the least chance of my being acquitted?"

"There are a thousand chances—all chances are in favour of it!" protested Vitali, ecstatically.

"Ah, then save me! Yes, I implore you to save me!" cried Clotilde, seizing his hands and gazing upon him with impulsive flaming supplication. "Ah yes, I want to live . . . for there *is* a man on earth whom I love. . . . I can trust you, M. Vitali, for you have said you are my friend—are you not? Well, I will tell you what I have told nobody else: the real reason that prevented me from marrying Captain Lacroix, though he so continually implored me, was that I had plighted my troth to another man. You have never heard of him. His name is Henri de Barre, and he is a young engineer. He had no fortune, else he would have married me a year after my husband's death. So we agreed together that he should go to India, where he had a chance of earning a large sum of money in railroad-cutting, and come back in two years to marry me. His term of absence is almost over now, and if I can be saved, save me. Oh yes, save me, I conjure you, for his sake! But if there is no hope for me, then by your feelings as a man, M. Vitali, I entreat you to so manage that all will be over, and that I shall be—dead before he returns! Thus I have given you a secret I thought to carry to my grave; but—but I have another prayer to make. If Henri returns to find they have—killed me! tell him from me to

take no vengeance on anybody — only ask him to believe in my innocence! Will you promise me that — my friend? Why do you look at me so haggardly? Why are you quaking?"

Why, indeed? Why had Justin Vitali's face turned to marble? Well might he have moaned at that moment, in the words of the Psalmist, "All thy rivers and floods have gone over me!"

# VI.

THE trial of Clotilde Desplans attracted to M—— the greatest concourse of strangers that had ever been seen there. How thousands of strangers could hope that there would be room for them in a court of justice which had the greatest difficulty in accommodating two hundred spectators, including unemployed members of the bar, is one of those mysteries which present themselves whenever there is anything worthy of interest to be seen anywhere. Some sight-seers consoled themselves for their exclusion from the court by lingering about its approaches to catch rumours of what was going on within; others mobbed the yellow prison-van that had borne the alleged poisoner from gaol; the greater number haunted the *cafés* and exchanged conjectures, or made bets, about the verdict. The general opinion seemed to be that there would be a conviction. The deputy procurator's indictment had somehow got published in the papers (such documents almost always do) before being delivered in court, and the chain of evidence it furnished seemed powerfully strong. It was not widely known that this deputy procurator, regarding Justin Vitali as his personal enemy since the offer of the procurator-generalship to the latter, had made it a point of honour with himself to obtain the conviction of the Corsican's client, for all means of humbling a rival are good.

He rather overleaped his mark, however, for some of the constructions put upon the prisoner's acts seemed a trifle strained even to the minds of a provincial jury and audience, so that the effect of the indictment, as read in a sing-song voice by the procurator's clerk, was flat. The interrogatory of the prisoner by the presiding judge was the true beginning of the trial, but here a great disappointment was in store for everybody, seeing that Clotilde's answers were so low spoken as to be almost inaudible save to the bench and jury. This made her numerous enemies, and converted not a few once enthusiastic partisans to a belief in her

guilt; for to have obtained tickets of admission after endless difficulties, and then to hear nothing of what is being said, would be trying to the impartiality even of a saint. From the presiding judge's comments it was gathered that the prisoner was giving brief but forcible replies, and that the bench were growing disposed in her favour. It was whispered that Justin Vitali had been closeted with his client for hours and hours day after day, and that he had coached her as to all questions that could possibly be put to her — moreover, that the presiding judge had a high opinion of Vitali, and would be likely to bring out all points favourable to the prisoner for his sake — which was true.

The witnesses deposed to nothing new — to nothing but what the public had known for weeks past, and they were besides an uninteresting class of persons — Captain Lacroix's relatives especially so. The one was a fat merchant, the other a lean doctor who squinted, and the ladies in court could not kindle a spark of interest in such people, who evidently thought more of the deceased man's millions than of himself. In fine, the first day of the trial passed off uneventfully. Vitali only rose once or twice in the day to put cross-questions to witnesses. These questions were keen as blades, and ripped the evidence given into tatters.

Every one remarked the aged look of the brilliant advocate, who was said to be only thirty years old. His shoulders were bent, his face wan and pinched. Those who sat nearest to him noticed that his black hair was streaked with grey. Ever and anon when the witnesses inveighed with more than usual warmth against the prisoner, he turned towards Madame Desplans and nodded with a smile, as if to give her courage. Once he grasped her hand. All day long spectators kept opera-glasses fixed on his features to try and discover traces of anxiety there, and found none. In sum, the impression produced by his attitude was one that did the prisoner good.

On the second day of the trial, which it was known would be the last, the court was more crowded if possible than on the first day; but public speculation as to the result had somehow taken a turn, and without being able to explain why, most people believed that there would be an acquittal. The case of the prosecution was seen to be flimsy: the answers of Clotilde as published in the morning papers appeared fraught with truth — and then Vi-

tali's perfect composure conveyed a presentiment that the defence would be strong. The deputy procurator did not damage his prisoner's case by the speech he made. He was violent, often wild, and Vitali twice tripped him up quietly in inaccuracies of fact. When the luncheon adjournment took place, the audience seemed to be saying: "What, had the prosecution nothing more to say than that? Surely they have a mine in reserve which they will spring by-and-by."

They had no mine, however: and it was evident from the deputy procurator's face when he returned into court that he considered his battle lost. He scowled, and got up to ask Clotilde what was the precise date of her leaving school — why and wherefore no one has yet ascertained.

It was two o'clock when Vitali rose to address the jury. The afternoon sun was shining with a mellow light on his face and on that of the prisoner behind him, and both of them seemed to stand in a glory. During two hours he spoke, and with a quiet force, a dignity, a beauty of eloquence that kept his hearers enthralled. The women who heard him, and who are faultless judges in such cases, said he must have a great grief at heart, for at times it was as though a stream of tears ran through his utterances. But he never quivered or faltered, never missed the thread of his discourse, never let emotion jar upon the melody of his soft, earnest, persuasive tone. He spoke without notes — so full was he of his case — so well did he remember every fact, every date. As his speech progressed, the proofs accumulated by the prosecution seemed to melt like blocks of ice under the sun. Then one by one he took up the atoms, crushed and reduced them to water till nothing seemed to remain, nothing but a universal belief in the prisoner's innocence. When he saw that he had carried his jury — and none had a quicker eye to a jury's mood than Vitali — he came to his peroration. Turning towards Clotilde, who was crying, he pointed to her, and in a voice of unspeakable pity, respect, and kindness, said: "Gentlemen, I leave her in your hands. Look at her. Has she the appearance of a murderess?"

The jury returned their verdict without leaving the box. It was "Not guilty," on all counts, and a tremendous cheer arose in court. At this moment a young man in travelling-garb scaled the seats which separated the auditorium from the court, rushed across the pretorium, and flung himself into Vitali's arms.

"Ah, I can guess," said Vitali in a trembling voice. "You are M. Henri de Barre. Take your bride, sir, and Heaven be with you both!" Saying which he placed the young man's hand in those of Clotilde, who was stretching them across the dock, between the two gendarmes her late custodians, who were brushing honest drops from their eyes.

Some two hours later the beadle of the Church of St. Gudule being about to close the doors of the church, noticed that there was a stranger in one of the lateral chapels. He walked up to him and apprised him that dusk had come. The stranger was kneeling and sobbing like a child. As he rose to go, the beadle opened his eyes, for it struck him that the grief-stricken man bore a strange resemblance to Justin Vitali, whose name was just then in everybody's mouth — even those of beadles.

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From The Church Quarterly Review.  
SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND LENDING-LIBRARY  
LITERATURE.\*

WE are not great believers in the good old times. Every one who works in a parish is met by the assurance that in spite of all pains, it gets worse and worse; that men are more drunken, defiant, and pauperized, women, more idle, false, and indifferent, lads, ruder and more unruly and vicious, lasses, more dressy and less modest, and children, more spoilt, pert, and unmanageable.

Some *laudator temporis acti* will throw in our teeth an excellent old man or woman who never knew such doings, or some picture of a whole parish walking to church with prayer-books in white pocket-handkerchiefs, or some model farmer who sat in the kitchen with his men, and read family prayers to them; or, again, our six standards are unfavourably compared with the dame-school that did such a quantity of needlework, with an infinitesimal amount of reading, "and yet look at the servants it turned out."

We do look at some perfection in the way of housekeeper or nurse, and we do not look at nor hear of the number of failures, or rather we see cottage women more or less softened and improved by time and motherhood, and we do not

\* 1. *Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for 1875.*

2. *Seventy-sixth Report of the Religious Tract Society.*

3. *The Jubilee Memorial of the Religious Tract Society.*

know what their career in early youth has been.

It is true that the dregs of cities do become worse and worse as civilization corrupts itself, and in all villages where there is some land not in the hands of owners resolved not to tolerate nests of vice, there will be certain sinks of iniquity that no one can reach. But we feel certain that no one who has really been able to trace the history of a parish will find that it has retrograded in civilization, except where there has been recently some unusual instance of neglect, or bad example on the part of clergyman or squire, coming after some equally exceptional instance of care and cultivation.

When one curate attended to six villages; \* when the average rector was a sort of squire, who read prayers on Sundays; when squires were only just emerging from the Osbaldiston type; and when farmers met at the village public-house for their evening's amusement, and the old poor-law was destroying all self-respect in the poor, it certainly was not to be expected that their condition would be much above the animal. Probably their actual sustenance was more plentiful at times, but it was more liable to pressure from scarcity; and of other comforts they knew scarcely anything else. It seems as if the life was almost like that of the colonies, with food, but nothing else. When Mrs. Trimmer began her career of charity at Brentford, in 1786, she found that the wages of a man in full work went almost entirely in food, and clothing was so expensive that a thrifty mother is mentioned who bought rags by the pound, and dressed her child in patchwork therefrom; and the wool left on the thornbushes by the sheep was regularly gleaned, spun, and then sent to some handloom-weaver, to supply warmer garments. Hannah More's experience at Cheddar was much the same, and therewith hardly a child at twelve or fourteen knew who made it.

Gray's "rude forefathers of the hamlet" must have been rude indeed. The old man who directs the kindred soul to his supposed monument utters the parenthesis, "for thou canst read," in pointing out his epitaph; and throughout the eighteenth century, it seems that though some country places had small endowed schools, and there was in almost every one a "pri-

\* "In one particular spot, for instance, there are six large parishes without so much as one resident curate. Three commonly gifted curates cannot serve eight churches." — 1789. Hannah More to Elizabeth Carter.

vate venture" kept by some old dame, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, or by some disabled man, yet the attendants thereat were not the poor, but the children of the farmers, of the village tradesmen, and often of the parson himself. Now and then an exceptionally bright or favourite child was "put to school" by the clergyman or the squire's lady, but when there, the utmost that was acquired was a certain power of reading, and sometimes of repeating the catechism. The Lenten catechizing in church was kept up by most of the clergy, and sometimes a Bible was given for its complete repetition; but of explanation no one seems to have thought. Mrs. Hare's letters speak of an old woman who confessed to her that she had never understood any more of the catechism than as far as the explanation of the Lord's Prayer, and that the part about the sacraments had always seemed to her "most like nonsense." This, however, was only on the principle on which teaching was universally conducted. No doubt, when there was no printing, and teaching was oral, the doctor and professor must have caught from their pupils' eyes whether their words went home, and found an echo; but when books multiplied, they must have been supposed to do the work of the teacher, and the system on which the world went was, to learn first and understand afterwards. Perhaps the Elizabethan intellects were strong enough, and the seventeenth-century ones eager enough to find the treatment a wholesome stimulus; and, indeed, the language of the literature of the first of these periods had not so far diverged from that of common life as to make books incomprehensible. But the Augustan age of Anne added a passion for Latin words to the lengthy composition of the former age, and amid the general depression of morals and cultivation, owing to a coarse-minded, frivolous court, the language of instruction became more difficult in proportion as the energy to understand it on the part of the learner fell flatter.

It was, probably, to Rousseau that we owe the first touch to the pendulum when it began to swing back towards simplicity and nature, and the change affected educational writing for the poor later than it did that of the rich; chiefly because the dignity of religion, the only subject thought worth teaching them, seemed to require a greater dignity of language. It was the old objection over again against translating the Latin services into a vernacular which seemed irreverent, only in this case



the common speech of the educated had grown more abstruse than the standard formulas of devotion, so that the Bible and prayer-book were happily, so far as diction went, a hundred times easier than any comment on them. Nay, people did not know what simplicity meant. If we try to read Mrs. Trimmer's "Fabulous Histories" with a child of our own time, we shall find that after all it is Johnsonian for children. And in our earliest Sunday-school days, we recollect a fearful little tract, stitched into a milk-and-water-coloured wrapper, containing about twenty yellowish pages printed in yellowish type, as an introduction to Scripture history. There was a tradition that it had been used in the school as a reading-book, and one sentence (or rather a part of a sentence) impressed itself on our mind by its enigmaticalness, namely, one in which we were told that after the flood (we beg its pardon, the deluge) Heaven "gave a new sanction to the law of nature." In after-times it dawned on us that this meant the permission to eat flesh. We also remember sentences a page long, probably due to its German origin, for it was a translation, and what ideas the children could have derived from it, it is hard to say.

Sunday schools were commenced between 1785 and 1790, by Mr. Raikes at Gloucester, by Mrs. Trimmer at Brentford, and by Hannah More, in the Cheddar district, and both ladies found themselves obliged to supply the books that were needed. Hannah More was probably the first inventor of the modern tract. She was a woman of real talent, and her "Cheap Repository Tracts" were a power in their day, and a valuable counteraction to the flood of cheap Jacobin publications which had been poured forth. Bishop Porteous begged of her to write an antidote to Tom Paine's publications, and a dialogue called "Village Politics" was the parent of a series of books, published three times a month at twopence apiece. One bound-up volume survived long enough for us to recollect its coarse paper, pale type, and the grimly frightful woodcut outside it, but the tales by Hannah herself were of real literary excellence. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" has a fresh grace about its opening; "Black Giles the Poacher and Tawny Rachel his Wife" furnish a capital story, and "Hester Wilmot, the History of a Schoolgirl," is probably the story of Mrs. More's own experience of many a pupil at Cheddar. It was very interesting in its day. We remember seeing two girls (old women now) reading it

with interlaced arms, when it was far from being a new book, and was only new to them because cultivation had but recently begun in the parish. Mrs. Trimmer wrote also, but schoolbooks rather than tales, and in 1793, her "Scripture Histories and Questions" were accepted by the S.P.C.K. There were two books of tales which we think were hers, of the same date: one a set of conversations in a servants' hall, and accounts of the servants; and another, founded on the custom at Dunmow of giving a flitch of bacon to the wedded couple whose first year has been spent in harmony. The idea was good, but it was not carried out with sufficient spirit or dramatic interest to make the story attractive. Indeed, such elements might then have been thought disturbing and undesirable, for Dr. Wordsworth writes to Joshua Watson:—

Even in many of the Cheap Repository Tracts, merit as many of these have, there is much so novelistic, so partaking of distorted, high-wrought, and extravagant representation in regard to action and manners, that I should be unwilling to contribute actively in their extensive circulation. ("Mem. of J. Watson," vol. i. p. 132.)

The mention of Joshua Watson brings us to what we may call the orthodox revival. It may perhaps surprise those of our readers, who fancy that there were no strong men before Gyas, to know that long before the "Tracts for the Times" came into existence there was a staunch body of devout, earnest, and well-instructed Anglicans, working hard in the cause of the Church, revivifying the two old Church Societies, and creating the National Society, which commenced in 1811. The names of Christopher Wordsworth, Van Mildert, Mant, and Middleton show—in company with that of the devoted merchant, Watson—that there were true and earnest sons of the Church, toiling hard for her in the times which we are apt to slur over as darker than the dark ages. They were in fact the direct continuation of the Caroline divines, working as much as was then possible in the lines traced by good Robert Nelson, and were the true parents of what we now call the Catholic revival.

If Hannah More was a sort of precursor of the Evangelical school, so Mrs. Trimmer was of the Orthodox. Both parties felt the need of care and instruction of the poor with equal force, and both were setting about it vigorously, the one with the more fire and dash, the other with more

caution, staidness, and reverence, but on either side there was much less sense of discordancy of principle or practice than there is in their respective parties at present. An "earnest man," whatever his way of thinking, was as sure to be classed with the Evangelical school, as a religious poor man to be called a "Methody," and in the externals of services there was then little scope for difference.

Soundness of faith was the great care of these excellent orthodox men, and therefore with great distrust of all profession without practice. They made the prayer-book their manual, without full consciousness of all that, so used, it would become to their sons and grandsons, but holding by it, and working for it and by its guidance with all their might, and resisting all that was found wanting when tried by its test.

If we must confess their weak point, we think it was that their taste was too fastidious to make their productions popular. They were mostly men of middle age and high cultivation, with all the grave reverent reserve of the English nature, and the wives and daughters who carried their work among the poor, were ladies of the same high tone of breeding and refinement. They had grown up under schoolmasters who expected them to write English — ay, and to translate *vivâ voce* in Addisonian language — and accused them of spoiling their taste with the Waverley novels (now a serious holiday task). And they had a strong feeling that everything relating to religion must be grave and dignified, which was perfectly true; but partly from the general bald and denuded classic taste for simplicity of the age in which they lived, partly from the old Puritan traditions, they had little notion of connecting any but intellectual beauty with holiness. And, above all things, they were enamoured of "the sobriety of the Christian religion," and looked with dread upon excitement as almost sure to be coupled with instability. Effervescence seemed to them a thing to be deprecated, and they did not see that there might be souls lost for want of the appeal to the feelings which they distrusted as unreal and fugitive. And, on the other hand, the dread of dulness is one of Satan's strongest implements.

To hearts like theirs, the services of the Church in their utmost plainness were precious and beautiful, and they would have resented with loyal defiance any hint that others could find them tedious. "The fault must be in those who found them wearisome." There was real truth in what they said, and their own children grew up

to the same fervent attachments, and felt the benefit of the discipline of the stillness and reverence of their youth.

But in dealing with the uneducated, they scarcely succeeded as well. There is a certain class of peasant, now passing away, belonging to the same mould as these men themselves, men and women both of a gentle, serious, grave mould, such as they themselves term "solemn." These accepted gladly such training as theirs. The old labourer would sit (he was seldom taught to kneel) with his chin on the top of his staff, looking like Jacob, and would worship faithfully.

Dim or unheard the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.

These and their children gathered up such fragments as reached their understanding, loved the echoes, and grew in that devout comprehending by the soul, which is a different thing from that by the intellect.

The literature supplied was of the kind to suit this frame of mind. It was quite unimpeachable both in matter and manner, but very scanty, and adapted to a very select few. It must have chanced to some of us to fall heirs to the lending libraries presented by former clergy of this type. There are usually from twenty-five to thirty books, all bound alike in stout brown calf, with red letter-pieces, and very strong meat they are; Bishop Wilson's "Sermons" and Nelson's "Fasts and Feasts" being as invariable as Hume and Gibbon in the library of a country-house, and the only approach to narrative being a judicious selection from Hannah More's "Cheap Repository Tracts."

One or two were in the catechetical form, with answers extending through a whole page, standard divinity of course, but it is difficult to imagine how they were supposed to be used in cottages. Perhaps the readers were then only superior people who would really care to make these books a study, and find out the references; but for this the time allowed for keeping the books was too short. It is more likely that when they were read, it was in a dreamy manner, with a finger under the line, the lips forming the words, the mind occupied with the difficulty of conning them, and a general sense of performing a sacred duty, but with an infinitesimal amount of new impression. Yet, that such books as these had their use and value is shown by such an anecdote as the following, which we extract from a privately

printed memorial of the Rev. Duke Yonge, vicar of Cornwood, Devon, who died in 1823:—

He left a sum to be spent in books for distribution among the parishioners of ———; bread sown upon the waters, of which at least a crumb might be said to be found after many days by one of his sons and his nephew, who going into a small outlying cottage belonging to ——— there found an old infirm crippled man, one of those beautiful instances of peace and content based on the highest and surest grounds, which are sometimes met with, shining brightest in the depths of poverty and suffering. His delight and comfort were his Bible and a book named "The Pious Parishioner Instructed," one of those of Mr. Yonge's bequest, and these he valued above everything. Dissenters had striven to shake his faith, had offered him newer books, and had laughed at him for adhering to these alone, but he held fast to them, his only comfort, saying "where should he be but for them?"

This was in 1849 or 1850. *Per contra*, in an excellent paper on "Parish Lending Libraries," which appeared in 1873, in the *Monthly Packet*, "The Pious Parishioner" is cited as the *ne plus ultra* of dreariness. And certainly the sound and cleanly condition in which the volumes descended to new-comers, did not speak much for their popularity. Indeed, the very fact of being able or willing to read such books at all in the labouring class bespoke an exceptional superiority of intellect and perseverance which might be capable of grappling with the difficulty.

Literature for children there was almost none. Even for children of the upper classes there were hardly any religious books, though secular ones had begun to multiply, and Mrs. Hemans made a true representation when she mentioned Miss Edgeworth's "Parents' Assistant" as the most suitable book the little gentlefolks could lend to a poor boy. Mrs. Trimmer's books were read and her expositions yawned over in the dining-rooms, where children did their lessons before school-rooms became an institution; but besides this, there was little that was orthodox.

There were two standard books on the catechism for schools. Gentlemen's children were supposed to understand it by the light of nature. They generally did really learn it, and repeat it every Sunday; but as to any special instruction in it, even before confirmation, we have often heard a lady, who was confirmed about the year 1810 or 1812, say that her examination consisted of "Well, my dear, I suppose you know all about it;" and that a little later her godfather, a clergyman, wishing to

know if she had been confirmed, politely said, "Has any bishop had the honour of laying his hands on your head?"

She, like many another, discovered her lack of knowledge on becoming the manager of a Sunday school, where the two above-mentioned books were the authorized S.P.C.K. ones, namely, "The Broken Catechism," which merely made the answers into fragments, and "Crossman's Catechism," which dealt in explanations. They were not bad, but rather "cut and dried," and when the children once learnt them by heart, the answers came parrot-like, and served to darken knowledge by obviating all need of thinking, and concealing the entire incomprehension. But there was much excuse for these learning-by-rote fashions. Every lady alike was so taught before the Edgeworth days, on the principle that if the memory were supplied, understanding would follow. There was no such thing as a trained teacher; masters and mistresses were retired servants or tradespeople; no one expected a mistress to do more than teach reading, working, and correct repetition. If she could write or sum herself, it was an extra, paid for at a high rate by the *petite noblesse*, but not encouraged by the patrons of the school. Sense and meaning were left to be put in at the Sunday school, and if the clergyman or a lady or two could ask original questions or awaken intelligence themselves, their helpers, if they had any, had no notion of anything beyond the barest words in the book. So, much of the children's time was spent in sitting learning by heart these little catechisms, while other classes were being heard. "Faith and Duty" and "First Steps to the Catechism" were other varieties, generally learnt in the Sunday school itself, and, it may be feared, serving more to occupy time than give much instruction to unawakened minds.

Hymns were another difficulty. Dr. Mant attempted them, but was far too scholarly, and had not swing enough to be popular. Heber wrote perfect hymns, but not enough. Dr. Watts and Jane Taylor, being Dissenters, were looked on with doubt. The lady's theology is—if we remember right—not distinctive enough to have anything dangerous. Watts had too much point, and here and there too much beauty not to make his way. He has been too much decried by those, who have fastened only on his vehement Calvinist verses. We should be sorry for a generation of English children to rise not knowing "The Little Busy Bee," nor

"The Rose." And his "Sunday Hymn" has a vigour in its simplicity which always makes it the first note of joy in our own somewhat old-fashioned mind on Easter-day.

This is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eyelids closed  
And waste my hours in bed ?  
This is the day when JESUS broke  
The powers of death and hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?

The latter part is not so successful, and stories are told, with what truth we know not, of children who derived no pleasant impression from "'Tis like a little heaven below" applied to a weary service, endured either in a conventicle or stewed up in a narrow gallery, unable to see or hear, or if they did, to understand, with no change of posture, but standing, or sitting on an uncomfortable little bench.

Still Watts furnished the pleasantest part of the old Sunday-school programme. For reading — except in the favoured Bible-class — a superior few — was so severe a labour and so unconnected with the meaning, that we remember great discomposure at an attempt to substitute some S. P. C. K. reading-books about the patriarchal history for some containing "the discourses," because the latter, having no proper names in them, were considered the easier.

Unsatisfactory as was the system, it was the beginning of better things. Personal influence did much, the holy Word itself more, and the good old and elderly people of our parishes, "dear to the pastor's aching heart," are the children thus taught, nay, who often seemed to have slipped through the meshes, but on whom old recollections have returned. We are convinced that the real estimate of the benefit of Sunday schools is to be made rather from the old than from the young. Even as we write, a newly issued parish magazine, in its "parish department," produces some verses from the recitation of an old woman who learnt them at school more than fifty years ago. We have found them in the *Cottager's Monthly Visitor* for 1821; and only two lines and one epithet have been forgotten in the half-century. This same *Cottager's Monthly Visitor* was one of the first — if not the very first attempt at magazines for the poor. It was begun in 1821, by Dr. George Davys, then Dean of Cheser, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, who acted as tutor to her Majesty.

As bishop, we are used to think of him as one terrified by the advance of Catholic principles, and holding the helm with a timid hand, having in effect made up his bundle of opinions long ago, and not being able to undo them to admit fresh ones. But in these younger days, when it was possible for a man to be of no party, he was in many respects in advance of the time, and this same magazine was a real boon to parish workers. Nor do we think it compares unfavourably with Mr. Erskine Clarke's, to which every one comes in time, though everybody wishes for a better. The contents of one number are, a little paper on the Church service, more elementary than would now be required by grown-up readers; a letter with a history of the kings of Rome, with some rather funny elucidations and moralizings, both these being parts of a series; another paper of good advice how to act in case of fire, and a very pretty explanation of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." Next stands "Cowpock," reminding us that vaccination was still a matter of choice; a conversation on the benefits of reading, a protest against fairs, an extract from a sermon, a bit of natural history, a cottage receipt, a few religious extracts, and "extracts from newspapers," the first being the account of the death of Princess Elizabeth, Queen Adelaide's only child. There is no serial story. If a tale went on into a second number, it was unusual, and thus each number was complete in itself. Probably the readers had not then that peculiar memory of the imagination which can carry on the interest from month to month, and which seems to be a matter of cultivation, since the same lack is found both in younger children and in the lower and rougher classes to whom ladies read.

The *Cottager* had a career of about twenty years, and we do not think it has been equalled in some respects by any of its successors, as a village "monthly." The "useful information," about accidents and emergencies, gardens and the like, was relished by the cottage readers, and was often valuable to them. The fault was the feebleness of both the theology and the history, but part of this was owing to the period, and it seems to us to have had the best framework of any of the magazines of the kind. Its lesser companion, the *National School Magazine*, was not its equal, and did not last long.

By this time (from 1820 to 1840 roughly stated) all tolerably cared-for parishes had

their Sunday school, and almost all decent families educated their children. The exceptions were the rough, wandering ne'er-do-weels, those who had a quarrel with the parson or the ladies, and among the better sort the eldest girl, who was often made the family drudge, while her sisters got all the schooling. Boys too were taken away so early that, unless they had a real turn for their book, they forgot everything. But there was a reading public wherever a good school had been a few years in operation, and not much for it to read.

The books that every one had heard of and cared to read were "Robinson Crusoe," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Pamela," and the translation of Gesner's prose idyll of "The Death of Abel." The S.P.C.K. supplied the first, on the supplemental catalogue, and at a high price, but it could not adopt John Bunyan because of his doctrine. We own that we should much like to see an edition, in which all that is really Calvinistic were omitted, and in which a brief preface or notes might point out what is defective in the most masterly of all allegories. Such a course, if frankly avowed, would not be liable to the objections urged (whether justly or unjustly, we do not pause to consider) by Lord Macaulay against Dr. Neale's treatment of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" though that treatment had, on Macaulay's own showing, been anticipated in a different direction by an ultra-Calvinistic editor of the book. As to the other two books, they are consigned to the oblivion in which they may very well rest.

In the mean time the Evangelical school was much more active in providing for the young and uneducated. The Religious Tract Society had been set on foot in the first year of the century, by Mr. Burden, a Congregationalist minister, of Coventry, and a number of other good and devout men, both of the Church and out of it, who deserve the praise of having done much to keep the spark of religion alive in the slumber of the Church. What they termed their "golden rule" was, that each tract should convey an outline of the way of salvation, so that a person who never saw any other book might still see that faith was the means of being saved. This was their one watchword, no more bond was required, and some of their most active agents sat so loose to all forms, that people doubted to what denomination they belonged. Simplicity and adaptation were their first study, and the committee, we are told, often changed

long words for short ones, and tried to reach every class, as they certainly did. It was not, however, till after nearly twenty years that children's books began to be studied, and the stories brought out that so enlivened the Sunday. Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," though not written for children, was eagerly read, and was the favourite Sunday-school prize for many years; indeed, even now we believe, "Little Jane's" grave is an attraction to Brading churchyard. Nor is there any doubt that to many the history did lasting benefit. There were useful Scripture catechisms, hitting off the style of language required, though not always what could be otherwise wished. We remember one, which to the question—"Who was Eutychus?" replied, "A young man at Troas, who, falling asleep at sermon, fell down and was taken up dead,"—in which condition it left him, apparently for fear of weakening the awful warning against "falling asleep at sermon."

Stories abounded, and were often very good, but it is a curious fact with regard to both poor people's and children's literature, that what pleases one generation seldom suits another, unless they are intelligent enough to receive it as matter of curiosity. Perhaps the reason may be that the very best of such literature is only at the utmost second or third rate, and by the hands of women, to whom it seems to be given to speak effectively to their own contemporaries, but to fall short with posterity.

Mrs. Sherwood seems to have been one of the first to discover the art of writing for the poor from their own point of view, not sentimentalizing about them. "Susan Gray," the book with which she began, is what would now be called sensational—the story of the temptations of a young seamstress by a man in the rank of a gentleman. She runs away from the mistress, who had purposely left her unprotected, is caught in a thunder-storm, and dies of the wetting. The descriptions of Ludlow and of the surroundings are written with that grace of simplicity which made Mrs. Sherwood so successful. It appears by her life that she had no idea that it would be taken up as a religious tale for the poor; she simply wrote it under the compulsion of the imagination, and sold it to a local bookseller before she went to India, and then returned after many years to find it immensely popular. This led her to write other tales for the poor, with plots of a more desirable style. None were devoid of talent, and most had a cer-

tain sort of pathos, which only suffered by being too often repeated. Two of her stories — "Henry and his Bearer" and "Lucy and her Dhaye" — were the male and female counterparts of one another, both turning on the child's longing to send the gospel back to the much-loved Hindoo attendant. A third, "Emma and her Nurse," was much the same thing in an English dress, but it had a charm to a child reader in the minute account of the little lady and the awe-struck village girl in the great mansion, veiled and only inhabited by the nursery establishment since the death of the lady of the manor.

Mrs. Sherwood's doctrine was of a strange shifting description, and thus the religious part of her books was not to be depended upon. People used, however, in the days of dearth of all easy religious literature, to have her stories, and others of the same tendency, in their nurseries and schools. Some were excellent. Nothing could be said against a selection from them, and there are some which we recollect with pleasure to this day, though what pictures they had! Woodcuts were expensive luxuries then, and the illustrations in children's books were almost as hard worked as the portraits in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*; and after we had learnt to accept one big-headed boy in a monkey suit all over buttons as good Charlie being instructed by his uncle, we met him again as wicked Dick mocking his grandfather. Wherever there was a missionary story there appeared the same black man kneeling before a clergyman in gown and bands, with a book in his hand, which he is apparently presenting to the negro. (Though, by-the-by, these pleasing incongruities are not yet gone by. This very Christmas we encountered Cinderella and her prince in stage mediæval costumes, being married by an English bishop in lawn sleeves.)

Three books on the Commandments, "The Week," "The Guilty Tongue," and "The House of the Thief," stand out in our recollection as having conveyed distinct ideas of duty. One or two of Charlotte Elizabeth's were also very worthy, but, going back to our own childhood, we are quite sure that we imbibed a great deal from this our Sunday literature, that was never suspected by those who provided it, and that required correction by definite teaching. We say this, because we wish to impress that the doctrinal tendency of such books is not so unimportant as people are apt to think when giving them to the young and partly educated,

and we think it quite possible that the Dissent into which young people trained in Church schools used to lapse twenty or thirty years ago, was rendered attractive, not only by their awakened spiritual needs, which the Church system was not then expansive enough to satisfy, but by the whole drift of their reading, which made conversion, whether through church or meeting, the paramount matter of importance.

All these agencies for spreading good books have always been liable to one fatal, though amiable error. The really able start them with clever and valuable works in their way, not without literary value and with a power and force of application which renders them like the best hymns, common to all. But these are sure to be swamped in a marsh of imitators, the good by the goody. There is a fatal leniency to "what can do no harm and is on the right side," — written "by a very deserving person," either in great need, or "who would be so much pleased." So weakness is accepted, and "the right side" is represented by writings of limited views, which give nothing but its lower and feebler border.

So the Tract Society, we fear, forgot the salutary sternness with which a member in the olden days denounced before the author's face a tract as "a very poor thing *indeed*." It came to deal in an endless and proverbial supply of small children who accosted strangers with "Are you a Christian?" of ladies in white feathers one day on horseback, and white feathers on their hearses on another; of consumptive young ladies and gentlemen, and little boys and girls who so uniformly died as to lead to a conviction that it was very dangerous to take to early piety. Most young people do like the contemplation of melancholy, and delight in dreaming of the breaking of blood-vessels and slaughter of little children, in widows in their weeds, with their bright locks escaping when at play with their children, and in young widowers embracing the babe that has cost them so dear, and the gratification of these tastes diluted the fiction of the Tract Society; while its tracts themselves, sown broadcast in strange places, may here and there have done good, but in general excited antagonistic feelings. They had the fault of being almost all aimed at conversion, rather than at subsequent building-up, and they somewhat travestied St. Paul's determination of the only thing he would "know" in his preaching, not seeing that what should always underlie all teaching,



should not be constantly and even tritely overlaid. So most of these little books were either beginnings or endings, conversions, or death-beds, and the practical effect came to be, that the second generation, after avoiding the fatal effects of infant conversion, thought themselves at liberty to amuse themselves as they pleased, without any attention to devotion, until they should "get religion" like an infection. Miss Simpson's Yorkshire experiences among farm-lads, as detailed in "Ploughing and Sowing," show several instances of this frame of mind.

The secular books of the time were the *Penny* and *Saturday Magazines*, which were eagerly relished by young artisans, and by young people of any education. Many of us still look back to the pleasure their admirable papers gave us, such as those on the "Robin Hood Ballads" and the "Nibelungenlied." But the country labourer was not educated enough to care for them, and, indeed, the first notes of the movement for his advancement were sounded so defiantly as to fill with alarm and hostility those with whom his training rested. The fallacy of education without religion was manifest enough to them, and they appealed to experience in favour of religion without education; or, rather, with only just enough to read the Bible and prayer-book. They failed to fathom the ignorance and misapprehension of their average scholar, and did not see how much his religion wanted intelligence; while, as to those of higher ability, it could only be exceptional saints who would feel the narrow bounds assigned to their minds suffice them. It would have been wiser sooner to have seized on the Mechanics' Institute and the popular science lecture, and to have wakened the village school into more intelligent teaching, instead of keeping writing an "extra," lest girls should write to their sweethearts, and making needlework the aim and end of the schoolgirl's existence. After all, however, it was rather the elderly Ladies Bountiful who erred in this respect, and who had really seen good servants and housewives grow up under their *régime*, to whom needlework was the most valuable acquisition brought from school.

The younger clergy and the younger ladies were anxious to take up the cultivation of the intellect at the same time as that of the soul, but they had no tools to work with until the days of training-schools. One master, in a remote country village, we confess, was heard, about twenty-five years ago, explaining the slides

of a magic lantern: "This, my dear children, is the howl, the king of birds, so called because he is the only bird what can look at the sun without winking"—deceived, we suppose, by the regal looks of the great eagle-owl.

In general, too, it was found that though the brighter village children, girls especially, eagerly listened to the small explanations of geography, grammar, or history made to them, it was but writing on sand when taught in this amateur way. There was nothing to keep it up at home or abroad, in school or out, no associations to give it reality, and it was not remembered from week to week; being, indeed, viewed by mistress and mothers as the lady's fancy, interrupting more useful things, and "not fit for poor people."

Meantime there was a great accession of excellent matter for the reading to and of the children. Their intellectual capacity had been gauged at last, and by people who had literary talent and discrimination, and wrote in the thought of the great purpose ever with them, but without obtruding it.

About 1840 there began, under the auspices of Mr. James Burns, then a member of our Church, that issue of little books, life-like as the best of the Tract Society, and avoiding the didactic parents who had begun to appear in S.P.C.K. books, making children a judicious speech of a page long, when the very best cottage mother of real life would have merely used the more striking eloquence of "the stick." Now, the mothers in "The Apple Tree" (ominous name), "The White Kitten," "The Red Shawls," and the like, were not at all above the average cottage woman. When Bill is found with a surreptitious apple in his pocket, "father" takes him out of "mother's hearing," and executive justice follows. The overworked mother in "Margaret Fletcher," whose children on hot summer nights tumble out of bed, and roll about the floor crying, sends her daughter to be little maid at a small public-house, just as mothers do, simply to get rid of one hungry mouth, and then freely confesses that it is a bad place for a girl. The young lady who comes as a stranger even makes a mistake as to who ate the jam, and the mother's indignation is rough and motherly, until the real lady of the school comes home, and character overcomes the force of supposed circumstantial evidence.

There were very useful little books of conversational teaching, too, upon the prayer-book, the burial service etc., which

we are sorry to miss from the lists, for they were useful to read with younger classes. "Conversations on the Church Service" and "Conversations on the Saints' Days" were very useful in the same way; indeed, we do not think the last have been equalled for a tender poetry of dealing with the spirit of the day, being often either the "Christian Year" or Dr. Newman's "Sermon" reduced into easy language.

High thoughts in plain words were the characteristic of much of this literature. "Conversations with Cousin Rachel" has the "Christian Year" for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity beautifully simplified, so as to read like one of Mrs. Barbauld's prose hymns. Bishop Wilberforce's little classic of "Agathos" likewise belonged to this period, and so does an anonymous story called "Ivo and Verena," a sort of *La Motte Fouqué* for children, not exactly an allegory, but a story of the dawn of Christianity in the north.

There were two magazines started at this time: the *Penny Post*, and the *Magazine for the Young*. The first was intended to be an improved *Cottager*; it is still flourishing, but it has somehow missed of the function of supplying cottage reading. It has become too archæological, and not simple or practical enough to interest country poor; the type is too small, and the whole seems to suit more with the class who ask small and curious questions on the dedications of churches and the histories of obscure saints. There is almost always a little allegory in it, and the serial stories seem to be always about the great rebellion. We cannot fancy a labourer after his day's work caring to sit down and read it; but it has its own field among a somewhat more cultivated class, who have acquired what it is the fashion to call Catholic tastes.

The *Magazine for the Young* was better adapted to the purpose it undertook. The papers in it were so excellent of their kind from the first that many of them have been republished. We think, however, that after the first ten or fifteen years, it was allowed to drift a little out of the school-child level, and to have more than a due proportion of young ladies and gentlemen, though all were thoroughly clever and sensible stories. We are very sorry that the rage for illustrations has led to this excellent little book being supplanted by others, which, to our mind, are far from equalling it in ability, so that 1875 saw its last number, after a course of thirty-three years of well-sustained excellence.

To review the literature of this class for these thirty-three years would be impossible. We have pointed to the principal sources, and we will now try to classify the kind of reading they provide.

First, however, we must observe that there is a great change as to the power of reading. The exceptions are now those who cannot read. Girls have seldom left school for many years past without being able to read well; and boys, though the vocal performance may be as bad as possible, can read enough to be able to understand the meaning of a paragraph in after life. The intelligent ones will eagerly read anything that interests them, but, on the one hand, we no longer have the monopoly of cheap reading for them; and on the other, that patient steadiness which would toil through a long book in long words, as a serious solemn task, has nearly vanished from all classes alike. If we wish to catch the attention of the many, and give them pure examples from an undefiled well, we must make it as attractive as the undesirable literature in flaming covers which is poured on them, or the serial tales in cheap and inflammatory newspapers.

For this reason we are glad of the recent requirement of the code for elementary schools, that a classical piece of English poetry should be repeated and explained, since this becomes the key to much language, cultivates the taste, and prevents absolute want of comprehension from barring the way to all but the idlest and most easy reading. Still too much must not be expected — masters and mistresses and pupil-teachers, who are exerting their minds all day, should hardly be blamed if they are too wearied for "self-improvement" in the intervals, and though it is easy to say that a good walk or a little household work would be the best thing for the young woman, she can seldom walk safely out of school-hours in the winter, and there often is no domestic business for her to do, especially by candle-light. And if she be harassed and inclined to work her brain overmuch about her examination, or troubles about her pupils, needlework leaves the thoughts free for perplexities, while a wholesome and moderately interesting story diverts the mind much more effectually. Indeed the female readers can hardly be expected to read for intellectual self-improvement's sake. A girl with a true thirst for knowledge is very rare, and there is nothing to awake it or keep it up in women of the lower and lower-middle classes. All that

even well-taught young women of the dressmaker and artisan degree are likely to care for is, what is either "interesting" or "sweetly pretty;" but it is quite possible so to cultivate and refine their tastes as to make them dread and turn aside from low sensational reading, and by tales and poetry, the kind of pathos and sentiment that they can relish, to make them love what is pure, devout, and noble, and to set high-minded and elevating examples before them. The good ones, too, will read directly religious books, some as a duty, and others as a pleasure.

Lads, on the other hand, who have some intelligence and ambition, especially if put to trades that only occupy their hands, often do like instructive reading, and will pursue it in after life. They need a full supply of such books as may so pre-occupy them that they need not go for excitement or for information to literature where they would get it intermingled with attacks on their faith and principles.

It is of no use to try to keep exclusively to books written *for* any class in these days. The savour of condescension in such books is very distasteful to those for whom they are meant, and considering that almost every book that has any name or fame soon comes within their reach, it is better to provide them with whatever is really and intrinsically good, without going into the minutiae of agreement with our own opinions. If these are freely conceded, they are more likely to trust those who withhold from them what is really mischievous or degrading, and what no one ought to like. Books with much slang in them, with a poor weak style of sentiment, and such as indulge in the repetition of bad language in conversation, even where the morals are not amiss, should, however, be excluded. Whatever tends to exalt, purify, and refine the ideas of courtship and marriage is likely to be valuable. The horror with which the last generation looked on novel-reading left young girls to the very poorest and most unwholesome sentiment on the subject that most excites them, and good sound examples, even in a higher rank than their own, is more likely than anything else to improve their tone and raise their ideal. Such novels as Dinah Muloch's "A Noble Life," Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," some of Lady Emily Ponsonby's best, and the like, are really desirable reading.

Delicate, humorous character-drawing is not appreciated without a very different amount of cultivation, sometimes not then. Some people do not care for close

portraiture of the Austen school, but want what feeds their imagination and takes them out of themselves, and the love of exact delineation is much more frequent in the upper classes than the lower—and, reason good, they find themselves described from their own level and point of view, whereas no writing about or for a shop-girl or dressmaker can be other than at the best patronizing, often satirizing, and with about as much truth as a foreigner's delineations of natives, and we all know what they are. Therefore we believe a sensible story of a lady by a lady likely to be twice as useful to a maid as the lady's endeavour to portray an ideal maid.

The so-called "tale," of which Miss Sewell's and Miss Yonge's are the types, is eagerly devoured and is a sort of medium between the novel and the child's book; and it is one that is apt to be accepted without question, and a few years ago, the mere fact of a book being in one or two volumes, instead of three, would decide that it was "a tale;" and therefore supposed to be innocent. But fashion has altered this a good deal. We have all seen very mischievous books in this lesser line, and on those that profess to be mildly useful, we should recommend library managers to exercise a sharp supervision, and to condemn mawkishness and twaddle as ruthlessly as more serious evils. Their girl-readers may like it, but it will only lower their taste, and it is not well that they should be reading what their fathers, brothers, and lovers can only see through and deride. Their books on every account should be rather *above* than *below* them. Their age is full of enthusiasm and sentiment. That which girls of the upper ranks are now apt to disdain, with some harshness and rudeness in their scorn, is to this lower degree the gilding of life, and to kindle their admiration for anything really noble and worthy may save them from those silly and inferior forms of romance which are the special bane of their station.

The semi-educated enjoy tears; and pathos like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is rather in excess for us, is a great recommendation to them. Anything really good of its kind is to be accepted, while poor and weak stories should not be tolerated, because they are written to uphold our own opinions in Church matters. Hesba Stretton's "Bede's Charity," or Mrs. Whitney's "We Girls" are, for instance, far better reading than stories that the *Churchman's Companion* has some-

times too readily admitted, and which are only poor novels with a dash of daily services, early celebrations, and Sisters of Mercy.

Nothing that actually leads up to Dissent, or tends to confound the idea of the need of a distinct dogmatic faith, ought on any account to be admitted, though absolute direct enunciation of our own opinions is by no means necessary, provided the morality be sound. Miss Kavanagh's "Madeleine," an old book now, giving the story of the noble exertions of a French peasant girl to found a hospital, has always been found most popular and stirring, and though of course her Roman Catholicism is taken for granted, it simply comes in as the religion of her country, and would do nobody any harm. None of this lady's other tales approached this one in excellence, or would be useful to lend, and we mention this one as an instance of the way in which the superiority of the tale outweighs all difference of opinions.

We do not know how often to reiterate that caterers for lending libraries should be intolerant of mediocrity. The difficulties are great, for, on the one hand, the readers are apt to be eager devourers of all that requires no effort, and, on the other, critics are so merciful to the well-intentioned that their praise is not always faint enough to imply condemnation, while hundreds of writers think that at least they can write a child's religious tale, and contentedly repeat and dilute somebody else.

For instance, "Michael the Chorister" was written in early days, while yet Burns was the chief publisher of Church literature. It was a thoroughly touching simple story of a little cathedral chorister, who, after a few trials from bad companions, gets run over, partially recovers, goes for the last time to the cathedral, and dies.

He was the precursor to a swarm of affected little choristers, always with angelic feelings, generally persecuted, uniformly sentimental about their surplices, with some tendency to confound them with the snow, and sure not only to sing better than anybody else, but to die early. Whereas those who know the British chorister as a tough little mortal, addicted to bolting bulls'-eyes, apples, or any other delicacies of the season, at the last moment, if not to concealing them under his surplice, to shirking practice, to playing marbles in unexpected places, to staring wildly about, and on a recall to order, to bawling as if he were scaring birds, it seems as if it *might* be wiser and more useful to depict him as neither quite an angel nor quite a fiend.

Again, the late Mrs. Gatty opened a new and almost original mine of treasure in her "Parables of Nature," which she could give to perfection, both as being a student of natural history, and a person of deep and varied thought and reading. But ever since we have been inundated with talking rivers, discontented primroses, moralizing robins, etc., etc., etc., *usque ad nauseam*, till the imitation almost spoils the reality.

So with allegories. John Bunyan, Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Munro (the last at a long interval, and perhaps only in "The Combatants") have given real substantial interpretations and ideas that echo and re-echo in our minds; but they have provoked a swarm of imitators, who, taking a most unwarrantable liberty with the angels, as something between showmen and fairies, introduce us to endless children in boats, on mountains, and in swamps, all weakening the original impression, and creating an impatience of the very name of allegory.

In all these things, and many other branches of reading, the essentially good first model is the thing to have and keep to exclusively, for the ill-written, loosely-put-together, half-digested work that is freely poured out as fit for poor children, can—even for those who like it—only prevent the taste from rising to accept better food, and sometimes confuse the mind. Happily, the really good is sure to be cheap, and the price of a book is generally in inverse ratio to its work, so that it is easier to supply the cream of literature than the scum. No—we will not call it scum—but buttermilk.

Street Arabs have become very popular subjects. We can point to two or three excellent stories of this class, such as "Little Meg's Children" and "Froggy's Little Brother," which will dissolve a whole class, and still more, a whole mother's meeting, in tears; but there is a strong tendency to write of lovely waifs with shining hair (spite of being unkempt) who wander into churches, and there show an appreciation of the service, such as experience would be thankful to detect in their schooled and trained contemporaries; after which they either die a pious and edifying death, or are proved to be the children of the long-lost daughters of their patrons' cooks.

The need of a catastrophe is the bane of the unoriginal in these stories, and thence arises a pernicious sort about the troubles of young servants. It began in the early days of the Evangelical school, when all

large houses were assumed to belong to fashionable and worldly people, with wicked servants. The little nursery-maid regularly tried to teach the children to say their prayers, was rebuked by the mamma for making them melancholy, spited by the nurse for refusing to connive at her drinking wine in the butler's pantry, was all but convicted of theft on the evidence of her mistress's jewelry, hidden in her boxes by the other servants' malice, and finally established her innocence by saving some one from being burnt to death.

This class of story is not quite extinct, and must send little girls out in a nice frame of mind for being put under the upper servants who have to train them. There is a capital story, named "I do not Like it," which exactly shows the probable career of the spoilt pet of a village school and an easy home.

The principal supplies of books are at present from the S.P.C.K., the Religious Tract Society, and the Sunday School Institute, besides the host of "private venture" books. S.P.C.K. is admirable in a negative point of view, but to the negative it has far too often sacrificed the positive. Its supervision is too timid, minute, and arbitrary for it to be able to secure first-class authors, but it never drops into the absolutely foolish, and here and there has something of real merit. Its tracts — properly so called — are greatly improved of late years, and there is a series on the offices of the Church, which, compared with Bishop Davys's "Village Conversations," would be a curious landmark of the average intelligence of the supposed reader.

Hymns are pretty well provided for by Mrs. Alexander's beautiful work in that line. We are sorry that the Rev. Isaac Williams's "Hymns on the Catechism" are out of print, for they are rarely excellent as expositors of doctrine, and not too long, the only fault of Mrs. Alexander's.

The Religious Tract Society has an excellent collection, not only of tales, but of books of natural history and travels; and those who are collecting prizes or lending-library books ought certainly to make a selection among these, though, if they are ordered without examination, we may chance to light on something that exalts conversion at the expense of sacramental grace, or which makes it a hopeful sign in a Romanist to die without the sacraments. These, however, are becoming the exceptions, and there are many admirable stories on the list, conveying Catholic

truth. We do not mean what some people call "distinctively Catholic teaching," but much that is really sound and orthodox, and useful to members of the Church. Indeed, we fancy it would have somewhat startled the excellent founders!

The Sunday-School Institute puts out good books for teachers to use, but what we have hitherto seen of its tales have been feeble and much too controversial. It would be giving a mere catalogue to attempt to mention the books we have found best adapted for village use; besides, parishes vary much in taste and intelligence, so that what is popular in one may be useless in another, and a judicious caterer will acquire a sort of second instinct as to what will be liked and be useful. This is the only way of doing the thing. To order down a society's collection and disperse them, is not likely to produce healthful assimilation, but people's needs and likings must be known and cultivated, and in a varying manner, according to their understanding, *e.g.* the young children, and any parish where the people are still very simple and little in the way of anything but what the clergyman gives them, need receive only what is fully accordant with his views, but the growing youth and men of towns will not be content with this, and he will do them more good by showing them how to read a book with undesirable portions in it than by withholding it altogether.

After all, some will say, what has all this trouble done? There is a long way between reading a book and acting on it. Sunday-school children flock for their books, tracts are exchanged at every door by district visitors, but is the population better than when, one hundred years ago, Mrs. Trimmer, Hannah More, and Mr. Raikes began the work? The towns, taking them as a whole, are possibly in some respects worse. There has been the factory system, there were fifty years of torpidity of the Church, and besides the general tendency to corruption in masses, infidelity has come down to the populace.

But, on the other hand, the Church organization has now so penetrated these regions, that no one who wishes for better things can fail to know where to look for them, and any upward aspiration is met and fostered.

And in the country, though the machinery has often been sluggishly and insufficiently worked, and can only be so thoroughly where the clergyman and the squire are devoted, zealous, and united, yet the

average standard has risen. The foul nests of shameless vice that used to be acquired in a sort of hopeless way in the early years of the century are seldom to be found in villages now, and where they exist, the decent neighbours are not callous to the scandal. The standard of morality is not what it ought to be, but most of those, who can look back for a good many years on the same place, will allow that there *is* shame now instead of absolute indifference, and that village public opinion once required far less respectability than at present. Drunkenness is the evil still most rampant and untouched by all our efforts, setting in as it does just when youths are most jealous of being held in check by the influences of their earlier age, and kept up by the many attractions of the public-house. But in speaking of the average cottager, it is to be remembered that he is generally the dull one, or the idle one, of the family. The superior lads and girls find promotion in other lines through the improvement of education and communication, and it is only the unenterprising who remain at home as tillers of the soil; and of their children, the brighter ones go forth into the world, leaving the duller ones to swell the group of unruly lads and rude girls that most parishes can, alas, still produce.

Yet, even thus, the entire class ignorance and indifference is gone. There is a tolerable comprehension of the language used in church, and with the destruction of galleries and high pews, and the silencing of parish clerks, much of that comfortable abstraction of the elders, and sportiveness of the juniors, has been done away with. Most can and do use prayer-books, and, in truth, one of the popular delusions is that people "go to church to read their book," but this granted, the book does a good deal for them. They most of them know the theory of their duty pretty well, and there is not an utter blank when trouble or danger brings them in contact with their pastor. No one will attempt to say that the mass of them are all that they might or ought to be, but what we are contending for is, that they have, in general, made a great advance, not only in material comfort, but in their notions of decency and respectability; and that, wherever there is a stirring of real and active religion, it finds food and support, and is not left to struggle in the dark, or seek supplies of light from the self-kindled sparks of Dissent.

And in every parish there are sure to be thoughtful, conscientious men and women

who have never let drop the training of their childhood, imperfect as it may have been; there are those who have turned aside for a time, but are ready to come back again; and there is much of bright and ready intelligence and promise in the young.

In all endeavours to do good to the multitude, what is to be expected is, that only a very few will derive to the full the benefits offered to them, and that there will be a large proportion scarcely, if at all, the better for them, while the greater number will, to a certain degree, accept and be ameliorated more or less by that acceptance, although to a much less degree than they might and ought to be.

And in writing of this last half-century's movement towards the religious cultivation of the poor, we have spoken more of this unsatisfactory mass than of those who have profited to the utmost, as there is no doubt that many have everywhere done. We fail sometimes to recognize them, because they are no longer the poor. The best of the poor we have to deal with are either the homely and unsuccessful, or those who are returning to better courses in old age. Those of the elder generation who really made use of their education are everywhere in superior situations of trust, and their children in the way of rising higher.

We do not know that to elevate a peasant into one of the lower-middle class is a great achievement, though it may of course lead to further elevation in another generation: but it is the most frequent outcome of the best education a village can give, and we mention it as being exactly what the promoters of secular education held out as an object. The deeper unseen work cannot be gauged, but that one test which is now usually applied as to the spiritual progress of a population does not fail. What was the number of communicants in almost any place compared with what it is now? Does not the recollection of our elder readers go back to the scanty three times, or at most four, at which the clergyman's and squire's families, and the very aged poor, with one or two good women, were the only attendants, and when the general notion of church-going is that described in "Silas Marner"? Allowing for much that is disheartening, and which has ever been the same, we are quite sure that the efforts made in national schools and village libraries have had a great effect for good even on the generality, and that they will tell more and more as the children are more prepared



to receive cultivation, provided only that the same endeavours are successful in keeping divine wisdom the ruler of the studies of our children, and secular instruction only her handmaid. And the persons on whom this chiefly depends are the clergymen and ladies in every parish, and its greatest foes are — not the school boards, nor the six standards, but those breakfast hours which, coinciding exactly with the time allotted for religious instruction in schools, prevent any external help from being given, and throw the teaching of several classes on pupil-teachers or on mere children, who ought to be learning themselves.

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From Good Words.

#### WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### POPE'S LOVERS IN THE STORM.

As the afternoon wore on, Joel, who had not only warmed to his work, but had won a certain amount of ease and skill in it, began to show the superiority in lasting power of men's to women's muscles. Some of the most active and vigorous women in the morning were beginning to lag a little and look wistfully at the sun's progress, still they worked on, trained as they were to enduring toil, with Pleasance among them; but it was Joel's turn to gain ground and get ahead and leave the laggards behind him. Pleasance did not look annoyed to be thus beaten; she did not let him have an easy victory; she strove her best to maintain her place, but when she began to feel herself worsted she submitted with a good grace, which was not the least gracious thing about her in his eyes.

"She is no virago, she is as womanly as she is strong and brave," he thought.

All in a moment the clear cloudless sky of the morning, into which great piles and mountain peaks of clouds, still snow-white, had entered ere noon, became dark, and a cool almost chill wind blew upon the heated workers. Looking up to ascertain the reason of the change, the spectacle was presented of these mighty cloud masses — an hour ago so white and radiant with sunlight — in one quarter of the sky hanging low overhead, and of an inky blackness, and in the opposite direction pre-

senting a lividly pale border which formed a dense dull grey pall extending to the verge of the horizon. Before one could say, "A storm is coming," the forked lightning leaped in a jagged stream from the black cloud, a thunder peal crashed after it, and the first great drops of a torrent of rain caused the workers to look round for the nearest shelter. The readiest idea, so natural on such an occasion that it occurred to most of the women at once, was to pull together and pile up the sheaves and to crouch behind them. So rapidly was it put in practice, that in a few moments, before Long Dick who had returned to the field could hurry from the farther end to the women's side, sheaves and ricks presented the same phenomenon as that offered by the bracken bushes on the hillside the moment after Roderick Dhu, having called forth his plaided host to startle the eyes of the knight of Snowdon, had waved them back again into utter invisibility. Not a woman was to be seen, and Joel Wray had vanished with them.

Joel had drawn Pleasance into a nook formed by the sheaves, and divided by its barrier of straw from the nooks in which the rest of the women were ensconced.

The couple were hardly a stone's throw from the others, and yet Joel felt and welcomed the feeling with a conscious exultation as if they two were alone in the storm.

Pleasance might have a similar delusion, she grew rosy red, whether from work or the agitation of the moment, and she looked silently at the flashes of lightning which broke through the rain that hissed and seemed to ascend again in white steam, as it poured, and listened to the rattle of the thunder. "You are not frightened, Pleasance?" he asked her softly, venturing to call her by her Christian name.

She took no notice of what was the universal practice around her, yet a watcher, watching narrowly, might have seen that though Long Dick and everybody she had known for many a day had called her Pleasance, still when this stranger followed their example, the slightest quiver passed over her, and her eyelids drooped for an instant. "Not very," she said, simply, "it is grand, but it is awful."

They were silent again for some minutes, while the storm rolled on. When he spoke next he was moved by a quick impulse. "Have you ever read Pope among your other books?"

"No," she replied, "unless in the little

bits in my 'General Literature.' There were 'Belinda's Toilet' and 'The Dying Christian,' very different specimens."

"But it was not of either of them that I was thinking," he said, "it was of the description of a man and a woman struck dead by lightning in such a field as this."

"Oh dear, what a terrible recollection!" she said, with a natural shudder.

"But it was not so terrible, not so sad, at least as you think," he explained, eagerly; "they died together, in a moment. Don't you think," he hesitated, "that there are people in the world who would like to die thus—that there are experiences in this life worse than death?"

"Ah yes, it is hard for those who are left behind," she said, thinking of herself and Anne. "I had a sister who died, and I wished that I could have died with her." When Pleasance recalled and dwelt on the conversation afterwards, she wondered that she could have spoken of Anne's death to a stranger, she shrank from what she had said as if it had been a sacrilege committed against Anne's memory, and still it had felt no sacrilege at the moment.

"There are relations nearer and dearer than sisters," he said, and stopped abruptly.

And Pleasance knew, though she had never read of Pope's stricken and slain lovers, that it had been true lovers who had been united in an instantaneous fiery death. Her heart palpitated in the silence. Yes, she could comprehend what mercy, nay, what unearthly bliss, there might be in such a death; and this young, glib, brown lad beside her, who had nothing at all of the gloomy hero of romance about him, in whose manliness there was something light-heartedly boyish in its very self-assertion and jauntiness, whose will had been greater than his ability, comprehended the existence of deep passion also.

Soon the air became perceptibly lighter, and a ray of wan and watery sunshine darted suddenly across the gloom to replace the lightning. The rain had lessened, and was gradually ceasing, the hidden reapers began to creep out of their shelter, and to look around them to see if the storm were passing altogether, and prepare to resume their work.

As Pleasance and Joel Wray came forth from their refuge, meaning glances and speeches were exchanged freely by the women. In that comparatively primitive society men and women not only leapt, like children, to rapid conclusions, but proclaimed these conclusions with equally childish candour.

"You be goin' to 'a mor'n one string to your bow, Pleasance," said one young woman sarcastically.

"Mor, us will see what Long Dick will 'a to say to galiwantin' ways," said a matron warningly.

"You 'ad better not put out a finger to touch some folk's goods, young man, if so be you want to keep a whole skin," another motherly woman told Joel Wray.

Both Pleasance and Joel knew in a moment, with burning cheeks and two pairs of eyes that sparkled and gleamed with anger and other feelings in the anger, what was meant, but neither answered the soft impeachment in direct words. Joel said something lightly and defiantly of being able to take care of his own bones, and of this being a free country, where cats could look at kings, and any man might offer any woman an umbrella or its equivalent.

They did not separate, not even so far as the exigences of the field-work might have permitted. Joel did not move an inch from Pleasance's side, and Pleasance, with equal pride, would let him work in the same proximity that they had preserved all the day, while she turned blind eyes and deaf ears to the gathering gloom and surly growls of Long Dick every time his path crossed theirs.

But though she kept a calm front before what was fast becoming the gossip of the field, and to what it might tend, though she even talked and laughed fast and at random because of it, there was a tumult within her, by no means lessened because of the distinct consciousness that, far beyond any anger at what she regarded as the uncalled-for and rude remarks of her associates, there ran through her a thrill of delight at their prophetic truth.

She was more proud than ashamed of being distinguished by this lad, who was but a working-lad like the rest, and yet who was so different from them, and had so much in common with herself, that there was to her a glamour of enchantment about him. And she had never been made proud—only a little vain, perhaps, and with her better feelings touched, by being distinguished, long and sedulously, by poor Dick Blennerhasset. She had a vivid conception which she half resisted, half admitted, in the midst of her indignation and confusion, that this harvest day, with its toil and rest, its splendour and storm, was the happiest day she had ever known.

She recognized with glad humility that he was not offended by the implication which had coupled their names together. So far from its driving him away from her,

it was causing him to abide more unmis- takably, and more openly, at her side, while with passionate, long side-looks, he was seeking continually to catch her eye, and to tell her silently with what abandonment he owned the charge, and how he besought her to grant him grace by responding, however faintly, to his dawning love.

By the time that Pleasance got back to the manor-house, escorted to the door without any strong rebuff on her part by the stranger, Joel Wray, the news had travelled to Mrs. Balls. Pleasance had got a new young man, who had been making up to her all the day in the boldest and most marked manner, and to whom Pleasance, who, unassuming as she was, had the reputation of being particular, and who had kept the great match of the parish, Long Dick, at the staff's end for years, was giving evident encouragement.

Mrs. Balls, having her own castles in the air, in which Long Dick figured as master, in a way that was so assuring and "comf'able," was much taken aback and disturbed by this *contretemps*. Thus she also, by her manner, confirmed the view which their other acquaintances had taken, and made Pleasance and the young man feel that her glumness and testiness to Pleasance were all because of the report that had preceded her and the company in which she had come. The flame of love at once discovered, spoken of, opposed, had all that current of air lent to it which other flames require in order to fan them into rapid growth.

Pleasance had promised to send Joel Wray balsam for his smarting feet, as she would have sought to comfort any fellow-creature in need of comfort, and she would not break her promise because of what had come of it.

"Please yourself," Mrs. Balls had said ungraciously, when the proposal was made to her of supplying the relief. "I 'ould let him go and get his blistered feet cured where he came from. What are mechanics — an' he be a mechanic — doing a-strolling about the country like players, takin' honest folk's work over their heads, and their bites out o' their mouths. We wants none on them — no, not at harvest-time. It is a temptin' on Providence not to take time, and be content with the hands as we 'a knowed all our days. A black-a-vised tanned jumper of a young man as will be here to-day and gone to-morrow. Phillis Plum can do what she likes with his feet, atthout you slasterin' and sendin' messes. If I were you, Pleasance, I 'ould 'a nowt

to say to his feet. What are his feet mor'n other feet? He 'a been walkin' a many days? The more shame to him; let him walk hisself off to where he started from, an' he dare go back, for it's like enough he started on such a wild-goose chase with a flea in his lug. That's all I a' to say. But you are like the rest on the gals that are women-grown, Pleasance; though you 'a book know and were better bred, you'll 'a your way; but an you wunno take care you'll repent on it. It's ill takin' up with a stranger, even when you dunno slight his betters. Your mother knowed that afore she went out on the world, though she had the luck to marry a gentleman."

Joel came over within the hour of Phillis Plum's receiving the application from Pleasance, to thank her warmly for remembering and desiring to minister to his pain. Churlishly as Mrs. Balls felt inclined to conduct herself towards him, she could not refuse to receive an acquaintance of Pleasance Hatton's; indeed Mrs. Balls had been the first to acknowledge that, according to the freedom granted to working men and women, Pleasance had a right to please herself in the acquaintance.

In addition, disgusted and alarmed as Mrs. Balls was, she could not have the stranger in the manor-kitchen without talking to him, and she could not see him stare at Pleasance's last little drawings fluttering on various parts of the walls, above the dresser, in the window-recess, and on the mantelpiece, without asking him, with consequential complacency, to look at them.

"I dessay you beant accustomed to drawingses, any more than to beasteses, but you can tell a colt or a pup when you see 'em, I suppose?"

Pleasance had not advanced a single step in art, except perhaps that she took rough likenesses with greater facility and celerity than ever. But certainly the parson and Lawyer Lockwood might have been at rest, for she had not spoilt a good dairywoman and housekeeper by aspiring to be a tenth-rate artist.

Joel Wray was looking at the drawings with a bright smile. "I recognize every one of the originals," he said, "and I could not do the like, though I have learnt enough drawing to point out most of the wrong strokes. We have so many schools of art," he explained, "which many fellows attend in the evenings, since it helps them in most of their trades."

"If the picters are as like what they

are meant for as one pea to anudder, I dunno see where the wrongness can lie," said Mrs. Balls, stiffly paying no attention to his explanation, and thinking within herself, "A fault-finder jackanapes and whipper-snapper. This do come to open Pleasance's eyes, sure-ly."

But Pleasance was only glancing shyly at the critic, and reflecting how well he looked in this light, brown as he was and of no great build for a man, but he must have been finely knit, for he stood and sat and leant against the window with the ease and grace which showed what town breeding and its amount of education could do, even for a working-man, while he owed no advantage to dress, for of course he wore his working-dress, he had only washed his face and hands and combed his hair, as Pleasance had done for herself, in the interval since they had parted.

"You read and you draw in midst of your hard work," said Joel, enthusiastically; "are you musical too?" and he looked round as if he expected to see a piano or an organ.

"Oh no," said Pleasance, laughing frankly, "I have forgotten all my music except what belongs to humming a tune. I have hardly voice for the simplest song. I wish I had, for then I could sing as I worked, when I had breath to spare. But if you are fond of music you should hear Clem Blennerhasset and his fiddle; it reminds me of what I learnt about Orpheus in our old mythology lesson."

"Is this Clem Blennerhasset a friend of yours?" asked Joel, with a shade of reserve and vexation in his voice.

"He is the brother of my friend Lizzie Blennerhasset," replied Pleasance, demurely, enjoying, without analyzing the enjoyment, the suspicion of restlessness and annoyance which she had provoked.

"Clem Blennerhasset 'ad better learn to earn his bread afore he plays his whistle," interposed Mrs. Balls innocently; "a great wambling boy like he should be thinking of gettin' out of 's apprenticeship and ceasin' to be tied to Smith Blennerhasset's apron, instead of fiddlin' away every hap'orth of his spare time. I d' know his mother is fretted to fiddle-strings with his fiddlin'."

"Ah, I must hear this boy fiddler," said Joel heartily, with a look of mingled relief and reproach at Pleasance, which she met with a slight laugh, though she could not have told why she laughed the low laugh.

## CHAPTER XV.

## LONG DICK FINDS A MATE.

THE aggrieved and potent rival soon heard of the incredible story.

To Long Dick's apprehension an incredible story it sounded at first that the odd-day's man whom he had taken on at the manor farm, the flippant stranger mechanic of whom nothing was known, save by his own not altogether satisfactory account, was audaciously making up to Pleasance Hatton, the finest young woman, by a very long chalk, in the place. Joel Wray was making up to Pleasance Hatton with her superior birth and early breeding, and her heiress-ship, and Pleasance of all women, who had on the whole been so shy of Long Dick's lowly worship and modest advances, was listening to this wandering young scamp, as if she were preparing to throw herself away on him. It was as hard as it was cruel to believe.

Long Dick was filled with trouble and wrath, not the least unbearable element in which was that he had raised a stick to break his own head. He it was who had on his own responsibility engaged the stranger to assist in the last day's wheat-hoeing. Long Dick it was who had recommended the bailiff to hire Joel Wray again for the harvest; the result of the hiring being that the bailiff was so pleased with the exertions of the new hand, raw as he was, that he proposed to keep him on for the rest of the autumn to aid in the potato-gathering, the fence-repairing, and the draining, and to do a bit of carpenter's work, as Dick himself did a bit of smith's work, on the farm, when not otherwise engaged.

This would have been bad enough had Joel Wray, who was also what Dick called a "fine scholard" in reading, writing, and ciphering, compared to Dick, managed to outstrip Dick in the bailiff's, and it might be in the end, in Lawyer Lockwood's good graces.

In the mean time the probable supplanter, for reasons of his own, held back from coming in contact either with the bailiff or the squire. When he had to be paid, or when he happened to attract the notice of the higher powers, even though it were their approving notice as of a smart, handy chap, his gift of talking and his self-assertion deserted him entirely, and he would hold down his head, be silent, and get out of the way as fast as he could.

But it was well-nigh unbearable that this forward adventurer should enter the lists where Long Dick, though he had made

small progress, had till then run alone, outstrip his late patron in the race, and carry off the great prize of life for Long Dick.

Long Dick could command some redress for the grievous injury with which he was threatened. All that was wanted was a word from him to the bailiff in disparagement of Joel Wray, an insinuation that he might not be the little that he represented himself, but "some polished rogue and thief," "a rascal who had given his last master leg bail," who was in hiding from the police, and who might end by setting the ricks on fire, or breaking into the bailiff's desk and running off with the contents.

But Long Dick, swelling with wrong and resentment as he was, shrank from such reprisals. All that was manly in the big fellow recoiled from the baseness of the retaliation, for it would be baseness, not caution, seeing that Long Dick, an honest man himself, had an innate conviction of the honesty of the vagabond. He might be a careless, thriftless vagabond, a restless rolling stone, a fickle Jack-of-all-trades, on whom it would be certain hardship and probable destitution with all its misery for Pleasance to bestow herself and her little fortune; but Long Dick believed in his heart of hearts that Joel Wray was as honest as himself, that he was free from vice, and was in some respects as innocent in his smack of boyishness as Pleasance was in her womanhood.

Long Dick was fortified in his manliness by the conclusion which was somehow beaten and burnt in upon his slow intellect, that if he, Long Dick, were so left to himself as to do Joel Wray a shabby turn by getting him found fault with, and dismissed from his temporary place, and if it ever came to Pleasance's knowledge — and she was, among her other distinguished qualities, what Long Dick called a very "knowin'" woman — she would pay him back in kind by never forgiving him.

No, Long Dick preferred to take his chance in a fair fight with his antagonist, bitter as the sense of rivalry was, especially with a rival so unworthy of him, and doubly unworthy of Pleasance.

In those autumn days Long Dick had little rest or peace, save when he had recourse of an evening to his cousin Lizzie, and poured into her ears all that he could bring himself to express of his pain and fury. He was soothed by her endless sympathy, her incredulity as to Pleasance, "being so blind and mad," little reckoning all the time with what life blood of her own

Lizzie was feeding his hunger and thirst for consolation and hope.

For a wonder, in those days of trial, Long Dick did not fall into his old excesses, in addition to Lizzie's urgent representation he was aware from his own intelligence that the crisis was too imminent, he dreaded too much an invidious comparison, for Joel Wray had not swallowed more than his glass of beer since he had first appeared at the Brown Cow. He was sober, this wandering mechanic, whatever other evils he had learnt in his wandering.

Long Dick shook off all his comrades save his faithful slave and cousin Lizzie at this time, above all he turned grimly from Joel Wray, who showed, on the other hand, a perverse inclination to make up to the head man of the farm, and even to stand some roughness from him, if he could but win him to be friendly at last.

Joel was very friendly himself, pleasant as well as fluent of speech to old and young, and looked, in general, as unconscious of giving any individual offence as when he had disappointed the giddier girls of Saxford by being bent upon his task of wheat-hoeing, and failing so much as to see their attempts to attract his attention and draw him into a rustic flirtation.

Joel, in spite of this ungallant overlook, in spite of his having only amended his first fault by the cool confidence which had caused him to bestow his regard on "Madam," who had a lover already, the best in the place, was a favourite with the women. He was liked by old and young, from Mrs. Morse and Phillis Plum, to whom he gave no trouble, down to Phillis's grand-daughter, little Polly, for whom he cut puppet dolls out of the pith of the elder — by all except Lizzie Blennerhasset; she saw him through her cousin Dick's eyes, and thought him a trifling, insignificant, yet blustering chap, a lad who was not worth a woman's looking at. Yet Dick was juster in his judgment, and knew to his torment that Joel Wray, though no giant like himself, had more than a man's spirit, was straight as an oak sapling, lithe as a willow wand, a proper young fellow who might very well steal a girl's heart, though such a girl's heart as Pleasance Hatton's was seldom found.

Joel had become so popular in the place that he gave back to Pleasance some of her popularity, repeatedly reduced and impaired as it had been by her wearing spectacles, by her coming into a fortune, and, last and greatest liberty of all, by her not having stopped short with conquering Long Dick, the old hero of Saxford, but

extending the conquest to its new hero, Joel Wray. Joel was so great a favourite himself that his favour cast a halo of cancelled debt and reflected glory round Pleasance.

But Joel was not satisfied with the women's homage, or with the sneaking admiration of young Ned, the good-will of old Miles Plum, or even of such magnates as Smith Blennerhasset or Host Morse, whom Joel propitiated by discussing with them London news. He would make up to Long Dick, though Joel was continually getting over the knuckles, in a figure, for his assurance, and was shown with rude plainness that Long Dick scouted his companionship. Either Joel was very impervious to broad hints, very indiscreet—or he had been accustomed to have his own way, and to be spoilt, as he had once said—or he had that craving for general good-fellowship which with some men is a passion—or he had conceived a vehement, one-sided liking for Long Dick, for he would not be repulsed, would not keep himself at a safe distance, but returned again and again to the vain charge. He made Long Dick's life more miserable than it would otherwise have been, by introducing into it a strong temptation to punch Joel Wray's head, or fight him in some fashion, while Joel Wray was a champion unworthy of Dick's superior prowess, and further, was under the protection of Pleasance's friendship, however wayward and indiscriminating, so that Dick had to resist the inclination as best he might.

Long Dick had ridden round one evening, on a plough-horse, to see the cattle in an out-lying field, and was returning by Saxford Broad, cumbered and heavy with all those troubles. He was not aware that he was calmed by the repose of the evening, which was somewhat cloudy and lowering like Dick's state of mind, or by the peaceful stillness of the Broad, with its birds gone to rest. It presented a great sheet of rippled, slate-coloured water, unbroken at this moment by any barge, and with the profound quiet of its character increased, as it appeared, by the perfect flatness of its indented shores, which offered rush-bordered, ferny meadows, and a little wood, but not a height or bank. Calmed or not, Dick, according to custom, walked the horse into the shallow water, deepening as he went, to wash the animal's fetlocks, and to relieve them of the gathered dried mire of the day.

He had done the same thing every time he had passed the Broad, even when driv-

ing a wain with a couple of horses, on a hundred occasions, and he had no more dreamt of danger than he would have feared to go about his morning's yoking, or to lie down in his bed at night. But whether Dick's mind had got dazed with his cares, and he had departed from the usual approach of horses to the Broad, or whether some unapprehended change had taken place in the ground, all at once the horse he rode, a steady old horse as Dick knew it, plunged one fore foot into a hole of several inches depth, and with a wild struggle and splash, fell head foremost into the water, before Dick could slide from its back. He kept his seat, and was not sensible of injury, but by the cold rush of water round them, he became aware that it was deep enough to drown both horse and man unless the horse could regain its footing, or Dick could disentangle himself, and use his power of swimming which he had learnt in his sailor's trip from Cheam, to reach by a few strokes the near shore. But in the surprise of the momentary accident he had been guilty of an oversight, which was likely to be fatal to both horse and man—he had let the bridle be dragged from his grasp, and it was now caught in the terrified horse's feet, so that the capacity to aid it in its frantic efforts to rise was lost, while at the same time the weight of the animal, and its convulsive efforts to get up rendered it a matter of the utmost difficulty and danger for him, even unhurt as yet, save by a bruise or two, to free himself from what would otherwise be a certain death.

It took but a few seconds for the incident, together with the despairing sense on Long Dick's part, that he was unable of his own ability to extricate himself, that every violent strain he made was exhausting even his boasted strength, that every stroke the horse gave threatened to disable or to kill him on the instant, that there was no help at hand, and the night was closing in. The consciousness that his act of washing the horse's feet had been so ordinary an act, and that the shore and safety were absolutely near, seemed only to render his impending fate harder and more bitter, without its being able to nerve him to hold out a moment longer.

People say that a drowning man's past life flashes before him, in its entirety, in a second of time. Perhaps Dick was too constitutionally and intellectually sluggish for such a marvel to be accomplished in his case. He was but dimly aware as con-



sciousness was fast deserting him, and as his attempts to shake himself loose became as fitful and intermittent as the horse's rolling and kicking, that he wondered whether Pleasance Hatton would be sorry, and then that he was sorry for himself, in his own extremity, and for poor little Lizzie Blennerhasset's broken heart, before he said "Lord Jesus, help me," and in the same breath, heard faintly like a voice in a dream or in another world, a cry from the farther side of that end of the Broad.

Long Dick knew nothing farther — not of the figure that rushed into the water, and began to swim with the speed and directness of a practised swimmer — not of the mingled daring and caution with which the swimmer approached the eddying circles formed round the prostrate man and horse, still struggling and emerging at intervals — not of the grasp on his shoulder, and the shout into his failing ears which yet he mechanically obeyed, to try once again, as the horse swerved to a side — not when he was relieved from the horrible burden that had been weighing him down, and was dragged, happily only a few yards, and landed on the shore.

When Long Dick came to himself he was lying high and dry among the rushes, his head on the knee of a man, who was striving by an impromptu adaptation of all the theories which he had ever heard for the recovery of drowning men, to bring Dick back to himself. With the first conscious glance Dick recognized his detested rival, Joel Wray.

"There, old fellow, you're coming round," said Joel, cheerily, almost affectionately, redoubling his amateur medical offices. "What a mercy I turned out before supper, and walked as far as the Broad, to have a look at the ducks and plover which were all gone to roost hours ago! But it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. I knew you were not such a fine lady as to be finished off by a mouthful of cold water, such as I have shipped myself not only in little Cherwell, but in old Father Thames, more than once or twice either. I wish it were the thing for working-men to carry a flask, I am sure they need it, as much as your sportsman or foxhunter. If I had had mine — one of my own I mean — I could have put a drop of brandy into your mouth, and brought you alive again in no time. Look here, you ain't kicked by that unfortunate beast?"

Dick was grumbling as soon as he was able to speak that he was not an "old fel-

low" — he was only growing four-and-twenty — any more than a fine lady, and he did not want brandy to cure him of a ducking, and where was the horse? With that Dick sat up in his dripping clothes, and peered through the dusk at the leaden-looking Broad, on which there was now neither bubble nor circle.

Joel Wray in an equally dripping condition as to raiment, sat up by Dick's side and looked with commiseration into his face.

"Don't take on about it, old — young fellow, it could not be helped. I could not save both of you, and the man came before the beast, not that men are always better than beasts either. Any way I could not have given the horse a leg up, it would be sheer brag to pretend it. He is done for, poor horse, lying quietly enough now, at the bottom of the hole you both managed to get into, at this edge of the Broad. Be thankful that you are out of it. All the same, I know you must be cut up for the dumb animal that you've worked with for years, I dare say, and that you have come to know like a brother, I have some notion of what the loss is, and I can feel for it."

Dick stared stupidly at the water, he was moist enough already, his tawny hair was dropping at every point still, but more moisture gathered in his blue eyes, and when he spoke it was with a lump in his throat that half choked him, and which he had to gulp down before he could make his quivering voice audible.

"I druv and guided him from the first day I came to the manor, three years gone; he were as tractable as a child, and never needed aught, save a word; Pleasance were used to ride him from the field, and he knew her and whinnied when she came near his stall. Her will cry her eyes out to-night. He were up in years for a hoss, and had served his day; he were not that much worth in hoss flesh, let alone Lawyer Lockwood, he d' know haccidents will 'appen, and will not count it out of my caracker; but for all that, I'd liefer all my savin's and my next year's wages were cast into that water, if so be owd Punch 'ould rise out on it, standin', stampin' his feet, archin' his neck, and nickerin' for his feed as he were wont to do at this hour, like a Chrissen."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Joel, quite tenderly, "it ain't the loss of the tin, for that might be made up, it's the thought of the creature that worked for, and trusted us, and came to grief through our shortsightedness, that is the sting. But get up, and

come along with me, else the night will be down, and we'll catch our death of cold."

"You are a discernin' chap, Joel Wray," said Long Dick slowly, as the two rose after they had fraternized over the destruction of the horse. "If you had hammered up on poor Punch bein' old, and well-nigh fit for the kennel, as some folks despise them faithful old hosses, wool, I 'ould still owe you my life at the risk of your own, for yon were an ugly venture, with the poor beast as were so sensible, a-flinging out with terror like mad, with the torter on chokin, never to obey a word or sign more. But now I can bring myself to thank you hearty, though, mind, I say I 'a borne a big grudge again you these ten days back, and I 'on't say that I 'a no cause, on'y I ain't such a heartless brute nudder, as not to be grateful for life—more'n that the lad as has felt with me for Punch is a good un, odd man, or stuck mechanic on the tramp, as he may be."

"Bosh! any fellow would have done it," said Joel Wray, but colouring with bashfulness, that was decidedly becoming in one that was usually so confident, and with pleasure. "You would have done the same and more for me, or any man. There ain't any merit in it; we cannot help it; we should be worse than our dogs if we didn't obey an instinct of rushing to the rescue. But I say, Dick, I like you, you know I have liked you from the first, and I want a mate like you to stand by and teach me many things that I have set my heart on learning. If I—if we are opposed on some things, on which we can't help being opposed, because they may get to be more than life and death to us—can't we make up our minds to differ on one or two subjects and to agree on the rest? Can't we be friendly foes in the middle of our strife, or even get to like each other? because I am sure you have the making of a gentleman in you—the root out of which all true gentleness has risen—I mean you are an honest, brave man, whatever your blunders and shortcomings. And for that matter, we are all in a precious mess together in this blessed country—which we persist in saying is so exceptionally free and prosperous—in addition to misunderstanding, and misjudging, and coming down like thunder on each other. And if one or two of us seek to get behind the scenes to learn a thing or two of our common humanity, to use, God willing, in the end, for the good of all, as the greatest enterprise with which the times provide

us, why we are held to be fools or worse, that is the justice we are treated to!"

Long Dick stared blankly at this tirade. In the beginning of the speech Joel Wray's voice had been curiously persuasive, while in the end it had passed into the dogmatic, dogged, indignant tones of a man who is riding a hobby, and riding it to death, not altogether unconsciously; withal there was that monotony stealing into the accents which attends upon the habitual dreamer, who, if he does not commit the ancient vagary of soliloquizing, is still in the habit of holding mentally long conversations with himself, in which he is the sole speaker, or if he ever argues with himself, only raises phantom objections in order to lay them, ghost-fashion, again.

Long Dick had never heard anything like this lecture in private life before. He made up his mind that Joel Wray must have taken, amongst his other trades, to "Methody" preaching, at one time, though he was a Churchman now; or must have abode for a season with such a troop of strolling players as Dick had seen at Cheam, and at the neighbouring fairs. As an acquirement derived from either walk of life, he had learnt to "spout," in addition to his ordinary long tongue, which was wont to wag like a girl's, and was treating Dick to the performance, it might be, as a distraction or solace after his recent misfortune and agitation.

Dick did not like it, did not feel so propitiated by the cleverness of the exhibition as by Joel's simple words of sympathy for the horse's fate: in fact it grated disagreeably on sturdy, stolid Dick's principles, as something out of place and insincere, something like laughing at his forced, painful admission and concession. It required the vivid, restraining sense of the benefit just conferred to prevent Long Dick's feeling aggrieved, if not insulted, by the folly.

After a moment, Joel Wray seemed himself affronted at his own harebrained application of and improvement of the occasion on the country road, through the gathering darkness. He strode along in silence, with a certain air of discomfiture and discontent in his gait. When he spoke again it was to repeat briefly and wistfully the entreaty that Long Dick would let Joel be his mate, and would bear with him in his ignorance, cockiness, shallowness, light-heartedness, whatever it was; that he would, when they were forced to be foes, help Joel in the task he had set himself that they should be fair foes, and do each other no greater wrong

than what they could not hinder, and must remember with regret in their greatest gain. "For do you know, Dick, I cannot tell what our Christianity is worth if it be not to make us better foes, as well as better friends. You have heard of the Knights of the Round Table, Dick? the ring children keep up yet in their play?"

"I dunno know as I 'a heard on them," said Dick quickly and surlily, for he was half divided between wonder and confusion at the bold interloper's strange, unexpected humility, while he dreaded that Joel was going back to his out-of-season spouting. "An' if I 'a heard on 'em, I dunno know what such shams 'a to do with you and me. They may belong to passon's sermons, or to barn-plays, but they ain't my price. I'll tell you what, my lad, seems to me your brain be turned with book know, which you've been mindin' 'stead on your proper trade."

"Maybe you're right, Long Dick," answered Joel Wray with a laugh and a sigh. "Forgive me for naming Don Quixote, and bringing him also neck and crop into the discussion. It is a bad habit I always had, too speculative and fanciful by half, my very teachers said. But if you had heard, which I suppose you have not, of that other knight, Don Quixote, you might have capped the Britons with the Spaniard, and pointed your moral far more aptly than I have pointed mine. However, we'll let all the old shams, as you call them, rest in their graves, or better, between the boards of the books where alone they've had a life, if you will promise me that we shall be friends from to-night. Yes, I will say it, Dick, even for the sake of Pleasance Hatton, who is your price, though the Knights of the Round Table ain't (but you may hear their history from her sweet lips, though you won't from mine), at whose feet we are both fain to lie. In the name of Pleasance, Dick, whom I've a round guess it would please above all things, let us be friends, and take no gross or mean advantage over each other."

"You d' be too fast, Joel Wray," grumbled Dick; "you be a queer customer; I be pounded if I can make you out. But arter what 'a come and gone to-night, and you a-walking there in the night air, a-steamin' in your wet clothes, fit to get your death on cold—and you town-bred—from fishin' me out on the Broad, among the feet of Punch, and sorry, too, for the poor old hoss, wool, I suppose we do be friends, sin' you will 'a it, till bettern or worsn come on it."

"If like d' draw to like," Dick said to himself, when the two parted, with a mixture of doubt, admiration, and bitterness, "Pleasance will fall to his lot. I'll be cut out, for he do have a smack on her."

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From The Saturday Review.  
FURNISHING.

IT appears probable that a few years hence we may see a strong reaction of taste in favour of extreme simplicity which will influence both dress and furniture. Materials will naturally be more costly and magnificent, but these qualities will no longer be found in mere trimmings. So many people have been bitten with the present madness for decoration—people, for the most part, who have never paused to think what decoration is—that those who have innate good taste, or who have studied ornament on rational grounds, will presently flee in disgust to whitewashed walls and dimity curtains. Such sensitive spirits deserve sympathy. They have been sorely tried. The man cursed with natural or acquired taste walks through the valley of this world as through a place of torture and humiliation. His best feelings are made scourges wherewithal to torment him. After preaching for years the mission of art in the regeneration of the uncivilized, he finds all his pet theories turned against him. He may love Japanese screens where any screens are required, but he might be roasted alive in a friend's drawing-room before he could get one for use. The walls are, so to speak, creeping with Japanese screens, but what cares he how Japanese they be if he has no ladder by him to fetch one down? Blue plates are very well adapted to feed from, and may look very well in the china-closet. But, hung on wires in formal rows, they become monotonous. When ladies washed up their own china after a "dish of tea," as they replaced it carefully in a corner cupboard or on a miniature dresser, it was quite right that such articles of convenience should be as handsome as the porcelain itself. But when ladies no longer tend their own tea-things, it is ridiculous to see sets of cups and saucers ranged on shelves in the drawing-room with a teapot or two in the middle, none of them ever intended for the unhallowed uses of everyday life. Why should slop-basins be studded over the room as thick as spittoons in a bar-parlour? They are matter in the wrong place. A pat of butter is

none the better for a splendid device on its unctuous surface. Perhaps our lumps of coal will soon be sent up to the drawing-room carved and gilt for the burning. One longs to see ornament in its proper place. Candlesticks that hold no candles, flower-vases empty of roses, copper coal-scuttles of antique form on the tops of cabinets, beer-jugs filled only with dust, such are the contents of modern rooms. Greek tombs, Oriental pagodas, and curiosity-shops in Holborn are ransacked to furnish our chambers, and while the shelves are covered with old Worcester and the mantelpiece groans under brazen chargers, our tea is served in Staffordshire stoneware set out on a Birmingham tray. This is turning domestic art upside down and inside out. Though handsomely bound books form the best ornaments for the library shelf, we seldom think of bestowing, even on what we read, any but the gaudy cloth of the modern publisher. Yet books can be arranged so as to form as harmonious a wainscoting as Indian matting, and are surely a more satisfactory investment than even old oak, while for the purposes of ordinary decoration there is nothing for a moment to be compared with natural flowers. It is in beautifying the things we use that the most lasting satisfaction is to be found, not in buying rows of greybeard jugs or Italian medicine-jars.

When a young couple set up house nowadays they are obliged at least to pretend that they wish to furnish artistically. If they have lived outside the circle of art-culture, and have no notion whether they like Gothic, Queen Anne, or rococo, they send for all the manuals they see advertised about tables and chairs, houses and housekeeping. They study them most assiduously, and make copious notes. But, strange to say, the more they read the further they are from being able to come to any decision as to the colour of the drawing-room paper or the pattern of the dining-room curtains. In the multitude of counsellors there is complete confusion, and they wish in their hearts, though they are ashamed to say so, that they might have the good old mahogany with which their fathers and mothers were happy and comfortable. They do not recognize harmony in colour when they see it. A child in a blue frock holding an orange in its hand gives them no delight; a Greek vase of exquisite proportions has for them no grace. In short, neither by nature nor education have they any taste for art, and they expect to acquire it simply by wishing

to be in the fashion. But it is no more possible for a person without natural eye to harmonize colour properly, or choose furniture of just proportions, than it would be possible for any one without natural ear to compose an opera. However, as fashion has to be studied in dress, why should it not be studied in furniture? There are plenty of people who talk glibly about high art and ceramic trademarks and are only too ready to give advice. Almost every magazine has its articles on the subject. But with a smattering of knowledge the difficulties become greater than ever, and the poor young people, so ready to do what is required of them, become completely mystified and discouraged.

One manual on this subject, written by a lady who has already explained how other ladies may dress on fifteen pounds a year provided they practice strict economy in the matter of underclothing, looks delightfully practical. There is a list at the end of the various things required in a ten or twelve room house where two maid-servants and a man are kept. The whole furnishing is to be done for between five and six hundred pounds. Everything seems most complete, and it is perhaps a little hypercritical to remark that two aprons seem a rather small allowance for the butler, and that he must have some difficulty in attending to all the fires with only one coal-scuttle, even though that one be made of copper. Then, too, the cook will be an excellent manager if she can make three bowls serve for beating eggs, mixing sauces, putting by dripping and gravy, storing milk, boiling puddings, and all the other duties for which bowls are required. However, these are small matters compared to the important question as to what is to be the prevailing tint of the room in which the dishes produced in the kitchen are to be eaten. The young couple are advised in small rooms to limit themselves to two colours, for fear the effect should become "messy." Blue is discarded as not being economical and as difficult to manage, because shades that match in daylight do not look well together at night. But some charming combinations are suggested where more liberty is allowed. For instance, a pale primrose wall, a dull canary-coloured carpet, and cheerful green curtains are considered suitable for a room with a "medium aspect"; while "blush-rose walls, a warm crimson carpet, and green curtains containing a dash of pink," will suit a northern exposure. The bedrooms may be painted in oak graining, because it is uncommon for a bedroom, but

the paper must be "unvexatious." The smoking-apartment is to have a "manly pattern" chintz, and the carpet is to be Turkey if possible, because men are such fidgets. Of course it is quite right to have a "manly pattern" in the smoking-room, for even at the Doublesex Club ladies are not permitted to enter the sacred precincts. Our young couple suppose that this is an example of realistic art, and are thankful for the clear definition of a manly pattern as "something in stripes in which red predominates." Having collected all these useful hints, they turn to an æsthetic-looking volume with a fascinating label in white paper. Here they reach a higher, if not a clearer, atmosphere. There are not such explicit directions, but the sentiments are beautiful. In it they find true principles of art-decoration; and yet they are allowed to have their "normal surroundings" in harmony with their individual taste, being only cautioned that a "room should be set in a certain key, and, if allowed to fall out of it for the sake of variety, should speedily return into its normal channel." This, they admit, sounds most subtle. How charming to think of colour being harmonized like a glee, and all the things in the room keeping in tune, no matter how much you move them about! But what is to be done with the splendid scarlet table cover which has been given them, if the drawing-room is to be sage green? It will be like a major chord struck by chance in a minor air, and properly-strung eyes will thrill with pain at the sight. But, on reading a little further, the young couple receive much comfort, and find it will not be absolutely necessary to put away all their wedding presents in locked drawers. Even the claims of art, it seems, are to be disregarded when they stand in antagonism to the smallest token of esteem and affection; or, as the writer finely puts the delightful sentiment, "The principle which regards the motive of a gift is deeper than that which contemplates with critical nicety the attributes of the thing given." They are to choose a place as "much in the dark as possible" for the piano, which is a cruel blow, as they sing duets together, but they also find that furnishing should be a thing of the heart as well as of the head, which encourages them amazingly. Presently they come to a passage which dispels half their troubles, for they read that young married people should not scour the country, seeking for the musty old bureaus of defunct ancestors, but have new furniture, and grow old with it. They now make a

dash at a bulky catalogue which has been sent them post-free, and which they have hitherto been afraid to look at because the things were all new. It seems, however, to combine in the most wonderful manner the practical, the artistic, the useful, and ornamental. It talks of stencilled walls and tinted ceilings, quotes Pugin, Sir Digby Wyatt, Mr. Ruskin, and Mrs. Warren. It is an immense relief to find some one who will take upon himself the responsibility of providing everything from garret to cellar, to whom the furnishing of a house is a "labour of love" for which he will condescend to take money. So it is arranged that the house is to be done up in all the proper tints, to have dados, wainscotings, and varnished floors. "Elizabethan easy-chairs with cabriole legs" and an "elegant walnut Louis-Quatorze lady's cabinet writing-table, handsomely inlaid with *marqueterie*," are ordered for the drawing-room; Cromwell chairs and "antique carved oak book-cases" for the library. There are to be "baronial" coal-vases with mediæval mountings, an "Athenian hip-bath," an "Eastlake" breakfast service, and Minton tiles in all the fire-places.

The young couple get into their house at last; they give the finishing touches by placing bits of china and odds and ends of embroidery about the room. They pay their bills, the house is hideous, and they never find it out.

---

From Sunday at Home.

#### SOUL-TRAPS.

I SHALL never forget the great pile of rejected gods, instruments of priestcraft, and stone adzes presented to me one evening in the summer of 1862 by the chiefs and "sacred men" of Danger Island. I was the first white missionary to land amongst them. The sun had set; not a breath of air was stirring; the lagoon was like a mirror; a great crowd of dusky faces was looking on with evident interest and anxiety. One could not help being reminded of the scene that took place at Ephesus (Acts xix. 19). The most novel things in the heap were two soul-traps, (*ere vaerua*), each consisting of a series of rings twisted in cocoanut fibre, and arranged on either side of a long sinnet cord. One soul-trap was twenty-eight feet long, the other fourteen feet. Some of the loops are large, others small. The following account was then and there given to

me of the use of soul-traps. If a person had the misfortune to offend the "sacred men," or were very ill, a soul-trap would be suspended by night from a branch of one of the gigantic laurel-trees (*puka*), overshadowing his dwelling. If the family inquired "the sin for which the soul-trap was set up," some ceremonial offence against the gods would of course be assigned. The priest would sit opposite watching. If an insect or small bird chanced to fly through one of the loops, it was asserted that the soul of the culprit, assuming this form, had passed into the trap. The demon Vaerua, or spirit presiding over spirit-world, was believed to hurry off the unlucky soul to the shades to feast upon. It would be speedily known throughout the island that So-and-so had lost his soul, and great would be the lamentation. The friends of the unhappy man would seek to propitiate the sorcerer by large presents of food and property, begging him to intercede with dread Vaerua for the restoration of the soul. This was sometimes accomplished; but at other times the priest reported that his prayers were unavailing, and Vaerua could not be induced to send back the spirit to reinhabit the body. The culprit fully believing all the priest said — was he not the mouthpiece of the gods, and cognisant of the secrets of spirit-world? — gives up all hope. His friends mourn over him as one dead; and at last the poor fellow fades away through sheer mental distress at having his spirit thus ensnared. In cases of mere sickness, where the friends were anxious to know whether the sick man would get well again, if the priest reported that his spirit did not enter the snare it was inferred that he would recover. I inquired why some of the loops were so large whilst others were so small. The "sacred man" said to me testily, "Don't you know that there are different sorts of souls — some small and others large?" I understood him to mean, that the large loops were to entrap the souls of adults, the smaller ones to catch the souls of infants. The words used would also imply that the large loops were for the souls of chiefs, and the small ones for the souls of common people. The theory of sickness and death underlying all this is, that certain gods feed exclusively upon human spirits. Hence the abusive epithet often applied to them, "*atua kai tangata*" — "man-eating gods;" i.e., for trivial offences devouring the souls of their worshippers. If once the soul be eaten by the god, the

body — which is regarded as the mere shell or casing of the spirit — must fade away and die. In heathenism, throughout Polynesia, no one was believed to die a natural death; there was always some special offence against the gods. Failure was believed to be invariably visited by the gods with death. Thanks to the gospel of the blessed God, the natives of Danger Island no longer fear soul-traps. Those who fear God, need fear nothing else. It is interesting to note that priestcraft is the same all the world over — amongst the heathen and amongst civilized races. It originates in an inordinate lust of power over one's fellows, coupled with the assumption that they — "the sacred men," or priestly caste — have special authority delegated to them over the invisible world.

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From The Standard.

#### A FRENCHMAN ON FRENCH WOMEN.

AT the present day the education of girls is nearly exclusively in the hands of the clergy. The convents have organised a regular monopoly of female education; they have rendered secular competition entirely out of the question. It is easy to understand that the clerical party should wish to retain that monopoly. In a few years some of these girls will take the veil, and the convent where they were brought up will reap the benefit of their unreversed co-operation and their fortune; and they will be thus instrumental in paving the way for the influence of the clergy over the next generation. The greater number of them will marry and have children. They will bring up the children in the same way that they themselves have been trained in. They will receive the *mot d'ordre* from the clerical party: they will promote its collections — its associations — its works of charity and propaganda; the influence they may have over their husbands, their families, and their friends, will be used for the benefit of the clergy. Now, this education which women receive is deplorable. It is equally objectionable for what it does teach, and for what it does not teach. As regards instruction, it is absolutely insufficient. If one could get a glimpse into the intellect of a girl leaving school, one would be terrified at the huge gaps existing in it. No philosophy, no science, no philology, no history. The practice of arithmetic does duty for mathematical science, and



the principles and theories are seldom or never touched upon. As for natural science, they have to rest satisfied with a few experiments akin to those which delight children at the conjurors on the Boulevards. On the other hand, they are taught sacred history with great minuteness, and what that history is like is enough to make one shudder. A glance at the books used in convents will show that facts are distorted, characters altered, events accommodated for the greater glory of the Church of Rome. The men, at all events, ignorant though they be, have a glimmering of the existence of such a thing as a scientific method. But there is no phenomenon so rare as a woman having a distinct notion of what science means. Mysticism is at the bottom of the conventual system of education, and instead of developing and sharpening their reasoning faculties, the imagination, with all its morbid tendencies, is unduly put through a forcing process. In short, with a few happy exceptions, female education in France does not rise above the level of professional training. According to the social class to which they belong that professional training varies. Some who are meant for milliners learn to sew, to use scissors, and to work the sewing-machine; others intended for cooks, learn to light a fire, to truss a chicken, and to clean saucepans. Others who are intended to "shine in society," are trained to hold their heads up, to bow gracefully, to play on the piano, and to talk about frivolous gossip without looking bored. All equally are taught to spell, and to make themselves agreeable. The only difference between them is that some of them wear a cap and others a bonnet; some are attired in silks and satins, others in cotton, and some wear a larger quantity of artificial hair than others. Internally the difference is not considerable. A psychologist, who merely heard them arguing without looking at their hands, would be often greatly puzzled to make out which was the *grande dame* and which was the cook. There is an enormous difference between men of different class. The *bourgeois* and the artisans do not appear to belong to the same order of creation; when they are casually thrown together they are at a loss what to say to each other. The one has no ideas except his impressions—he has never been taught to control his impulses, or to rise above his instincts. The other has received a scientific training of some kind that makes

relatively a man of him. The artisan whom an unexpected turn of fortune has raised above his position is always ill at ease in the new sphere on which he has been promoted. He is awkward, ungainly, ridiculous—in short, a *parvenu*. On the other hand, it has often been remarked how easily a woman whom marriage or a happy chance has raised to a social rank she was not born to, accommodates herself to her new station. She very soon acquires the manners, the language, and the general habits of her new condition, and no one would guess that ever she was otherwise than what she seems. People generally ascribe this to the faculty of assimilation which women possess; it would be more accurate to ascribe it to the fact that women of different ranks only differ by mere outward style and manner, which can be easily acquired with a little care, patience, and *amour propre*. Take a duchess, a banker's wife, a workwoman, a mere peasant. The odds are you will find them all equally credulous. They are all equally frightened at bogies, witches, and ghosts; they are all equally afraid in the dark; they all equally show the same readiness to fall a prey to the wiles of somnambulists and spirit-rappers. They will all equally prefer the advice of a homœopathist to that of a regular doctor, and place implicit faith in miracles, pilgrimages, relics, and so forth. Indeed, if there be a difference between the *grande dame* and the waiting-woman who combs her hair, we think the balance is often in favour of the latter. . . . Now, as there is no doubt that naturally women are quite as intellectual as men at the outset of life, we must infer that the evil rests in their education. That education is pernicious in every way. From a social point of view, nothing has been so powerful a hindrance to the preservation of the internal peace of France for the last sixty years as the influence of French women. On trying occasions they are heroic. The courage with which they bore privations during the siege of Paris can never be forgotten; but those privations once over their heroism ceased. Always impassioned, the women have ever been the advocates—and powerful advocates—of political mistakes. By turns they are all for rash generosity or insane reaction. When a civil war has broken out, when a revolution has frightened them, no repression is too severe, no vengeance too cruel in their eyes.

PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## APRIL DAYS.

"O Primavera — gioventù dell' anno!  
O Gioventù — primavera della vita!"  
METASTASIO.

It is the spring ! prepare the seeds,  
And tender plants, new bloom to show ;  
Turn the rich earth ; pull up the weeds ;  
And clear each cumbered garden row !

Waste not the wealth of April showers,  
Nor sunshine, which our need befriends ;  
Think ! on these evanescent hours  
The harvest of the year depends.

Already, necklaces of buds  
Adorn the sapling's tender stem ;  
And firs, bedewed with diamond studs,  
Rear up a greener diadem.

Already, gleams of colour break  
Where all was black with thorns before ;  
And gentle waves sweet murmur make,  
Slow rippling to the silent shore !

Nor only dumb, quiescent things  
The spell that broods amongst them own ;  
The beaten air is full of wings,  
Earth thrills with many an insect tone :

God's woodland innocents prepare,  
For gladder days and fresher life ;  
Close sits the timorous brooding hare,  
With wooing birds the boughs are rife.

All nature wakes from wintry sleep,  
Throws off her veil of frosty rime,  
And calls from mead and mountain steep,  
" Now is the time ; *now* is the time,  
Now is the hour of golden prime ! "

Oh, Youth ! sweet spring of human birth,  
Shalt thou not claim our equal care ?  
Shall all the gladness be for earth —  
Nor sentient souls the guerdon share ?

Shall not a goodlier grain be brought,  
Than ripens 'neath the orb of day,  
Shall we not prune the shoots of thought,  
And bind the passions where they stray ?

Shall we not yearn, with ceaseless watch,  
To win God's blessing on our toil,  
Hoping those beams of grace to catch,  
Which warm a far more priceless soil :

A soil whose garden is the heart,  
Where flowers of Paradise may bloom,  
If grafting skill true growth impart  
And leave the worthless weeds no room ?

Yea ! though at times mysterious blight  
Frustrate the joy we thought to earn,  
Still let us hail the Lord of Light  
And look for harvest in return,

With the poor labourer's simple trust,  
Who in the book of nature reads  
How glory climbs from mouldering dust,  
And plenty from the smallest seeds.

And so, through pliant April days,  
Of childhood weak and immature —  
Train, towards the light, the tender sprays,  
And make their heavenward growth secure.

Nor, in the barren after years,  
Live to lament the vernal hours,  
Which might have kept our eyes from tears  
And crowned our path of life with flowers ;

While, haunted by the past, we mark  
An echo, like a funeral chime,  
Toll through the ever-deepening dark, —  
" Then was the time ; *then* was the time,  
THEN was the hour of golden prime ! "

Macmillan's Magazine. CAROLINE NORTON.

## THE GRAFIN VON ROSENAU.

THERE is a lady crown'd so high,  
She hath equal none beneath the sky ;  
When in the world there is war's wild stir,  
Millions of hearts beat strong for her.  
No diadem bediamonded  
On haughty autocrat's heavy head  
Rivals the circlet on her brow, —  
She is the Gräfin von Rosenau.

Heiress she, from her queenly hour,  
Of a loyal love that is greater than power —  
Of a knightly worship, known of old  
When a lady grasps the sceptre of gold —  
Of an ancient, glorious name, so great  
That to change it were to anger fate ;  
Loftiest throne in the world, I trow,  
That of Gräfin von Rosenau.

Heiress of high Elizabeth,  
Her people ask, with eager breath,  
Wherefore fly from the fair home scene,  
While a pliant premier disposes his queen,  
And with ancient history dares to play tricks,  
Ruling us all with his *Imperatrix* ?  
Thus all men ask, who loyalty vow  
To the Gräfin von Rosenau.

Will it be well, when another shall reign  
Over England's empire, land and main,  
For the future lord of the realm to say,  
" Throw this despot name away !  
An emperor is a trivial thing ;  
English and Indians, I am your king " ?  
Better to check the madness now, —  
Think of it, Gräfin von Rosenau.

Spectator.

C.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
RECENT SCOTCH NOVELS.\*

THE practical character of our busy modern life has done some injustice to the Scottish nation. Not altogether without reason, people have come to regard us in those practical aspects which are least engaging. The typical Scotchman is the keen and pushing man of business who looks closely to the main chance, seldom misses a profitable occasion, and takes religious care that in his dealings with his neighbour he shall never fail in his duty to himself. Whatever sterling qualities he may possess, there is supposed to be the minimum of poetry in his composition. The Scots have now more than their share of wealth and honours all over the British possessions, and the virtues by which they command success have made them less liked than respected. Their peculiarities of speech and manner lend themselves easily to ridicule. Their constitutional reserve and caution tend to repel easy intimacy; and superficial observers have been slow to appreciate the amiable qualities that lie hidden under a commonplace or chilling exterior. We need hardly wonder, then, that they have seemed to offer unpromising material to the hurried authors of ephemeral novels. These ladies and gentlemen write for their readers; they dash down the vague impressions that glance from the surface of unreflecting minds; their indolence saves them from attempting the discriminating analysis which could only result in lamenta-

ble failure, and they dwell either on the trivial or the coarsely emotional life that recommends itself most to the vulgar fancy. It neither suits their "genius," nor is it in their capacity, to remember that it is the stillest water that runs the deepest.

On the other hand, the writing a good Scotch novel demands a technical mastery of difficult and delicate subjects. The more distinctive effects, the most telling points, are to be sought in those humble interiors to which strangers seldom make their way, and which are less familiar than they ought to be even to cultivated Scotchmen of the upper classes. The language and its idioms are serious stumbling-blocks to begin with. In the more primitive districts the peasants speak as their "forbears" did before them, and their most ordinary words may convey an infinity of shades of meaning which the most elaborate paraphrase could scarcely interpret to the uninitiated. After all, popularity is the ambition of a novelist. He desires to write for the world in general, and to make his work intelligible to all. If he overload his pages with local dialect which sounds sometimes barbarous and sometimes vulgar, his book is likely to be dropped with distaste. We are scarcely surprised, then, that the list of good Scotch novels is a short one; but the fact that it is so leaves an inviting field in these hackneyed times to writers who chance to have the special knowledge and are conscious of the needful gifts.

In reality the genius and disposition of the Scottish people has always tended instinctively to the romantic. It is not only that in the turbulent ferocity of their earlier history they were in the habit, like their neighbours, of translating romance into adventurous action. Rapine and bloodshed are the invariable distractions of unsettled and semi-barbarous societies. But the national poetry of the Scotch, the songs and ballads that pleased their untutored fancy and enlivened their rude feasts, had a romantic character all its own. For all its martial ring, it was no mere celebration of deeds of daring or carnage, of battle and fireraising and bloody deaths. It did not glorify success-

\* 1. *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*. Written by herself. 1850.

2. *Merkland: a Story of Scottish Life*. By the author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." 1851.

3. *Harry Muir: a Story of Scottish Life*. 1853.

4. *Katie Stewart*. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1852.

5. *The Minister's Wife*. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1869.

6. *The Story of Valentine: and his Brother*. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1875.

7. *David Elginbrod*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 1863.

8. *Alec Forbes of Howglen*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.

9. *Robert Falconer*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 1868.

10. *Malcolm*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 1875.

11. *A Daughter of Heth*. By WILLIAM BLACK. 1871.

12. *A Princess of Thule*. By WILLIAM BLACK. 1873.

ful guile like the Scandinavian scalds and sagas, or exalt the joys of ceaseless slaughter and debauch as the only heaven for a man of action. The most primitive Scotch minstrelsy was characterized as much by a gentle grace and touches of tender pathos as by fire and spirit. Through it all there ran a deep vein of the imaginative, which sometimes, in such wild legends as "Tamlane," became as fantastic as any Teutonic *märchen*. Even in warlike lays like the fight of Otterburn, where the death-struggle of the Douglas and Percy appealed to inveterate national animosities, the minstrel played on the heartstrings of his audience like the immortal Timotheus in "Alexander's Feast." He turned from the shivering of lances and the shouts of victory to the softer and nobler emotions. And love was as favourite a theme as battle; witness the plaintive blending of sorrow, passion, and malignant revenge in fair "Helen of Kirkconnel." What can be more delicately insinuated than the forgiving bye-struggle of the poisoned and heart-stricken lover in "Lord Randal"? What more tellingly impressive than the sharp touches of nature, the terse and vigorous descriptions of storm-scenery and shipwreck, in the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens"? And instances of the sort might be multiplied indefinitely.

Nor as time went on and Scotland became more peaceful, did the Scottish gentleman undergo much change, although he had to shape his course somewhat differently. He was poor as his country was barren, but his spirit was too high to resign itself to his circumstances, and settle him down into a tame existence, getting his living somehow from hand to mouth. The laird might live on his lands among his people, exercising a rough paternal authority over the tenantry who were bound to him by filial as by feudal ties. Their needy circumstances spurred the ambition of well-born cadets whose ancestors had always followed the profession of arms, and sent them to foreign lands to seek an outlet for their energies. Read the deeds of the Scotch auxiliaries in the pages of Froissart, or the records of the French kings' Archer Guard, their surest safe-

guard against domestic treason. Scotch seamen of the middle classes went trading and privateering when European commerce was still in its infancy; and chivalrous old captains like Sir Patrick Spens had worthy successors in the Andrew Bartons. The same spirit of adventure has survived to modern times, spreading itself downward through the nation, although it has been regulated by shrewd sense and has been circumscribed by the modern ways of money-getting. Yet there was romance enough in all conscience, for example, in the lives of the *employés* of the North-American fur-companies, who were recruited from the Highlands almost to a man, and who earned their pay and pensions in perpetual warfare with the savages, with the elements, and with one another. And to come more decidedly within the pale of civilization, in our Indian dependencies, in the colonies, and even in foreign countries, we find Scotch adventurers holding a disproportionate share of offices of trust, profit, and difficulty, simply because they have the reflection, resolution, and courage which sends the fittest men by natural selection to their fitting places in positions of emergency. We seem to have been betrayed into a panegyric when we merely meant to indicate an argument. But we have reached the conclusions we desired to draw — that the race, whether abroad or at home, is much the same as it has always been; consequently that the elements of romance and dramatic surprise are to be found in abundance even among those "canny" folk who have seldom strayed beyond their parish bounds, although these may lie hidden under an impassive demeanour which repels the scrutiny of an uninstructed observer.

Perhaps for all purposes of argument, it would have come much to the same things, had we gone straight to the Waverley Novels, which must remain, so long as there is a national history, the alpha and omega of Scottish fiction. Sir Walter is at once the encouragement and despair of those who have followed or are to follow in his footsteps. He showed all that may be made of the character of his country-people, and handled it with a versatility of knowledge and flexibility of touch that at

once invite and defy imitation. He had in him all that was needful to do them the most complete poetical justice — a poet's nature and sympathies, intuitive powers of perception, intense but enlightened patriotism, a sense of humour as good-naturedly alive to their failings as it keenly appreciated their native wit, and an artistic discrimination which rejected what was coarse, while it could throw a halo of romance over the homely. An aristocrat by nature and a high Tory in politics, he never enjoyed life more heartily than when mixing with the rough farmers of the dales. He had the key to the hearts of humble retainers like the Purdies, and drawing instinctively to sympathetic and sterling worth, he stepped lightly over social barriers without breaking them down. The secret of the sparkling realism of his pictures was his lifelong familiarity with the people he dashed on to his canvas. He produced what rose naturally before him, scarcely drawing on memory, far less on fancy. An enthusiastic boy absorbed in the perusal of old romances, he had been sent for the benefit of his failing health to the seclusion of a border farmhouse. He had basked out on the hillsides in the summer day, among sturdy shepherds familiar with lays and legends of the Tweed and its tributaries; and in the cool evenings had drawn in his stool among the good people who gathered round the "ingle nook" for the nightly gossip. As a lawyer's apprentice going on business errands beyond the Highland line, his observation was straying in fields more congenial than jurisprudence, and his imagination was unconsciously assimilating all he heard and all he saw. Afterwards when the sheriff, as he told Lockhart, "had many a grand gallop along these braes when thinking of Marmion," he would often draw rein to find a welcome among the hospitable Dandie Dinmonts of "The Forest." He goes a cruise with the commissioners of northern lights along the eastern coast and in the northern islands, and it is not only in "The Pirate," the immediate fruit of the expedition, that you may trace his course by the information he gathered. Thenceforth he shows a wonderful familiarity with the seafaring population he had

merely got glimpses of, and his marine pieces are painted with the hand of a master.

Like all great artists, he closely followed nature, and availed himself to the utmost of the wide range of his personal observations. But the winning man of the world and indefatigable student of manners was a poet before everything; his genius refused to be fettered, and notwithstanding his fidelity to nature, which was the spell with which the wizard worked his marvels, he occasionally departed from inartistic realities and took bold liberties for the sake of his art. It was not that he did it of deliberate purpose. The man who threw off page after page of his great fictions with the swift regularity of an office drudge, probably seldom paused to reflect, never hesitated as to how he should express himself. He wrote from inspiration; his matter naturally arranged and expressed itself in the most telling forms; and such is the glamour he throws over his works that criticism is charmed into silence, or forgets to carp at details. Poetic expression is the very soul of Scottish fiction; for like all earnest and strongly self-contained peoples, the feelings of the Scotch, when they do break out, are apt to seek vent in poetic language, and there is an eloquent dignity in their rudest lamentations. It is the same with the inhabitants of the Basse Bretagne for example — a race who have much in common with the Scotch — and whose heaths and woodlands have a ballad literature as rich and passionate as that of the Scottish border. To our mind the prose Scott places in the mouths and cottage scenes of the humblest of the Scotch is more exquisite poetry than anything in "The Lady of the Lake," or "Marmion."

Others, of course, struck into the rich vein Scott had been working, and the conspicuous absence of effort in his writings possibly made imitation seem comparatively easy. Nothing gives more decided proof of his power than the comparative failure of very capable contemporaries. Both Lockhart and Wilson were men of real genius, and the latter especially could boast many of the qualifications by which Sir Walter attained success. Wilson



knew his country-people well, and had an intense sympathy with the humbler classes; he had the eye of an artist and the soul of a poet. Perhaps the redundant poetry of his temperament proved a snare to him. It is certain his works, abounding as they do in beautiful descriptions, and over-abounding in elaborate pathos, showed little of the nervous and manly tone of Christopher North the trenchant essayist. Neither in his "Margaret Lyndsay" nor his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," nor yet in the "Adam Blair" of Lockhart, is there the well-balanced handling and lifelike versatility of their great prototype. Wilson over-refined in overwrought sentiment — Lockhart introduced a dramatic and theatrical element, almost anticipating in scenes in the Highland glens something of the hazardous social sensationalism of the French romances of later generations.

Galt struck into another line altogether, and succeeded all the better that he always went on the maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. A shrewd, clear, self-made Scot of the middle ranks, he described with inimitable accuracy the manners, feelings, and motives of action of the class of which he came. His provincials have but a dim idea of the world that lay beyond their parochial horizons, but their sight is keen enough within the range of their everyday vision. Although sufficiently neighbourly, and the readier to do a good-natured action that it cost them little but words or time, perhaps their most conspicuous quality is reputable selfishness. The author's peculiar humour delights in following them into the most trivial details of their daily life, and in analyzing those petty motives of conduct that we are all conscious of, though we take pains to conceal them. His ministers are godly and kindly men, but we see them in their manse, troubled by their parochial cares, divested of the dignity of their sacred office, though seldom insensible to its high responsibilities. The most trifling local incidents are the same to them as the public events that may sway the fortunes of kingdoms — a subscription to a parish charity is more welcome than the news of a decisive national victory; and even when they are ministering to the sick and suffering in spiritual sympathy, the associations that cling to them are of the earth, earthy. His laymen are of similar stamp. His provosts and baillies are really "bits o' bodies" — very decent in their way, but eaten up by a sense of their personal consequence, and extraordinarily adroit in

shaping a self-seeking course in accordance with their lax interpretation of the moral law. They are as likely to be elected to the kirk session as to the town council; but you feel that nature never could have meant them for higher spheres than the council-chambers of their own burghs. Galt, in short, gives an unjust impression of his country-people, while keeping very strictly to the truth. You are compelled to admit the striking likenesses in a portraiture which brings foibles and meannesses into the light, while it leaves more engaging qualities in impenetrable shadow. But you are led into generalizing as to the character of the nation from the delineation of a class which morally and æsthetically is decidedly one of its least favourable specimens. We have called attention to these points because some of our contemporary writers are inclined to imitate him in these respects. You have only to compare Galt's characters with Scott's, the ministers of the one with those of the other — and Scott had no partiality for the Presbyterian Church — or Baillie Nicol Jarvie with "the provost," and you may judge of the artistic merits of their respective methods of treatment by the very different impressions they leave behind. The writer of genius studies the use of shadow as well as of light. He knows where to eliminate and where to idealize.

We may pass at once from Galt to the writers of our own time, for we find nothing characteristic enough to arrest us between; and among three of the most distinguished of these whom we single out for review, giving place to the ladies, we begin with Mrs. Oliphant. Mrs. Oliphant, moreover, has been writing for many years — her "Margaret Maitland," if we are not mistaken, made its appearance more than a quarter of a century ago. Since then she has laboured indefatigably, and of late has laid her scenes, for the most part, out of her native country. She has acquired great literary experience, has cultivated her style, ripened her judgment, and greatly extended her knowledge of the world, while losing little of her early freshness. But perhaps she has never written anything more simply enjoyable than her maiden novel, though "The Minister's Wife" — which we shall notice by-and-by — is as admirable in its way, and far more finished. Mrs. Oliphant, we may say at once, is in no way amenable to the imputations we have brought against Galt. She turns for choice to the more graceful sides of hu-

man nature, and never overlooks anything that is picturesque in the homeliest of the scenes she embodies in her pages. It is evident that she has gone to nature for her men and women: in her female creations, in particular, we cannot doubt that she has freely drawn inspiration from an examination of her personal idiosyncrasy. But though she must have borrowed largely from her own experience, we can never trace any decided self-portraiture. From the first she has shown herself both original and enterprising in her search after studies, and the play of her imagination introduces marked variations even in types she is somewhat fond of repeating. In examining into an individual, writers like Galt never care to penetrate far beneath the surface, though they reflect to us very clearly all they have seen, so far as they have gone. Mrs. Oliphant invariably dives far deeper, giving us glimpses besides at those mysterious tides and currents which insensibly influence the course of human existences.

We said that all the most successful Scotch novels have been written from personal knowledge and close observation, and "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" is an instance in point. We know nothing of Mrs. Oliphant's early life, but we suspect that much of it must have been passed in the retirement of a rural parish. So her first story suggested itself naturally to one who had a natural impulse to writing. There is a truthful and old-world simplicity about it which perhaps can only be fairly appreciated by residents in Scotland who have passed middle age. Pasturelands, although within hearing of the distant murmur of "the great city" of Glasgow, was yet entirely secluded. There were no railways then with branch lines, developing traffic, stimulating enterprise, bringing in patent manures and machinery, and exciting the country-folk with unfamiliar ambitions. Where they were born the parishioners were contented to die, and even the lairds lived among their own people. There was a "great house" in the parish, inhabited by "the earl"; but to the parish in general, and indeed to the author in particular, it is altogether an unfamiliar region. The peer, his family, and his guests are drawn so fancifully as to throw their quieter neighbours out into more effective relief. Although they lived in Pasturelands, they were not of it — "a pleasant country place, where there was neither stir nor bustle, but a quiet kirk to preach in, and a godly congregation to minister to." Pasturelands is by no means

exempt from sin and scandal, even as it is idylized in Mrs. Oliphant's pages. The heritor of most consequence, next to the earl, seems at one time likely to bring reproach on his honourable family. Subsequently when he goes in impulsively for rash parochial reforms, he unintentionally fosters a deal of violence and rascality. But the general tone is "douce" and pious: public opinion establishes a strong but benevolent rule of morality; and the clergyman exercises a friendly authority on a flock who hang on his pulpit utterances, and listen respectfully to his affectionate rebukes. The predominating religious feeling is not opposed to innocent merrymaking; on the contrary, the spirits of the young generation are the more buoyant that they have been unembittered by dissipation and consequent remorse.

The subdued tone is preserved throughout. The local colouring is clear but soft. The simplicity of style is so carefully sustained that it is difficult to do the book justice by quoting from it. There is no striving after effects, although quiet effects are perpetually being produced; but they arise out of the intrinsic charm of the narrative, and almost steal upon you unawares. The scenery of Pasturelands is illustrative of the manner of the book. We have no glowing descriptions for the best of reasons, that there was nothing grand or romantic to describe. We gather that it was one of those lowland parishes whose general features have nothing distinctive about them. No doubt much of it was moorland; there was a dearth of ornamental timber; the farmers made the most of the land under tillage, and would remorselessly have grubbed up hedgerows had there been any. We are told of the stinginess of the heritors, and we take it for granted that the church was a bald edifice on a bleak hill; the village had been built strictly with an eye to the utilitarian; and even the manse, although it must have been sheltered from the bitter blasts by embosoming trees, for there were no such flowers anywhere else in the countryside, must have been unattractive as usual, if it were not muffled up in creepers. Yet out of these unpromising materials Mrs. Oliphant brings such bright impressions and sweet associations, as many a clever artist might fail to produce, with the range of the most luxuriant of southern landscapes. It is all done apparently by insinuation or incidentally. Here we have a glint of sunshine between showers falling among the sheep that are feeding on the hillside. There a waft of the fragrance of

the sweetbriar in the manse garden, or a regretful allusion of the country pastor to the bonny flowers and the old-fashioned flower-beds he has been driven to abandon for conscience' sake.

Mrs. Margaret herself is just the old lady you would look to find among such surroundings. She is a very favourite type of Mrs. Oliphant's, though we may safely say she has never been improved upon in any subsequent story. She is strong-minded as well as simple-minded. Brought up in contentment from her cradle, and always cheerful, she has been at once chastened and elevated by the memory of an early disappointment. That sorrow of hers has given her a wonderful capacity for entering into those feelings of the young and the hopeful which has scarcely yet died away in herself. She has the gentle but formal manners of a lady of the old school, who owes little to education, or at least to book-learning. She is come of an old Covenanting family, who for generations have furnished clergymen to the Church, and have established a sort of hereditary claim to the cosy living of Pasturelands. Her introductory mention of her father and his flock gives an admirable idea of the style of the book.

My father was minister of the parish of Pasturelands; a pleasant country place where there was neither stir nor bustle, but a quiet kirk to preach in and a godly congregation to minister to. My father was a man of by-ordinary mildness, and just in an uncommon manner fitted for his charge. His session also were douce, grave, elderly men, who had a perception when to draw the rein tight and when to let it slacken; and of the folk themselves, I have often heard the minister my father say, that among them there were fewer of the dross and more of the salt of the earth than is to be found often in this weary and wicked generation. They were mostly farmers and farm-servants, with a sprinkling of country tradesmen, and here and there a laird and a laird's family, with lady-daughters brought up in Edinburgh, and bringing their fine garments to put foolish notions of pride and gentility into many a young head, no excepting my own; for I was just like my neighbours and thought much of the shining vanity of apparel, the purple and fine linen of the world.

"Aunt Margaret," however, as she is affectionately called by the young people, is not Mrs. Oliphant's heroine; but Grace Maitland, who is brought up from childhood in Mrs. Margaret's charge, is nearly as original in her way. The precocious but engaging child grows into a fascinating woman, whose gentle nature has strength enough to determine her own future in

spite of the evil influences of her nearest relations. We fancy we can hear Mrs. Maitland telling the story of her introduction to her little charge:—

The bit little, thin, genty-looking bairn, with a face no to be forgotten, though I could not say it was bonnie. There was no colour in her cheeks, and she had dark hair; but the eyes! I never saw the like of them. The little face was like a shady corner when they were cast down, and when she lifted them it was like the rising of the stars in the sky; no that they were sharp, but like a deep stream flowing dark and full. Truly my spirit was stirred within me there, standing at the gate of Sunnyside, with the bairn's hand in mine and her eyes shining into me, as if she was reading my very heart; the bit little thing, with the spirit within her that would never die; and I resolved within myself from that day that the bairn the Lord had sent to my lone and quiet house should be to me as my own blood and kin.

If she could not say that the little Grace was bonnie, she had no difficulty about affirming it later of Miss Maitland the grown-up heiress. Grace and her bosom friend Mary Maitland, niece of Mrs. Margaret, and daughter of the manse, were both blessed with great good looks and pursued by the addresses of ardent admirers. The unselfish old spinster renews her griefs and sighs in silence as she finds herself again in an atmosphere of love-making, and is made the confidante of attachments that threaten to be unfortunate. There is nothing in any of Mrs. Oliphant's works prettier than some of these love scenes and love confidences, slight as they often are; and through the whole of them she never loses once sight of her leading purpose and her central character. The influences that radiate from the beauties of Mrs. Maitland's single-minded nature pervade the whole story; even when she is not present in the flesh, she is the good genius of both the girls who are brought up near her, and even the wild and high-spirited young man, who turns afterwards into a devoted husband and valuable member of society, has her to thank, in great measure, for being converted to marriage from the folly of his ways. Thus "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" is not only a charming picture of a peaceful and beneficent life, but almost perfect art, so far as it goes, in its compact and simple construction. Nor while full of earnestness and pathos, is it at all wanting in humour. But the humour is more diffuse than epigrammatic, and we are sorry we have no room for the tender interview,

when the elderly schoolmaster makes Mrs. Maitland an offer of his heart and hand, on the occasion of his receiving the presentation to the kirk of Pasturelands, in place of the lady's brother, who had resigned on occasion of the disruption.

"Merkland," though more ambitious, more nearly resembles the ordinary novel, and may be dismissed much more briefly. Strathroan, where the scenes are laid, is a picturesque counterpart of Pasturelands; the subject is far more sensational than the "Passages from the life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside," a precise old-fashioned title, which admirably expresses the manner and method of the contents. Merkland lies in a mountain district among wild hills and lochs, the *dramatis personæ* are the members of old Highland landed families, and the interest mainly turns on a mysterious murder that casts its shadow over the lives of many of them. Mrs. Catherine Douglas stands for Mrs. Margaret Maitland; the beneficent female genius, unattached, always ready to give any one a helping hand. But, except in their kindness and generosity of nature, there is little in common between the haughty, wealthy, dictatorial *chatelaine* of the Tower, and the retiring unassuming mistress of Sunnyside. Mrs. Margaret is nature itself; Mrs. Catherine, with her grand airs and high-flown language, is nature of the kind one is apt to associate with fiction, if not with the stage. Yet the plot is laid with skill, and worked out with patient ingenuity. Some of the episodes are highly dramatic, and the Highland gentlemen and the ladies of their families play their parts with great *vraisemblance*, although they strike us as decidedly more shadowy than those inhabitants of Pasturelands we came to know so intimately. In "Merkland" too, as in "Mrs. Margaret Maitland," Mrs. Oliphant shows herself very much abroad in those circles of society that lie beyond these Scottish parishes. The southern lord who establishes himself in the hereditary halls of the Sutherlands, is a person as improbable as he is decidedly unpleasant; the lad he is leading astray, the Honourable Giles Sympelton, is in Dickens' feeble style of caricature, and the hanger-on Lord Gillravidge employs as his envoy is a simple monstrosity. But there are stirring scenes rising out of the high-handed proceedings of these eccentric aliens; and with her foot set down on her native heath, describing the ejection of the hapless MacAlpines from their cot-

tages, Mrs. Oliphant regains all her natural vigour.

We greatly prefer "Harry Muir" to "Merkland." It brings out most effectively the poetical side of a hard-working and poverty-stricken life in a great manufacturing city. It is a touching romance of the domestic affections, pushing out their delicate shoots and tendrils in a blighting and uncongenial atmosphere. It shows Mrs. Oliphant's habit of making the best of everything and everybody; of treating human weaknesses with something of angelic consideration; and it moves one's feelings with a melancholy story, without leaving the sting of painful impressions. Harry Muir is the idol of the little group of women who surround him; they suffer in silence from the faults they conspire to throw a veil over, as they watch him with painfully unselfish anxiety while he runs a course of thoughtless and selfish folly; and when he comes at last to his untimely end, he ends so that he is only mourned for as one mourns a heavy family bereavement. The moral of the book is practical and admirable. It does not make light of sin; it dwells on the bitterness inseparable from the fleeting pleasures of dissipation; it demonstrates their baleful effects on a captivating and joyous nature that has never been in the habit of controlling its impulses; but at the same time it shows the power of patient and gentle family influences in saving the offender from the depths of degradation, and shielding him from the worst consequences of his faults. Harry Muir's careless good-nature brings out the shining qualities of his self-sacrificing wife and sisters, and you cannot help liking the man they are so devoted to. The family belongs to a class that, as we are happy to know, has never been very rare in Scotland. They live in penury; they toil with their hands for their daily bread; neither from their upbringing nor their education can they well be ranked among gentlefolks; yet when an unlooked-for inheritance raises them to affluence, and throws them into good county society, they take their places with perfect propriety and composure in their new set of acquaintances.

They themselves were of an order peculiar to no class, but scattered through all; without any education worth speaking of, except the two plain, indispensable faculties of reading and writing. Harry Muir and his sister, knowing nothing of the world, had unconsciously reached at and attained the higher

society which the world of books and imagination opens to delicate minds. They were not aware that their own taste was unusually refined, or their own intellect more cultivated than their fellows, but they were at once sensible of Cuthbert's superiority, and hailed it with eager regard—not without a little involuntary pride either, to find that this, almost the most highly cultivated person they had ever met, was, after all, only equal to themselves.

Martha, the eldest, and the finest if not the most taking of the characters, is especially Scotch. She had been schooled into outward sternness by a life of self-denial and privations, and from early childhood had been a thoughtful woman. But the wearing cares that engrossed her time and thought had only intensified her fondness for the family that Providence had entrusted to her charge.

To raise them—these children—to that indefinite rank and honour which exists in the fancy of the young who are poor—to win for them exemption from those carking cares amid which her own youth, a strong plant, had grown green and flourished. Such hopes were strong in the heart of the passionate girl when people thought her only a child; and when dark necessities came,—when following many little pilgrims, the father and mother went away, leaving her the head of the sadly diminished family, her strong desire, intensified by great grief, possessed her like a fiery tormenting spirit.

In that blending of hopeful dreams for the future of her charges, with the unremitting and unromantic drudgery to which she uncomplainingly condemned herself for their sakes, she is the representative of many a humble Scotchwoman who outwardly seems commonplace and unprepossessing enough. That university education, invariably described in George Mac Donald's pages, which is to prepare the humble student for possible destinies which otherwise he could never have pretended to, is the fruit of such self-denying aspirations and such sublime self-sacrifice. But we have said enough to indicate the especial merits of "Harry Muir," and must hurry on, without calling attention to its lighter beauties, or indulging in other extracts we had marked for quotation. Yet before leaving it we must single out, for notice, as in sober keeping with the cheerful contentment of the hard-working family living among noisy neighbours in a dismal suburb, that picture of "nature, which is beautiful in every place," with which the Muirs refreshed themselves when they could spare themselves the time:—

The distant traffic of the "port," to which the canal is the sea, the flutter of dingy ship-sails, and a far-off prospect of the bare cordage and brief masts of little Dutch vessels delivering their miscellaneous cargoes there, gave a softened home-look, almost like the quiet harbour of some little seaport, to a scene which close at hand could boast of few advantages. But the air was light with the haze of sunset, and in the east the sky had paled down to the exceeding calmness of the eventide, lying silently around its lengthened strips of island-cloud like an enchanted sea. Dull and blank was the long level line of water at their feet, yet it was water still, and flowed, or seemed to flow. . . . These were homely sights, but the charmed atmosphere gave a harmony to them all.

"Katie Stewart" was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* nearly a quarter of a century ago. It may be more properly styled an historical *novelette*—compact and light, abounding in action, and overflowing with feeling and passion. It takes us back to the generation that was excited in "the '45" by the chivalrous exploits of the young Pretender. The scenes are shifted between the family mansion of the noble Erskines, Earls of Kelly, and the dwellings of their humbler neighbours and dependents. Katie Stewart, the daughter of the miller, is almost the adopted sister of the Ladies Erskine. Bewitching in mind as in person, made half-indifferent from habit to the love and admiration that are lavished on her, she has had the gift of winning all hearts from her childhood. In the natural pride of her fascinations she takes very kindly to her new position, and had there been less of warm impulsiveness and earnestness in her heart, her happiness might have been wrecked in her ambition, and she might have been betrayed into an unfortunate *mariage de convenance*. But a genuine love lays hold of her in time, and she discovers somewhat regretfully that her heart has been ravished away by a handsome young seaman in her own original station. The perils and misfortunes of her lover keep her true to him through a suspense that might well have shaken an ordinary constancy, and we have a delightfully piquant tale of alternating hopes and fears, that end in a prospect of unclouded happiness.

"The Minister's Wife" takes a more ambitious range. In place of a quiet narrative of everyday feelings and incidents centring very much in a single family, we have the throbbing sensation of one of those great waves of religious agitation which from time to time will stir to its depths the fervid earnestness of the

Scottish people. The Spirit is abroad in a Highland parish; single-minded fanaticism believes itself charged with inspired messages to a sinful generation; the ignorant in their terror hang eagerly on the lips of the self-commissioned apostles, and the moderate and cool-headed people who resist the contagion are confounded and denounced with the scoffers and the indifferent. In the revival at Loch Diarmid we see the germs of the great religious schism that severed the Kirk; and as they are forced in the warmth of an unnatural atmosphere, it seems as if you were examining their growth through the lenses of a microscope. No one could have attempted to describe that course of thought and feeling who had not an intimate acquaintance with the habits of mind of an undemonstrative people, and who had not been herself subjected in her youth to the influences of Presbyterian teachings. Nor is the actual life of the minister's wife as uneventful as the title would imply. A young and lighthearted girl, she is scarcely caught up in the vortex of the devouring spiritual agitation around her. Yet she becomes the innocent instrument of deciding the fate of others, and her spirits are sobered prematurely by the scenes passing around her. Her mind, besides, is tempest-tossed from the first by personal doubts, fears, and troubles. She forms in her innocence an unfortunate attachment; friends and circumstances save her when her happiness has almost made shipwreck; and she glides into contented tranquillity at the manse with the minister, only to be cast out again by a mysterious crime into a more stormy sea than before. Under the chastening of misfortune she is strengthened and purified. Struck down by her sudden and bitter reverses, she emerges from her trials sadder and better; and although the course of her education seems natural enough as you follow it, yet you can barely recognize the gay Isabel of the opening chapter in the sorrow-stricken mother who only struggles against despair from her sense of religion and her devotion to her only child. The turmoil of her conflicting feelings is highly dramatic, when she discovers that that first love of hers to whom she has bound herself in second nuptials was the murderer of the fond and generous husband who had taken her to his bosom, to cherish in the manse.

In the prelude to our article we remarked on the unsuspected veins of feeling and passion in those quiet Scotch people who spend their uneventful lives

in their native parishes. We appeal to "The Minister's Wife" in illustration of our remarks. Intense local excitement had made the parishioners of Loch Diarmid forget their self-consciousness and cast off their reserve. In a succession of thrilling scenes we have them brought out in dramatic lights, which we feel notwithstanding to be perfectly natural. Among all those who are troubled about their spiritual state, one mind at least remains blessedly tranquil. Margaret, the elder sister of Isabel, lying in the last stage of a decline, is joyfully expectant of the end that is approaching. The whole parish recognizes her for a saint, and because her hold on heaven is so evidently assured, it comes into the heart of Ailie Macfarlane, the inspired prophetess, to bid the invalid arise and walk, that she may take her share in the work of revival. The one thing needful is faith on the part of the sufferer. Ailie burst into the chamber of the dying girl, followed by a troop of devotees and curious inquirers, all eager to be present at the working of the miracle. With Ailie there comes a certain Mr. John Diarmid, a converted profligate who is now amongst the prophets, and who had once made dishonourable advances to Margaret. On the other side of the sick-bed are grouped the relatives, with the worthy minister of the parish. Though they would gladly keep her last days undisturbed, they are overmastered by the earnestness and impetuous faith of the intruders. The contrast of the peace breathing from the death-bed, with the tender earthly anxieties, on the one side, and the fanatical turmoil on the other, are painfully impressive. Ailie makes her appeal with the authority of one with a mission, but the convictions she counted on to work the miracle are paralyzed by Margaret's assured and enlightened resignation. A chilling doubt will creep to her heart that her fancied power and message may be a delusion; and half with the idea of reassuring herself, she breaks out in a final passionate appeal:—

"You're not to think your prayers refused," said the sick girl. "I'm near to the gate, and I can hear the message sent. It says, 'Ay, she shall be saved; ay, she shall rise up; not in earth but in heaven.'"

"No," said Ailie passionately, "it's no a true spirit of prophecy; it's an evil spirit come to tempt you. No! oh ye of little faith, wherefore do you doubt? Is the Lord to be vexed forever with the generation that will not believe? Listen to His voice. Arise, arise, shake off the bonds of Satan. Rise up and



stand upon your feet. Margaret, let not God's servants plead in vain. Oh, hearken while I plead with you, harder, far harder than I have to plead with God. Why will ye die, oh house of Israel? Rise up and live: I command you in the name of the Lord!"

Even the calmer onlookers are half carried away by Ailie's fervour, and for the moment would scarcely be surprised if the wild appeals proved effectual.

"Oh, if ye would but try! Oh my Maggie, will ye try?" sobbed Isabel, clasping her sister closer and gazing with supplication beyond words in her face. And the minister lifted his face from his hands and looked at her; and little Mary, who had stolen in, came forward like a little wandering spirit and threw herself with a cry on Margaret's shoulder in a wild attempt to raise her up.

We have Ailie wrestling afterwards in the hillside in anguish that is almost despair; we have Mr. John writhing in agonies of grief and self-humiliation in the heather, under the windows of the dying girl. Such scenes would be impossible to Scotch temperaments in ordinary times. No one but the minister or some godly neighbour would venture to intrude on the sanctity of a dying chamber; no peasant maiden would forget her sex, her station, and her ignorance like Ailie; no laird would make a parish spectacle of himself like Mr. John, careless of opinion. But we know from the actual annals of these revivals that all that Mrs. Oliphant has imagined might happen, when Scotch folk intoxicate themselves with religious hysteria, as Eastern dervishes get drunk with bang. The power of her art lies in the dramatic purpose to which she has turned these contagious outbreaks, and the vigorous discrimination with which she has laid bare the working of the people's minds as they fall into moral convulsions in such "seasons of awakening." And such a novel flashes a strong side-light on some periods of Scottish history. It helps you to understand how the stern Cameronians suffered the spoiling of their goods, torture, and death, rather than submit to the arbitrary edicts of the government on secondary points of faith or forms. Then the obvious arguments and retorts of the fanatics, the temporizers and Erastian Gallios among the farming people who gather nightly "for their cracks" round the village forge, have a quaint, reverential, religious humour about them that we should be loth to pass over in silence, were it not that we shall come on something even better of the kind in

examining the novels of Mr. George Mac Donald.

After an interval of several years, we come to the last of Mrs. Oliphant's Scottish works. Indeed, "Valentine: and his Brother" appeared only the other day in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. We remark in it especially the progress the author has made in the experience of life in its various phases. Now she shows herself as much at home in the aristocratic society of the county of Mid-Lothian as she has always been in the homes of the lairds and the manses of the clergy. She dedicates the book to her boys at Eton, and she writes of the Eton "fellows" with a fulness of knowledge that is wonderful in a woman. That, however, although deserving of notice, is a very subsidiary merit. The story is an admirable specimen of the constructive and dramatic art; and if the foundation of the plot is bold almost to extravagance, we are ready to forgive anything that is improbable in it, in consideration of the telling situations evolved. The heir of the noble house of Eskside, in his inexperienced but virtuous youth, has fallen a victim to the charms of a beautiful gipsy. He has married her, and bitterly regretted the *mésalliance* when he finds himself mis-mated in every way. Cold, though clever, the very stuff out of which you make a polished diplomat, adapting himself easily to cosmopolitan society, amusing his elegant leisure with æsthetic pursuits, he has nothing in common with the child of nature he has chosen. They drift apart, and their paths in life lie widely separate. While the Honourable Richard Ross is shining at foreign courts, Myra Forrest has gone back to her gipsy camp-fires, and is carrying his twin children about on the tramp. At last she decides to do one of the children justice, and to perform a grand act of restitution. She drops the younger of the boys at the doors of the ancestral halls, and the old folks at home, Lord Eskside and his wife, recognizing the features of their heir in the little waif, eagerly welcome him as their missing grandchild.

The boy, with much of the warm gipsy blood in his veins, turns out all that his fond grandparents could desire. The only drawback to their pride in him is the fear that he may betray the wild tendencies of his maternal race; and then there is the shadow of a cloud hanging over his origin. Gossips will talk of the "randy beggar wife" who brought him to the doors of Rossraig and then vanished on

the night of the great storm. But these reports about the handsome, spirited youth have been well-nigh forgotten, when they are maliciously revived in the height of a contested election. The secret blow has been dealt by the father of Valentine's lady-love and distant cousin—a gentleman who is heir presumptive, failing this unlucky foundling, to the honours and estates of the Eskside. Hence much trouble and excitement, and many openings for effective and suggestive writing, of which Mrs. Oliphant has not been slow to avail herself. Distracted between her family and her lover, Violet Pringle had bitter times of it. As for Valentine and his grandparents, they experience surprise on surprise, and sustain shock on shock, although these sensations follow naturally enough on the extravagantly romantic origin of the novel. Valentine had stumbled by accident on his mother and missing brother, was instinctively attracted to them, and had patronized them magnificently in unconsciousness of the relationship. It is much of a mystery how Myra the gipsy woman should have preserved, through her wandering gipsy life, the lady-like refinement of manner and feeling that had captivated the Honourable Richard Ross. It is more intelligible that, with such a mother, "Dick Brown," who is really Richard Ross the younger, should have been "brought up so respectable" as to be quite ready to turn into a gentleman. And the scenes arising out of discovery, recognition, and the coming together of the strangely assorted family under the influences of common interests and anxieties are admirably devised and depicted. Violet and Valentine are of course made happy in the end. Dick has a sublime opportunity of evincing his gratitude to his brother and benefactor; even the polished secretary of legation, after being woke up from his long lethargy of feeling, is sent back to his legation a better and happier man; and there is a promise of cheerful closing days for the old Lord Eskside and his warm-hearted lady. But "Valentine: and his Brother" do not shake us in our preference for our old acquaintance "The Minister's Wife." The conception of the latter is more simply natural; the analysis of minds and feelings more searching and profound; the work is more perfect in its finish and in its general harmony of idea. "Valentine: and his Brother," on the other hand, is rather a *tour de force*; having seized on a striking and sensational plot, its author succeeds in absorb-

ing us afterwards so as to make us forget to be incredulous and critical. It shows great literary talent on every page, and an extraordinary fertility of resource and invention; while nothing can be more enchanting than the description of that woodland scenery on the romantic banks of the Esk, with which very few Scotchmen are unfamiliar. Mrs. Oliphant writes indefatigably, and, as it seems to us, she is generally in the habit of driving at least a couple of works abreast. But so long as her fancy grows with what it feeds upon, and her execution improves with increased experience, we at least shall take no exception to her prolificness.

George Mac Donald's works have much in common with those of Mrs. Oliphant. The subjects are very similar, although Mr. Mac Donald takes his favourite heroes and heroines from a somewhat humbler grade. He goes to the cottage and the farmhouse, rather than to the laird's mansion or the manse. In both the religious element is largely predominant, but Mr. Mac Donald is more of the metaphysician and theologian, and searches into the inner nature of his creations with a more discriminating refinement of analysis. Every one knows that the Scotch are an eminently religious people; but the impression is that theirs is too often the selfish and narrow-minded sectarianism that shuts its eyes to the sins they are inclined to, while it is intolerantly observant of Levitical laws and ceremonies. Mr. Mac Donald admits there is some truth in that view, but he sets himself to do them justice while he does not gloss over their faults. He ridicules hypocrisy and inconsistency, and the complacent self-conceit that catches at biblical forms of speech while it can give little reason for the faith that is in it. But he shows that a good deal of hypocrisy and bigotry is really a tribute to that moral and religious tone which is so favourable to solemn thought and genuine piety. He delights in depicting the working-man, who in independent communing with his Creator and himself, has shaped out for himself a more catholic creed he scarcely dares to confess to, and has brought his intelligent benevolence into embarrassing conflict with his orthodoxy. He may be apt to over-refine and idealize in his "David Elginbrod." But it is impossible to doubt that, even in his "David Elginbrod," he must have followed nature very closely; that he must have had opportunities of familiarizing himself with the quaint phraseology which is made the vehicle for most original forms

of thought — phraseology that often borders apparently on irreverence in its familiar handling of sacred subjects. A determined enemy to Calvinistic exclusiveness, nothing rouses him to righteous indignation like the suggestion that the Supreme Ruler of this beautiful world can be anything else than the fountain of love and mercy. *Æsthetically* speaking, it is fortunate for his readers that he is so earnest an advocate of muscular Christianity, that he believes firmly that man was made for the purpose of innocent enjoyment. For discussions and disquisitions that would otherwise seem dull are enlivened by abundance of dry drollery — the gravest of mortals show frequent flashes of fun in the grey eyes under the shaggy eyebrows, and give utterance to excellent things they are more than half ashamed of — and then he has the hearty sympathy of a man who has been young himself, with the overflowing spirits and even the practical jokes of boyhood. Mr. Mac Donald, indeed, is constantly going back to his youthful days, and living his school and village life over again in the persons of his youthful heroes. So that his works are not only extremely realistic, but have a certain mannerism about them, with a slight smack of the schoolmaster. He is fond of taking the boy young, and passing over no detail of his development and education — the education, we mean, that comes of thought and self-examination rather than from parents or teachers. Throughout, his work is an analysis of living humanity, to which the interest of the plot is altogether subordinated. Mr. Mac Donald is a poet, and a good poet. His descriptions of Scotch scenery in light and darkness, snowstorm and sunshine, are often exquisite. Sometimes he breaks away from a strain of abstract speculation into fanciful eloquence as farfetched as anything in his "Phantastes," or he falls into a vein of sentimentalism that rather tempts one to smile than to weep. Yet he is even too honest and conscientious in representing Scotch life as he has seen and known it, and it says much for his peculiar powers that he makes his works so attractive as they are. It is true he writes for thoughtful readers. But even they may feel that he is sometimes unnecessarily didactic — that they are kept dwelling too long on matters that in themselves are by no means light or easy reading. In the boyhood and youth of a raw Scotch lad there must be much that is decidedly dull and prosaic, however striking may be the transformation scene, when the beauties of his moral

nature are bursting out in full brilliancy; and a dreamy, boyish passion is but an indifferent substitute for hopeful and heartfelt love-making in the ordinary manner. He sticks closely to what we presume is his native country — north-eastern Scotland. To those who know it as well as we do, nothing can seem more minutely truthful than his descriptions, and there is scarcely a page that does not recall to us associations that are linked with pleasant memories. He sets off to the utmost the cold charms of somewhat forbidding landscapes, and does ample romantic justice to the homely but kindly people. But even to a native of these parts the dialect of the people sounds uncouth and almost coarse, and instead of imitating Scott in departing from something that resembles colloquial English as slightly and as seldom as he conscientiously can, he has a mania for making every one go out of their way to discourse in the very broadest Scotch. Robert Falconer and Alec Forbes have both mastered English early, and as a matter of art they should be encouraged to speak it, by way of contrast with the people about them, who all express themselves in the primitive Doric. But they seldom miss an opportunity of going back to the old vernacular. Even a highborn lady in "Robert Falconer," who has long been resident in England, catches the infection, and does not content herself with those stray Scotticisms which used to give a pleasant piquancy to the talk of contemporaries of her birth and station. But when all has been said of them in the way of detracting criticism, Mr. Mac Donald's works must take very high rank for the most elevating qualities of fiction. They paint the noblest forms of religious and intellectual life with the fidelity of deep experience. They set up an exalted standard of excellence, and brace their readers for the battles of life by dwelling invariably on the heroic virtues of resolution, patience, self-reliance, and self-sacrifice. They encourage one under inevitable failures and disappointments, by showing that the bitters of existence may be the best of stimulants, and become positively pleasant in the after-taste.

"David Elginbrod" is unmistakably the work of a remarkable man, but it exaggerates both the faults and the beauties of the author. The fanciful element is extremely strong, even when he does not seek the excitement of his plot in the mystical and supernatural. Hugh Sutherland, the hero, is human enough; David, the stalwart old peasant-patriarch, with his almost celestial

tenderness for the weaknesses of his frail fellow-creatures, his original notions of the great mysteries of the religious government of the world, and his shrewd critical insight into the hidden meaning of such mystic poets as Coleridge, is barely conceivable; but Margaret, his angel-daughter, seems to us altogether the dream of a Fra Angelico's half-inspired fancy. Heaven, as it made her, taught her her first lessons, and under the hands of her fond father she grows in grace and moral beauty. With all her natural gifts, it strikes us as extravagant that a Scotch peasant girl, who has just quitted the paternal cottage, should develop so suddenly into the refined lady in every sense of the word. The young Scotch maid not only wins Hugh Sutherland's heart and reverence, which perhaps was natural enough, but she establishes a spiritual ascendancy over the various inmates of the English household she has been received into. She not only clothes beautiful thoughts in a rare dignity of language, but, in characteristic contrast to Mr. Mac Donald's usual practice, she forgets her Aberdeenshire patois for the purest English. We admire her, in short, as we admire the sweet creation of some fairy tale, rather than as a being of like passions with ourselves, although she is made archly womanly in the bit of wooing that winds up the volumes and settles her for life:—

"What is the matter, dear—Hugh?" she said, rising and laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Hoot, lassie," broke in her mother; "are ye makin' love till a man, a *gentleman*, before my very een?"

"He did it first, mother," answered Margaret with a smile.

As for the supernatural machinery—ghosts' walks, haunted chambers, mesmeric and spiritual influences, the quack Funkelstein, etc.—Mr. Mac Donald has discarded everything of the kind in his later books, and very wisely. It is indifferent art, as Scott proved in his "Monastery," unless you plunge at once over head and ears into allegory like *La Motte Fouqué*, to bring supernatural sensationalism to bear on the doings of the everyday world; and his shadowy revelations and visitations from the spirit-world seem strangely out of keeping with the conscientious realism of Mr. Mac Donald's reproductions of everyday life.

"David Elginbrod" is evidently the work of an original mind, we may say of an original genius. But "Alec Forbes

of Howglen," while avoiding most of its blemishes, is a far more finished story. The harmonies of conception are preserved throughout; the drawing of character is never exaggerated. After reading the book, an intelligent foreigner, who knew nothing whatever of Scotland, might carry away as clear an idea of the country and the people as he could have gathered from a short sojourn among the middle classes in a rural parish and a provincial tour. Alec himself goes through much the same course of training as Hugh Sutherland or Robert Falconer. Though somewhat better born and bred than his schoolfellows, he is sent with them to the parish school, there to prepare for the neighbouring university, where he hopes to pay his way by gaining a bursary (scholarship). *Mutatis mutandis*, his is the story of many a Scotch lad; although Alec not being made prematurely thoughtful by seeing his family stinting itself to forward him in the world, is as careless as an ordinary schoolboy ought to be, and vents his spirits in frolic and mischief. Thanks, less to his better position than to those nascent qualities that stamp the leaders of men, he is acknowledged as chief among his rough and rugged companions,—a trying position, and pretty sure to spoil any but a boy of generous nature. Nor is the parish schoolmaster the man to keep him straight. Mr. Malison is one of the best studies in the book. He is one of a class that is less common now than formerly. Like many another parochial teacher, after studying divinity and taking orders, he falls back in the mean time on the schoolmaster's desk, looking forward later to presentation to a parish. By the way, the story of how he became a "stick-it minister"—that is, how he broke down ignominiously in the pulpit, while trying to dispense with the use of manuscript—is told with admirable drollery. Meantime Malison is the petty tyrant of the school-house, and his unlucky scholars lead miserable lives within doors, though the habit of being maltreated has become second nature with them, and they forget their sorrows when they break loose for the day. It is characteristic of the stern notions of discipline of their really affectionate parents, that the fathers do not interfere, though the mothers may be resentful. An old man brings his grandchildren to place them under Mr. Malison's charge:—

There had come to the school about a fortnight before two unhappy-looking twin orphans, with white thin faces and bones in their clothes instead of legs and arms, committed to

the mercies of Mr. Malison by their grandfather. Bent into all the angles of a grasshopper, and lean with ancient poverty, the old man tottered away with his stick in one hand, stretched far out to support his stooping frame, and carried in the other the caps of the two forsaken urchins, saying as he went in a quavering, croaking voice, "I'll just tak' them wi' me, or they'll no be fit for Sawbath within a fortnicht. They're terrible laddies to blaud (spoil) their claes." Turning with difficulty when he had reached the door, he added, "Noo, ye just give them their whaps weel, Maister Mailison, for ye ken that he that spareth the rod blaudeth the bairn."

Thus authorized, Malison certainly did "gie them their whaps weel."

Brutal severity of this kind would have gone far towards spoiling Alec Forbes, by exciting angry passions and a sense of injustice, had not his spirit been too high to be easily broken. As it is, it develops his manly qualities by making him the generous protector of the feeble, especially of a certain charming little Annie Anderson, who ends by marrying the champion who was the object of her childish adoration. What helps to save Alec also, besides the influence of his excellent mother, is familiar intercourse with some of the godly working-men. Their excellent hearts and their narrow opinions are always dragging them in opposite directions. There is one Thomas Crann, a stonemason, and a pillar of the local Dissenting chapel. He cannot deny that Alec Forbes is a vessel of wrath at present, but he sees promise and almost assurance of a blessed future for him. Thomas never neglects the opportunity of speaking a word in season to any of his neighbours, and even the more thoughtless of them being unconsciously inoculated with the serious atmosphere they have been brought up in, have no disrelish for abstract speculation in solemn subjects. They reply to Thomas's warnings with mingled seriousness and badinage, being always pleased to make him trip in an argument or to catch him out in a contradiction. We quote the following conversation at some length as a good specimen of the talk with which they lighten their labours. It came off in the churchyard after a funeral, between Crann the mason and Macwha the wright (carpenter):—

"Hech! it's a weary warl," said George.

"Ye hae no richt to say sae, George," answered Thomas; "for ye hae never met it an' foughten wi' it. Ye hae never draan the soord o' the Lord and o' Gideon. Ye hae never broken the pitcher to let the light shine owt, an' I doubt ye hae smo'ed it by this time.

And sae when the bridegroom comes ye'll be ill aff for a licht."

"Hoot, man! dinna speak sic awfu' things in the verra kirkyard."

"Better hear them in the kirkyard than at the closed door, George."

"Weel, but," rejoined Macwha, anxious to turn the current of the conversation, which he found unpleasantly personal; "jist tell me honestly, Thamas Crann, do ye believe wi' a' your heart an' sowl that the deid man—Gude be wi' him!"

"No prayin' for the deid i' my hearing, George! as the tree falleth, so it shall lie."

"Weel, weel, I didna mean anything."

"That I verily believe. Ye seldom do."

"Wad it be a glorified timmer leg he rase wi', gin he had been buried wi' a timmer leg?" asked he.

"His ain leg wad be buried some gate."

"Ow, ah, nae doubt. An' it wad come happin' ower the Paceyfic or the Atlantic to fine its oreeginal stump—wad it no? But supposin' the man had been *wantin'* a leg—eh Thamas?"

"George, George," said Thomas, with great solemnity, "luik ye efter your sowl, an' the Lord 'll luik efter your body, legs an' a'. Man, ye're no convertit, an' how can ye unnerstan' the things o' the speerit? Aye jeerin' an' jeerin'."

"Weel, weel, Thamas, . . . I was only takin' the leeberty o' thinkin' that when he was about it, the Almighty might as weel mak' a new body a'thegither as patch up the auld ane. Sae I'se awa hame."

"Mind ye your immortal pairt, George." . . .

"Gin the Lord tak's sic guid care o' the body, Thamas," retorted Macwha, with less of irreverence than appeared in his words, "maybe he winna objec' to gie a look to my puir sowl as weel, for they say it's worth a hantle mair. I wish he wad, for he kens better nor me how to set about the job."

Removed from such unsophisticated companionship to the university, Alec casts his village slough, though slowly. Mr. Mac Donald goes back heart and soul to his college days with their delightful memories for the hopeful and studious. His description of the primitive life in a Scotch university, with all its drawbacks and advantages, is given with equal truth and spirit. But the newly-arrived student has a fit of romantic musing on the threshold of the world which is just opening before him:—

Alec stood at the window and peered down into the narrow street, through which, as in a channel between rocks burrowed into dwellings, ran the ceaseless torrent of traffic. He felt at first as if life had really opened its gates, and he had been transported into the midst of its drama. But in a moment the show changed, turning first into a meaningless

procession; then into a chaos of conflicting atoms; reforming itself at last into an endlessly unfolding coil, no break in the continuity of which would ever reveal its hidden mechanism. For to no mere onlooker will life any more than fairyland open its secret. A man must become an actor before he becomes a true spectator.

Mr. Mac Donald conjures up before us the old university-town — Old Aberdeen evidently — with the picturesque features brought out in strange contrast by the generally bleak scenery and baldly uninteresting buildings. There is the grey old college with its granite crown, its buttressed quadrangle, its colonnades, and its chapel, owing its foundation to the munificence of times when episcopal dignitaries were the liberal patrons of art. There is the venerable "Brig of Balgounie," spanning, as Byron says, its deep black salmon pool, below a reach of the river whose precipitous banks are densely timbered down to the water's edge. Above all, there is the dreary stretch of "bents" and links lying along the shore of the melancholy Northern Ocean, and yet with a wild beauty of their own. There Alec, although no dreamer constitutionally, naturally delights to wander when he has fallen in love, which he does quickly enough, with a cousin of his own. But, as we have remarked already, the tender passion in Mr. Mac Donald's Scotch works is generally etherealized beyond reasonable prospect of fruition. We knew beforehand that nothing can come of this impulsive boyish attachment, and therefore, though the pangs in the boy's heart may be terrible, our own does not throb sympathetically; and we feel that the practical considerations, which Mr. Mac Donald's lovers ignore, must be paramount after all. For his lovers either set their affections on women hopelessly above them, while they are themselves penniless and without prospects, or they begin sighing after maidens who are relatively women, before they have even got out of their jackets. Here is Alec hanging on the lips and waiting on the looks of his cousin Kate, while he is beginning his course of college studies, and leading from necessity a life of privation, that reminds one of the Breton Cloarcks of St. Pol de Léon. Clearly the pair can't marry, and they don't. Kate, for all the exaltation of her fanciful and sentimental character, is too womanly to plight herself to him, even had she no other attachment. At the same time, when we see how gracefully Mr. Mac Donald makes the girl half

ardently breathe out her undefined yearnings, while honest Alec makes creditable efforts to understand her and answers prosaically wide of the mark, we feel a regret that we are not indulged with love scenes that might possibly end in happy marriages. So in "Robert Falconer," Robert, when a mere village boy, plunges ecstatically into a hopeless adoration of a beautiful and accomplished Miss St. John, a mature woman brought up in the ways of English refinement. Of course she only likes him; her unsuspecting praises and caresses draw him on; and what we must call his "calf-love" becomes the absorbing sorrow of his life. It makes him consecrate himself to benevolent works and become the providence of the helpless.

Fortunately for himself, Alec Forbes forms friendships as well as attachments. He finds a sage mentor in Mr. Cosmo Cupples, perhaps the very best character of the novel, who first makes Forbes' acquaintance by running up against him in the darkness: —

"Whustlin'?" said the man interrogatively.

"Ay, what for no?" answered Alec cheerily.

"Haud yer een aff o' rainbows, or ye'll brak yer shins upo' gravestanes," replied the man.

Poor Cupples himself had broken his shins on a gravestone whilst fixing his rapt gaze on a rainbow. A lady of noble family had stirred all the depths in a tender and emotional nature, and then turned her back on the poor tutor when he was hopelessly bewitched. With a fine fancy and versatile intellect, he lives the life of a recluse with some chosen books magnificently bound, a pipe, and a jar of spirits for the companions of his solitude. He seems settled into a confirmed drunkard, although his dismal little den is illuminated with fitful flashes of genius. The disreputable brilliant little man is his own worst enemy. He indulges his pet vice without restraint, but takes special care that his *protégé* Alec Forbes shall not fall into it; and when at last his example has more power than his precepts, he braces himself up for a sublime effort, and as the reward of his virtue, he saves himself in saving Alec. Mr. Cupples' literary criticisms are pointed and original. On Sterne: —

The clever deevil had his entrails in his breest an' his hert in his belly, an' regairdet neither God nor his ain mither. His laucher's no like the cracklin' o' thorns under a pot, but like the nicherin' o' a deil ahint the wain-scot.

Of Shelley he says: —



A bonny cratur' wi' mair thoihts than there was room for i' the bit heid o' him. Consequently he gaed staggerin' aboot as gin he had been tied to the tail o' an invisible balloon. Unco' licht heidet, but no muckle hairm in him by natur'.

When in uncontrollable anxiety he makes his way on foot to Alec's house in the country, and there helps to nurse the love-stricken prodigal through a critical illness, Cupples is gradually drawn into free interchange of thought with Thomas Crann and Annie Anderson, although the austere elder and the innocent girl at first regard the elderly scapegrace with some natural repugnance:—

"I was glad to see you at oor kirk, sir," said Thomas.

"What for that?" returned the librarian. . . .

"A stranger wad aye be welcomed to anybody's hoose."

"I didna ken it was your hoose."

"Ow na. It's no my hoose; it's the Lord's hoose. But a smile frae the servin'-lass that opens the door's something till a man that gangs to ony hoose the first time," replied Thomas, who, like many men of rough address, was instantly put upon his good behaviour by the exhibition of like roughness in another. This answer disarmed Cupples.

The whole book is full of quaint dialogues of the kind, constantly breaking out in sparkles of rustic humour, which must inevitably be spoiled to English people by the language in which they are wrapped up. Everybody must be impressed, however, by Mr. Mac Donald's own descriptions of scenery, and by the passages often pregnant with precious moral lessons, in which he moralizes on the character and sources of action of his own creations. And these general criticisms on "Alec Forbes" adapt themselves almost equally to "Robert Falconer," for the works resemble each other very closely, in purpose as well as in plot. It is true that Falconer is represented as a being of much rarer mould than Alec Forbes, who merely shows noble traits in a far more ordinary nature. Falconer's history is carried farther and higher. He is chastened prematurely by that disappointment of the affections we alluded to; he gradually withdraws himself from what is called the world, while living and toiling unceasingly among the needy and miserable. His own various and sad experiences have taught him sympathy with the sins and sorrows of others. And as his nature is finer and more reflective, so his

religious opinions are broader and more decidedly his own than those of his prototypes in former works. Goodwill to all men is the doctrine he indefatigably labours to expound and illustrate by his actions. But so far his path lies parallel to that of Alec Forbes. He has been taught in the same way and sent to the same college. He is quite as full of boisterous fun in his juvenile days, though the boy's unusual honesty and independence is well brought out in his respectful opposition to what he feels to be the Puritanical tyranny of his old Calvinistic grandmother. The fight he makes for his beloved fiddle—a "Cry moany," or a "Straddle vawrious" at least—Cremona or Straduarius, as an enthusiastic cobbler-amateur describes it—the fiddle whose strains awaken the latent music in his soul, is admirably told. But the man in Falconer matures much more quickly than in Forbes, although, while he is putting off youthful things, and sobering down his buoyant spirits, his feelings lose little of their freshness. His Christianity is muscular as well as charitable, and the fact that he is of stalwart build and notoriously clever with his fists, goes far to facilitate his missionary labours in the rougher districts of poverty-stricken London.

The formation of his character, and the shaping of his career, are worked out with a good deal of quiet sensation. The quick and earnest boy grows up in a gloomy atmosphere. He cannot help thinking. His father has been a scapegrace, who fills the whole thought of his grim old grandmother. Her dominating idea is, that should her prodigal son be still in the flesh, he may yet be snatched like a brand from the burning; and it becomes the fixed intention of young Robert to seek out this lost parent and reclaim him. Then comes Miss St. John to inspire him with a love which soon begins to play its part in his painful education. His high character, too, involves him in heavy responsibilities, which, however, he accepts with submission, as they extend his opportunities of doing good. He is left a large fortune that he may administer it as trustee for benevolent purposes; he leads something of the life of a pious Monte Christo, or of Rudolph in "The Mysteries of Paris," acting the providence to other people, held in consideration by roughs and criminals, and in the most confidential relations with the metropolitan police. Robert Falconer, in short, is a really sublime character, and yet he is thoroughly lifelike

throughout, though somewhat fanciful in his speech and most decidedly original in his opinions.

As yet we have not quoted any of George Mac Donald's pictures of scenery, as they are shown to us through the transparent medium of his peculiar mysticism, and yet deeply steeped in local colour. Falconer and a schoolfellow have started on a walk to a farm, near the little town where they live : —

They crossed a small river and entered on a region of little hills, some covered to the top with trees chiefly larch, others uncultivated, and some bearing only heather, now nursing in secret its purple flame for the outburst of the autumn. The road wound between, now swampy and worn into deep ruts, now sandy and broken with large stones. Down to its edge would come the dwarfed oak, or the mountain ash, or the silver birch, single and small, but lovely and fresh; and now green fields, fenced with walls of earth as green as themselves, or of stones overgrown with moss, would stretch away on both sides, sprinkled with busily feeding cattle. Now they would pass through a farm-steading perfumed with the breath of cows, and the odour of burning peat — so fragrant! though not yet so grateful to the inner sense as it would be when encountered in after years and in foreign lands. For the smell of burning and the smell of earth are the deepest underlying sensuous bonds of the earth's unity, and the common brotherhood of them that dwell therein. Now the scent of the larches would steal from the hill, or the wind would waft the odour of the white clover. . . . Then they clomb a high ridge, on the top of which spread a moorland, dreary and desolate, brightened by nothing save the "canna's hoary beard" waving in the wind, and making it look even more desolate from the sympathy they felt with the forsaken grass. This crossed, they descended between young plantations of firs and rowan trees and birches, till they reached a farmhouse on the side of the slope.

Then, by way of comparison, we may sketch a city scene — in Seven Dials, in place of Aberdeenshire : —

Here and there stood two or three brutal-looking men, and now and then a squalid woman with a starveling baby in her arms, in the light of the gin-shops. The babies were the saddest to see — nursery plants already in training for the places these men and women now held, then to fill a pauper's grave, or perhaps a perpetual cell — say rather for the awful spaces of silence, where the railway director can no longer be guilty of a worse sin than housebreaking, and his miserable brother will have no need of the shelter of which he deprived him. Now and then a flaunting woman wavered past — a *night-shade* as an old dramatist would have called her. I could

hardly keep down an evil disgust that would have conquered pity, when a scanty white dress would stop beneath a lamp, and the gay, dirty bonnet turning round reveal a painted face, from which shone little more than an animal intelligence, *not* heightened by the gin she had been drinking. . . . The noisome vapours seemed fit for any of Swedenborg's hells. There were few sounds, but the very quiet seemed infernal. A skinned cat, possibly still alive, fell on the street before me. Under one of the gas-lamps lay something long; it was a tress of dark hair torn perhaps from some woman's head — she had beautiful hair at least. Once I heard the cry of murder.

The one description is as true and pleasing as the other is true and painful. It is the merit of Mr. Mac Donald that he can throw himself with a perfect self-abandonment into all that he has seen or thought: that he has assimilated his own observations and experiences till he has them instinctively at command for the purposes of his art. Imagination comes to the help of memory, although occasionally it will break away out of guiding-strings to run riot in the shadowy regions of dreamland.

In "Malcolm" imagination is in the ascendant, although in the way in which actual localities are introduced there is a realism that reminds a Scotchman of De Foe. The names of towns are so transparently transposed as to be unmistakable to those who are acquainted with the north-eastern counties. Some of the noblemen's and gentlemen's seats — Huntley Lodge, Frendraught, etc. — are introduced with no disguise. Even where the titles of the noblemen are fictitious, those who are familiar with the local recollections of the last generation or two can have no difficulty in identifying such individuals as the Marquis of Lossie. But Malcolm himself is neither an Alec Forbes nor a "Robert Falconer" — nor a George Mac Donald — except in certain of the stronger touches that go to a very noble and manly nature. His upbringing has been different from theirs; "there is much in his mysterious story that is romantic in the extreme. Natural he may be, and we trust for the credit of human aspirations that he is decidedly possible; but although he is leading the life of a rough fisher-lad when we make his acquaintance, he is made of no ordinary clay, and has been cast in the most muscular yet delicate moulds. It is little to say of him in the common phrase, that he is one of nature's gentlemen. For involved in a complication of the most embarrassing situations; kept steadfastly by

circumstances in what seems a false position; constantly brought face to face with ingeniously devised emergencies, the promptings of his head and heart come to him like infallible inspirations. His is one of those hero-natures that neither know fear, irresolution, nor selfishness. He is animated by the very spirit of self-sacrifice; the simple dignity of his thought and bearing dwarfs men and women of the world of the highest station and no ordinary capacity. In his consciousness of strength he can control himself under the undeserved insults, which his first fiery impulse is indignantly to resent.

Decidedly more natural than Malcolm is the Lady Florimel, who in the advances she makes in her inborn caprice and coquettishness, has so much to do with forming and refining him. Mr. Mac Donald need hardly take such pains to remind us that her nature is an inferior one to his, for his, as we have said, is altogether exceptional. Lady Florimel, moreover, has been a spoiled and petted child, and her father's somewhat turbulent blood flows in her veins; in all innocence, and the consciousness of belonging to a different order of beings, she makes a plaything of the handsome and intelligent young fisherman. She is so irresistibly bewitching with it all, that from the first his strong sense makes him distrust her intoxicating influence. Gradually, however, he yields more and more to the spells and beauty of the syren. Gleams of fantastical hope will occasionally flash across his mind; and she on her side acknowledging her master in the man who is so entirely her social inferior, seems sometimes to be bridging the gulf that divides them, and giving him reasonable pretext for his foolish day-dreams. How it all ended we leave our readers to find out; for the novel being comparatively a recent one, many of them may be in ignorance of a *dénouement* we should be sorry to spoil. If Lady Florimel was half tempted to stoop from her high estate, there was the better reason for it, that this incomparable Malcolm had established an almost equal ascendancy over her father. The Marquis of Lossie was a veteran courtier and a wary man of the world, yet his respect for Malcolm was only increased when he had persuaded the fisherman to enter his service; and though he had the high courage of his long-descended race, he admired and esteemed the young man the more, when he had borne with spirited meekness the blow he dealt him on one occasion.

Best of the inferior characters is the venerable piper, who, as it comes out in the end, is only the father of Malcolm by adoption. With the fiery soul of an ancient senachie, his is a pride in no way inferior to that of the noble marquis; and in spite of the fierce animosities of race that have grown into a monomania with time, he is as full of tenderness as of lofty chivalry. The Gaelic element in his poetically broken English is brought out in wonderful contrast with the Scottish dialect that is spoken by his neighbours. "Malcolm," indeed, is a rare masterpiece of popular philological discrimination — if we may indulge in long words in defining what reads so simply natural; and the story is so excellent in its execution as far as it has gone, that we are glad its author has imitated for once the objectionable practice of the fashionable French novelists of the day, and under the form of what professes to be a complete work, published an interrupted tale which leaves us anxiously expectant of the promised sequel. In "Malcolm," as in the rest of Mr. Mac Donald's novels, the tone is as elevated as the ethics are sound, though the theology is decidedly more free than orthodox, and it is high praise to say of his works that it is impossible to read them without being benefited.

It is difficult to deal with a subject so comprehensive as Scotch novels within anything like reasonable compass. We had meant to say something in commendation of Mr. Gibbon, author of "Auld Robin Gray," etc., and are reluctantly obliged to give up the intention. But we could not reconcile it to our conscience to close our article without a reference to Mr. William Black. Fortunately, we may be very brief, for this reason, that his novels have been lately in everybody's hands. The latest of Mrs. Oliphant's, with the exception of "Valentine: and his Brother," date from a good many years back. It pleases Mr. Mac Donald to pitch his works on a key which is above the appreciation and intelligence of many of the devourers of fiction, and he dresses them besides in a national garb which is foreign to English ideas of fashion. But Mr. Black's writings recommend themselves to every one, and we may say unhesitatingly that he is the most popular of the three. Nor is it any slur on him to say so. He shows himself an accomplished master of the higher branches of his art; he has the gift of powerfully affecting the sympathies, and an instinctive perception of dramatic possibilities. But

at the same time he has a very serviceable knack of keeping a finger on the pulse of the public. He makes large allowance for the unsuspected intelligence and susceptibilities that lie latent in those who seem most frivolous and unimpressionable. Yet he neither condescends to write down to them, nor does he try their patience too far. He glides insensibly from mood to mood: even when his thought is grave his touch is light; he treats the theme of love at once with playfulness and tenderness; he writes of field-sports, yachting, and sea-fishing with the pen and knowledge of a devotee; while his soul is always catching fire at the beauties of nature, until his persistent adoration of them becomes almost tedious. There is no doubt as to his manner of treatment. Like Mrs. Oliphant, he seeks out the good and beautiful, and his most sombre pictures in his wildest scenes are brought out against a background of poetical feeling. Look at his views of the Hebrides in winter storms, or of those dull brown moorlands that lay round the manse of Airlie. See how after making the king of Boroa somewhat ludicrous by the shallow Machiavellism the tiresome old gentleman affects, he makes us part with him on the friendliest terms after all, thanks to the unselfish devotion he shows his daughter.

We greatly admire "The Princess of Thule." As you sit of an evening in her little parlour at Boroa, you seem to listen to the howl of the storm and the grinding of the surf; you look out from the casement of a morning on the grey clouds, flitting across the "gurly lift"; and in spite of the odours of spirits and tobacco, you catch the briny odour of the seaweed that is heaped upon the strand. We could quote description on description of storm or sunshine among the hills and on the lochs, that have affected us so strongly as to recur naturally to our memory, under the suggestion of similar circumstances. But we confess that we prefer his former novel—"A Daughter of Heth." Away from her native Hebrides Sheila Mackenzie ceases to be natural to us, and gets into a false position. Mr. Black enlists our sympathies in her favour, which says much for his art, but he deals hard measure to her husband. Lavender may have been foolishly imprudent in thinking their marriage would ensure their happiness, but when his folly finds him out in London society, it is unfair to insinuate that he was altogether in fault throughout. We rejoice over the reconciliation at Bo-

roa, but, if Sheila is a creature of flesh and blood, we are assured that the troubles of the couple are by no means at an end, notwithstanding the experience they have bought so dearly.

In "A Daughter of Heth" there is little of all that, though we might take some exception to such trifles as the behaviour of "the Whaup" when he makes his *début* in fashionable Glasgow society. Generally the book is as true to nature, and as artfully artless as Coquette herself. We are sorely disappointed by its gloomy ending, because we have come to take such a heartfelt interest in both Coquette and "the Whaup;" but we have always maintained that an author may exercise his own discretion as to the way he interprets destiny. And the beginning is as amusing as may be, without going at all wide of probabilities. Mr. Black not only finds pleasant sermons in stones, but he gets a great deal of broad fun out of the interior of a Scotch manse that is administered on the severest principles of the strictest sect of Presbyterian zealots. The very austerity of the discipline is made to heighten the humour. What can be better than "the Whaup" and his band of brothers: the battle of the garden, where they are surprised by their father, defending the wall against the stoners and slingers from the parish school, on principles of warfare they have borrowed from the pages of Josephus? Or that ponderous volume of Josephus, the only quasi-secular work tolerated by the minister as light reading of a Sabbath evening, round which the youthful students gather with such eagerness, the folio having been ingeniously hollowed out for the accommodation of a couple of white mice? Or "the Whaup" holding the good boy of the family by the heels, dependent from a bridge with his head over the water, compelling him to compromise his character and conscience by uttering language that seemed to him to be portentously blasphemous?

"The Whaup" himself—by the way, Mr. Black, who surely ought to know, asserts that the word is Scotch for the green plover, whereas we have always heard it applied to the curlew—changes wonderfully, yet not unnaturally, in course of the story. The frolicsome, spirited, chivalrous, insubordinate lad settles down into the loving, resolute, chivalrous man. But it is Coquette herself who is the masterpiece, as she ought to be. It was an admirable idea, dropping an innocent, sunny-natured French girl into the dim, religious

interior of a Scotch manse. The little she has been taught of the pious duties incumbent on her, appears most heathenish and horrible to these sworn enemies of the Scarlet Woman. Her young cousins shrink from her at first in superstitious repulsion. The ancient servants regard her and her gay manners and her bright ways with holy horror. Her venerable uncle believes she has everything to learn, while treating her with fatherly tenderness; and as for "the Whaup," he feels for long as if he were being lured onwards into the snares of a Circe. Then how Coquette steals insensibly on them all, one after another. Her nature is as bright and loving as her wayward manners are winning; and even when love, innocence, and ill-regulated principles together, bring her close upon the brink of sin, she loses nothing of the reader's regard, of the affection of the minister, or the love of his eldest son. We have brought ourselves to feel such an interest in her, that though, as we said, we are willing to concede an author every licence in that respect, yet we can hardly forgive Mr. Black for clouding her bright existence, and taking her from her husband's arms to lay her in an untimely grave.

Looking at it distinctly as a Scotch novel, "A Daughter of Heth" takes a very high place. Mr. Black deals chiefly with such national idiosyncrasies as lie on the surface, and does not profess, like Mr. Mac Donald, to lay bare the intricate metaphysical machinery of the worthies who figure in his pages. But to say nothing of "the Whaup," the very personification of a Scotch lad of the middle classes, and of the best sort; the minister, the school-master, old Anderson, the minister's man, and "Leesiebess" his wife, as Coquette calls her, are all individualities who live in our memories. The chapters are not overcrowded with people or incidents, and the book gains accordingly. We have no intention of closing our article by drawing comparisons. "Placing" authors always reminds us of the rough-and-ready practice of guide-books, who rank pictures executed in the most different styles according to absolute degrees of merit, and decide off-hand between Domenichino's "St. Jerome" and Paul Potter's "Bull." But at least we may have said enough to show that at this moment we have three living Scotch novelists, each of whom has done more to perpetuate the best traditions of their art than any writer who has appeared since the death of the author of "Waverley."

From Good Words.

## WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### LOOKING WHERE DICK WAS DRAWN OUT.

THE misadventure of Dick, with Joel Wray's share in it, and the change it was likely to make in Long Dick's late bad feeling to the stranger, made a great impression at the manor farm and at Saxford.

Pleasance especially was much interested in it, and never ceased to desire to hear the particulars over again, while she sorrowed for her old friend Punch. As for Lizzie Blennerhasset, the tale of Dick's narrow escape, communicated to her without any preparation, caused her to faint away on the spot, and, after being brought round by rough-and-ready remedies, to continue shaken and weakly for many days.

It was in consideration of Lizzie's illness that Pleasance, in that slack time which occurs just after harvest, seized the opportunity, after service one Sunday afternoon, to offer to take Lizzie out in the little market-cart. Mrs. Balls was wont to drive in it to Cheam and effect such small sales of cheese, butter, and eggs as she was allowed to take for her house-keeping in addition to her wages, and which did not come under the tale of the great sales of cheese, between the bailiff and a cheese-factor, who sent over his waggon for the produce.

Pleasance had first accompanied Mrs. Balls in her marketing, and then been occasionally entrusted to do the marketing for the elder woman, when Mrs. Balls did not feel equal to what she was accustomed to regard in the double light of an important duty and a great treat. As a step to this promotion, Pleasance had learnt to drive the little market-cart and its pony, *the* pony at manor farm. Pleasance took some pride in the accomplishment, though it was by no means uncommon, three-fourths of the young countrywomen, servants or poor farmers' daughters in the farms around, being able and accustomed to drive such carts to market.

At first Lizzie would not be persuaded to go and get the air, though Pleasance had out the cart on purpose, and had come over to fetch her, and though any other Saxford girl would have grasped at the simplest form of an outing.

"I 'a no mind to go abroad, Pleasance,

thank'ee all the same," said Lizzie, with the languor of shaken nerves and depression of spirits.

"Come, Lizzie," urged Pleasance, "it is a jewel of a day, not too scorching or dazzling. I'll take you round the Broad, and we'll have a look at the wild ducks and the plover, though this ain't their best season; I wish you saw them in winter among the ice," said Pleasance, bringing forward the inducement which would have been most powerful with herself, "I'll bring you back with an appetite for tea, see if I don't."

"Could you take me round to that there place where Long Dick fell in?" asked Lizzie, tempted by the mention of the Broad, a morbid craving rising up in her wistful, blue eyes, "I 'ould like that just, for I dream on it, nights," she added with a shudder.

"To be sure I could take you, but if it mingle with your dreams, why go after it waking? It would be better if you could forget it, Lizzie; Long Dick is none the worse, he is all the better of a gallant act done for him, for Dick is not the man to fail to heed or to forget gallantry in a neighbour. Your cousin is gallant himself," said Pleasance, able to afford to praise Dick, with a warm colour in her cheek, which was not for Dick. "The only precious thing which was lost in the Broad was our poor old Punch, whom you did not know from any other horse, that you should go and look at the place where he came by his end."

"I 'ould like to see if the place come nigh-hand to what I see it in my dreams," persisted Lizzie.

"Very well," said Pleasance, not disinclined to the pilgrimage on her own account, "you will get the fresh air all the same, and perhaps the sight of the real place will satisfy your mind, and prevent your dreaming of it any more — only I know it very well, and I dreamt of it last night," admitted Pleasance, drawing a long breath, and with a far-away look in her hazel-grey eyes, but not as if the dream had been altogether disagreeable to her, not even though Dick and another had been in peril, and Punch had perished.

Lizzie was lifted into the cart with less remark than might have been expected in Saxford on a Sunday. Of course its population was doubled on that day, while its young men and women were loitering about in their Sunday clothes, whether they had been to church or not, and its older men and women were at least

"tidied up," as in honour of a festival. Certainly this view of the Lord's day was not altogether mistaken, if one went back to the original Sabbath, for it was held as a festival by the Jewish people — a festival of so sacred and inalienable a character, that a provision was made for the exception of the Sabbath in all ordained seasons of fasting.

But Sunday leisure and company in Saxford only implied quadrupled facilities for gossip, and Pleasance and Lizzie's exemption from having their whole history and prospects raked up, and their escape with no more than a passing comment resulted from a diversion of public attention occasioned by the recurrence of the great Sunday afternoon event, which never palled in interest to the minds of the villagers.

When there was no special custom at the Brown Cow, Host Morse paid his hebdomadal piece of attention to his spouse, which happily answered the double purpose of occupying and enlivening himself during hours that might otherwise have hung heavily on his hand. With a noisy, hilarious clatter and bustle, belonging to the man, he yoked his much-vaunted bay mare into his dog-cart ostensibly for the benefit and pleasure of "the missus."

She, on her part, received the act of gallantry with a double infusion of her usual elaborate modesty and meekness, while she extended the boon to three or four boys and girls, children of one of those female relations of Mrs. Morse's, who frequently visited her in the plenty and stir of the Brown Cow. These children were crammed in wherever they could find standing-room, and as they had frequently to be caught and dressed for the excursion at the last moment, with Host Morse and his mare fuming alike over the delay, the starting of the cavalcade was not only a thing of time, but was attended with much commotion. All the population looked to it for their Sunday afternoon spectacle, especially Mrs. Blennerhasset waited devotedly upon her crony to the last moment.

Thus the two young women got away almost unobserved, and drove off through the lanes, which, in spite of the treeless character of the neighbourhood, were rendered bowery by the degree to which the thorn-hedges were crossed, tessellated, interlaced, and hanging all waving with an exuberant growth of brambles and dog-roses, travellers' joy and briony. The profuse harvest of haws was already crimson. The abundant hips of the dog-roses



were orange; here and there a knot of flowers, changing from white to peach-colour, crested the countless clusters of rough berries — still green, not black — on the brambles. The great round leaves of the briony were still more like vine-leaves than those of the bramble, and the bunches of the green briony berries might have stood for tender grapes but for their clear solidity. The travellers' joy presented innumerable tufts of down, and bore out its country name of "old man's beard."

The hedgerows were rich, though they were not quite ripe, as Pleasance and Lizzie regretted, that Pleasance might have gone out and picked blackberries, and they were agreeably suggestive even without the hedge-sparrows and linnets, bees, and spiders in their webs that Pleasance was constantly detecting.

Lizzie's spirits rose with the change from the smith's house to the lanes, and with the motion which did not fatigue too much, rough as it was, in spite of Pleasance's efforts to exert her best skill in behalf of her friend the lame girl, whose ordinary mode of progression was the much more laborious and painful mode of walking.

Lizzie was nearly cheerful, for a hopelessly love-sick and ghost-ridden girl, when the cart drove up to the Broad — a different Broad from that which had mirrored the louring night when Long Dick had taken his way home by its skirts, and had all but fallen a victim to his confidence in its shallows. The great sheet of water lay sleeping, not gleaming like steel — for it was not a dazzling day, as Pleasance had said — under a fair afternoon sky. Flocks of birds were coming and going over it, piping and screaming as they went.

The barges and wherries that on week-days often crossed the Broad, which was the connecting link between several of the slow, brimming rivers of the country, were in a great degree wanting on a Sunday afternoon, though one clumsy, lazy-looking, red-sailed barge lay gently swaying at the far end. There was also an absence of the pleasure-boats and fishing-boats belonging to a few boatmen, whose houses bore the name of Broad End, and were presided over by the Angler's Inn, with hop-poles in front and a tea-garden behind, the whole dimly discernible as a patch of weather-stained, red brick, from the other extremity of the Broad. The little colony was mostly patronized by visitors from Cheam, and although some of them straggled over on Sundays, as a

rule they were lacking. As for the wind-mills in sight, they were of course still.

But the great Broad, its fluttering, screaming birds, and its speck of a boat here and there, with the faint sound of distant oars, and the remote echo of distant voices, to break still farther the silence, did not strike Pleasance and Lizzie as at all dreary under the summer afternoon clouds.

Neither were the women left to experience any feeling of solitude in the scene. Pleasance had not driven many yards along the road, which ran by the edge of the water, before the cart and its occupants overtook Long Dick and Joel Wray, who had strolled over in the Sunday afternoon's leisure, from the farm, drawn, and that together, in their turn, by the recollection of the threatened tragedy in which they had played their part.

The young men hailed the women, and hastened to give them the advantage of their knowledge in pointing out accurately the various localities of the story. At yonder corner Long Dick had taken to the water — a little to the left poor Punch had gone down — from that group of flags Joel Wray had spied the fallen man and horse, and first waded and then swum to the spot where they were disappearing. When Pleasance had craned her neck, and rivetted her attention on the absorbing particulars, and Lizzie Blennerhasset had quivered and shivered anew to her heart's content, Joel Wray proposed a little change in the proceedings.

"Ain't you tired jolting along?" he addressed both the girls. "Couldn't we leave the pony and cart here somewhere, and go out for a little sail on the water?" he suggested to Dick.

Long Dick entertained the proposal in his deliberate fashion. "Powny ain't restive, and might be tied to Tim Burford's boat-pole, which he have fixed on his own account down here. I know my man, and 'ould borry his boat for as long as I pleased, athout offence. What do'ee think, Pleasance?"

"I did not engage to drive home before five o'clock, when I must give Mrs. Balls her tea in time for going to the evening service. It is three o'clock now," said Pleasance, conscientiously but longingly. "I don't think it would be doing wrong. It is not like having out boatmen on the Sunday. We are here at any rate, and to be sure the motion would be very easy, and the Broad air good for Lizzie. Would you like it, Lizzie, or would you be frightened?"

"Not when Dick is here," said Lizzie, without dreaming of equivocating with regard to her supreme trust in Dick, "though it weren't your notion, Dick, you be minded to go, bean't you?" She put it in an undertone, only anxious to hear and meet Dick's views on the matter.

The pony and cart were fastened securely to the boat-pole, and the pony put on honour by getting the rank grassy margin of the reeds on which to whet its afternoon hunger. The men got afloat in Tim Burford's boat, which he kept conveniently for any custom that might arise at the more solitary end of the Broad. Dick lifted Lizzie kindly, and deposited her first, and with every precaution, on one of the seats. The movement was still more to his credit because it left Joel Wray free to help Pleasance, but she needed little aid save the touch of the tips of her fingers to steady her as she sprang into the boat.

There was only one pair of oars, and the men took an oar apiece — Joel, who somehow had the ordering of the boat, announcing that there was no steering required on a great mill-pond like this Broad.

The boat shot out from the shore; and Pleasance, who had actually never been in a boat either on the Broad or any other sheet of water before, took in the whole surroundings with a satisfaction approaching that of Lizzie Blennerhasset's. She, sitting at Dick's side and looking up in his face, was as happy as she believed she could ever be, and with undisguised and scarcely stinted happiness, though she felt that his eyes roamed past her in order to rest on Pleasance Hatton.

The sky was all covered with little, dappled grey-white clouds, not so close set but that the pale blue could be seen between them. The clouds looked soft as the down on a young swan's breast; and the sunlight which was behind them, together with the blending of the blue and the grey, gave to the whole a delicate dove's-neck tint that was transferred to the water, though there was not depth of cloud or sufficient light to reflect the clouds in the water, only where they were nearest the sun and pierced by its rays, so as to be silvered into a snowy whiteness, they threw a dim glory over that portion of the Broad.

Pleasance looked round on the little company, of which she formed one, moving with a motion as elysian as everything else on the Broad, which had become an enchanted lake for the occasion. She could not see herself, but she almost

thought that the others were enchanted too, touched at least with the full radiance of their youth which was then revealed.

There sat Dick with his magnificent proportions set off as he threw out his broad chest, worked his sinewy arms, and flung back a head massive as a Jupiter's to look behind him; while Joel Wray, slim but athletic, did his spurt of rowing with what to Pleasance's utterly uninitiated eyes was marvellous ease and grace, and smiled back at her out of the black eyes in the animated brown face.

As for Lizzie, her small white face and flower-like blue eyes — which were similar to yet different from Dick's steel-blue eyes — were all refined by suffering and by a love so great that, however it might end, it had in its present self-abnegation something of the attributes of the worship of a saint, or of a higher worship still. That love lent to the worshipper a serenity which is rarely bestowed by earthly passion. And the peace and blessedness of being in company with and cared for by Dick raised Lizzie's type to its highest perfection.

It did not detract much, though it took a little, from Dick and Lizzie's looks that they were in holiday dress: Dick in that treasured cloth coat and figured waistcoat in which, if the poor fellow had only known it, Pleasance always felt that he looked his worst, because least at home and most out of keeping; Lizzie in that flutter of flounced French mousseline-de-laine and Swiss bodice, of a different colour from the skirt, which formed the chief advertisement of her calling, "like a pattern card," Pleasance could not help saying, "with the poor soul lame and sickly, so that one grudges her the trouble, not only of making but of putting on such a dress."

Doubtless because Pleasance was a class convert, or pervert, she was so staunch a working-woman that she would make very little difference, and that never out of her adopted line of life, in her better clothes. She would have her calicot gowns of a finer quality, as well as fresh and clean, for Sunday, and she would go the length of a straw bonnet with white ribbons; but she went no farther, either in material or making. Joel Wray, too (it might be because in his tramping the country he was in a transition state), had nothing smarter than a suit of clean working-clothes, in which he had been to church that morning, unabashed by any question of fit attire.

The party were in apparent, nay, for the moment, in real harmony, whatever soreness and rebellion of heart were crushed down. Long Dick had responded to Joel Wray's appeal, powerfully seconded as it had been by his service to Dick, that the two should prove friendly in being fair foes.

"Look here, Long Dick," Joel had said, again forcibly in gladly acknowledging Dick's submission to Joel's advances, "no woman in the world, not Pleasance Hatton, without equal as we think her, is worth two honest men who might be faithful mates, and do a world of good to each other, quarrelling; and Pleasance, being a good woman, would be the last to wish us to quarrel. You desire to meet Pleasance's wishes, don't you? I am sure I do."

It was a new light on the question to Dick, but it was not too late to receive it; and though it was difficult for a man like him to get fresh illumination on any point, he had one advantage — not unfrequently possessed as compensation by heavy, unscholarly men — that once got he retained every glimmer, and did not let it go again the next moment.

Lizzie had, of course, been greatly touched in her previous hostility and scorn of Joel Wray, by what he had done for Long Dick, though in her secret mind she had been convinced that the doing had not all been Joel's, that, on the contrary, Dick had helped to the extent of lending a hand to Joel Wray, to deliver Dick's self. Still, Lizzie had been moved to say to Joel Wray, "Me and all Dick's friends, mind, are beholden to you to the last day of our lives;" and although she thought no more of him, in Dick's company she was in perfect amity with the other lad.

Joel was discussing with Pleasance and Long Dick such Broad birds as came within sight of them, and in place of being instructed by his friends, it so happened that he was giving them instruction as to the tokens and habitat of such birds as the golden plover, "with its bronze and buttercup tinge," and that belonged of rights to the fens; the snipe, with "its beautiful mottled velvet," which Long Dick and Pleasance called, according to its melancholy cry, the "pewit;" the wild ducks, "with green on their neck, like salt-water pools in frosty weather;" the little quail, "that people might see running along and pecking the chickweed among the stubble;" the carlew and the widgeon, which hailed from Cheam and the sea;

the red shanks; together with other birds which migrated in winter from Scotland and Denmark and Norway.

"Hullo! you be more up to them birds than we, who are to the place born," said Long Dick with considerable mortification. "How do a town mechanic come by such acquaintance? He don't get it all out o' books, do he? It seems as though you 'a sat and watched at times, and had a shot at the creatures, as well as I."

"I told you that I was part country-bred," said Joel quietly. "I have watched and had a shot at the birds, and, if Pleasance and Lizzie will forgive me, I wish this were not Sunday, and we had a gun apiece, and could take a pop at that flight. There are birds, and to spare, about the Broad, Pleasance; there would only be more food for those that remain, and you should have specimens to stuff, and get wings for your hats."

"I would much rather have the live birds than the stuffed specimens, thank you, Joel," said Pleasance, "even if I could get the dead birds stuffed, and I should not think of wearing a bird's wing in a hat."

"I 'ould if I could get the chance," said Lizzie. "A bird's wing in a hat is just smart and stylish; but you do be so fond o' goin' dowdy, Pleasance."

"I know I ain't smart enough even for Mrs. Balls; but the fault is in my taste. I don't go dowdy as a penance. You know something of tame birds, too," she hastened to add, turning to Joel, and instinctively stopping a compliment which she read in both the men's eyes. ("Though it was Lizzie that brought it on," she reflected, a little annoyed, "I would never have spoken of my own accord of dressing plainly, as if I wanted Long Dick and Joel to say that I dressed well enough for my station, or that I became what I did wear; I should be ashamed and angry if either of them said that.") "I have seen you looking at our cocks and hens," she continued aloud, "and you told me that we had not the best Dorkings, but that our Spanish fowls were good."

"Yes," admitted Joel quickly. "I know something of poultry; I have rather a taste for the subject; indeed," he added with greater frankness, "I think I know a good deal about farm stock, for a town fellow, Long Dick; though I was a tyro, a raw hand at the hoeing, yon beastly cold spring morning when I first turned out among you in the thirty-acre, and I was not much better when I began to shear in

the harvest row, though I made a good beginning. I did well then," he finished, with a bright look at Pleasance, reminding her of all the day had been to them, and of the harvest that had sprung up for them, apart from the grain which they had cut side by side.

Whether Dick intercepted the look, or was simply exasperated by the lad's conceit, he put him down a little with dryness, in the following speech:—

"I dessay you do know 'a B from a bull's foot,' which may be summat for a Lunnon mechanic; but as to cow-ill, and hoss's bats, and sheep's staggers, and swallin' on clover, and killin' a bullock, when the butcher ain't at hand, I guess you'd find yoursen from home, my lad."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be a man of skill and an accomplished farrier like you, Long Dick," said Joel with his pleasant good-humour and humility, which ran side by side with, and counterbalanced what sounded like egotism and arrogance; "and I was going to tell you one reason why I came to know what I do about a farm. My father came from the north of England, whereas I understand his people were of Scotch extraction. Any way, my grandfather had a small farm in a Cumbrian dale, and my grandmother used to drive to Penrith market, in just such another cart as you were driving, Pleasance, with her butter and eggs and cheese for sale. My father, though he left home betimes, and took to another calling; remembered his boyish days quite well, and was fond of speaking of the thrifty, wholesome place, and of the animals he had helped to herd as a boy, to me and my sister Jane when we were children."

"You mun 'a fallen down in the world," said Long Dick, simply, without the least idea of giving pain or offence, merely as an appropriate remark.

"Well, we have changed," said Joel, "whether in a fall or a rise. You must remember these north-country farms were very poor affairs, and my father left his father's house to work as a factory hand; I suppose I take after him, in retaining a strong liking for all that belongs to agriculture, though I have been more familiar with mechanics and manufactures."

"I take it you 'a been," said Dick; "for you d' be fit for nowt save odd jobs, though I ain't, any ways, denyin' you be both clever on a farm and willin', and no doubt you do earn your man's wages at your proper work, if you can make no more'n your salt here."

"I am glad you are a little merciful,

Dick," said Joel; while Pleasance judged indignantly, without making allowance for Dick's bluntness, that he was hard upon Joel, who bore the hardness so well, that, in place of her firing up for him, something like tears came into her eyes as she looked another way, because of the gentleness of the young fellow, who, she was sure, was the cleverest as well as the bravest working-man in the world.

"Ain't it kind o' queer," said Lizzie Blennerhasset, breaking a pause, "that we should be sailin' in one boat? I mean Dick as saved I from the fire, and Joel Wray as saved Dick from the water, all here together."

"But nobody saved me," said Pleasance lightly, "and I have saved nobody. I don't seem to belong to the rest of you."

"Nay—" said Dick, stopping short.

"There's a good time coming," said Joel impetuously; but both of the men respected the girl, and did not push the denial farther in that company.

"I suppose it would be better still, for those who are not afraid or ill, to be rocking on the salt sea," said Pleasance. "I can but get a glimpse of the sea when I go to Cheam, either with or for Mrs. Balls. It tantalizes me a little, for I have just a moment to run down to the beach, where it is always crowded, to hear the roar of the waves, and see their foam, and smell them in the breeze, and to pick up and bring away a shell like a child, when it is time to go."

"Wool," said Dick, breathing hard, and pondering a great idea which had come into his mind, "week in, week out, I 'a not had a full holiday this year, and work's slack, and Toosday week be Applethorpe fair, as all the farm hands is free to attend. I could go with you and Lizzie to Cheam for the day, and Joel might come likewise, if he were so minded," finished Long Dick, with a mighty effort at magnanimity, culminating in a gusty sigh, that subsided into a sound which was half a grunt, half a groan.

"Oh, how nice!" cried both the girls.

"All right; a capital thought!" cried Joel.

"Owd granny 'ould be greatly pleased to see us," said Lizzie, "and 'ould do the best her could for us in her little room."

"As for that, Joel and I 'ould get what we wanted at the Ship Ahoy, and not trouble owd granny," amended Dick; "but we should 'a hours to spend on the sands. We might go as far as the Beacon, and 'ave a real sea sail, besides seein' what were to be seen in the big town."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## TO SEE THE SEA.

THE project was put into execution, much as it had been planned, only with a decided improvement. As the season was so slack for farm work it could be managed that the little party should drive over the night before, find quarters—the girls at “owd granny’s,” the men at the Ship Ahoy, and have a clear day before them—or at least till late in the afternoon, when they must start again for home—for their enjoyment of the sea and of the big town.

The market cart and pony were held sufficient for the party’s needs, since these well-fed, hardy, market ponies were accustomed to convey loads, human as well as vegetable, and since Long Dick, and Joel, and Pleasance also, would alight to walk up every hill rather than that their beast should be overstrained.

The day was not so softly sunshiny as on the previous Sunday, it was a little bleak, with a slightly scouring wind, as even early autumn days, when the wind was several points east, were apt to be in that region. But it was fair, which was a great gain, and promised to be fair, according to the weather-glass, and to Long Dick, who, from long and close observation in the fields, was a weather-glass in himself.

Pleasance consoled herself for the dullness and coldness of the weather with the thought that it would not be dull on the sea with that little gale which would bring out the sea-horses, and Pleasance desired earnestly to see them with their manes in full toss, and forgot for the moment how hard it might be to ride them in that case.

The occupants of the cart enjoyed the peculiar exhilaration which belongs alone by inalienable right to working men and women out for a holiday, as on the Monday afternoon they started from the manor-farm door. Mrs. Balls insisted on supplying them with provisions, cold meat-pies, and baskets with bottles of ale, and cider, and elderberry wine, as if they were to camp out irrespective of “owd granny” and the Ship Ahoy. She called after them directions and advices, shading her eyes, though there was no sun, to look after them, and returning into the house when they were gone, shaking her head because of the intrusion of Joel Wray into the picture—not that she had aught to say against the young man, save that he was a wandering Jew, and a stuck mechanic, and if Pleasance would throw herself away on him, why Pleasance was

woman-grown, worked for herself, and must please herself. Mrs. Balls did not think for a moment that Pleasance would desert her old cousin, for Pleasance was good, and only too unworldly, but everything would have settled itself so “comfably” if Long Dick had remained the only man in the scene, and had been promoted to be under bailiff, and Pleasance had married him, and wife and husband and Mrs. Balls had stayed on managing the cattle and making the cheese on the manor farm.

Pleasance had voluntarily resigned the reins to Joel Wray, for though it had been understood at first that Long Dick was to drive, when he chanced to bid Joel hold the pony till Long Dick got in after their first walk up hill, Joel handled what he called the “ribbons” so neatly—as he did many things—and with such manifest relish, that Long Dick, who was no churl, permitted Joel to please himself by doing the driving that was no novelty to Dick.

Pleasance and Lizzie sat behind, and told each other that it was a treat to have a little spell of sitting still with their hands in their laps. (“Just a very little spell,” Pleasance put in parenthesis, because it would soon pall, and what is a delight for a change would be irksome for a continuance.) And it was a greater treat to be driven along a country highroad by friends in order to command a whole holiday next day.

The approach to Cheam was heralded by ships’ masts on the horizon, and by the white steam-wreath, rattle, and whistle of a railway. Still nearer there were poles with fishers’ nets drying, and donkey-carts with fish—allowing Pleasance opportunities to pity the poor “Dickies,” and to long to have one to make something more of him, and there were fishy odours reminding the travellers that Cheam had its extensive fishery as well as its seaport trade.

The entrance to the town was across a bridge, spanning a river so near its mouth, that ships of a fair number of tons burden sailed up beyond the bridge. It was so contrived and worked by machinery that, in the anticipation of a ship’s passage, the bridge divided in the middle, and the two halves were reared aloft by cranes, leaving an open channel for the vessel to sail through. In the mean time, carriage, horse, and foot passengers were fenced off by two chains, and stood gathering as they stood, regarding with what philosophy they might, the yawning watery chasm, and the ship gliding over it, till

the leaves of the bridge descended and closed on the ship's rear, and there was again a solid way for landmen.

Pleasance had often seen and watched with interest this process—from the last curricule and foot-passenger that darted across when the chains rattled down, and the bridge itself quivered and began to split—to its lumbering, creaking divergence and upheaval to let, what looked by comparison the tranquil graceful ship, sometimes a yacht or barge, sweep by—on to the moment when the bridge was reconstructed, and a rush of the impeded crowd of horse and foot clattered simultaneously over its wooden highway, with a speed that seemed seeking to make up for lost time, and bidding the devil take the hindmost.

Such an obstruction and delay occurred as the market-cart, driven by Joel Wray, came up to the river. The party formed, a little cluster in the crowd that had to pause and readjust itself for crossing the bridge. There were a carriage and pair with ladies and gentlemen inside, a cab or two, carrying railway travellers, as well as a score or more of foot-passengers, bidding their turn. The carriage with its couple of horses sought to take the precedence, but while the cabs gave way, Joel resisted the movement, and, whipping up the pony, sent the market-cart with a dash that was not without danger, flying first, to the disturbance and discomfort of some of the party in the cart, as well as of the carriage company behind them.

"What did you do that for?" cried Dick, angrily, "you hadn't ought to do that; if I had known, I should not 'a trusted you to drive—not over the bridge leastways. That be Sir Frederick, Lawyer Lockwood's master, no less, and his company. Cheam folks beant over particular, as you may find to your cost, for they will dig their elbers into your sides, and knock you out on the way of their business, if you stand about, be you man or gentleman, gal or lady, and think no more on it, than if you were so many sheep or calves, and if you flare up and show your fists, they will square back and knock you down, or be knocked down theirsens as easy as you say 'Jack Robinson.' But they beant so choke full on sarce and folly as to drive a market-cart right afore Sir Frederick's carriage, as you 'a thought fit to do. Dang it, lad, we may lose our places for this piece of cheek, if so be it comes to Lawyer Lockwood or bailiff's ears."

"I do not care who it was, unless it had

been the queen herself," said Joel, half hot, half sulky; "we had the place, they had no right to push by us and usurp the lead."

"If you dunno know the difference between right and might at your years, after working all your days, it is little wonder that you're out on a job and serving as a day's-man on a farm," said Long Dick, with a mixture of superior scorn and sincere commiseration.

But the discord did not last long; Joel Wray's heat and sulkiness, which was unlike his ordinary patience and graciousness, soon subsided, and he was more anxious than any one there to have his outbreak forgotten and to make up for it, by agreeing to everything that was proposed, and accommodating himself in the readiest and most cheerful manner to circumstances. Therefore the others consented to condone the inopportune offence, and to drive for his benefit through the market-place, which was well known to his companions.

It was not a market-day, as Long Dick and Lizzie, and even Pleasance, regretted feelingly, but the market-place was in itself a sight. Joel eagerly acknowledged its attractions—its free space between the old established busy shops, with quaint, little diamond-paned bow-windows, and its venerable flint-built, stone-roofed church at one end. When the stalls were full and a concourse of country and town people chaffering together, Joel was convinced that it would be as fine and exhilarating a sight as Pleasance told him it was.

From the market-place they drove to the principal quay, which had a line of what had once been Cheam merchants' roomy, substantial houses, as well as warehouses, with a row of elm-trees between the houses and the water, and underneath the trees large ships lying loading and unloading.

"It is like Rotterdam," said Joel.

"I h'ain't tackled Rotterdam any more than Lunnon," said Dick, "be it Lunnon ways?"

"A little beyond, as I have heard," said Joel.

From the quay the market-cart, with Lizzie in it, was led up two or three streets, after the others had alighted to walk, for the town ran with a steep ascent to the exposed height from which it looked over the German Ocean—limitless as far as the eye could follow. Down the lanes which were abrupt declivities, but which were not the ancient, narrow, yet populous, "rows" of another east-



country town, the party had little glimpses of the sea which they had come to visit, and Pleasance hailed it with a breast heaving in sympathy with the heave of that sea whose vastness, and might, and mystery, its ceaseless murmur and its tragic depths, appeal so irresistibly to all unvitiated imaginations. It was a grey-green sea that day, just flecked with cold curls of white, beneath a slaty-grey sky; the very ships which appeared on the horizon were blue-black ships relieved on the lighter grey background.

Poor Lizzie was so fatigued by the drive as to be able to do no more than go to granny's, and prove the judiciousness of her having secured a night's rest after the journey, before the more deliberate and prolonged sight-seeing of the morrow.

Accordingly, the young men contented themselves with taking the girls to their destination, and resisting granny's clamorously-piped hospitality, betook themselves to the Ship Ahoy, and their own resources for the rest of the day, on the strict understanding that all should be up and ready and meet to go abroad early next morning.

Granny's house was but a couple of thatch-roofed, well-stuffed rooms, at the head of a lane, in a house whose bulging walls, projecting second story, and lattice windows, showed a very respectable antiquity of its own.

But though granny's accommodation was limited, it was not poverty-stricken, neither was she in indigent circumstances for her station. Her husband had been a successful fisher and owner of several boats, who had escaped shipwreck, died in his bed, and left her perfectly independent of her daughter, Mrs. Blennerhasset, or any other children that she had borne him.

Granny herself was a dried-fish of an old woman, in a blue flannel gown, like a bit of a sailor's jacket, while she wore heavy gold rings on several of her skinny fingers. Her whole heart was still in the exciting records of the sea and the fishing, and her great regret was that none of her sons had taken to the sea, or her daughters married fishermen or sailors. "Thee has turned thee's backs on the sea," she reminded Lizzie reproachfully in the same breath with her welcome, "though it were a good sea to thee and thee'n; thee's a parcel on land lubbers, as I am fair ashamed on, even Clem as were half reared here, d' find no good in fish save to eat."

At the same time she was glad to see

her visitors, and to show Pleasance granny's seaport treasures of shells and coral, seaweed and stuffed sea-birds, with which the best room was decorated, and to find in the young women attentive listeners to her full report of the fortunes of the year's fishing. She cared little for hearing news of Saxford, where her daughter had married that magnate, the smith. He was no magnate to "owd granny" — what warfare with winds and waves did he maintain? For how many nights, and days like nights, had he not been heard of, lying with tightly-furled sails rising and sinking on the crests and in the troughs of the billows? Or when did he return in triumph with the waves and winds beaten into his humble servants, and his gunwale weighed down to the water's edge with a freight of fish which filled his purse at one take, and gave plenty to his house for many months? The poorest fisher-lad on the beach, the smallest cabin-boy, had the making of a greater man in him to owd granny, in her fervent loyalty to the sea and its spoil, and to those who went down to take it, than Smith Blennerhasset or Host Morse or Long Dick, all put together.

"Has she never lost any friend by the sea?" asked Pleasance of Lizzie, when the old woman had left the room for a moment, after she had poured forth her details of bait and lines and weather, of lucky and unlucky boats, of the first tail of a herring on the coast, and the apprehended arrival of the mackerel, with those necessary but duller adjuncts of sales and prices.

"Mor, yes," said Lizzie. "She lost two on her sons, and her father and his sons; but she thinks them were well bestowed, and met an honourable death. Still, she ain't a bad granny, though her head do be carried by that howling, moaning sea, that atween you and me I cannot a-bear, Pleasance, though I 'a come so far to see it, for a change. It is a pleasure to please Long Dick and you, as well as get an outing mysen, so you need think no more on my words. As for granny, she paid the sea hard enough service in her day, for she were fisher-born as well as fisher-wed, and she carried a heavy basket strapped on her shouthers, and tramped miles on miles — afore her man, my grandad, saved money, or carts and railways were so thick — many's the day. You wunno be afeared, Pleasance, and wanting to run for help to the lads at the Ship Ahoy," continued Lizzie, smiling, "if you hear granny's voice raging like a

kiln, and blackguarding right and left a neighbour or a message-lad afore we are out on our beds the morrer morning. It's a ill-convenient trick she learnt when her were a fish-wife. She beant a bad body, take her on the right side. She were a good wife and mother, and she were rare kind to Clem and me, when he were at his schoolin' and I were at my quarter's dress-makin' — though, mind you, she thought we was dirt aneath the fisher-folk's feet all the time."

Pleasance promised not to be frightened, and declared sincerely it was refreshing and humbling at once to be with granny, and find all Saxford and its affairs sink into insignificance before the interest of cockler or shrimper.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### CHEAM DENE AND THE BEACON ROCK.

PLEASANCE had not the chance of getting her nerves tried by granny's bad habit of scolding, for the reason that they were tried in another fashion. Granny's once powerful voice, broken and passed into an ear-piercing treble, was utterly drowned in the gale which had risen through the night, and wakened both girls betimes with its sustained roar, just rising above the hollow heave and hoarse dash of the sea, and the rattle of the sand and the small shingle which the wind carried with it and threw against every obstacle.

Pleasance listened for a while with a kind of awed eagerness, while Lizzie was bewailing the destruction of their scheme.

Pleasance had wished to see the sea rising in angry answer to the wind, and here were they in the full chorus of their fury; but what hapless human beings might not be exposed to the elementary war? and what terrible, pitiful wrecks might not lie behind the poor little disappointment which Lizzie, seeing nothing beyond Long Dick and his holiday, was lamenting with persistent weakness?

As Pleasance lay and thought, almost fearing to get up, a sudden rush of feet and tongues in the lane without added to the turmoil, into which there came also another sound heard distinctly, apart from every other noise, at short intervals — a succession of faint but sharp reports, which, if Pleasance could have attended to the token, and known its terrible import, she would have recognized as the reverberations of a gun fired from some vessel as it neared the shore.

In another moment granny burst into the room, with a shawl tied over her cap

and disordered grey hair, proving that hard as it must be for the young and strong to keep their feet abroad on such a morning, the old woman of fourscore had been out hailing the crowd, and learning from them the last event at the sea. She made her voice heard by Pleasance and Lizzie at last, for she screamed into their ears, —

"Thee mun rise; thee dunno know what is in store for thee. There be no slug-a-beds in Cheam this morning. I 'a seen the day I 'ould a been at the Beacon with the best, but now I'm owd and frail; but I'll warrant I'll win as far as Neddy Hughes's look-out. Be'st thee not ashamed to be startin' up and gapin' there, when if thee be'st not quick the'll lose the grandest sight that has been seen at Cheam since the "Betsy," with Indy tea and chiney, grounded, afore the days of life-boats. There be a Norroway brig runnin' on the Beacon Rock itsen, in the Gannet Bay, where not the best life-boat that were ever launched 'ould live for five minutes."

If anything were wanted to give force to the statement, there was a strange ring of wild, passionate anticipation in the old woman's shrill voice, which sounded like horrible pleasure, and made Pleasance shudder, and recall her schoolgirl lessons of the old Roman women flocking out to view the death-struggles of the gladiators.

By the time Pleasance and Lizzie were dressed, Long Dick and Joel Wray came hurrying in, the latter especially in a state of suppressed excitement. They had already been in the direction of the Beacon Rock, to which it was feared the foreign vessel that had missed or mistaken the beacon light in the wild hurly-burly of the gale which had risen since midnight was surely tending.

The men had simply repaired to granny's to report themselves before they returned to the scene of excitement.

Long Dick was inclined to tarry a moment, and to lament, like Lizzie, the spoiling of the day's pleasure; but either a day's pleasure was of less moment to Joel, or he had a livelier imagination with which to put himself in the place of the men in the Norwegian vessel that was still beating and battling desperately to get out of the Gannet Bay, and especially to keep off the reef.

Joel was wild to get back, where a crowd of townspeople was already thronging to do what could be done, and look on when there was nothing left to do. He even forgot to ask Pleasance if she would like

to accompany them, so that it was left to granny to suggest the movement.

As for Lizzie, it was simply out of the question that she could venture to limp across the threshold, even to reach granny's friend's look-out, or to visit her old mistress in dressmaking and get the last spring's fashions, which had been one of Lizzie's objects in her trip to the seaside.

When Pleasance followed the men into the street, she found to her wonder that the very light was darkened. It had not been for the most part the smallness of granny's window-panes, or the thickness of their yellow-green glass which had produced the semi-obscurity within the house on this new day. There was such a driving wrack of spray and sand from the sea that the air in its high commotion was rendered thick, heavy, and dusk, while as it struck against Pleasance's cheek it wet and stung her like a sharp hail-shower.

She was young and strong, so that she could keep her feet in comparative shelter, and when she turned the corner of the lane and encountered the swirl, or came upon the gust rushing up from other lanes, the men at each side took hold of her arms and helped her to preserve her balance and her breath. She could not attempt to speak, neither could she have heard her own or another's voice in the deafening uproar, which never ceased, and hardly lulled for a few seconds.

Pleasance and her companions were not alone in the storm-scoured street; plenty of Cheam people were abroad, and it seemed that they were all actuated by one motive and bound for one end. Sailors rolled along in the teeth of the wind, with their sou'westers sticking on as if by a miracle; fishers strode forward in their long boots; and porters from the quays and much-blown shopkeepers joined the rout, with the never-failing contingent of women — not many of them so well-supported as Pleasance — and boys willing to be blown away rather than lose an adventure. Pleasance was reminded by the independent pushing and striving of the pedestrians, and the coolness with which each jostled another, and took advantage when he could, regardless of surly protest, of what Long Dick had said of the easy manners of Cheam — which she had known dimly reflected in Saxford — in the rudeness and disposition to turbulence of the generally well-to-do fishing and seafaring world.

As Pleasance struggled along she could see carefully-tended gardens, which had been bright with late summer flowers the

day before, now presenting neither blossom nor leaf as they lay buried under a waste of sand, such as accumulated many feet in winter, leaving the grass-plots and flower-beds to be dug out afresh every spring.

When she came in sight of the beach, it too was undergoing a complete change. The drift there was rising like smoke, and obliterating for the time all the ordinary traces. The boats were either removed from their usual moorings, and drawn up high and dry beyond the risk of being sucked down by the tide, and wrenched from their fastenings; or they had already broken loose, and were knocking about in aimless emptiness, undirected by oar or rudder, on the boiling, seething flood. The grey-green waves of the sea were all flecked with white patches, gleaming ghastly against the lurid red that since sunrise had streamed across the dark field of the sky, with its huge banks of lowering cloud-vapour.

The Beacon Rock was nearly a quarter of a mile from the town, and was divided from it by Cheam Dene, a stretch of waste, sandy land, held together by bent grass, here and there, in the summer season, of a pale yellow colour from a luxuriant growth of horn-poppies, which, higher up, passed into the gold of furze and the red of ling. The Cheam Dene was of such an extent that Long Dick had once seen a detachment of soldiers — whose inland barracks were in the process of thorough cleaning — encamped there for a week. The soldiers had belonged to a cavalry regiment, and their fine horses had been gathered into a group, and were standing in the centre, with the tents pitched around and the stalwart figures of the men in undress lying cleaning their accoutrements and entertaining their visitors in an outer ring, forming a whole, which would have served to remind Pleasance of a scene from "Jeanne d'Arc," or any other military drama of the Middle Ages. But that encampment had happened in true summer weather, when sea and sky were alike blue, and the former was so still that the trickle of a natural spring of fresh water high up in the Dene could be heard distinct from the low ripple and plash of the wavelets down on the sands below.

But the Cheam Dene showed another sight, lashed by the fierce September storm which was casting the vessel, believed to be the "Christian," laden with bark from Bergen, upon the Beacon Rock, that, with its tall iron watch-tower — fruitless in this case — lay just beyond. Yet

if the furze-covered bank into which Cheam Dene merged, and which in its turn merged into the height on which the higher portion of the town was built, had not partially sheltered the ground on this occasion, no such roused crowd as Pleasance found there could have gathered together, and kept their places and found their voices, in a breathless watch, awaiting the fate of the doomed vessel.

It was hopelessly doomed, and there was little left for the people on the shore to do — unless it were to shout directions in a strange tongue, which the noise of the wind and waves alone would have prevented the shipwrecked men from distinguishing — save to stand and look at the cruel destruction and death that awaited the strange ship and its crew.

The one spot on the whole wide sandy Cheam beach, where no assistance could be rendered to the wrecks, which were not unfrequent there, as all Cheam boatmen well knew, was this Gannet Bay.

The whole of the bay was thick set with jagged rocks, rising like the spears and knives in the pits dug in old-world warfare, to entangle and pierce without mercy the assailants who advanced against the enemy drawn up in line of battle; and with such a sea as this leaping, spouting, and churned into foam around the rocks, granny had spoken the bare truth when she had said that no boat could live five minutes, while the life-boat which the town possessed, and which the townsmen were not slow to use on ordinary occasions, was utterly useless.

Thus it came that the men of Cheam, who, whatever were their faults, were no cowards, and who were peculiarly alive to the danger and the suffering involved in a calamity like the present, stood massed together for protection against the blast, inactive, except in bootless gesticulations or in muttered remarks from the men and groans and sighs from the women. They peered through the wrack at the hazy, vibrating outline of the bare poles and half-submerged deck of the vessel, with the figures still working her until she completed the first stage of her ruin. After rushing on, in spite of closely-reefed sails, staggering through the vortex, and giving one bound greater than any she had yet taken, she remained fixed, and quivering to the accompaniment of involuntary, shrinking, appalled cries from the Cheam crowd.

"She's on the rock; she's strook fast, and no mistake. God A'mighty help them! for the question now is nowt but how long'll her sticks hang together."

But the poor foreigners, in their extremity, knowing nothing of the nature of the coast, were unaware of the impossibility of a rescue. They distinguished through the mist of spray and sand the crowd on the Dene, not so far removed from them even as the crowd descried them, and relinquishing their vain task, clustered about the stern of the vessel. They made an eager appeal to their brethren safe on shore to venture something for their aid. Using one of their few English words, the Norwegians raised a simultaneous shout, loud enough to rise above the turmoil, of "Boat, boat!" where no boat could reach them.

The piteousness of the foreigners' fervent cry, which could meet with no rejoinder, went to the stout hearts of the bystanders, and drew from them deeper groans and more unequivocal expressions of sympathy. "Poor souls, an' we could do summat! But it 'ould be a clean waste on life, and temptation on Providence." "It is your turn the day; it may be ourn the morrer. But we can do nowt; our hands d' be tied." "Leastways our boats 'ould be stove in, and crushed like so many egg-shells afore we could get within arm's length on you," were passed around in short, jerked-out sentences, while men, who were helpless to help, and who could move to no purpose, stirred restlessly to relieve their own pain, and women wrung their hands and began to sob aloud.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. THRALE: THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II. — 1780-1821.

SUCH was the little Welshwoman's first reception of her future husband, and her friends and foes remembered it long afterwards. It was not, however, until August 1780, and then at Brighton, that she made Signor Piozzi's acquaintance.

Brighton was dull enough for her that season. Dr. Johnson was in hot, empty London, dining at Sir Joshua's with Mrs. Cholmondeley, busy with his "Lives," and writing letters to Mrs. Thrale. "I stay at home to work," he told her, "and yet do not work diligently; nor can I tell when I shall have done, nor perhaps does anybody but myself wish me to have done; for what can they hope I shall do better? Yet I wish the work was over and I was at liberty. And what would I do if I was

at liberty? Would I go to Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Porter, and all the old places, and sigh to find that my old friends are gone? Would I recall plans of life which I never brought into practice, and hopes of excellence which I once presumed and never have attained? Would I compare what I now am with what I once expected to have been?" And he adds: "If you please, madam, we will have an end of this, and contrive some other wishes. I wish I had you in an evening, and I wish I had you in a morning; and I wish I could have a little talk, and see a little frolick. For all this I must stay; but life will not stay." Miss Burney was also in London, drinking tea in Bolt Court, calling upon Sophy, and picking up gossip among her high friends about Lord George Gordon, who was now safe in the Tower. The prim little worldling would, in spite of her airs, be fine company now at Brighton. "My master," Mrs. Thrale writes to her, "is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothes; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent; and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest, but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K——, too, sister to the Duchess of M——, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Tumbridge*. These, however, are all the people we ever speak to — oh, yes, the Drummonds, but they are scarce blest with utterance." But, while she complains of mere tedium, her heart is heavy with a sense of coming evil. Another Parliamentary election is pending, while her husband's health causes her hourly anxiety for his life; her letters to Johnson are few and far between, and with but little "frolick" in them. The philosopher grows captious. "I hope," he wrote, "you have no design of stealing away to Italy before the election, nor of leaving me behind you, though I am not only seventy, but seventy-one. Could you not let me lose a year in round numbers? Sweetly, sweetly sings Dr. Swift:

Some dire misfortune to portend,  
No enemy can match a friend.

But what if I am seventy-two? I remember Sulpitius says of Saint Martin (now

that's above your reading), '*Est animus victor annorum et senectuti cedere nescius.*' Match me this among your young folks! If you try to plague me, I shall tell you that, according to Galen, life begins to decline from *thirty-five*." And again, in still more irritable mood: "You write of late very seldom. I wish you would write upon *subjects*; anything to keep me alive. You have your beaux and your flatterers, and here am poor I, forced to flatter myself; and any good of myself I am not very easy to believe, so that I really live but a sorry life. What shall I do with Lyttelton's life? I can make a short life and conclude. Why did not you like Collins, and Gay, and Blackmore, as well as Akenside?" The lady takes up her pen at last, and can write brilliantly enough when she chooses, and whet his appetite for more. She has been reading his last "Lives," and has some piquant criticism for each of them. Then: — "And now, if you call this flattery, I can leave off in a minute without bidding; for, since you *lions* have no skill in dandling the kid, we *kids* can expect but rough returns for caresses bestowed upon our haughty monarch. So be diligent, dear sir, and have done with these men that have been buried these hundred years, and don't sit making verses that never will be written; but sit down steadily and finish their lives who *did* do something. And then, think a little about mine, which has not been a happy one, for all you tease me so concerning the pleasures I enjoy, and the flattery I receive, all which has nothing to do with comfort for the present distress; and sometimes I am angry when I read such stuff."

It was about the time when these letters were travelling to and fro between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale that, walking with Queeney early one morning on the cliff at Brighton, Mrs. Thrale saw Piozzi standing at the library door, and accosted him in Italian. Her impromptu proposal that he should give Miss Thrale a lesson or two was on that occasion coldly declined. He had come to Brighton for his health, was composing some music, and lived in great retirement. He did not remember her, in fact; and the ladies continued their walk, disappointedly. On their way home, passing again the library door, Piozzi, no doubt instructed in the mean time by the gossiping librarian, started out of the shop, apologized for not knowing Mrs. Thrale before, and protested his readiness to obey her commands. And so their acquaintance began. In her diary occur the fol-

lowing jottings:—"Brighton, July, 1780. I have picked up Piozzi here, the great Italian singer. He is amazingly like my father: he shall teach Hester." And again:—"13th August, 1780. Piozzi is become a prodigious favourite with me. He is so intelligent a creature, so discerning, one can't help wishing for his good opinion; his singing surpasses everybody's for taste, tenderness, and true elegance; his hand on the *forte piano*, too, is so soft, so sweet, so delicate, every tone goes to the heart, I think, and fills the mind with emotions one would not be without, though inconvenient enough sometimes. He wants nothing from us; he comes for his health, he says; I see nothing ail the man but pride."

Towards the close of this eventful August, soon after their return to London, Mr. Thrale was attacked with apoplexy. Sir Lucas Pepys, being with them at Brighton, had observed symptoms of danger in his patient, and had sent him home, not to Streatham, but to a furnished house in Grosvenor Square, to be within easy reach of himself. It was too late, however; the crisis came, and the brewer's life was saved only by bleeding him till he fainted. Once more Mrs. Thrale's energy for business is called into play. She is at the counting-house daily, chases a clerk who has absconded with money, discovers new ruinous speculations of her husband, and does her best to straighten matters around him. The election too is not far off. In March 1781 she writes to Johnson:—"I am willing to show myself in Southwark or in any place for my master's pleasure or advantage, but have no present conviction that to be re-elected would be advantageous, so shattered a state as his nerves are in just now. Do not you, however, fancy for a moment that I shrink from fatigue, or desire to escape from doing my duty. Spiting one's antagonist is a reason that never ought to operate, and never does operate with me. I care nothing about a rival candidate's innuendoes; I care only about my husband's health and fame; and, if we find that he earnestly wishes to be once more member for the Borough,—he *shall* be member, if anything done or suffered by me will help to make him so." The dying man, heavy half his time with apoplectic sleep, still made love to Sophy, and was intent on enjoying his life. Grosvenor Square was gayer than ever Streatham had been. "Yesterday," writes Mrs. Thrale, "I had a *conversazione*. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, crit-

ical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well. The way to his heart is connoisseurship, it seems; and for a background and contour—who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know!"

On Sunday, April 1st, there were at dinner, at Grosvenor Square, Boswell, Johnson, Sir Philip Jennings Clark, M.P., and Mr. Perkins, the head clerk at the brewery. The talk was of the American war; and Johnson's "boisterous vivacity," says Boswell, "entertained us. Presently Mrs. Thrale chanced to praise highly a witty friend of her own. 'Nay, my dear lady,' replied Johnson, 'don't talk so,' and proceeded to turn her friend into ridicule, and to scold her for her habit of *blasting by praise*. 'Now there is Pepys' (Mr. Thrale's physician); 'you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserved. His blood is upon your head. By the same principle your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet,' looking to her," says Boswell, "with a leering smile, 'she is the first woman in the world could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers; she would be the only woman could she but command that little whirligig.'" Mr. Perkins must have felt himself much edified by this discriminating censure of his master's wife, while Boswell, no doubt, strained every nerve to fix the delicious words upon his memory. But the end of it all was near. On April 4th, 1781, in the midst of preparations for a magnificent concert and supper, another sudden stroke of apoplexy ended poor Thrale's life, and ended too, in Dr. Johnson's life, its happiest episode.

When the brewer's will was read it was found that Mrs. Thrale had the interest of 50,000*l.* for her life, with Streatham Park and the town-house in the Borough—the Brighton house falling to the share of the daughters. The business might be carried on conjointly by Mrs. Thrale and the executors, among whom was Dr. Johnson, or sold for what it would bring. Dr. Johnson is said to have wished to keep on the brewery; but Mrs. Thrale was the better man of business of the two, and it was sold, in June 1781, for 135,000*l.* to



Mr. Barclay the Quaker, and her old friend Mr. Perkins, the head clerk; the dwelling-house in the Borough being thrown in at the last as a gift from Mrs. Thrale to Mrs. Perkins.

For fifteen years Johnson had called Streatham his home. The white house on the common had come to be dear and familiar to the old man beyond what he or the world knew; and he would willingly have continued a fixture there to his life's end. Any change was for him simple loss. His dear "mistress," saddened but not quite broken-hearted, with the pretty Queeney growing into womanhood at her side, and himself in her cosiest easy-chair, or presiding among the wits and notables at her sumptuous board:—this was the pleasant picture he had drawn for himself of what might still be. "Let us pray for one another," he had written to her in the early days of her widowhood; "when we meet, we may try what fidelity and tenderness will do for us." The sale of the brewery and subsequent retrenchments disturbed to a considerable degree the magnanimity of Johnson's sorrow. His dream-fabric tottered visibly. "The diminution of the estate, though unpleasing and unexpected, must," he said, "be borne, because it cannot be helped." He and she were to make good resolutions before they met, which on his side he hoped to keep; but such hopes are very deceitful, and "I would not willingly think the same of all hopes," he added, very ambiguously. From Lichfield, with poor dying Lucy Porter at his side, palsied Mrs. Aston, and other aged and ailing friends, he wrote to her:—"There is little of the sunshine of life, and my own health does not gladden me. But, to scatter the gloom, I went last night to the ball, where, you know, I can be happy even without you. On the ball, which was very gay, I looked a while, and went away." What dreams of the preposterously happy, what visions of far-off sunny Streatham, filled the old man's mind as he stood watching the dancers through dim half-closed eyes on that last night of October 1781, are not now to be recorded. The little widow's replies to his constant letters are sprightly and trim, with here and there a touch of filial tenderness, or of half-concealed pain, as when she says, "Come home, however, for 'tis dull living without you. . . . You are not happy away, and I fear I shall never be happy again in this world between one thing and another." Their reunion at the close of the year did not bring to either the com-

fort they expected. Signor Piozzi the singer, sent for by the queen of France, had also been absent, and was now also returned, "loaded with presents, honours, and emoluments." "When *he* comes, and *I* come," Johnson had said in one of his letters, "you will have two about you that love you; and I question if either of us heartily care how few more you have." The philosopher was already jealous; and still more so when Mrs. Thrale's pleasure in Piozzi's society increased day by day. To make matters more difficult, Johnson, now in his seventy-third year, was already sinking into an unhealthy old age. The huge frame was tortured by symptoms of asthma, dropsy, and other painful diseases, partly inherited, partly the result of unwholesome habits of living. His rich, full mind and big heart had as much of vitality as ever, or more; but the temper, never a gentle one, had become, to those who loved him most, captious, fretful, and extortionate. He had reached a period in his life when the most unfit companion for him in the world was a lady, herself weighed down with suffering and domestic anxiety, but with a spirit of joy in her that rebelled at the prospect of sorrow. By a process too natural to require explanation, Johnson's residence at Streatham became less habitual than formerly. But he continued to write from the dusky retreat of Bolt Court, *dunning*, as she expressed it, his old friend for kindness, wishing himself back with her at Streatham, detailing his complaints and medicines, and peevishly repining at his own old age. The tie of many years was hard to break; and, when Streatham Park was let on lease, in 1782, to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, Dr. Johnson accompanied Mrs. Thrale and her family to Brighton, returning with them in the winter to Argyle Street, London, where Boswell found him, very ill but kindly tended, in the following March.

Between this last date, however, and June 17th, 1783, an irremediable break had occurred in the friendship of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. No sooner had her husband been laid at rest beside his little son in Streatham Church than the gossips had set themselves to map out his widow's future. She was angry enough at them for fancying her "such an amorous idiot." Lord Loughborough, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Piozzi, Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Johnson, every man that came to the house, she complained, was put in the papers for her to marry. She wrote to the *Morning Herald*, begging it to say no more about

her, good or bad, took refuge in the country, and had more than half a mind to leave England altogether. "One day," she writes in her diary, "the paper rings with my marriage to Johnson, one day to Crutchley, one day to Seward. I give no reason for such impertinence, but cannot deliver myself from it. Whitbread, the rich brewer, is in love with me too: oh, I would rather, as Anne Page says, be set breast deep in the earth and be bowled to death with turnips." Still, though incensed at this random gossip, Mrs. Thrale had a fair consciousness of her own eligibility and power. She remembered her wealth, her ancient lineage, her reputation for wit and learning, and triumphed to herself, between the pages of her diary, that to marry for love would be rational in her, who wanted no advancement of birth or fortune; and, "till I am in love," she added, "I will not marry, nor perhaps then." That she did eventually promise her hand to the singer Piozzi has puzzled her biographers as it at first puzzled, nay, astounded, her family and friends. They regarded the act as little less than a crime against society, her children, and herself. What could a woman with three thousand a year, half a dozen daughters, and a considerable reputation for talent, care for a man who was known only for his music? True it was, the singer had long since lost his voice, that he was neither poor, nor very handsome, nor in any sense an adventurer. He was in fact eminently respectable and harmless; and — she loved him. This fact constituted his greatest virtue and her most unpardonable folly. Johnson and Burney bemoaned together with wet eyes the weakness of their former hostess and their own loosened hold of her affection. The two drove into London from Streatham on one occasion together — Burney in the secret of the love-affair, and very grave and sad; Johnson either innocent of it or pretending to be so. But the heart of the old man was none the less heavy. "His look," says the lady, "was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle;" and he was overcome with emotion as, with a shaking hand and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving, and, when they faced it from the coach window as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaimed, "That house . . . is lost to me — forever!" Too long indeed had the "Streathamites" dreamt that Mrs. Thrale and all that was hers belonged to them; and now it was a bitter thing to

find that she was strictly and wholly free, and knew it. Could some one among that crowd of literary men and women, who had feasted and paraded all those years in the gardens and gay rooms of Streatham, have been sufficiently heroic to think and say that she was in the right! And, still more, could that single-handed champion have been the great and revered Dr. Johnson! A word from him at that time would have silenced the whole midge swarm of discontents, with Burney at their head. And might it not have been? Might he not, sitting over his fire on his two-legged stool in Bolt Court, have called to mind her long and spirited service to her "master," her tears over her dying babies, her bright and innocent wit, which had so often dispelled for him the gathering clouds of gloom and sickness? And might not he, the wise old man, have given due weight to the fact that all her tenderness, all her devotion, all her vanity, had hitherto been called into play only by old men, by children, by strangers! But other and less kind thoughts rankled in the heart of the old lexicographer. He joined, alas, the midge swarm; hated Piozzi, with his plain face and broken English, despised Mrs. Thrale, and let the inquisitive world know that he did so. There are few more ugly stories on record than that of Johnson's quarrel with the little widow.

Early in 1783, Mrs. Thrale was induced by the persecution of her children and the public to bid good-bye to her lover, who at her request at once gave up her letters to her eldest daughter, and prepared to leave England. The poor lady's health appeared at this time completely broken, and she was moreover much harassed by debts, the heaviest of which had been incurred by her father, and fell now upon her as his heir. Placing her younger children at school in Streatham, she left Argyle Street, and went with the elder ones to Bath, where she hoped to live in retirement, out of reach of her "friends," and to pay her debts. The little Streatham schoolgirls, however, fell ill in the spring of measles and whooping-cough, and one of them died. The poor mother, herself seriously ill, started from Bath to visit them. She lodged in Streatham, avoiding "hateful London," "for fear of encountering Piozzi's eyes somewhere." Nor did she know, until Piozzi told her long after, when all their troubles were over, that he had been sitting at a front window of a public house on the road "all that dreadful Saturday," to see her carriage pass backwards and forwards to where the

children resided. She had maintained her resolution not to see him again, and returned to Bath with a heavier heart than ever. When her child died, she had written to Dr. Johnson to inform him of her trouble; but the old friends did not meet whilst she was at Streatham; and his reply to her letter beginning, "I am glad that you went to Streatham, though you could not save the dear pretty little girl," went on at once to relate how he had been dining at the opening of the exhibition, with a splendid company, and other irrelevant gossip. A few more letters passed between them; he telling her the news of the day, and praising her "placid acquiescence" in her present mode of life; she writing back in a softened, broken-hearted strain, "very sick," she says, "and a little sullen, and disposed now and then to say like King David, '*My lovers and my friends have been put away from me, and my acquaintance hid out of my sight.*'" These words were probably on their way from Bath to Bolt Court when Johnson was struck dumb by paralysis on the early morning of June 17th, 1783. It was a strange impulse which made him, within a few hours of his visitation, write an elaborate and eloquent account of it to Mrs. Thrale; and this was followed up for some time by a regular diary of his disease addressed to her. Her replies amused him, and she, in her bitter solitude, accepted his lectures in a humbled spirit, and was "obliged, consoled, and delighted" by them. "You are now retired," Johnson tells her, "and have nothing to impede self-examination or self-improvement. Endeavour to reform that instability of attention which your last letter has happened to betray." Oh, soul of Quintilian! Here was stuff for your copy-book headings, with a vengeance!

Mrs. Thrale's miserable life during the year 1783, at Bath, was varied by a visit to Weymouth in the autumn, illnesses of her children in the winter, and correspondences with Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney. The last was in some sort her confidante; to her she could speak of her sufferings and their cause, and the two ladies regretted that they lived so far apart. Mrs. Thrale's daughters were now growing up about her, a bevy of proud, handsome girls, with fortunes of their own, and no little ambition of a small kind. "I have read to them," she tells Miss Burney in March 1784, "the Bible from beginning to end; the Roman and English histories; Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Young's works, from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's crit-

icisms on the poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and the classics — I mean English classics — they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; '*Rollin des Belles-Lettres*,' and a hundred more. But my best powers are past; and I think I must look out a lady to supply my deficiency to attend them, if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath." Here at least she had her physicians about her, who knew how ill she was, and would do their best not to let her die; but of what other friends could she say as much? Her children's utter lack of sympathy with her, and Dr. Johnson's flagrant egotism, at length exasperated the poor lady into something like vigour of speech. "You tell one of my daughters," she wrote to Johnson, "that you know not with distinctness the cause of my complaints. I believe she, who lives with me, knows it no better." The lady then scolds him roundly, and in English as eloquent as his own. "It is kind in you to quarrel no more," she says, "about expressions which were not meant to offend; but unjust to suppose I have not lately thought myself dying. Let us, however, take the Prince of Abyssinia's advice, and not add to the other evils of life the bitterness of controversy. . . . All this," she continues, relenting again, "is not written by a person in high health and happiness, but by a fellow-sufferer, who has more to endure than she can tell or you can guess; and now let us talk of the Severn salmons, which will be coming in soon: I shall send you one of the finest, and shall be glad to hear that your appetite is good." The lady did not forget her promise, and three weeks later Dr. Johnson wrote: "The Hooles, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hull (Wesley's sister), feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, but I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left."

While Dr. Johnson was enjoying an interval of comparative good health among his London friends, Mrs. Thrale was becoming each day more ill and more unhappy; until at length her good physician, taking the matter into his own hands, informed her daughters that he must write to Signor Piozzi concerning their mother's health. Piozzi, who was living in Milan, received Dr. Dobson's welcome epistle; and in eleven days he was at her side. In the mean time Mrs. Thrale had made up her mind to be broken-hearted no more. The guardians whom Mr. Thrale had

placed over her children were formally acquainted with the fact; and that the three eldest, having heard that Mr. Piozzi was coming back from Italy, had left Bath for their own house at "Brighthelmstone." But Dr. Johnson received, in addition to the "circular," the following letter:—

BATH, June 30.

MY DEAR SIR,—The inclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands somewhat more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connection which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain; I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments; and, though perhaps I am become by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

Your faithful servant.

This was Dr. Johnson's reply:—

MADAM,—If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of woman-kind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours,

July 2, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON.

I will come down if you permit it.

Mrs. Thrale lost no time, but despatched a letter by the coach, "the more speedily and effectually to prevent" the doctor's visit. She was very angry now, and bid him rather a fiery farewell. The next post brought to her a softer missive, "one more sigh of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere." Her old irascible friend did not forget, he told her, in this moment of final separation, "the kindness which had soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." His last advice was, however, that she should induce Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, "where her fortune would be more under her own eye;" his last peroration, enforcing that advice, was an eloquent allusion to the story of Queen Mary, who had crossed the fatal Solway in spite of a similar warning, and—suffered for it.

The marriage which all the world was execrating was solemnized at Bath on July 25, 1784, and in a few weeks the Piozzis were on their way to Italy. Here, among her husband's own people and friends, Mrs. Piozzi found him popular and respected, while the proud Lombardians were at first disposed to doubt whether his wife whom he had brought to visit them could be a gentlewoman by birth, since her first husband was a brewer! The travellers were feasted and honoured wherever they went. When dukes, duchesses, marquises d'Araciel, and princes of Sisterna, showered kindness on her for Piozzi's sake, Mrs. Piozzi took good care to let her English friends hear of it. "Here's honour and glory for you!" she wrote home, in the joy of her heart. But it was not long before she had forgiven her enemies. To her children she lost no opportunity of sending presents and letters; and on December 7th, 1784, she wrote to a young law-student, Samuel Lysons, afterwards keeper of the Tower records: "Do not neglect Dr. Johnson; you will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my chimney." A week later, and her old friend had breathed his last in his dingy home in Fleet Street, London. No sooner was the event known, and the old philosopher at rest under the stones of Westminster Abbey, than the printers were busy issuing "Anecdotes." Everybody who had a story of the dead lion was in a hurry to tell it; and of course Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi were looked to by all the world for the largest and most interesting collections. Her "Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, during the Last Twenty Years of his Life," were written in Italy immediately after the news of his death reached her, shipped off to England from Leghorn, and published in London in 1786, young Samuel Lysons making her bargain for her with Mr. Cadell the publisher. "Judge my transport and my husband's," she wrote nearly thirty years afterwards, "when at Rome we received letters saying the book was bought with such avidity that Cadell had not one copy left when the king sent for it at ten o'clock at night, and he was forced to beg one from a friend to supply his Majesty's impatience, who sate up all night reading it." Boswell, who was preparing his "pyramid," as he called his "Life of Johnson," was outraged at this sudden flare of feminine popularity, and strove to undermine his rival's position by accusing her of inaccuracy and untruth. His efforts were in vain. The whole of

the first impression of her little book was sold on the first day it was published; 300*l.* were lying ready for her in her publisher's hands; and her "Anecdotes" were the gossip of the whole town, although Walpole sneered at them, Hannah More yawned, and Peter Pindar grew funny.

During their residence in Italy, the Piozzis visited Salzburg in Bavaria, the ancient seat of the little Welshwoman's race; and the heralds there, examining her "schedule," acknowledged her, "to the triumphant delight of dear Piozzi," a true descendant of their own prince Adam. Mrs. Piozzi, though this was perhaps no great feather in her cap, shone with some *éclat* among the stars of the Della Crusca Academy in Florence, and wrote a preface to their "Miscellany" of verses, which Walpole called "short, sensible, and genteel." On their return to London in 1787, Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi lived first in Hanover Square, and afterwards at her old home at Streatham Park. In the mean time her children had become partially reconciled to their Italian stepfather; and Cecilia, the youngest, afterwards Mrs. Mostyn, remained constantly resident with her mother. Mrs. Piozzi's old friends discovered by degrees that her marriage was after all no very dire misfortune to her or to them. Her dinners were as good as formerly, and her drawing-room was as much as ever the resort of notables and eccentrics. After a few years, Piozzi, having become enraptured during a tour with the scenery of North Wales, built an Italian villa on the banks of the Clwydd, near to his wife's ruined mansion of Bachygraig, to which they gave the pretty hybrid name of Brynbella; and to this spot he and his wife retired in 1795. The French war in Italy in 1799 having involved Piozzi's relations in great difficulties, Mrs. Piozzi rescued from the general wreck a nephew of her husband, whom his parents had christened John Salusbury, after herself. The little Lombardian, with recollections in his baby head of bloody scenes in fighting cities, was brought to England; and Mrs. Piozzi adopted him as her heir. When he was old enough, she placed him at the school where her own son Henry Thrale had conned his Latin grammar some thirty years before; and the young Salusbury-Piozzi was reared by Henry's mother with exceptional tenderness and care.

Mr. Piozzi died at Brynbella in 1809, and was buried at the little church there. Legends of the courteous Italian linger in the neighbourhood — of his broken

English, and gentle, kindly manners. A portrait of him is preserved among the family pictures at Brynbella, which represents him as good-looking, about forty years old, in a straight-cut brown coat, with frill and ruffles, and some leaves of music in his hand; and one wing of the Italian villa which he built is still said to be haunted by the sounds of his violin. During his life Mr. Piozzi had attended with much prudence and economy to the somewhat confused money matters of his little wife. He had steered her safely through her debts; and at his death he left her mistress of everything they possessed, except a few thousands which he had saved before their marriage, and which he bequeathed to his relatives in Italy.

The loss of her husband left Mrs. Piozzi once more solitary in the world; but no sorrow, not even the greatest sorrow of remembering happier things, could quench now the sunshine which filled her life. During the twelve years which remained for her, we see her, in her letters, and in the records of her friends, still happy, still triumphant, still supremely satisfied. For her, old age was no uglier, no sadder, than a plucked flower that lies doomed and sweet in the sunlight. She had had her full share of earthly joy, and the brightest day in her calendar was ever the anniversary of her second marriage. "No, my dear sir," she wrote to a friend from Bath in 1817, "I will not stir from home till after the 25th of July, which day made me happy thirty-three years ago, after the suffering so many sorrows; and here will I keep its beloved anniversary, always remembering

St. James's Church and St. James's Day,  
And good Mr. James that gave me away."

Until 1814 she had continued to live at Brynbella, visiting occasionally both Bath and Streatham. But at this date young Salusbury left the university and married, and Mrs. Piozzi very generously relinquished to him and his young wife her little Welsh estate and its revenue. To compensate her daughters for their loss of it, she set to work to improve Streatham Park, which they would inherit at her death, and landed herself by this means in new and serious money difficulties. Nevertheless she jogged on, as light-hearted as ever, in her Bath lodging, with her two maids, and with a drawing of Brynbella over her chimney-piece — often, in spite of her 2,000*l.* a year, without 5*l.* of ready money to spend on herself. She al-

most rejoiced in her self-imposed poverty. When bills were thronging in upon her every hour, she told a friend that a certain heavy account for expenses concerning her nephew's marriage had just been sent in from a solicitor, and added, "I call that the *felicity* bill." Her devotion to Piozzi's nephew was not ill rewarded. He was made sheriff of his county, and knighted in 1817; and he and his wife were uniformly dutiful and kind to their benefactress, and at least added no one pang to those she had previously suffered.

In 1819 Tom Moore visited Mrs. Piozzi, and found her "a wonderful old lady." "Faces of other times," he wrote, "seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, Reynoldses, etc. etc. Though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman." It was about this time that she became acquainted with the young actor Conway, and interested herself so enthusiastically in his fortunes that people laughed at her, and said she was in love again. Her eightieth birthday, Jan. 27, 1820, was made the occasion of a brilliant *fête* at Bath, to which the Salusburys from Wales, and friends from all parts of the island, gladly flocked. A concert and supper to between six and seven hundred guests, in the public rooms of Bath, commenced the proceedings; and she led off the ball herself at two in the morning with her adopted son Sir John Salusbury, dancing, said those who were present, with astonishing elasticity and true dignity.

The autumn and winter of that year were spent quietly at Penzance, where she had been told the blasts of winter never came. There she whiled away what she called "six months of exile," looking out over the sea, observing Cornish human nature, with its adjuncts vegetable and mineral, writing witty anecdotic letters to her absent friends, and longing to return with the swallows to her own beloved Bath. But that Cornish winter of 1820-1 was exceptionally severe, and the poor little lady found it hard to maintain her cheerful mood. "Conway," she wrote to a friend, "is in high favour at Bath, the papers say; so indeed do private letters. That young man's value will be one day properly appreciated; and then you and I will be found to have been quite right all along."

On her way homewards to Bath in the spring of 1821, Mrs. Piozzi met with an accident. Recovered from this, she reached Clifton, where an attack of illness overtook her; and she died there, after very

little suffering, on May 2nd, 1821. To her nephew, Sir John Salusbury-Piozzi Salusbury, she left her Welsh estates, and all that she possessed, with the request to her executors that they would be careful to transmit her body, wheresoever she might die, to the vault constructed for their remains by her second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, in Dymchurch Church, Flintshire. And accordingly this last act completed the story of a long and not too happy life. Her three daughters, Lady Keith, Mrs. Hoare, and Miss Thrale, summoned at the last, were round her dying bed. By her written wish the portrait of her mother by Zoffany was given to Lady Keith, who alone of her family could remember her; and that of Mr. Thrale was given to the one daughter who still bore his name. Two days before her death, she had sent the actor Conway a draught for 100*l.*; which he, like an honest man, returned to her executors. The act speaks warmly in his favour, and one is sorry that he was not quite so great a genius as his warm-hearted patroness believed him to be. He drowned himself in 1828. Among his books was found a copy of the folio edition of Young's "Night Thoughts," in which he had made a note that it was presented to him by his "dearly attached friend, the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi."

Of Dr. Johnson it may be said that his personality and talk were more memorable than anything he ever wrote, and the same is true of his friend Mrs. Piozzi. Her "Anecdotes" were popular, but they scarcely deserve to be mentioned in the same category with Boswell's splendidly full and compactly arranged "Life." Her "British Synonymy; or, An Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation," published in 1794, was a compendium of bright table-talk and anecdote; but its pretentious name put the critics and Gifford out of temper. "The Retrospection; or, A Review of the most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations and their Consequences, which the last Eighteen Hundred Years have Presented to the View of Mankind," was published in two quarto volumes, in 1801, and consists of rather more than a thousand pages. "It would," says Mr. Hayward, in his interesting account of her life and writings, "have required the united powers and acquirements of Raleigh, Burke, Gibbon, and Voltaire, to fill so vast a canvas with appropriate groups and figures." She was indeed too ambitious; and we have to fall back on her letters and what we know of



her life, that we may once more understand and believe in her genius and good sense.

Mrs. Piozzi's verdict concerning her personal appearance was a severe one. "No," she used to say, "I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty." And she would boast that she owed her "vigorous, black manuscript" to her large and too muscularly built hand. Boswell called her "short, plump, and brisk;" but Dr. Burney was more polite when in 1782 he included among his lady "wits,"

Thrale, in whose expressive eyes  
Sits a soul above disguise.

The little half-length miniature of her painted in Bath in 1817, in a closely-fitting dress and hat, very nearly resembling the present fashion, represents her as small, well-built, with features finely cut, and a clear, brave glance in the eyes.

It was impossible that she should have lived for so many of her best years in the society of Dr. Johnson without retaining through life many of the results of that companionship. Few women among her younger contemporaries could vie with her in extensive reading and retentive memory, or in readiness of wit. Dr. Johnson had taught her to hate cant; and her honesty both in speech and action was among her most striking characteristics. But he failed utterly to hem her mind round with the prejudices and perversities which beset his own. Her "piety" was less sententious, less methodical; but her charity was undoubtedly of a better sort.

Her sweet temper, also, her vivacity and unselfishness, increased as she grew old; and her last years contrasted most remarkably in this particular with Dr. Johnson's gloomy and hypochondriacal decay. Some of our contemporaries can remember her as far back as 1813, — a kind little old lady, who used to walk in her garden on Streatham Common and hand cakes through her park palings to fair-haired little boys. When the oft-recurring birthday reminded her how old she and the world were growing, she welcomed it with a good grace. "*My jour de naissance* is coming round in a few days now," she wrote in 1816, and quoted some pretty lines of Pope, adding, "Yet I will not, like Dr. Johnson, quarrel with my birthday." On the seventy-sixth anniversary, she wrote gaily to her kind friend Sir James Fellowes about the new fashions that were deforming the world, and added, "Do not suffer yourself to be too

sorry that I am so near out of it." Three years before her death she was quoting in a letter to the same friend some verses of Cowley upon the old sad subject; and this was her brave comment: — "Meanwhile, let us die but once, and not double the pang by cowardice, or poison the dart by wilful sin, but meet the hour with at least as much deference to God's will as every Turk shows to that of the Grand Signior. 'It is the sultan's pleasure,' says he, 'and so ends the matter, — here's my head.'"

ROSALINE ORME MASSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE LADY CANDIDATE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE sun was shining full on the bare rocky mountains that close in the valley of the Tamina, in which Ragatz is situated. The light sharpened each hard outline of the peaks, and caught the glass windows of the Quellenhof Hotel, making them blaze hotly. In front of the great hotel lay its well-laid-out garden, with dazzling gravel-walks, edged with trees trained into fat green wigs on a single stem. The band played invitingly, the fountains splashed, the visitors sat at little marble tables drinking coffee, or aimlessly walked about, splendidly dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and their loud German gutturals filled the air with a sensation as of sharpening knives. In the *salon* on the ground-floor a young lady in blue muslin was persecuting a piano, which, from its appearance, must have come to Ragatz suffering from rheumatism also, for it wore a green baize shirt and trousers.

Through the *salon* into the verandah, with very hurried steps, came two young ladies, and as they opened the glass door, one whispered to the other —

"She is playing again, Rhoda; I wish there were some means of preventing it; it is perfectly intolerable."

"Never mind, it is the best of her two pieces. Oh! that chord; I have learnt to expect it now. How she can — each time, is incomprehensible to me!"

"I peeped into the piece," said Rhoda, "and I see that it is a misprint: the sharp has got attached to the E flat, and the flat to some other note."

They emerged into the verandah; a tall fair-moustached gentleman had just left a comfortable little table under its shade, and conveying blotting-book and ink-bottle

in one hand, a chair in the other, and his pen in his mouth, was seeking about for a little corner out of hearing of the music within.

"I wonder whether Captain Somers is taking the baths himself, Rhoda," said the younger of the two girls, putting up her parasol.

"No; it is his friend that takes them. I hear from the bath-woman that he takes two baths a day and six glasses of that lukewarm water which I hate so much."

"Don't be ungrateful, Rhoda; it has done you a great deal of good."

"But I can't help thinking that you look a little pale, Annie," said Rhoda Langdon affectionately. "I hope you do not feel the heat too much."

"Oh no! I delight in the place, and am very sorry that we have only two days left. Where are you going? Shall we not sit under one of these trees a little while? This is the hottest hour in all the twenty-four."

"I must go and see if the English papers have come. I am getting very anxious about the state of affairs at home."

"Rhoda! you do not mean it? you have not said so before; you do not mean that there will be —"

"Yes, I do. I expect a dissolution before the end of the session."

"What shall I do?"

"Leave it to me and do not fuss yourself. We shall be home in plenty of time."

"But I have not looked at a paper since we have been here. I have no more idea what has been going on than Pauline has."

"These things are soon got up. I will help you when the time comes."

"I wish I could get out of it," said Annie, piteously.

Miss Langdon turned round and put her hand on her cousin's shoulder. "You know it is too late for that—you know you are pledged."

"Women have always been privileged to change their minds."

"Annie! don't talk like a child. Not since their emancipation! not since they took their proper station in society, and came to the front in all parts of the world!"

"Oh, hush! Rhodie. I am sure he will hear you; and please don't walk so fast; I cannot keep up with you."

"But why should he not hear me? I make no secret of my opinions."

"But, Rhoda—please, please —"

"You are a foolish child, Annie, and

quite unfit for the position to which you are destined."

"Yes, I know I am quite unfit; I shall never be able to do it."

"Nonsense; do, for goodness' sake, remember that when a person has pledged his or her word, they cannot withdraw except for some very urgent reason—failing health or —"

"I am not very strong," murmured Annie.

"I never saw you look better in your life, my dear; and as for making a secret with Captain Somers, I cannot see the use of it."

"Not make a secret of it! only say nothing—he knows nothing of your—I mean of our opinions."

"Good-morning, Miss Langdon—good-morning, Miss Annie."

"Good morning, Captain Somers; I hope your friend is better to-day."

Somers' handsome face clouded over as he answered, "Thanks, I wish I could say that he was; but he caught a chill yesterday morning, and has been in great pain all day; he has just gone to his bath, so I am left to my own resources."

"What a pity; but I suppose one must expect ups and downs."

"I am afraid he suffers a great deal," said Annie, gently.

"Yes; at times the neuralgia is almost more than he can bear; he is wonderfully patient, poor old fellow."

"What should you do under similar circumstances, Captain Somers?"

"I am very much afraid, Miss Langdon, that I should swear; but you know men are proverbially less patient under pain than women; my friend is an exception to every rule."

"For good?"

"For all that is excellent. Are you on your way to see the news? I suppose I ought to be more anxious than I am, for this dissolution is hanging like the sword of Damocles over my devoted head."

"What? do you mean that you are going to stand?"

"I am indeed; my father's interest is sure to get me in, so I shall not have much trouble, and shall not hasten back, unless I hear of a strenuous opposition started. I should be sorry to leave Burnley before his time is up."

"But I believe every seat will be contested this time. This last government has lasted so long, and has so amply proved the efficiency of female legislators, that I am persuaded a great many more

women candidates will appear in the lists."

"Heaven forbid!"

"But if you will only allow me to point out —"

"Here we are at the *lèse-salon*," exclaimed Annie, joyfully; "and, Rhoda, there is no time to lose; there is the fat man in the blue spectacles making straight for the *Times* — he will get it!" But with one light bound Rhoda Langdon had reached the table, and taken possession of the one cherished *Times* — from under the very nose of the disappointed gentleman, whose goodly proportions compelled him to move with dignity and reserve. Rhoda sank down on a chair with her prize, and Annie took up the visitors' list with which to amuse herself. Captain Somers drew a chair to the table and sat down beside her.

"There are a good many arrivals," she said — "Son Excellence M. Eugène de Tchelitine, Conseiller privé, and Sénateur-Varsaic, and Mr. Robinson of New York, wife and courier — not a flattering way of putting his suite."

"Look at this one," said he, smiling — "Lady Bigs, London; Sir Marmaduke, and maid — which looks the best?"

"Much of a muchness," she answered, laughing. "We have some grandees — the Frau Gräfin von Beicherbach. My maid was much disappointed when she found that the Frau Gräfin was the little old woman in black alpaca, with a flaxen front; and the tall woman in lilac satin, trimmed with lace, was the wife of Scant and Lavineo in Ipswich." Captain Somers seemed suddenly not to be listening.

"Miss Langdon's looks betray some news," he said, half rising from his chair. Rhoda Langdon was bending over the paper, her face lighted up with excitement, and an expression half of anxiety half of triumph on her very handsome mouth.

"I am almost afraid that it has come," said Annie, her face turning very pale.

"Will it take you away?" he asked.

"At once — instantly," she answered, with quivering lips. "I suppose you also will have to go?"

"I suppose so," he said, gloomily.

Rhoda, now starting from her chair, laid the paper down for one second, while she beckoned to the others to join her: that second was enough, — the fat man with blue spectacles was on the alert, and with the rapidity of a flash of lightning had secured the treasure. Annie could not help laughing as her discomfited cousin made her way up to her.

"Annie, wonderful news! He has dissolved Parliament; some of the writs are out already; there is not an hour to lose; the leader says that the closest canvass is anticipated: the most abrupt dissolution since Gladstone's famous one in seventy-three. Heaven grant that we may not be too late."

"But you cannot — indeed, you cannot start to-night," said Captain Somers, eagerly. "There is no train."

"I must see to it — I must pack at once;" and she hastened on towards the house.

"I hope you will not go so very quickly," he said to Annie, as they followed more slowly.

"Indeed we must," she said, with a sigh; "I do not see any alternative."

"At least, let us have one more drive together this afternoon."

"I am afraid Rhoda will be too busy to come."

"Then come with us. I am sure Burnley is *chaperon* enough for you."

"Oh yes! I should like it very much if Rhoda will let me."

"Do you always ask her leave?"

"Yes, always; you do not know how good she is to me."

"Well, I suppose you must go," he said, discontentedly, as Rhoda turned round, beckoning. "Remember I shall count on you. I shall order the carriage at half past three; and you must not disappoint Burnley: he has enough to bear without the added weight of disappointment."

She only laughed as she followed Rhoda up-stairs.

Annie Herbert found her cousin already deep in the mysteries of a foreign Bradshaw.

"Stop, stop! don't speak! 5.10 — no; 5.5 in the morning gets to Zurich at 9.30. Wait there till 10.5. Very slow train, but the only one. A pencil, Annie. Bâle at 12.46. That would do. Now do you think we could go on that night, or will it be too much for you? Don't interrupt. Train starts at 11.30; arrives in Paris 5.20 A.M. Can we catch the tidal train? Yes, but it gives us only time to drive straight across Paris to the Chemin de Fer du Nord."

"Oh, Rhoda!"

"I cannot stop to talk now, dear; ring for Pauline. We must begin packing at once. We shall be able to get to London on Saturday at the very latest, or Friday night, and go down on Saturday to Lough-tonstone. Here, open my desk — there

are the keys—give them to Pauline, and send for the boxes while I run down to make Giorgi telegraph to Scoton. Here, Pauline! how long you have been! What have you got there?"

"A *dépêche*, mademoiselle," and Rhoda seized the telegram she held out.

"Excellent! capital!" she cried to the bewildered Annie. "Scoton says—'Good cottage vacant, close to town. Shall I take it? Have sent down agent.' What a quick fellow he is. I must send off at once. Now Annie, dear, begin with your drawing-things."

And she was gone.

"*Ces demoiselles* start at once?" asked Pauline.

"Yes, not a moment to lose," answered Annie, half-laughing. "Can you be ready?"

"But—yes, mademoiselle, I will try. But the linen—the boxes! I do not know!"

Annie was looking ruefully at a large sketch half-finished, just in the condition to which a sketch attains after the period of anxiety is over, and that of enjoyment begins. She began to put her drawing-materials together with a deep sigh. Both were busily engaged when Rhoda came back.

"That's right, Annie," she said, cheerily. "Pauline and I can easily manage the rest during the afternoon."

"Can you? Then may I go out with Captain Somers and Mr. Burnley?"

"Yes, dear, certainly."

"Why do you put your hand to your head? Not neuralgia again, I hope?"

"No, very little; it is only the excitement; it will go off. Oh, Annie!" she cried, seizing her cousin's hands, "give me a kiss! I have a conviction—a certainty that we are going to victory."

## CHAPTER II.

A SMALL carriage wound slowly up the narrow valley of Pfäfers. Annie Herbert and Mr. Burnley sat in it side by side, and Captain Somers walked by them; the driver, also on foot, guided his gaunt horse along the road. At the bottom of the gorge flows, or rather rushes and falls, the little river, too solid a rush of water to break on the stones, and tearing in frothy masses over its tormented bed. On either side close in the rocks, rising to a great perpendicular height, sometimes bending forwards over the valley. It was a slow ascent, though little more than two miles and a half. Mr. Burnley, a pale dark-haired man of about fifty years of age,

lay back in the carriage, saying little, but enjoying the cooler air of the gorge. His wan face was thin and haggard from suffering, and the expression of the large eyes and compressed lips told of the torments of five years of *tic-douloureux*.

"I am so sorry that you are going, Miss Herbert," he said at last. "We shall miss you sadly during the fortnight longer that I must stay here."

"I hope Captain Somers will be able to stay with you."

"He says he sees no reason why he should go for another ten days. I don't know what I should do without him," he said, wearily. "If I did not know that his seat was secure enough, I would not let him stay. I wonder why you are in such a hurry. I suppose Miss Langdon does not mean to stand, does she?"

"No, not exactly; but——"

"Ah, she is anxious to canvass for some friend, of course, and also to record her vote and yours—yes, yes, of course."

"Do you approve of female members?" she said, hesitatingly.

Mr. Burnley smiled. "It is too late to disapprove," he answered.

"But you think they were very foolish this session, do you?"

"Some were, undoubtedly. But I do think one thing, which is that the cleverest women are out, not in Parliament."

"Do you not think Miss Green very clever?"

"In a way, yes; but Mrs. Thomson is much cleverer."

"Mrs. Thomson! who has never spoken once?"

"Yes, I believe her to be the ablest woman in the House. I am glad Miss Langdon is not going to stand."

"Why?" she said, falteringly.

"I do not consider her adapted for public life. She is too enthusiastic, too superficially educated, too prejudiced, too Radical."

"You are speaking of my cousin," said Annie, who could not avoid a tone of mortification in her voice; "and if you knew her better, I am certain that you would think her, as I do, the very cleverest, most accomplished of women."

"I am sorry I spoke so, my dear," he said, very gently; "only I should not like to think that you would be hand-in-glove with a Radical female member."

"But I am a Radical," she faltered.

"Well, perhaps some day you will change your mind, who knows? Look—how beautifully the light has caught the top of that huge mountain! I shall wait

in the carriage at the hotel, while, if you like, Hugh can take you into that wonderful cavern-like gorge."

"I wish one could drive up to the source. I fear that you will be obliged to leave Ragatz without having seen it once."

"I hope not."

He leant back wearily. Slowly they climbed on, the carriage having now and then to drive close under the rocks to let another pass it on the very narrow road. At last they reached the barrack-like hotel, where the gorge became too narrow for a road, and Captain Somers came up to them.

"Would you like to come on with me, Miss Herbert?" he said, anxiously.

"Yes," she said, adding to her companion, "if you do not mind; we will be very quick."

"No, no — do not mind me; this cool air is quite delicious, after the heat of the valley: but you must take a shawl, — it will be very cold in the rocks."

"Thanks."

Somers, standing on the carriage-step, rearranged his friend's air-cushions with the tenderness of a woman; then, with a cheery "Good-bye," the two walked off together. Mr. Burnley looked after them with a slight sigh, and an expression full of affectionate interest. Annie looked very pretty, following Hugh, with the light shining on her lovely fair hair, and checking her little white gown.

They entered the hotel, through which visitors are obliged to pass, and crossing by a wooden bridge the foaming torrent, entered the gorge of Pfäfers: a narrow boarded path close under the rocks overhung the river, which, angry before, here seemed to have become furious.

For some paces they went on along the path, and now the huge rocks closed overhead, and only now and then parting or splitting aside admitted a sheet of misty light; it was very dark, and the constant drip made the path slippery, and for some time Annie's whole attention was occupied by keeping her footing; a nervous, breathless awe seemed to come over her also in this wild place, where all was one unceasing roar and dash of water. Now the path became so dark and slippery that Hugh Somers turned back and offered her his arm, and they went on together.

"Look there!" he said, suddenly, for the rocks had broken open, and a wonderful gleam of straight light streamed down; far, far above they caught a glimpse of waving green on the top of the mountain.

"Here we are at the source," he said,

as they came on to a small plateau — three narrow doors in the solid rock, and between them a fountain from which the water fell. Two of the doors were closed, but through their chinks poured hot steam; the third was open, a red light shone from it, and the air was very hot.

"Dante's Inferno," whispered Annie.

"Yes, the red light of the old guide is very suggestive. Shall we go in?"

An old man, who might have been the spirit of the place, in garments which appeared moss-grown, and a knotted beard like grey lichen, appeared at the door, and stood in a cloud of steam.

"*Un poco piu basso, amico mio*," whispered Annie, as Hugh Somers disappeared into the rock; then half-laughing, to shake off the awe of the place, she moved away to the edge of the path, and holding the wooden railing, looked down on the torrent: it was a strange scene, all seemed so wild and lonely, and she walked back along the path into the darkness, and stood under a huge black rock, watching the shaft-like lights. She started when her companion rejoined her.

"Will you have some water?" he said, holding out a shining, dripping glassful of water from the source.

"Thanks. I should be glad if it were fresh and cool; but the warmth of it is unnatural! I have had enough." He tossed away the water, and returned to restore the glass. "What are you looking at?" he said, rejoining his companion.

"I was looking for old Charon's boat; can you not see him come down, standing upright, with his great brown brawny figure and floating beard, pushing off the rocks with one mighty oar?"

"He must have a good punt."

"And the boat full of cringing, terrified mortals," she continued, unheeding, "clinging to each other on their way to the twilight regions."

"We need not think of Charon yet," he said.

"It is never too early to begin, though we are still young."

Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

But we ought to be going; your friend will be tired of waiting."

"Do not hurry, — I shall see so little more of you now. Will you take my arm?"

"Thanks, I can go alone. How dark it is just here!"

"Yes; do take care, it is so slippery! Ha! Good heavens!"

In the wet slippery darkness he saw her stumble, catch at the railings, and fall against them. One of them cracked loudly; there was no real danger, but he caught her in his arms in agony. "Annie! Annie! my darling! you are not hurt!"

"No, thanks," she said faintly.

"Take my arm; you must—you shall; tell me you are not hurt—heavens! what it might have been."

"I am not hurt," she gasped.

"Here, hold my arm—come out of this infernal hole;" and with his arm round her waist, he hurried her along. Before they emerged into daylight, however, she stopped a moment, and leant against the rocks.

"You are tired," he said, anxiously.

"Only a little; I will wait one moment."

She stood still, recovering her breath; then taking her companion's arm, they returned to Burnley.

"Why, Hugh, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" exclaimed his friend. Somers made no answer, but walked off down the road with long strides. Annie looked a little pale, but so sweet and sunshiny that he thought it best to ask no questions.

### CHAPTER III.

THE sun was going down, and a rosy light played over the mountains. In front of the circular temple belonging to the band lay a pavilion with a wide portico of Grecian architecture, under which at this hour the world assembled to listen to the band's sweet strains, and to eat ices and drink coffee. There they were all assembled, the German ladies invariably knitting articles of white thread; the German gentlemen smoking in silence, only an occasional burst of conversation breaking in on their ruminating attention to the band, which played the wild, sweet music of the future.

Annie and Rhoda came, after a while, to take their customary seats at a round table at the end of the portico, from whence they could enjoy a view of the whole assembled company.

"Alas! for the last time," said the latter, sadly, as the smiling little German maid filled their cups; "and in all this time she has never learnt that we never take milk in our coffee."

"There are all our old friends, as if assembled on purpose for a last sight. The paper-snatcher looks hungry and pale; I am afraid he did not keep the *Times* he got in so mean a way?"

"And there is the Frau Baronin with her two sons, one as usual on each side; and Piggy—only look at Piggy's face, now that she is giving him some of that mountainous ice! A loving satisfaction beams over it."

"I do not see the Hungarian general. Yes, there he is, with his contralto daughter. I shall never forget that magnificent voice: it was the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I wonder if we shall ever hear it again."

"It will be all the same a hundred years hence," answered Rhoda, lightly; "look at the mountains."

Slowly the light kept rising, like a delicate rose-coloured veil unfolding upwards, till the valley lay in shade, and a faint cool breeze began to blow.

Mr. Burnley and Hugh Somers strolled up to them, and the band burst into a new strain. They mounted the steps, and seated themselves by their friends to listen.

"To-morrow you will be rushing away into the glare of the world again, Miss Langdon," said the latter, sentimentally.

"I think we have had almost enough of this sort of life," she answered, briskly.

"Enough of Arcadia?"

"Is this your idea of Arcadia?" she asked, a little sharply.

"Well, I do not know that it is a misplaced idea. Arcadias are relative; but it is really the poetical ideal—warmth, sunshine, flowers, and bowers, incessant amusement; your one business to lave your weary limbs in life-giving waters, in porcelain baths, or dry them on marble floors; to drink iced wines, criticise your neighbours, love, honour, and obey your doctor; and so glide down life without a care."

"And how about the twinges of rheumatism and agonies of incipient gout?"

"Where is the Eden without its serpent?"

"As you said, Arcadias are relative."

"May I ask your idea?"

"The House of Commons," she answered, abruptly. It was all that Burnley could do not to laugh. He swallowed a mouthful of coffee convulsively; but Rhoda looked so handsome as she said it—her dark eyes flashed, the rich colour mantled in her cheek—that Somers could not help admiring her.

"You should stand, Miss Langdon, by Jove!" he said.

"I would, if I had the money," she said, briefly.

"If you would only take my seat from



me, my father's interest would return you free of expense; but, unfortunately, he is very old-fashioned, has a horror of the female members, and I am afraid would disinherit me were I even to suggest it in the mildest way possible."

Burnley, who was sitting by Annie, could not avoid seeing that the colour had died out of her face, leaving it as white as a sheet. He hurriedly turned the subject.

"I hope we shall all meet in London some time this winter," he said; "and we will avail ourselves of your permission to call on you in your house, Miss Langdon."

"It is not my house," she said, a little abruptly; "it belongs to my cousin."

"It is all the same, Rhoda," said Annie, gently stroking her hand under the table.

"Shall you go straight there?"

"Yes — no — I cannot quite tell; plans cannot be decided until the election is over."

"I hope my father and sisters will make your acquaintance soon," said Somers. "They always go up immediately after Christmas."

"It will be a great pleasure to us," said Rhoda, a little stiffly. Annie wished to say something, but the words would not come.

"Oh, how we shall miss you!" sighed he.

"I fear that we shall find it very dull," said Mr. Burnley, with a sigh. "But ten days of this monotonous life pass very quickly. I cannot believe that you have been here the full time."

"All but two baths — we have, indeed."

"I am sure it is a great mistake not finishing the cure; it takes away half the effect of the waters."

"Two days cannot make much difference; and if it does, you see it cannot be helped. Come, Annie dear, if you have finished your coffee we had better go in; there is still a good deal to do."

"Oh, what a beautiful specimen!" cried Burnley, with the joy of a naturalist, pointing to a fly which had settled on one of the tables; "bright crimson back, opal wings, and such a lovely prismatic stomach!"

"If I can catch it, would you like to have it, Annie?" murmured Captain Somers.

Did she imagine he called her that, or was it true? He spoke so low that she could not be sure.

"Yes," she said. Burnley produced a little bottle of chloroform and a small cardboard box from a side-pocket, and in

less than five minutes the beautiful insect was installed as one of Annie Herbert's greatest treasures.

The early morning saw the train slowly winding its way through the valley of the Rhine, passing the lovely Wallenstadt, and crossing wooded, highly cultivated land, where orchard-trees bowed under the weight of their fruit, the grapes slowly ripened under a loving sun, and Indian corn waved its rich leaves with every passing breath. It was very hot when the travellers arrived at Bâle, so hot that they were glad to lie down in a darkened room till mid-day was over. Annie was tired in the afternoon and remained in her room, while Rhoda went out. Poor little Annie felt very low and woe-begone. The approaching battle had no charms for her; and a few words uttered by Hugh Somers the day before had shattered to pieces all happy dreams of the future in which she had allowed herself a little to indulge. When Rhoda came in she was quite distressed by her pale face and listless manner.

"I have been enjoying myself immensely, Annie," she said. "I have had what I always wished to have, a good long study of 'The Dance of Death.'"

"How very unpleasant!" said Annie; "I hate those pictures."

"They are most interesting! especially as some degree of self-mastery is necessary in order to enjoy them. I was conscious of a certain shrinking from them in repulsion, so I compelled myself to stand before these skeletons, gazing into their hollow eyes, tracing each bony limb, and wondering what they would look like when covered with fair white flesh; and I tried to realize that I myself underneath my skin was an exact counterpart of that gaunt skeleton."

"Did you feel comfortable when you had realized it, Rhoda?"

"I felt satisfied. I am never happy till I can feel that I have overcome any foolish fancy. Knowing what we are, is it not best to face the fact? Everything painful and repulsive should be fairly faced and examined in this world, and then it will cease to be so. You see, not having faced death is the reason that all those unhappy mortals are shrinking away in such terror. Now, at this moment, I feel as if, should that bony hand be placed on my shoulder — Good heavens! what's that?"

"Only Pauline," said Annie, smiling, as the maid burst suddenly into the room. "You have looked at those horrors too

long. I suppose she has come to tell us it is time for *table d'hôte*."

It was late in the evening, and Annie sat out on a little balcony of their sitting-room which overhung the Rhine. She was dressed, all ready to start on their long night journey. She had prepared early in order to enjoy to the last the delicious freshness of the river. The balcony overhung the water, and from it she gazed down into the grand, mighty-flowing Rhine, as black as the black sky above, and rolling heavily ever onwards. The shadows passing to and fro over the distant bridge streamed in broken spirit-like ripples down the current. Old stories passed through Annie's mind, of lovely ondines swimming with white outstretched arms, with long hair streaming; of frightful kobolds standing on the dark shore, waiting till an ondine should come near enough to seize by her floating hair, and draw her to earth and misery. Even now, in the dark, she could almost trace the passage of one of these sweet river spirits. She saw her start from under the bridge, and come floating on playfully, tossing bubbles and spray, which caught and entangled themselves in the quivering lights from the town. On she came, floating, dancing, and playing, and then flew past the balcony, disguised as a tossing, dark wavelet on the rushing Rhine.

"Dreaming, Annie?" said Rhoda's deep voice.

"I am glad you have come, Rhoda," she answered. "I have been dreaming; but I am awake now, and I wanted to speak to you."

"Yes, dear," answered her cousin, kneeling down beside her.

Annie put her arms round her neck, and began to speak with hesitation, looking away down the river.

"Rhoda, when first I made that pledge to contest Loughtonstone, my ideas were very different from what they are now. I was only a shadow of you, then, dear Rhodie, you had taught me so well. Now, lately a new sense has come over me. I cannot quite describe it; but it is a sense of individuality. My childhood is gone forever." She would not turn round to encounter the anxious pleading face of Rhoda, but went on —

"I used to think, as so many better and wiser than myself think, that in power of standing alone, of independence and strength, women were more than equal to men. Women are happier unmarried than men are generally—at least, I fancied so."

"Annie! what do you mean? has he said anything to you?"

"Nothing! only once, for one moment he betrayed himself. He loves me, Rhodie, and I—I am very much afraid I love him too."

"Annie!"

"Wait, Rhoda! hear me to the end. Did you hear what he said yesterday about his father?—he would disinherit him if he even proposed that you should take his place; if it is so,—if his feelings are so strong against a friend, who in this age of emancipation has ventured to have an intellect of her own,—what would they be should he discover that such an individual had been chosen by his son for his wife? No, Rhoda; with those words all that ended. I must never see him again; he will forget me, whom he has known for so short a time, and some one else will replace me in his heart; and I—I also will forget. I have had a vision, an idea of what that double life must be that old-fashioned people talk so much about. I have even for a little time believed that it would be best for me, happier, sweeter than that finer life for which you have educated me; but it is all over now. I put myself in your hands. Make a famous woman of me! Teach me to speak to crowds, harangue multitudes, not to falter before the House itself; I am myself again!"

"Annie, I breathe once more,"

"Some of your enthusiasm has come to me. I feel as if I could do anything. I am longing to arrive. I shall see my doings, speeches, canvassing, extolled in all the papers; and Captain Somers' haughty, selfish father shall hear of me, admire me in spite of himself; and notoriety and fame henceforth shall be more precious in my eyes than love."

With that the female candidate burst into a passion of tears.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE little borough of Loughtonstone is situated in one of the prettiest parts of England, a mixture of highly-cultivated green country and remnants of old forest land. Loughton Castle was in what might have been called a bad neighbourhood, for it was the only place of any mark near the town. The estate was very large, comprising a large portion of the town; and Colonel Greydon, its owner, was supposed to be always able to carry the seat by his influence. For thirty years he had sat in Parliament himself; then, his son being still too young to take up the he-

editary dignity, he caused his brother to stand, persuading him to do so much against his will, till his boy should have had a couple of years in the army at least. But the two years turned out to be nearer four, for the Prussian war having broken out, retirement became out of the question: and after a year's service abroad, the young soldier returned to find his faithful uncle endeavouring with yearning anxiety to get a little pet bill of his own through the House, which caused another year's delay.

Now, with the rapidity of lightning, came the startling announcement that the new writs were out, and like a thunderbolt fell on the constituents of Loughtonstone the news that their borough was about to be contested. At first, when the news spread, no one would believe it — it was ridiculous, out of the question; and greater still was their astonishment when it was further rumoured that the candidate was a woman. A strange agent arrived on the very day of the dissolution, and took Pineapple Cottage, a little white house with green shutters and a long balcony, a little way out of the town, in the main street. The agent was wonderfully active; he had organized a committee, appointed a chairman, portioned out the town for canvassing, before the worthy citizens knew where they were; and before the second night was over the constituents awoke to find the whole town placarded with enormous white placards, — "Vote for the Female Candidate! Herbert forever!"

If consternation was great in the town, it was ten times greater in the castle; no one for a while dared to break it to the old colonel, but it could not be long concealed. Secure in his position, as he imagined himself, he contented himself with telegraphing for his son on the second day; and mounting his favourite old hunter, rode down to the town to call on the mayor, choose the days most convenient to himself for his son's speeches, and make arrangements for the issue of his address as soon as he should send it. Great was the shock that awaited him. At the first sight of one of Scoton's placards he grew purple, and reined in his horse with a force to which his old companion was unaccustomed. He did not like contradiction any more than his master did, and snorting and grunting, he began to kick lustily: the colonel reined him in, striking him lightly with his reins as he bent forward to read the hateful inscription, — "Quiet, sir, quiet!"

At this moment a crowd of boys and young men came past, evidently already in the excitement of an impending election, and seeing the placard, and the old colonel on his horse kicking in front of it, they shouted mischievously, "Long live the female candidate! — Herbert forever!" Colonel Greydon relaxed his rein, and turning his horse, spurred that indignant animal, making it gallop out of the town, and did not stop till it stood snorting before the castle door.

Two or three days passed, and every day fresh advances of the Radical canvass were reported, but the candidate had not yet appeared; and the proud old colonel determined that less should be done than usual — he would not enter into competition with a female — he would not call her a woman.

Sunday morning came, — one of those brilliant sunny days in hot August that seem all alive with happy insect life, all silent from the work of busy man.

The castle stood in a part of the park which had been old forest land: the round tower only remained of an Edwardian building; the rest had transformed itself into a large roomy country-house; the comfortable drawing-rooms and library were on the ground-floor, with windows opening on to the forest ground. The colonel would allow no smooth lawn or flowers in front; all such were banished to the back or western side, where a pretty flower-garden lay.

It was breakfast-time, the hot rolls and yellow butter already set out, the mirrors shining brightly and reflecting all the pretty decorations of that sunny breakfast-room. Outside the French window, waiting till their father should appear, strolled two very pretty brown-haired girls. One of them held an evening paper in her hand, and both had an expression of amused anxiety on their faces.

"What shall I do, Amy?" said the elder; "shall I give it to papa as if nothing had happened, and let him find it out for himself?"

"Wait till he has had his breakfast."

"But he is sure to ask for it at once."

"Very well, Alice, only turn it so that it does not come on him at once as too much of a shock. What a lovely morning!"

"It will be delicious, walking to church."

"Come along, girls," sounded from the open window, and they went in, Amy putting the alarming paper with an air of too obvious unconcern upon a side-table.

"Is that the evening paper? Give it to

me, and make my tea quickly, child; I am rather late this morning."

While Alice applied herself to her tea-making, the colonel crossed his legs, adjusted his gold eye-glasses on his nose, and leaning back in his chair, held the paper some way from him and skimmed through its contents.

"Hullo!"—the two girls started and looked at each other guiltily: but the colonel said no more; he tossed aside the paper as if it had stung him, and with a frown which almost made his grey eyebrows meet, cracked his egg.

"When did your brother say he would come, Alice?" he said, gruffly.

"He said in his last letter about Tuesday week, papa; but, of course, he could hurry home if you wished it."

"Not I; he shall not hurry home a single day sooner; I will have no show of opposition made."

"Not even to remove the new placard, papa?"

"What new placard?"

"The one on the lodge-gate."

"D——n," quoth the colonel.

"Is there anything in the evening paper, papa?" said the privileged Amy, mischievously.

Colonel Greydon tossed the paper over to her, and buttered his toast with would-be tranquillity.

"Read the address," he said; and Amy read a little nervously:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF LOUGHTON-STONE BOROUGH, STONESHIRE.

"GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, — I come before you for the first time as candidate for the honour of representing you in Parliament. Having so short a time before me for making the personal acquaintance of this important constituency, I announce immediately my principles and intentions. Gentlemen and Ladies, — I am a Radical; I am a female. I am a strong advocate for the Abolition of Spirituous Liquors Bill. I hold strongly to the establishment of the Rights of Females to sit in the Cabinet Bill; also of the General Redistribution of Property Bill. I shall vote, should you honour me with your confidence, for the Mixed Compulsory Upper Classes Education Bill, to be introduced this session; and will do my best to forward all bills tending to increase the progress and emancipation of our country from the trammels which are cast about it by the intolerance, ignorance, and tyranny of those who would oppress the majority of the English people, — the

weaker majority, weakened by oppression, by denial of the rights of education, to which every English female is entitled, — weakened by the tyranny which has been exercised for countless ages, but which this glorious century has begun to cast away, so that the future of our country rises like a rising sun, more brilliant, perhaps, for the darkness of the night — and over England's people, her laws and statutes, shall reign that majority which has learnt its long dormant power at last. Ladies and Gentlemen, — I claim your indulgence to one who stands forth for the first time in a public capacity; and should you favour me with your confidence, I shall make it the business of my life to forward your interests and add to the importance of your borough.

"ANNIE HERBERT."

The colonel was stamping about the room before she had done reading, but when it was over he came back.

"Get on with your breakfast, girls," he said. "You are dawdling so much that the servants will have a scramble to be ready for church." They obeyed, saying no more about the sore subject.

In another half-hour the three were on their way to church, walking down a green grass path through the part of the park which they called the forest: the trees at places touched each other overhead, forming a cool covering and shade from the August sun. About a mile of green woodland walk brought them to the church, a small beautiful building built by Colonel Greydon for the use of his own tenants and the villa portion of the straggling town, which was some way from the parish church.

After service, as they came out, Amy touched Alice's arm: "Look, Alice, look — there they are."

"Who? what?"

"The female candidate and her friend."

"Come this way and let me see — ah! it is easy enough to see which is the candidate and which is the friend."

"The dark one, of course?"

"Unquestionably."

"Come along," said the colonel. "What are you lingering for?"

"It is the female candidate, papa, and her friend."

"Well, what does the brazen hussy look like?" he said, striding on.

"Very dark and handsome, with such a determined face and such a lovely gown; it must have come from Paris."

"But the friend, papa," cried Alice, "is

quite lovely; a little blue-eyed thing with exquisite golden hair, and the colour coming and going in her cheeks like a child; she does not look more than eighteen."

"Poor misguided child! she ought to be whipped and sent to bed."

All the resentful flush of eighteen mounted into Amy's face.

"After all, papa," she began, "women have a right to —"

"To what, my dear?"

"To — to —"

"To make fools of themselves; yes, my dear, as much as men. Far be it from me to deny such rights."

And they went in.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Now, Annie, you must do it; let us make haste and get it over."

"Rhoda, I can't; indeed I can't."

"Come, make haste; we have a great deal of canvassing to get through to-day."

"But his own lodge — what will they think of us? Has one really a right to interfere with his own people?"

"Nonsense; conscience, intellect, and votes are free — cannot be let or sold nowadays, thank heaven;" and Rhoda Langdon pushed past her friend, and knocked at the door of John Brand, the lodge-keeper of Greydon Castle.

"Come in, ladies; take a seat, ma'am," said Mrs. Brand, ushering them in. "Very glad to see you, ma'am; it is rare hot weather to be sure."

"I hope you are quite well," said Rhoda, amiably.

"Pretty well, thank you, ma'am. I enjoy good health as a rule, I does, and thank heaven for *that*, which am the mother of nine, and the youngest troubled with his teething, and don't get no better though I've given him a sight o' soothing-syrup; he's a hearty chap, he is, and takes a deal more nor the others did, bless 'im; but it don't seem to do him so much more good neither."

"How old is he, Mrs. Brand?" said Annie, gently.

"Better nor thirteen months, he is, and a finer baby nor he is of his age ye'll not see on a summer's day, though I say it as shouldn't, being the mother o' nine, and have brought 'em all up, bless 'em, but I'll not deny as I've one as is a poor thing, a very poor thing, and 'as given me a good bit o' trouble in my day."

"Poor little thing!" said Annie. "How old is she?"

"Well, Tom, he's nine, and Bill's eight, and Betsy's seven, and Jack's six. I'm

thinking as Sairy-Anne must be five, to be sure."

"What is the matter with her?" said Rhoda, abstractedly.

"Well, ma'am, I can't say as there's anything really the matter with her; but she's a poor thing, pale-like, and cries awful sometimes. I think it's something of a pine. Here, Sairy-Anne, come and speak to the ladies; come, drop your curtsy; here she is, ma'am, and many a time I think as I'll not rear her."

The pale, overgrown child twisted her apron, wonderingly.

"I know something that would certainly do her good, Mrs. Brand," said Annie eagerly. "May I send you a bottle of it for her? It is cod-liver oil."

"Indeed, miss, and I thank you kindly, and I'll be too glad to give her the oils. Mrs. Jones, as keeps the little shop, first turning down Hammoth Lane, she'd two as went off in a pine, much as this'n's going off, and the oils did them a sight o' good. She'd buried four, she had; but she was a weakly one herself, she was."

"I will bring you the bottle to-morrow," said Annie.

"Now, my good woman," began Rhoda, "I want to talk to you about more serious things. Do you take much interest in the political crisis now hanging over the town?"

"Ma'am?"

"Is your husband a Radical or a Conservative?"

"'Deed, ma'am, and it's more than I can say — my husband were always true blue; but he says to me yesterday, 'Nance,' he says, 'if either o' them 'lectioneering misses come to this here house, you leaves 'em to me.' And they've not come anigh the place. 'What could they want with the like o' us?' says I: and my husband flushes up, and he says, says he, 'One man's vote's as good as another, and it's worth their trouble to see what they can get.' He's a hasty man, is my Tom, he is, bless 'im."

"Is your husband at home now?" asked Rhoda, growing rather red.

"Yes, ma'am, he is; but lawks! you're none of them as canvasses, are you, ma'am?"

"Yes, I am," said Rhoda, calmly; "and in a few moments' conversation I think I shall be able to convince him."

"Convince my Tom! Law bless you, ma'am, it'll take a sight o' time to do that; but I'll tell him you are here — he's in the kitchen."

"I think I will go to him, if I may,"

said Rhoda, feeling that to expound her views before this voluble mother of nine was little short of an impossibility. "Annie, will you wait for me here?"

Annie was only too glad; and turning with great eagerness to the lodge-keeper's wife, entreated to be allowed to see the baby. Mrs. Brand merely lifted a shawl off something in the corner, and displayed the most beautiful baby Annie had ever seen, lying in a profound sleep; its little dimpled hands were on the blue cotton coverlet, its soft brown curls were tossed all above the pillow, the rosy mouth a little open, and the round cheeks flushed with sleep.

"Oh, what a beautiful boy!" she said, bending over him.

"And he is, indeed, bless him, and a regular Rooshian he is when he's up and about, for he's stout on his legs already, ma'am—the earliest on his legs as I've had, 'cepting Lizzie, as walked at eleven months. Miss Alice said as this here one was a progeny; and she says as she will give me some little sweeties as'll make him better with his teeth, which I hope it may, and as I wasn't to use no more o' the 'Blessing to Mothers,' which it's on the bottle, and a beautiful inscription about the little sufferer."

"She is quite right," said Annie. "Does she often come and see you?"

"Most every day she or Miss Amy drops in, or the colonel after Tom, or Miss Alice after Lizzie and Tom, as is in her class, and mostly stays for a few words with a body."

"You must be very fond of them?"

"Fond! ay, that we are, we as have seen 'em born so to speak; leastwise I have, for I were called in when the colonel's lady was took ill, and Miss Amy she were three days old—and a poor thing she was, bless her—when her poor dear mother were took ill, and died in a week, and the colonel were never the same man after that, turned as grey as my Tom is now, and that were nigh on eighteen years ago. Blest if that isn't Miss Amy a coming up the garden-gate, and all her dogs with her, bless 'em. Fond of 'em! I should think we were, to be sure." And she hastened to open the door and admit her visitor.

Annie hung timidly back as Amy Greydon came in, followed by three Skyes and a fine fox-terrier. Amy was talking eagerly.

"I am so sorry about it, Mrs. Brand, and it shall not happen again; but Nettle has become so very mischievous, that I can scarcely control him at all."

"Bless you, miss, don't think no more about it—it's but one chicken after all; and, bless you, the captain's dog is welcome to it."

"I should not have cared so much if it had been Skye, or Fidget, or Doonah; but Jack will say that I have completely spoilt Nettle."

Annie could not help sneezing at this moment; her sneeze awoke Amy to consciousness of her existence; she came cautiously forward.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I did not know that any one was here."

"Has one of your dogs been doing mischief?" said Annie, smiling.

"My brother's dog has eaten a chicken," answered Amy, with grave concern. "Ar-r-r-r, Nettle! Ar-r-r, bad dog! Ar-r-r, chicken! Do you hear? Ar-r-r-r."

The dog slunk under the table, and, putting its two paws together, begged.

"You see how irresistible he is," said Amy, laughing; "and he does not care for anything I say—bad dog!"

But hearing her laugh, Nettle had jumped up and was wagging his tail. The other Skyes had all sat down, two with smiling faces and red tongues hanging out, the third enjoying a most comfortable scratch.

"Do you always take such a large pack out with you?" said Annie.

"Yes, unless papa wants them; but he has the big dogs to-day: we change about. I had almost forgotten my message, Mrs. Brand. Papa wants Brand by the three oaks at once, there is a little elm to be cut down there. See! he is coming himself."

The latch-gate opened, and the colonel twisting his cane in one hand, called lustily, "Brand! Brand, I say!"

Out rushed the lodge-keeper, and Rhoda, finding herself deserted, returned to the parlour.

"Come, Annie!" she said; "it is time that we should be going on."

Annie stooped down and kissed the sweet little face of the sleeping child, and bowing smilingly to Amy, followed her cousin. The colonel and Tom Brand were standing by the gate, and the former seeing two handsome, well-dressed young ladies in his own lodge, lifted his hat courteously.

"Who are they, Tom?" he asked. The lodge-keeper answered with an irrepressible chuckle, "Law, sir! they be the female candidate!"

The colonel again gave vent to an ejaculation not intended for ears polite.



"Well, Rhoda, and how have you fared?"

"Not so well as I could wish," she answered. "Can stupid ignorance go further? He listened to all I had to say, and I was quite fluent to-day—you know how fluent I can be sometimes; and when I had finished, he said (it was so coarse, Annie)—he said, 'All right, ma'am; but I, for my part, thinks as women ought to keep their proper places.' 'Define,' said I—'Define!' he answered: 'well, I'll define, asking your pardon, if I seems rude—which were made first, Adam or Eve? Adam, in course; and what were Eve made for?' For the first time, Annie, since I began to think about these things, I was puzzled to answer, only because of the ignorance of the creature; and he actually got up and fetched a large Bible and read out in *such* an accent, 'And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an help meet for him.' 'And that's why woman was made, ma'am, and no mistake—because it wasn't good for man to be alone, and for no other reason in life; and I should like to see my missus a-disputing of it.' Then he began to harangue me. I'll never go near the house again!" Annie could not help laughing, though Rhoda's face was flushed and her lips pouting.

"We must not be disheartened by a first rebuff," she said. "I have been more fortunate; I made great friends with Mrs. Brand."

"And I saw you kissing the baby; you are the best canvasser after all, Annie!"

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From Temple Bar.

T'OTHER SIDE O' THE WATER.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS THIS SIDE.

WHEN Paxton was building his glass case for the Great Exhibition of 1851, many and various were the prophecies emitted as to the effect which the coming show was to have upon the sons of men. It was to bring about Armageddon; it was to tuck up the lion (in a single bed) with the lamb; it was to uncork the vials of wrath; it was to harmonize all national animosities, and make the nations a band of brothers; it was to set us all by the ears; and, lastly, it was to demoralize poor innocent London—teach naughtiness to the Haymarket, and "bad form" to the New Cut. We all know what it did, or, perhaps, I had better say what it

did *not* do, for peace. The trees it enclosed were hardly green again before the Crimean war broke out. Then, in rapid succession, Italy, France, and Austria, Spain and Morocco, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark; Prussia and Austria; Prussia and France flew at each other's throats. The unhappy lamb has been discussed with gunpowder sauce, and science has turned from reaping-machines (which supplant the poetical "hook") to make the big guns which stand in place of the typical sword. As for morality—I knew the London of 1851 pretty well, and have studied other capital cities since—I really do not think we had much, that was bad, to learn. If we had, we should have learned it, though the Koh-i-noor and its policeman had never been exhibited; though Mr. Oastler had not erected his fountain for a trysting-place; and the funny little animals from Wurtemberg had stayed at home. With these experiences before my eyes, I will not (though of course I could) dream dreams, and prophesy about the coming Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Thirty days after sight, I promise to honour any bill that may be drawn upon me on this account, but decline to put my name to paper—Micawber fashion. There are people who bind *Temple Bar*.

Thousands of Britishers (they must get accustomed to the words) will make the Centennial an excuse for visiting the United States; and the object of these lines is to prepare them for what they will find amongst one of the kindest, and certainly the most touchy, people in the world. In France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Timbuctoo—the travelling Englishman of the period finds everything made as nearly as possible *English* for him. He is seldom able to growl in the vernacular, and even when he can, he may do so in all the tongues of Babel, so that he pay his bill. After all, there is some comfort in saying "The — fellow don't understand." In the States, the — fellow *will* understand the Britisher; but he won't make anything British to please him, at any price. The average Briton—who is Chinese in his hatred and contempt of anything new, particularly in the shape of personal accommodation, will be much exercised; and it is with a view to prepare him for the shocks he will receive that these pages are printed.

As providers against a rush, American railway men have yet to be tried. For myself, I fancy that such a crowd as goes

to the Derby, for example, could not be accommodated and controlled in New York. There would be favouritism and violence. The police would not keep their temper, or the people, in such numbers, submit to rule. There would be shooting, *sure*. But the rush to the Centennial will not be of this order, and I have no doubt that proper provisions will be made to meet it. I can only deal with the normal state of things. I will suppose you have arrived at New York. Do not trust those who tell you that a five-dollar bill slipped into the hands of a custom-house officer will do any good. It won't. You may sow the seed if you like, but it will bear no fruit—for you. State frankly to the officials who board the ship what you have in your trunks. "A few small presents" will cover anything in reason. Be quick with your keys, and slow with your tongue, and a mystic chalk-mark on your "things" will reward you. Now comes your trouble. No nimble dock-porter is there to put those "things" on a cab; no cab to put them on. You must get them to the dock gates somehow, where you have your choice between an hotel "stage" and a "hack," which latter is a good-looking barouche drawn by a pair of good-looking horses and driven by a bad-looking Irishman. The stage, I would rather not describe. Sala is the only man who could do justice to it. I can only say this,—if you take it, take also a bottle of tincture of arnica with you—*verb. sap. sat.*

You will hear of hotels "conducted on the English plan;" avoid them as you would a pestilence. I could make a large fortune by telling you where to go, but as the proprietor of this magazine admits advertisements only on the outer leaves, I must refrain. Go to an American hotel. The young man at the "office" will be serene, imposing, diamond-studded, mystic, wonderful! but far more obliging than the duchesses with ginger hair, who infest the bars of lesser establishments at home. Write down your name in the book, and if you have a title suppress it. It is better to be seen as *Russell* or *Stanley*, than to be called *Mr. Bedford* or *Mr. Derby*, I think. You will be told that the American system ties you down to breakfast, lunch, and dine at fixed hours, and that this is a horrid bore. Don't believe it. There are not four hours in the day during which *some* meal is not being served, in a first-class American hotel, and with the most moderate amount of *nous* you can make breakfast at luncheon, and dinner at supper (if your engagements do not allow you

to join the regular meals), and fare better for your four dollars a day than you could even in your London club for a guinea. But you don't want to live so high. There is the rub. You cannot be content with ham and eggs for breakfast, and the joint for dinner at an American hotel. Let us sit down and count the relative cost and sum up the relative return. *British Hotel*: Bed, three and six; breakfast, two and six; dinner, four and six; attendance, one and six; luncheon or supper, two shillings—total: fourteen shillings. *American Hotel*: Lodging; what you please (out of twenty choices) for breakfast; what you please (out of as many) for luncheon; what you please (out of forty) for dinner, with ices and fruit to wind up with; what you like, again, for supper—total: four dollars, equal to (say) fifteen shillings a day. You can have second-rate accommodation (very good) for three dollars. I have calculated the British rates upon the ham and eggs, and joint style of living. Go in beyond this, and how far will your fifteen shillings go?

In an American hotel you cannot have your boots (*they* call them shoes) blacked unless you go down to the barber's shop; and when you ring for anything you—well, you'll have to wait. After a lapse of twenty minutes a gentleman will come sauntering along the passage as though he were going to his own funeral, and could have it postponed if he didn't get there in time. He will listen with urbanity to your request, and retire. After another interval you ring again; another attendant arrives at his leisure, and "reckons that the other man forgot." This is, of course, a bore; but try to remember what you want before you go up to your room, and set against it these facts—that without going beyond the precincts of your hotel you can be shaved, have your hair cut (or dressed if you be feminine), can buy newspapers, books, cigars, gloves, hosiery, trunks, a railway ticket to any part of the States, a place at any theatre, insure your life, and (often) find a doctor in case of illness; and I fancy there is no cause for tears because the room-attendance is bad.

"Hacks" are very dear, and hackmen, for rapacity and insolence, you will find decidedly in advance of the British cab-driver; but you rarely want a hack. There are few points of interest in any city of the United States known to me, which cannot be reached in the ordinary street-car, for fares ranging from five to ten cents the trip. If the Londoner, accustomed to the worst public convey-

ances (bar hansoms) not only in England, but the world, chooses to think that because his 'bus is "low" all other popular conveyances are to be despised, he can hire a hack for a pound sterling, and go over less ground with more shaking and delay than the cars will take him for half-a-crown. In the south, he will find young ladies, as refined and well-dressed as any he ever met, going to balls in the street-cars. But these have climate on their side, and know not Mrs. Grundy.

During a recent visit to England I wanted to "make connections" between the Temple Station of the Underground Railway and Richmond, and back again. Not an official at one end or the other could tell me how, when, or where. I had only a six months' holiday, and therefore no time to study your so-called railway guides. Now, if I had gone to an American ticket-office, and asked my way from New York to some small town in Texas, or from San Francisco to Mobile; have demanded how long the journey would take, how much it would cost, and where I should have to change cars, I should have been answered in five minutes. Therefore take heart, oh my friend! and with it your ticket from the office in your hotel. The hotel "stage" will carry your luggage (I am supposing you to be on the wing again) to the *depôt* — pronounced *deep* — *oh* — where another sad trial awaits you. There are no railway porters. You must get your "things" to the express office how you can, and this done, you have your reward. A twin brass cheque with leather straps, and a number on them; one is fastened to each "thing," and the other handed to you. Rest and be thankful. If your journey be for an hour, or a week; pass over one line or twenty, entail no change, or be full of changes, it is all the same. At its end you have only to give that brass cheque to the express man who will "board the train" in good time, tell him where you want the "things" to be sent, and they will be there very nearly as soon as you are. The whole operation costs less than you would pay as "tips" to porters at home.\*

By this time the untravelled Britisher has had a foretaste of what a "sleeper" is like. The real Pullman is about as much better than the car which runs under that name on English railways, as such car is better than your ordinary first-class

carriage. This last is, in my opinion, much more comfortable than the usual American car. The real Pullman sleeping-car can hardly be improved upon.

The operation of going to the play in England and in America is by no means the same thing. American ladies do not err on the side of laxity where dress is concerned, and upon occasion "pile it up" pretty steep; but they have agreed that they can go to the theatre in their bonnets or their hats, and hereout springs all the difference. Paterfamilias, or Brother Tom, surprised after dinner by a happy thought, can say, "Put on your hats, girls, and I'll take you to see Raymond." No deliberation is required, no alteration of dinner-time is necessary; no dressing, no trouble about the carriage, no sending for a cab. You jump into a street-car, walk a block or two, perhaps, and there you are. The play begins at eight, and is over by eleven. The pit is all (what you call) stalls. A paper dollar (three and two-pence) admits to all the best seats, and (if you have not taken them beforehand) the numbers of your places are handed you with your cheques, as you pay at the doors. No imps outside shrieking "bill of the play." No box-keeper within ravening for a "tip;" no faded female wheezing after you with a footstool. An usher shows you to your seat, hands you a programme, and leaves you in peace.

Now, I admit that a dress-circle or stalls, studded with ladies in evening dress, is a very pretty sight, and if the regulation in force at London theatres would insure its presentment, I, for one, would vote for no bonnets. But English ladies have ceased to dress for the theatre. As a rule, they just uncover their heads, not always taking the trouble to dress their hair. Indeed, I have recently been told by my eyes, and had it explained to me, that it is considered "good form" to go untidy to the play. Taking things as I find them, therefore, I predict that if you will put your prejudices aside when you enter an American theatre, you will find that jaunty little hats and bonnets crown the edifice of the female form divine much more agreeably than the sort of *coiffures* you find in vogue at home. I also admit that during the run of a successful piece (say at New York), or a star engagement in the provinces, you cannot take the girls upon the spur of the moment, and be sure that you can place them where they will see, and — what they will consider as equally important — be seen. You must secure seats beforehand; but this done,

\* As the living, by the way, is always indifferent, and slides from bad to execrable as you go south, it is well to start with a basket, which your waiter at the hotel will get filled for you.

your troubles are at an end. You dine at your usual hour, you get back in reasonable time. If you walk home, you need be under no apprehension that your daughters will see sights presented by their own sex which may give rise to inconvenient questionings. I do not pretend that great American cities are more pure than great English ones, but they don't allow these moral gutters to run open through the streets as in the Strand and Haymarket.

Shopping the Britisher will do well to avoid, unless driven thereto by stern necessity. His sovereign—for which he will obtain about five dollars and thirty-five cents in paper money—will represent the purchasing power of seven shillings in England, or as many francs on the Continent of Europe. There used to be stores in New York and Boston where curios could be picked up at a trifling cost; but now, alas! the *bric-à-brac* epidemic has been imported, and quaint old furniture, and ancient, ugly china command prices which would turn a Wardour-Street dealer green with envy.

As it was in the days of Elija Pogram, so is it in this centennial year of grace. I have great fears about the Exhibition at Philadelphia. If it prove a success, the British vocabulary of adjectives will fall sadly short of what will be expected from British scribes. If it be a failure, woe to those who put the lamentable fact on paper!—it will be all their fault. In the present state of the American press it is not sufficient to praise the thing exhibited. The person of the exhibitor must be trotted out, a short biography published, with delicate allusions to his wife's diamonds, or the size of her shoes, and a compliment paid to the "amiable and intelligent," "respected and gentlemanly," "handsome and efficient" (these eulogies are always slipped, like greyhounds, in couples) clerk, who attends to the show-case, and is certain to be a "major." Never forget to give an American his title. He will make it a point of honour not to give you yours; but never mind. If you have written yourself down Lord Allecampagne, or Sir Carnaby Jenks, on the hotel register, the clerk at the office will always call you *Mister* Allecampagne, and *Mister* Jenks; but will frown and allot you a bad room if you forget to style him *Colonel*.

In conversation, avoid the mistake so often committed, and productive of much bitterness, of measuring American institutions with a British rule, and viewing American society from a British standpoint. Take the word of one who has

lived some time in the country with his ears and eyes open, and believe that no such comparisons can properly be drawn. The things *seem* alike, but they are not. The roots are different, the soil different, the fruit different; and the climate and culture quite unlike. There are depotisms flourishing in the United States unfelt which would send a Russian mujik crazy. There are hardships in your own country which you have not yet discovered, but which set the average American's blood aboil. Among themselves Americans cannot agree upon the facts which founded their own institutions political and social, or upon the causes which have led some of them into corruption and decay. Politics you will find to be mere mud-throwing. Your Democratic friends will tell you that all the trouble arises out of the rascality of the Republicans. These latter will assure you that but for their political opponents the country would be peopled with angels of light. In one city you will find one party thieving; in another, the other side feathering its nest. If an English paper were to publish an account of how Mr. Disraeli had stolen the soap from his room in a country house where he was visiting, you would think it a bad joke. Such a thing once printed of an American statesman would go the round of all the opposition papers as a shameful fact! Any stick is good enough to beat a politician on this side the water. Therefore eschew politics, and bear in mind that the American people and those whom they permit to govern them are two different races. Look to your own vestries, and you will partly understand this. The American people are hearty, honest, and busy; so busy that they have no time to look after the politicians. The politicians are too greedy (under the rotation-in-office principle) to care what becomes of the people, so that they get their place, or keep their place, or find a place for friends who will take care of them. You Britishers have gone through the same mill. The times of Grant are those of Walpole. You mended matters by approaching universal suffrage; we shall do the same by receding from it. What is your meat is our poison, that is all.

In the best sense of the word *polite*, the Americans (male and female) are the politest people I have met with in rather an extensive life-march. Therefore, I pray you, do not expect to find "good form." Leave it behind you on the landing-stage at Liverpool, or let the fish have it in the Irish Channel. Do not conclude

that a man is a "fernal cad" because he shakes hands with you, and proposes "a drink." Be not surprised if you are laughingly told that your money "is no account here," and if others pay for you when you go out to "see the tiger" with your new acquaintances. After the words "will you join me" in the South, you may eat, and drink, and drive, and visit the theatre, and do anything you please — except put your hand in your pocket. Be good enough to remember this when you return to the land of your birth, and meet with an American. Should your vanity lead you to suppose that the reception given to you by ladies is the result of your overpowering attractions, remark how the fair creatures greet the stranger next presented, and correct your notions. They mean to put you at your ease — no more. Presume, and you will be very quickly placed in a different position. You are not to suppose that being addressed constantly as "Sir" implies bad breeding, or subserviency; and you will do well to season your own conversation with that word and *Madam*. Bear in mind that — in the ears of your American friends — *you are speaking English with an accent*; so have some consideration for those who — as you fancy — are talking through their nose. You must be prepared to hear a good many words used in a sense which is unfamiliar to you, and to find yourself misunderstood when you employ others about the meaning of which you do not entertain a doubt. Thus *clever* on t'other side the water does not mean that the object is intellectual, or quick at acquiring knowledge, but that he or she is *cunning*. *Cunning* (American) means quaintness, with a dash of the winsome in it. Thus a pretty, engaging child is "quite a *cunning* little thing." *Mad* means angry. If you want to say that so-and-so is insane, you call him *crazy*. Homely (English) means ugly in the United States; and there, Venus herself would be *ugly* if out of temper. You must not say that the weather or the room is *hot*. Male birds are *roosters*, and America has no more *legs* than had the queen of Spain. Its people have *limbs* — four of them. A *smart* man may be a sloven, provided he is a trickster. *Nice* is not to be applied to persons, and *nasty* is a word which should be avoided altogether. American prepositions are not on good terms with what are considered their subjects in the old country. You live *on* a street, travel *on* a train or steamer. A house is "*for* rent," and a coach "*to* hire."

Goods are advertised to be sold "*at* auction," and you eat jelly *to* your turkey. If you hear an "h" dropped or maltreated, be sure that the speaker is British. Such phrases as "*you was*" or "*was you*" do not necessarily imply want of education. They are conventionalities which crop out even in print. Upon the whole, if you take to picking holes in each other's grammar, the average American will get the better of you, for he has been well grounded in it in the days of his youth, and the average English boy has picked up its rules anyhow.

What with recent disclosures in public life, and the intense vulgarity of a large portion of their press, the people of the United States come heavily weighted to the post. My fear is lest their great show should have its vitals preyed upon by some *ring*, or, in turf language, that its national departments should be "got at." Otherwise, it will serve well. Anyhow, if the Britisher will come over with even a moderate determination to be pleased with the country and its citizens, he will take a large stock of good feeling back with him.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES OF INDIVIDUALS.

NATIONAL antipathies have often been discussed, though we do not think they have often been well explained — the cause, for instance, of the slight repulsion between a true Englishman and a true American is very far to seek, as far as the attraction which nevertheless draws them together — but there is something more difficult to explain than national antipathy, and that is, the antipathy of individuals towards nations. That is, we believe, one of the strongest of the feelings which do not rise to be passions, and one of the most universally diffused. The uncultivated sometimes do not feel it, in the form of dislike to particular nations, but hate all foreigners impartially and alike; but among the cultivated we doubt if there is one who, if pressed, would not acknowledge that he disliked some one people very cordially; that he distrusted their motives, that he doubted their virtues, that he did not wish them success, and that he was conscious all the while of being a little unreasonable in the matter, and of being pleased, and as it were relieved in his conscience, by feeling that his dislike for the nation did not extend to in-

dividuals of the nation. The feeling is usually unimportant, a mere flaw in the mind, not visible except in rare lights, but sometimes it reveals itself very unmistakably as a positive mental defect. There are men, as all editors know well, who cannot be trusted to write about the nations of their antipathy, who seem, when considering them, to lose their power of judgment, to have their insight clouded, to be as incapable not only of foresight, but of fairness, as angry children. There are hundreds of men in England, cultivated and cool men, who cannot reason on Irish politics, whose judgment, usually sound, and impartiality, often serene, is overborne by a mental surge of dislike of which they are themselves conscious and ashamed. Dr. Johnson could not away with Scotchmen, Mr. Carlyle could not, we fear, be pictorial about Northern Americans, Mr. Trollope can never keep down a sort of angry spitefulness against a Jew, the late Lord Derby's favourite antipathy was an Italian, and Mr. Froude always leaves an impression that in his inner mind Irishmen had better be killed out. On the other hand, Charles Dickens had the strongest liking for Frenchmen, having caught, curiously enough, what most Englishmen fail to see, the impression of their strong domestic affections; Thackeray, so bitter against Irishmen, never failed to bring out the *bonhomie* of his French characters; and Charles Reade very often uses an American as his good but grotesque angel.

There is no need of illustrations; every one knows the strength of antipathies and likings of the kind, and the only difficulty is to account for them. Of course, where there is ignorance they are easily accounted for. The victim of the prepossession attributes some quality which he detests to the particular foreigner, assumes that all foreigners of that nation possess that quality, and hates the nation ever after, with a vehemence which would be amusing, did it not blind him so lamentably. The average Englishman cannot be persuaded that the French, who as a nation are almost Chinese in their conservatism, are not the most fickle people in Europe, and as he hates fickleness, dislikes them; just as he cannot be persuaded that silly, humorous levity is not the distinguishing mark of Irishmen, who, except the Bretons, are perhaps the only essentially melancholy people on this side of the world. Almost all persons have a hatred of some people they know nothing about, but that hatred, if traced, will always be found due

to an impression, true or false; and it is an imaginary character that is hated, and not the people supposed to embody it. We have twice known the whole Chinese people to be detested in this way by cultivated persons, who when cross-examined were found to be merely expressing their detestation of callousness in the incarnate form of Chinamen. The form of hatred which is really difficult to explain is that which accompanies knowledge, thorough knowledge, as complete as a man usually possesses about his own countrymen. That hatred exists, however. Englishmen who have resided years in a foreign country frequently come away with a detestation of its people, their ways, their characters, and their policy which positively clouds their judgments and disturbs their perceptive powers. Lord Hammond, we do not doubt, could give many serious and yet ludicrous illustrations of a hatred which had rendered envoys almost useless, while the converse, the rapid growth of extreme liking for a particular people, is a trouble to every foreign office in the world. The hatred, too, like the liking, seems to develop itself in defiance of antecedent probabilities. One would suppose that an Englishman would "take to" Germans before any other people, but though Teutonomania is common enough among us, dislike of an extreme and unreasonable kind is quite as frequent. The late Mr. Mayhew lost his geniality altogether when he wrote of Germans, just as Mrs. Trollope did when she wrote of Americans; and we know several persons, three in particular, who, having lived years in Germany, do not know how to speak of the people with patience. They have suffered nothing from them, they rather admire their higher qualities, but they hate them hard. The same dislike accompanied with knowledge is common among Frenchmen, and we should, on our personal observation, add Americans, who have lived much in England — it was distinctly perceptible in Hawthorne — while it is, on the whole, the rule rather than the exception among Englishmen who have lived long in Switzerland, that puzzling country, where the people seem able to do everything except develop considerable men. France charms the great majority of mankind, but there are Englishmen whom no length of residence cures of their dislike, while it seems nearly impossible for a Frenchman to esteem Italians, nearly related to them as he is, even to the degree that Austrians esteem them. One would say that an



observant, rather dreamy American, who thoroughly knew any part of Germany, would like either all Germans or the section of them he knew, but Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies"—a book most attractive for its thoughtfulness, its acid humorousness, and its insight—is seriously injured by the sort of passion of dislike which breaks out in almost every page, a dislike the more remarkable because Mr. Hawthorne, unlike his father, does not dislike the English. Knowledge, which usually produces liking, in this instance has only produced hatred, and there are hundreds of others. We fancy that in all such cases the nation hated or loved jars upon or gratifies one or more of those unacknowledged preferences which are rather instincts than mental operations, till intercourse becomes a perpetual renewed annoyance, like intercourse with esteemed but unpalatable friends. The faculty of criticism wakes up under the annoyance of feeling that it ought to be kept down, till it occupies too large a space in the mind. We imagine, for example, that a German, who, after a long residence in England, disliked Englishmen—a very rare case—would usually be a man of the Heine type, though, of course, without Heine's powers, with an unconquerable vexation at the English limitations of mind, and Philistinism, and inability to let emotion get fairly to the top. Englishmen who hate Ireland after a long residence there are almost always worshippers of efficiency, success, the habit of correlating means and ends; and Irishmen who hate England in the same way pant for unreasonableness, or rather non-reasonableness, for the freedom from strong restraint in which Englishmen hold friendship and effusiveness and the emotional qualities. The only Anglo-Italian we ever knew who hated Italy could not abide the Italian tolerance, which, no doubt, is pushed to weakness; and of every one of the many Englishmen we have known who disliked France, every one was influenced by a dislike of a real defect in the French character, the form of selfishness best expressed, perhaps, by their own word *exigence*, though the prejudiced would say that graspingness was more true. This is obviously the case with the very able man who recently published a little pamphlet on the land-transfer system in France, showing how he had been robbed. We personally know him to be a cool, tolerant man of the world, unusually accustomed to deal with men given to small chicane, and very

good-tempered; but still he writes as if a Frenchmen were first of all a rogue, and even attempts a philosophical explanation of his tendency to roguery. He is irritated, like many Englishmen, with the small greedinesses of very thrifty people, till he misjudges a national character. The incident is of constant recurrence, and is one of the many obstacles in the way of a full comprehension of one people by another. It is so difficult to think that the man who has resided so long among a people, and knows their ways so well, can mistake their national character, and confuse its superficial aspects with its essential meaning. It is so, however, and is one of the many reasons which to this moment induce Englishmen to believe that Frenchmen are light and fickle, that Irishmen are merry, that Germans are placable, that Italians are weak, that Scotchmen are cool to apathy, and that Americans are guided mainly by intelligent self-interest.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE CONDITIONS OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.

THE result appears to justify completely the anticipation which we formed a fortnight ago of the amount of the wealth accumulated by the millionaire of New York, Mr. A. T. Stewart. That wealth will certainly not fall short of £16,000,000 sterling, and may amount to as much more as would make a man a very great millionaire in England, though that would not exceed a sixteenth, or at most an eighth of the sum named. But the very minute, though not always very consistent, accounts of Mr. Stewart with which the American journals are so characteristically filled, and his will, which has been now published, all bring out one somewhat interesting point—namely, that great success as a man of business, implies capacity at once exceedingly rare in its degree, and exceedingly ordinary in its kind. There is nothing which has been told of Mr. Stewart which is not ordinary in kind. His honesty, which was singularly firm, and was the root of his success, is, we hope, a quality ordinary in kind, though rarely so steady and inexorable in its resistance to circumstances of temptation. His chief business principle, to pay cash and insist on cash, and to turn over his stock as rapidly as possible, even at a partial sacrifice, was the principle of common sense, and in him only remarkable because, like

his other principles, he acted so steadily and with so organized a method upon it. It seems that in the commercial panic of 1837, when there was a general fall of values all over the commercial world, he promptly reduced his goods to cost-price, sold them off rapidly at that rate, and with the ready money thus acquired bought silks and other imported goods at sixty per cent. less than it would have cost to import them. In other words, he incurred the inevitable loss promptly, but turned it into a vast gain by using the resources thus acquired to obtain, in a market which was every day declining, the means of making a vast profit in future. So, too, he always reduced his stock at the end of the season, to prevent its remaining on hand, being aware that even a loss, followed rapidly by a succession of gains on the capital on which the loss had been incurred, would result much better than an ordinary profit very slowly made. All this was common sense, very steadily applied, and so was the policy by which Mr. Stewart prevented the loss which threatened him from the Civil War. The South traded largely with him, and of course it was certain that he would lose some of his best customers by their poverty and ruin. He saw the true way to fill up the gap, and bought up at once the materials which he knew that the Northern government would most need for the clothing and covering of the troops. When at last a large army had to be put into the field, Mr. Stewart was the only man with whom the government could contract for uniforms, blankets, and other such goods, and what he sold he sold of good quality and at reasonable prices. These are quite sufficient illustrations of the kind of faculty which made Mr. Stewart the richest, or next to the richest, man of his age,—ordinary qualities vigorously and pertinaciously acted upon, good sense systematized, and carried everywhere into detail. You see the same qualities in his will. There is nothing remarkable about it, except the good sense which kept it from being remarkable. His *employés* are to get handsome remembrances, but nothing that would in any sense strike the imagination or turn their heads; those who have been with him twenty years and upwards, are to get £200 each, those who have been only ten and upwards, £100. His friends, none of them, except his business adviser, Judge Hilton, get more than a few thousands sterling. Judge Hilton himself gets £200,000, a large fortune, but then he is to wind up the estate,—and the fortune,

large as it is, is but a drop in the ocean of Mr. Stewart's wealth. Of all the other legacies, the largest, apparently, is the bequest of £2,400 a year for life, to be divided between two sisters, of Mr. Stewart's acquaintance, and the whole to go to the survivor. Of bulk sums, the largest is £4,000. Certainly half a million would cover all the legacies bequeathed completely, including the large one to Judge Hilton. No doubt there are certain unspecified charitable objects which he enjoins upon his wife to carry out for him, but for the most part, Mr. Stewart seems to have acted with almost extraordinary good sense, on the principle of doing nothing extraordinary with his wealth, since he himself had no power of devising extraordinary safeguards that it should not be misused. He had apparently absolute confidence in his wife, to whom he had been married fifty-one years; and the best way of getting out of the scrape of possessing so much wealth when he was obliged himself to leave it, seemed to him to be to trust her with it, and give her a competent adviser. It was not a very brilliant use of vast wealth,—for the wealth far exceeds what one individual can really use, and the man who made it might at least have taken the responsibility of directing the use to be made of a substantial part of it after his own death. But it was a very sensible thing to do for a man who had been too busy making the wealth to devise its best application. And it was singularly wise not to scatter it among people of whom he knew little, by bequests which would turn their heads, and make them in all probability less useful citizens in time to come. Still, the will, like the mode of making the fortune, certainly illustrates the character of the qualities which best ensure remarkable success,—good sense very common in kind, but very unusual indeed in degree and in the extraordinary system with which it was applied to the actions of life. The good sense needful to make a great fortune, unfortunately by no means involves the good sense needful so to bequeath it that it may exercise anything like its full capacity for good after the death of its maker.

But it would be a great mistake to imagine that because it was to an extraordinary strength in ordinary faculties that Mr. Stewart owes his great fortune, there are many men living who could, under other circumstances, have accumulated such a fortune. We believe that great business qualities are quite as rare as any

other remarkable qualities. Only, being necessarily more ordinary in appearance, they are much less striking. Every really great man of business must have sufficient of the ordinary world in him to know it well, and to know some of its characteristics very much better than other people. A confident mastery of even one or two secrets of the business world, unspoiled by any compensating deficiency anywhere else, may be enough to make such wealth as Mr. Stewart's; but then a confident mastery of such secrets, without any compensating deficiency anywhere else, is very rare. Mr. Stewart's really rarest capacity perhaps consisted in the absence of any compensating deficiency to spoil such capacity as he had. A great many men have a keen grasp of one or two aspects of business which would ensure them wonderful success, but then with this capacity comes, unfortunately, some corresponding deficiency, some lightness of head when success is attained, some childish confidence in trivial indications of the future, some excess of trust in others, which breaks the back of success, or even ends in a great failure. Minds of large capacity are very apt to relieve themselves by some safety-valve of folly, and if the folly is important, it limits or destroys their success. Mr. Stewart himself seems to have had a private superstition, which might have had this result, if he had not had the good sense to know that it was not a thing to act upon except when he could control all the consequences. He had a notion that certain people were unlucky to deal with, and that if you opened a case of goods for an "unlucky" person, you were sure to lose by that case of goods in the end. Fortunately for him, he also knew that it was much better to open a case of goods for an unlucky person, even if he should lose by that case in the end, than to get any reputation for caprice. And thus his private folly did not undermine his capacity for success. But superstitions about luck, if acted upon, in place of sound principles, by a man of very large means, would be very certain to undo him before long. It is said that Mr. Stewart's superstition was so living, however, that he persuaded himself that an old applewoman, who sold apples and begged before his first store, was essential to his success, and that he carried her orange-box with his own hands and placed it before his second and larger store, rather than risk the chance of losing her. That was a perfectly safe outlet for his superstition, one which could not hurt

him. He was too wise to consult the applewoman about his trade-ventures, or his success would have been failure. What made him what he was, was the good sense needful to apprise him where his good sense failed. Great business faculty, then, depends on very ordinary qualities possessed in a very unusual degree, together with this most important negative condition that there shall be no other qualities warmed into life by success to blight the former. Mr. Stewart had this *great* ordinariness of mind, and had it in such a degree, that when the belief in luck—which is one of the most ordinary forms of superstition for successful men—took hold of him, he prescribed to it safe conditions, and did not allow it to affect the ordinary rules on which he acted. And there was the triumph of his business judgment—in knowing at once that his business judgment was the thing to trust to, and not the fungus growth of the days of his prosperity.

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From The New Quarterly Magazine.  
INCIDENTS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

THE wonderful stillness characteristic of early dawn in the tropics rested over everything. Not a sound reached my ear, save the distant and indistinct murmur of running water, as I stood watching the western sky, uncertain whether a new day had indeed broken, or whether the white ghostly light shed by the moon had deceived me. Twenty yards away could be seen the sharply-defined outline of one of those great tented wagons peculiar to southern Africa, surrounded by its sleeping oxen and native attendants, the dusky forms of several of whom could just be distinguished by the glowing embers of the smouldering camp-fire. Excepting my own wagon, from which I had just risen, and its surroundings, there was nothing to break the complete solitude of the scene. A sea of long grass, the points of which, wet with the heavy dew of these latitudes, shimmered and sparkled where the rays of the moon, now low down in the sky, fell upon them, covered a level plain which stretched away, seemingly without a break, into the far distance where earth and heaven, half-concealed by a veil of haze, seemed to blend together. It was one of those perfect morning scenes, the remembrance of which never quite fades from the recollection; utter solitude, perfect peace and stillness, the

stars of the southern hemisphere above, bright and beautiful beyond the conception of the inhabitants of colder climes, and the cool morning breeze playing pleasantly, welcome enough after the close thundery heat of a summer's night. I had not long to wait; soon the grey light of dawn became decided, and shouldering the rifle on which I had been leaning I proceeded through the long wet grass across the flat in the direction of the stream, the murmur of which had reached me where I had been standing. I have said the plain was seemingly unbroken; it was not really so, however, though even had it been full daylight, a stranger would have been unable to discover the fact. In truth, one of those deep gorges peculiar to countries subject to violent rains formed an impassable barrier a few hundred yards away from where we had camped for the night, though the abruptness of its sides rendered it invisible until one almost stood upon their edge. It was a part of Swaziland, however, over which I had already travelled, when, like at present, returning from shooting-expeditions into the interior, and I was aware that the masses of jungle with which age had clothed every fissure harboured many of the larger bush antelopes, as well as innumerable baboons and leopards; so, provisions being scarce, I had started thus early in the hope of securing one of the former for food. There was still so little light when I reached the spot that it was with difficulty I succeeded in hitting upon a track made by the game which I had noticed the preceding evening, and by which I had determined to descend, and I had not gone down it many yards before I found the darkness produced by the dense foliage so great as to render any further progress impossible, except at the risk of a broken neck, so, seating myself under a rock, I waited on the increasing daylight. Life was already stirring; faint rustles, and once a breaking twig, denoted the whereabouts of antelopes, or, it might be, of their enemy, the leopard, while the calls of birds sounded from every side; by-and-by the rustling became louder, and it was evident some animal was coming up the track by which I was going to descend, until at last it got so near that I could distinguish the rattle of sharp hoofs among the boulders and stones below me. Suddenly there was a dull sound as of some heavy body falling, followed by a confused noise of struggling, a half-choked bleat, which I thought I recognized as coming from the throat of an

unkumbi (*Cephalopus Natalensis*), and then silence again. I could see nothing from the position I was in, and did not care to alter it until I could see distinctly enough to fire if necessary, so I remained quiet for a few minutes more, and then began cautiously to descend again. But a few steps sufficed to explain the cause of the noise, for as I got round the corner of the rock, under the upper side of which I had been sitting, I came in sight of an immense boa-constrictor, some ten or twelve feet of whose huge body was in view, employed in licking the carcase of its victim, a young doe of the species I had expected, which lay, a shapeless mass, within a yard of the very path I was following. No doubt, had I blundered on through the darkness another five yards, I should at that moment have occupied its place, even though the great snake might, perhaps, have found it impossible to swallow me after killing me; however, the idea was enough, and without remembering at the moment how I should disturb the whole bush, I levelled the rifle at its broad head and fired. It was not until the smoke cleared and I could see its whole body, as it writhed and twisted in its last agonies (the bullet having fortunately severed the backbone an inch or so behind the neck) that I comprehended its enormous size and strength, and that the portion I had already seen was little more than half its full length. I had no means of accurately measuring it at the time, and after-events prevented my returning to it, but I have no hesitation in saying that eighteen feet would be decidedly under the mark. I have, indeed, no doubt it was at least twenty feet, while its girth was considerably more than that of a man's thigh. It was considerably the largest snake I ever saw, though I have more than once killed specimens of the same species varying from twelve to fifteen feet. They are, however, considering their numbers, but rarely seen, lying chiefly on the edges of thick cover, into which they betake themselves if disturbed while basking, as they are fond of doing, outside in the sun. Their food consists of almost anything they can catch, from a rat or a little bird to a small antelope, though no doubt they occasionally kill a large one, which, unless of unusual size themselves, they are unable to swallow, and I doubt their lives being such an alternate succession of feasts and fasts as has been imagined. No doubt when they do catch an antelope and eat it the after-process of digestion occupies a considerable

period, but such captures, except, perhaps, in the case of the blue buck, which is little larger than a hare, are, I fancy, rare, and I have never yet killed one, small or large, which had nothing in its stomach, though the contents have been on more than one occasion sufficiently miscellaneous. I had never before felt the slightest fear of a boa-constrictor, for, though they can bite severely, any which I had previously come across could, under most circumstances, have been dealt with without much difficulty by an active man with such a weapon as a clubbed gun, but the enormous size of this monster commanded respect even in death, and I could not but feel how utterly powerless a man would

be in its grasp, and how nearly I had escaped a fearful death. It has, indeed, often struck me as wonderful how seldom one hears of the actual and unaccounted-for disappearance of any of the numerous European hunters who are day by day and year by year encountering deadly risks alone, and under circumstances which would of necessity preclude their fate from ever being known. Fatal endings to encounters with wild animals are, unfortunately, by no means rare, but I cannot call to mind a single instance in which the mode of death has not been ascertained, and scarcely one in which the body of the unfortunate man has not been recovered. HON. W. H. DRUMMOND.

IN the obituary notice of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg for the past year, a prominent place is accorded to Constantine Vladimirovitch Chefkin, who died at Nice last November. He rose to be minister of public works during the early years of the reign of the present emperor. But although most of his time was devoted to the affairs of State, Chefkin found leisure for scientific and literary pursuits. He was on the council of the Geographical Society from its foundation in 1846 to 1856, and subsequently became an honorary fellow. He contributed to its transactions an important paper on the mineral resources of Russia. Another important name is that of Timkoffski, the pioneer of Russian travellers in China, whose travels in Mongolia (1820-21) edited by Klaproth, were translated into English. He died at the ripe age of eighty-five, having been a member of the society since 1846. He has left behind him a name which Russians may justly be proud of, for his persevering energy and love of adventure were combined in a remarkable degree with high moral excellence. But death has been most active amongst the members of the affiliated society of the Caucasus, no less than three of its most distinguished fellows having passed away in the course of the year. The first of these, General Alexander Petrovitch Kartseff, professor of military tactics and chief of the staff of the army of the Caucasus, died at Karkoff at the age of fifty-nine. He was president of the section from 1861 to 1869, and took an active part in promoting its scientific undertakings. Among these were the 40-verst map of the Caucasus, a collection of statistics, works on geology, etc. With his name is associated

that of Dimitry Elaitch Kovalensky, who acted as secretary and editor of the section's proceedings from 1861 to the year of his death. The reports and articles which emanated from his gifted pen embraced all branches of science. Lastly, the loss is recorded of Baron Uslar, a celebrated philologist. Among his earlier works was "Four Months in the Kirghiz Steppe," containing the result of his ethnological studies in that region. In 1850 he was transferred to the Caucasus and soon devoted himself with assiduity to the study of that interesting country. In 1858 he was commissioned by the emperor to write a history of the Caucasus; but the obscurity and incompleteness of existing information compelled him in his forty-fifth year to devote himself to the study of its languages, in order to discover and elucidate many important problems connected with its inhabitants. One result of his labours was the compilation of a grammar of the language of Abhasia, and this gained the Demidoff medal at the Academy of Sciences in 1862. After mastering the languages of the western Caucasus, Uslar turned his attention to those of Chechenia and Daghestan in the east, of which he also compiled grammars. These philological studies were not merely elementary, but also comprised the etymology, phonetics, and syntax of the separate languages. Thus he sought to lay a secure foundation for his great historical work; but this, alas, it was never his fortune to accomplish, and while deploring his untimely loss, Russia may point with pride to the great services rendered by one of the noblest of her sons in the advancement of science in this remote part of her dominions. Academy.

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## PRIMROSES.

SWEET primroses ! I hold you dear,  
That heedless are of me ;  
You have no ears, my words to hear,  
No eyes, my gaze to see.

You love the rain, that swells each bud ;  
The sun, that bids you blow ;  
The breeze, that calms your gentle blood,  
And sways you to and fro.

But I am least of all to you ;  
For what have I to give ?  
What can I add of pleasure new  
To your one joy, — to live ?

And yet the sunshine finds no bliss,  
To smile, and win your smiles ;  
The breeze is careless of the kiss,  
It takes or gives by whiles.

While I, who love, must yearn in vain,  
For all I take of you,  
To give to you such joy again,  
As gives one drop of dew.

And you, fair flowers of joy and light,  
Blessed above all remain,  
To give such delicate delight,  
And take no gift again !

Spectator.

F. W. B.

## A RHYME OF ONE.

You sleep upon your mother's breast,  
Your race begun,  
A welcome, long a wish'd-for guest,  
Whose age is One.

A baby-boy, you wonder why  
You cannot run ;  
You try to talk — how hard you try ! —  
You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce ;  
You'll eat your bun,  
And fly your kite, like folk, who once  
Were only One.

You'll rhyme, and woo, and fight, and joke,  
Perhaps you'll pun ;  
Such feats are never done by folk  
Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,  
And envy none ;  
Yes, you, yourself, may own a boy  
Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow, he'll do  
As you have done :  
(You crown a happy home, tho' you  
Are only One.)

But when he's grown shall you be here  
To share his fun,  
And talk of days when he (the dear !)  
Was hardly One ?

Dear child, 'tis your poor lot to be  
My little son ;  
I'm glad, though I am old, you see, —  
While you are One.  
Cornhill Magazine. FREDERICK LOCKER.

## COMFORT.

IF there should come a time, as well there  
may,

When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,  
And thou dost come to me for help, and stay,  
And comfort — how shall I perform my  
part ?

How shall I make my heart a resting-place,  
A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite ?  
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,  
And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite ?  
How shall I win the strength to keep my voice  
Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs ?  
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,  
Nor mar the counsel by mine own heart-  
throbs ?

Love, my love teaches me a certain way,  
So, if thy dark hour come, I am thy stay.

I must live higher, nearer to the reach  
Of angels in their blessed trustfulness,  
Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach  
Content to thee whom I would greatly bless.  
Ah me ! what woe were mine if thou shouldst  
come,

Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid,  
And I should meet thee powerless and dumb,  
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid !  
It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,  
God helping me, to higher life, and gain  
Courage and strength to give thee counsel  
wise,

And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.  
Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be  
The dearest bond between my heart and thee.

All The Year Round.

## DAWN IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE TROPICS.

THAT peerless moment ere the sun is born,  
How fresh the breeze as he the horizon  
nears,

The trill of waking birds, the distant horn,  
A warning voice among these mountaineers.  
The violet glow upon the mountain crest,  
Where vagrant foot of man has seldom trod,  
The golden glory broadening in the east,  
Proclaims the advent of the type of God.  
As royally he sails into the blue,  
A friendly cedar veils his glowing face,  
And spares the flowers for a little space ;  
A little longer to imbibe the dew.  
The bugle's shrill *réveillée* from the height  
Recalls the drowsy soldier to the light.

Victoria Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

SIR WILLIAM AND CAROLINE HERSCHEL.\*

IN the early part of the seventeenth century there was a great persecution of the Protestants in Moravia. Among those who fled from their homes during the evil days were three brothers named Herschel, who became possessed of land in Saxony, and settled there. One of the brothers established himself as a brewer at Pirna, near Dresden. Abraham Herschel, the son of the Pirna brewer, was landscape-gardener to the king, and obtained considerable reputation by his skill and taste in his profession. Isaac Herschel, Abraham's third and youngest son, was born in 1707. Declining to follow the profession of a gardener to which he was destined, the young man resolved to devote himself to music, and became a hautboy-player in the Hanoverian Royal Guard. At an early age Isaac married, and settled in Hanover, where he had a large family, two of which were William—afterwards the great astronomer, whose name is so familiar to English ears—and Caroline, the subject of the present memoir.

The fame of Sir William Herschel as an astronomer is perhaps second only to that of Sir Isaac Newton; but few are aware how greatly he was indebted to his sister. For forty years, from the time when he first commenced his career of astronomical discovery until the grave closed over him, Caroline Herschel never quitted him. She was his trusted assistant; it was she who performed the vast and complicated numerical calculations that made his observations available to science; she was his amanuensis, and, till he married late in life, his housekeeper. It was she who converted his rough notes into lucid papers to be read before learned societies; she did for him an amount of labour which filled those who were in the secret with amazement; she served him with a great and unwearied love, content to stand aside and claim no share in the

credit of all the great works he performed. It is hard to find a parallel to the entire self-abnegation with which she gave up all the energies of her mind and body to him.

The volume now before us brings the life of this very remarkable lady for the first time before the general reader. It is in many respects extremely entertaining; it is full of racy extracts from her letters and journals. We make acquaintance with a very original mind; we learn to admire a very warm-hearted woman, full of prejudices and oddities, but, with an absence of selfishness as charming as it is uncommon. But we cannot help regretting that the authoress did not extend her plan, and that the opportunity has been lost of making us better acquainted with Sir William Herschel. No life of that great astronomer has been written, and we should have been well pleased if the publication of the present memoir had been made the occasion of remedying the defect. It would have been easy for the authoress to satisfy the not ungraceful curiosity of the world respecting the life of her distinguished ancestor; but the memoir adds but little to our knowledge of him. Those who are acquainted with the scattered notices of his life may sometimes see, in a chance phrase of Miss Herschel, the correction of a mistake, or a hint which may make clear some hitherto doubtful point; and to those who know Sir William Herschel's work the present volume is like a personal introduction to the workman. But the general reader cannot fairly be expected to possess this knowledge. Nowhere throughout the book are we told the meaning of the astronomical activity in which the brother and sister passed their lives. We cannot be expected to care much about mere hard work apart from sympathy with its object; and even intellectual toil is uninteresting unless we are allowed to share the hopes and fears of the labourers. We hear of Sir William Herschel grinding for sixteen hours at a stretch at one of his telescope mirrors, and of Miss Herschel reading to him as he works, and putting food into his mouth by bits, while he continues his monotonous labour without removing his hands; but the anecdote is unmeaning

\* 1. *Memoir and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel*. By Mrs. John Herschel. London, 1876.

2. *Analyse historique et critique de la Vie et des Travaux de Sir William Herschel*. Par M. Arago. Paris, in the "*Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*" for 1842.

unless we know why he toiled so hard: a railway signal-man sometimes works even longer without creating any public enthusiasm. The real interest of the incident lies in this: that Sir William Herschel had conceived the idea of a new form of telescope, and was labouring with almost frenzied energy to put it into execution, that the plan succeeded so well as to revolutionize all previous methods of making reflecting telescopes, and laid the foundations of modern stellar astronomy. This is the kernel; the memoir gives us but the shell. Again, throughout the book we have not a hint as to the boundary of Herschel's peculiar province in astronomy; in what condition he found the science; wherein he improved it; what object he proposed to himself; and how far that object was attained. It seems to us that the life of his faithful assistant, who shared all his labours and all his hopes, cannot be intelligently told without at the same time telling us this. We may be made to admire the energetic woman; but Miss Herschel would have felt anything but pleased if any one had admired in her the woman, at the expense of the astronomer.

The authoress sometimes does less than justice to the gifted lady who is the subject of her book. During her life, as her brother's assistant, he was, of course, commanding officer; his was the invention, the genius, the rapid intuition, and, most properly, the lion's share of fame. To her lot fell the duty of patient attention; hers was the labour of calculation; the arrangement and transcription of rough notes. Mathematical analysis belonged to him; arithmetical computations were handed over to her. But to carry out his instructions and to perform the tasks assigned to her required a large range of knowledge, as well as indomitable perseverance. It is therefore not fair to the memory of Miss Herschel to make it appear that she was profoundly ignorant of even rudimentary mathematics. To give an instance: an extract is given in the memoir, under the date 1786, from a MS. book belonging to Miss Herschel, and sent by her from Hanover to Sir John Herschel after his father's death. The

authoress says, "The information is of a very miscellaneous kind, but matters connected with her special study form the greater part of the questions" which, as we are elsewhere told, Miss Herschel used to put to her brother when they met at breakfast before separating for their daily task. We are then favoured with three or four interrogatories, which the writer of the memoir may, perhaps, consider likely to elicit "information of a miscellaneous kind," but which Miss Herschel in 1786 would have looked upon as absolutely childish. *E.g.*, "Given the true time of the transit, take a transit? . . . Of a logarithm given, to find the angle?" Now, in 1786 Miss Herschel had been fourteen years her brother's assistant. On the very same page where this absurd extract is given, there is an entry in Miss Herschel's journal:—

4th. I calculated nebulæ all day, etc. . . .

9th. Calculated the places of one hundred nebulæ.

The lady who could make the two latter entries as records of her ordinary daily life would be little likely to ask for information as to the mode of taking a transit, or the way of finding an angle from its logarithm. It is obvious that the questions belong to the days when Miss Herschel first joined her brother at Bath, in 1772, when she was ignorant of almost everything except reading and writing. The memoir would be of little interest if it were not a record of difficulties overcome with immense rapidity by a very powerful mind. It is quite unfair to represent the Miss Herschel of 1786, who had already herself discovered a comet unassisted, and corresponded on equal terms with the leading astronomers of Europe, as asking childish questions of her brother. The questions are not worth noting at all; but if they are noted, they ought to be relegated to the first chapter as evidence of Miss Herschel's sincerity when she complained that she arrived in England absolutely ignorant of everything likely to be of use to her in the life that lay before her.

It is strange that we must go to a French philosopher for the record we

possess of one of the most original thinkers who has appeared in this country. Except a few obituary notices in various periodicals, no biography of Sir William Herschel exists, except the short one by M. Arago prefixed to this paper, and in this case the whole is comprised within a dozen pages of the little volume in which it appeared, and these are mostly devoted to an analysis of his work.

We propose to give such particulars respecting Sir William Herschel's life as may serve to appreciate the new light thrown upon his character by the journals and letters of his sister. But it is evident that the authoress of the memoir has materials at her disposal much more ample than any to which persons beyond her family circle can have access; and we cannot but wish that she had herself performed the task. If the present volume were at some future time remodelled, so as to include the life of Sir William Herschel as well as that of his sister, it would fill a blank much felt by those interested in the history of astronomy. Although it is acknowledged that Sir William Herschel occupies the second place among English astronomers, it is not likely that he will become the subject of a separate biography. We think this, partly from the nature of his work, and partly from the character of his life. He wrote nothing but papers for learned societies, and his communications to learned societies were hardly more than transcripts of entries in the inexhaustible observation-book at Slough. The work he produced was new, but, from its very novelty, imperfect. Sir William Herschel was obliged to invent the instruments and fashion the materials he used. His object was more to traverse a large field of observation than to strive after minute details. He knew that his inventions would be improved upon, and the imperfections of his work be corrected, but he had taken possession of a domain in science opened out by himself, and full of wonders absolutely new; he was eager to push his daring investigations deeper and yet deeper in the abyss whose marvels had never been seen by the eye of any mortal man till they were unveiled to him. To linger on such a road longer than was abso-

lutely necessary would have been for him waste of time; to dwell on trifles would have been but labour lost; and he was too good a mechanic to force effort beyond the point at which it ceased to be effectual. It is in astronomy as in another field of exploration. The footsteps of the pioneer settler in a new land are soon effaced by the tread of his successors. They settle, flourish, improve on the spot which he painfully toiled to attain. But though he has laboured, and others have entered into his labour, to the pioneer belongs the honour and the fame. So it is with William Herschel. Sir John Herschel traversed the whole field opened by his father, besides a new one of his own. He worked on his father's lines with appliances such as had not been within his father's reach. He attained a degree of precision to which the elder astronomer laid no claim. The contrast between the father and son was such as might have been anticipated from their training. The father, untrained, or, rather, self-trained in mathematics, invented methods and pursued science as the passion of his life; but until he reached middle age his devotion to astronomy was indulged at the expense of his regular avocations, and as a relief from regular business. If one may venture to speak of such a consummate observer as a rough-and-ready astronomer, the expression is only used as contrasting him with his son. Sir John, "born under the shadow of the forty-foot telescope," was trained for an astronomer from his earliest youth. By rare good fortune, the gifts of nature enabled him to avail himself of the opportunities to which he was born. Senior wrangler of his year — a year in which the great calculator Babbage went out without even competing for the first place, Sir John developed into the first mathematician of his day. His father had learnt mathematics that he might understand astronomy; the son was carefully trained to them from a boy, and passed a long life polishing the delicate weapons which had been put into his hands. No wonder that, revising Sir William Herschel's calculations, he should have superseded his father's labours, but without diminishing his father's fame. Another reason is that

Sir William Herschel's writings, spread over more than forty years, are all disconnected — they are the mere transcript of the work on which he was for the moment occupied. They have never been collected, but remain scattered over more than forty volumes of the "Philosophical Transactions." His life affords but few incidents for the biographer. From the time when he first gave himself up to astronomy until his death, he hardly ever absented himself for more than a few days from his telescopes. The record of his life is the record of his work. Apart from the result of his scientific inquiries, the most industrious biographer would not be able to put together the materials for a moderate-sized volume. How much the greater, then, is the regret that the present opportunity has been allowed to escape!

Though M. Arago's analysis of Herschel's labours is short, it is most valuable, and it is pleasant to find ourselves under such good guidance. As a biographer we follow him with distrust; for, to say the truth, M. Arago exhibits that recklessness of foreign geography and nomenclature which even highly-educated Frenchmen sometimes permit themselves to indulge. His first page contains two random shots of this kind: he says "*Abraham Herschel . . . demeurait à Mähren, d'où il fut expulsé*," etc., apparently unaware that Mähren is not a town, but the German name for Moravia. Moreover, it was not Abraham Herschel, but Hans, his father, who was driven from his home.

We should not have thought it worth while to criticise M. Arago's geography, or the genealogy which he gives of the Herschel family, were it not that others have followed him in the further mistake of asserting that Jacob Herschel was the father of William and Caroline. Jacob Herschel was an elder brother of Sir William, and at the time of the latter's birth in 1738 was a child of four years old.

The family of whom William and Caroline Herschel were members all showed remarkable talent at an early age. Their father was an excellent musician, and he trained all his children to follow his own profession. Each of them, when they attained the age of two years, went to the Hanoverian garrison school, and there William soon outstripped his brothers, and at last caused the schoolmaster to acknowledge that the boy had got beyond him. By the time he was fourteen William was a good performer on the oboe and the violin, and had learned all the

schoolmaster could teach of French and mathematics. Caroline never had much schooling. Her mother considered learning unnecessary for a woman, and preferred to keep her daughter closely employed in household work to allowing her time for mental cultivation. The consequence of this prejudice was that she grew up almost to womanhood without possessing more than the merest rudiments of knowledge. She could read and write, but that was all. It was not till many years afterwards, when she was with her brother William in England, that she began to learn arithmetic. This brings into still stronger relief the native shrewdness which enabled Miss Herschel to pick up, in the midst of other avocations, accomplishments such as distinguished her later life.

For many years before Caroline Herschel's birth, her father's constitution had been impaired by the hardships of war. After the battle of Dettingen, where King George II. of England, at the head of an army of English, Hanoverians, and Hessians, drove the French, under De Noailles, across the Main, the unfortunate bandmaster of the Royal Guard lay all night in a wet furrow, and in consequence contracted an asthmatic affection which embittered the whole remainder of his life. But he still remained in the army. Among the earliest of Caroline Herschel's recollections is the sight of the confirmation of her brother William, on which occasion he wore "his new Oboësten uniform," for he as well as his elder brother Jacob had joined their father as musicians in the band of the Guard. They were, indeed, a family of musicians, for the elder daughter married another bandsman in the same regiment, named Griesbach. Miss Herschel records that her father never much approved of the match, for the somewhat quaint reason that Griesbach was but an indifferent musician.

Alexander Herschel, the eldest of the sons, was, though not a soldier, a most accomplished musician: indeed, when William and Caroline deserted music for astronomy in later years, Alexander still adhered to his first profession, though he had a large share of his distinguished brother's mechanical ingenuity, and became an efficient maker of mathematical and optical instruments for his observatory.

When Caroline was about five years old the home in Hanover was broken up, and, as events turned out, it was never

afterwards entirely reunited. The Guard was ordered to England, and Isaac Herschel, with his two sons and his son-in-law, accompanied it. Mrs. Herschel kept house as well as she could, with much straitened means; but the family circumstances were not improved by the arrival of Mrs. Griesbach, the married daughter, whose husband marched with the rest, but forgot to leave any part of his pay for the support of his wife.

Even at that time the characteristic genius of William Herschel had begun to show itself. His talk was of the discoveries and theories of Newton, Leibnitz, and Euler; his recreation the invention and fashioning of scientific instruments, in which he was assisted by his brother Alexander. After a year's absence the regiment returned, and it is recorded that William's sole purchase brought from England was a copy of Locke on the "Human Understanding." Jacob, his brother, a much less amiable character, who seems always to have been regarded with feelings akin to terror in the Herschel household, threw up his appointment in the band, in consequence of a slight which he considered himself to have suffered, by the appointment of another musician to a post he coveted. He appeared in Hanover in smart English clothes to set his mother's household by the ears, while his father and brother accompanied their regiment on its homeward march.

William Herschel was the next to leave the band of the Guard, and, however sincerely we may rejoice at an event which left that great man free to become an astronomer and an Englishman, it must be confessed that he did not stand on the order of his going, or waste his time in preliminaries. At the outbreak of hostilities in 1756 the Guard was of course engaged, and the bandmaster, with his son William, marched among the rest. The Guard was attached to the ill-starred force under the Duke of Cumberland, when Marshal d'Estrées was directed, with sixty thousand Frenchmen, first against the Prussian dominions lying on the Rhine, and next against Hanover itself: the British and Hanoverian army, ill-led and outmatched, was at last subjected by D'Estrées to a disastrous defeat at Hartenbeck, on the Weser. The battle took place within twenty miles of Hanover, so that the sufferings of the Hanoverian army were brought almost under the very eyes of their friends. William Herschel, who was always of a delicate frame, suf-

fered so much in health, that, as Miss Herschel says in a memoir written many years after, "his parents resolved to remove him."

The "removal" of a soldier in war-time, without the consent previously obtained of his superiors, is naturally attended with difficulty. Miss Herschel thus tells the story:—

I had only by chance a passing glimpse of my brother as I was sitting at the entrance of our street door when he glided like a shadow along, wrapt in a great coat, followed by my mother with a parcel containing his accoutrements; after he had succeeded in passing unnoticed beyond the last sentinel at Herrenhausen, he changed his dress. My brother's keeping himself so carefully from all notice was undoubtedly to avoid the dangers of being pressed, for all unengaged young men were forced into the service.

As William Herschel was already a soldier, one cannot avoid the suspicion that the danger incurred by his "strategic movement" was not that of being pressed.

William Herschel made his way safely to England, and from that time forth we may claim him as an Englishman. He never again left his adopted country for more than a passing visit.

After his departure evil days fell upon Hanover. The Duke of Cumberland concluded with Richelieu the ignominious Convention of Closterseven, by which thirty-eight thousand Hanoverians laid down their arms and were dispersed. The duke was deprived of all his military commands, but that did not alter the humiliating terms of the treaty. No stipulations were made for the protection of the electorate, and Hanover was therefore plundered without mercy, and laid under enormous contributions. Caroline Herschel was then only about seven years old, but she entertained a lively recollection of the miseries endured by the Hanoverians in that time of national calamity. Sixteen private soldiers of the victorious army were quartered in Mrs. Herschel's house, besides some officers, who took possession of the best apartments. Caroline's time was occupied by attendance at the garrison school, and in learning knitting. The first stocking she made for her brother Alexander reached, she tells us, to her chin when she was finishing the upper rows; and to the end of her life she was always small in stature. Eighty years later, when she was a celebrity, and had come back to her native Hanover to die, she was familiarly known as "the little old lady;" and in letters written in ex-



treme old age she often records how much she was touched by the respect shown to her on the occasions of her visits to the theatre, which she attended almost to the last, and where her diminutive stature made her a noticeable, as well as a familiar figure.

Miss Herschel's biographer does not tell us what became of William Herschel after his escape to England. M. Arago says that he was engaged by Lord Durham, as master of the band in an English regiment, then quartered on the borders of Scotland. The *Gentleman's Magazine*,\* probably with greater accuracy, states that, after struggling with great difficulties in London, he was engaged by the Earl of Darlington, to superintend and instruct a military band then forming by that nobleman in the county of Durham, and the opening thus afforded contributed so far to increase his reputation and connections, as to induce him to spend several years in the neighbourhood of Leeds, Doncaster, and Pontefract, where he had many pupils, and conducted public concerts and oratorios. Of this part of his life little is known; but in 1765, eight years after he had taken his hurried leave of Hanover, he was elected organist of the parish church at Halifax. A story is told of this election which bears an air of truth, and is likely enough, from the character of the man. One Joah Bates, a gentleman, well known to collectors of musical and literary anecdotes, was with a friend in the nave of the church at Halifax, when they were addressed by Herschel, at that time entirely unknown to them. He told them that he was a musician — that he desired to become the parish organist, but that he had never had an opportunity of playing on the organ. He added that his musical acquirements were considerable, and that if he were allowed the opportunity of practice, he could certainly learn to play before the day of the election. The story goes on to say that the friends were so struck with the young Hanoverian's modest self-confidence, that they gave him the opportunity he desired, and became his warm supporters. Be that as it may, he won the election; and the emoluments of the office at once put him beyond the reach of want, and gave him that leisure for self-cultivation which was such an object to his energetic mind. He plunged into mathematics with characteristic impetuosity, and at the same time found time for the study of Italian, Latin,

and Greek. At first his mathematical studies were directed principally to the theory of harmonics; his principal assistant in that study being, according to Arago, a learned but very obscure mathematical work on the "Theory of Music," by Robert Smith. It was music, says Arago, which first led him to mathematics, and mathematics which made him famous.\* Robert Smith, successor to Cotes in the chair of natural philosophy at Cambridge, was the author of "A Complete System of Optics," which afterwards became one of William Herschel's inseparable companions. "He used to retire to bed, with a basin of milk or glass of water, and Smith's "Harmonics and Optics," or Fergusson's "Astronomy," as his companions, and go to sleep buried under his favourite authors. His first thoughts on rising were to obtain instruments for viewing those objects of which he had been reading."† In the course of the year following William Herschel's appointment at Halifax, he obtained the more lucrative post of organist in the Octagon Chapel at Bath.

The parent nest in Hanover now rapidly emptied. Jacob, the eldest brother, followed William to England, and became first violin in the court orchestra — Alexander and Dietrich were the only two, with the exception of Caroline, who remained at home. Alexander obtained the somewhat mysterious post of Stadtmusicus of Hanover, his duties consisted in "blowing a corale from the Markt Thurm, and giving a daily lesson to an apprentice." The father of the family left the army in 1760, and settled down in the acknowledged position of the principal musical professor of the capital. He used to give concerts, in which his pupils performed, and even his little daughter, and his still smaller son, Dietrich, took part with their violins.

As time went on, Caroline became too useful as a household drudge to be allowed to participate much in the education which Isaac Herschel was eager to give to his sons. Her mother avowed the distinct opinion that book-lore was unfitted for a woman. For years, as she grew up to womanhood, her mind remained in a state of stagnation. She used bitterly to complain — and it is the only subject on which, in her memoirs, she shows any bitterness — that her mother's prejudices prevented

\* "On l'a déjà vu, c'est par la musique qu'Herschel arriva aux mathématiques; les mathématiques à leur tour le conduisirent à l'optique, source première et féconde de sa grande illustration."

† Memoir, p. 35.

her from acquiring knowledge that would have made her more useful in after-years to her brother William. Her parents never agreed on the subject. Her father wished to give her something like a polished education; her mother was determined that she should have a rough one.

When Caroline Herschel was about seventeen, her father died. For some time before that event, he had lost the use of his right side by a paralytic seizure, and although he continued to receive pupils at his house, he did not regain his former skill on the violin. He was reduced at last principally to the occupation of copying music, and the family resources naturally fell to a very low ebb. The death of her father deprived Caroline of the last friend who sympathized with her desire for better instruction. Her mother looked upon her as a servant; and her brother Jacob, who could have helped her, treated her with a lofty insolence for which the reader of Miss Herschel's recollections heartily dislikes him. She at length obtained permission to learn millinery and dress-making, as the only means of avoiding the apparently not improbable contingency of "being turned into an abigail or a housemaid."

In the house of Madame Küster, where, according to the custom of the day, several young ladies of good family were learning the art of dress-making, she was fortunate enough to make an acquaintance, who proved the most valued friend of her after-years.

One of the young women [she writes] after a lapse of thirty-five years, when I was introduced to her at the queen's lodge, received me as an old acquaintance, though I could but just remember having sometimes exchanged a nod and smile with a sweet little girl about ten or eleven years old.

The lady whom she records as having recognized her when a member of the queen's household, had then become Madame Beckedorff, who remained her fast friend until Madame Beckedorff's death. When Miss Herschel herself died, years later, it was the daughter of this kind friend who closed her eyes.

But the darkest night comes to an end: an event occurred which changed altogether the current of Miss Herschel's life. Her brother William had, as we mentioned above, removed to Bath, where he rapidly became known and respected. His duties as organist at the Octagon Chapel did not occupy all his time; he used to compose anthems, chants, and sometimes whole services for the choir

under his management. But so rapid and methodical a worker found that when all was done he had still abundant leisure. On the retirement of Mr. Lindley from the management of the public concerts, Herschel added this to his other avocations, and was consequently immersed in business of the most laborious kind during the Bath season. It occurred to him that Caroline Herschel might come over to England and keep house for him. It was also possible that she might be made available as an assistant to him in his concerts. Music came almost by nature to every member of his family; he probably thought that it would be easy for his sister to acquire the necessary amount of knowledge, and the result showed how accurately he judged her. We may reasonably suppose that, living as she had done from infancy with musicians, and accustomed almost as soon as she could speak to make herself useful at her father's concerts, she really knew a good deal about music, though the amount of her knowledge seemed quite insignificant to the scientific artists among whom her lot was cast. To no one did her acquirements appear more trifling than to herself. But her brother William was the only member of her family who really cared for her, and she repaid his rather patronizing affection with passionate devotion. The prospect of going to join her brother was like a peep into heaven to the poor little girl with her keen intellect and quick perception. She must have felt the consciousness of great talents thrown away, and she had acquired ample experience of the bitterness of high aspirations jeered at or disregarded. No wonder then if she eagerly grasped at the prospect of release held out by her brother's offer. Miss Herschel's disappointment was proportionately great when her crossgrained brother Jacob, who was at that time in Hanover, first refused to give his aid as a musical instructor, and at last turned the whole scheme into ridicule, and positively refused his consent to her leaving home; a refusal which, as head of the family, he was able to enforce.

Here for the first time the indomitable will, which afterwards became so marked a feature in Caroline Herschel's character, asserted itself. She could not obtain consent to her departure, but, at any rate, she could prepare for it: she records her determination with charming simplicity:—

Jacob [she writes] began to turn the whole scheme into ridicule, and of course he never heard the sound of my voice except in speak-

ing, and I was left in the harassing uncertainty whether I was to go or not. I resolved at last to prepare, as far as lay in my power, for both cases, by taking in the first place every opportunity, when all were from home, to imitate with a gag between my teeth the solo parts of concertos, *shake and all*, such as I had heard them play on the violin; in consequence, I had gained a tolerable execution before I knew how to sing.

The journey to England was at last settled, much to her mother's disgust. But, as she says with great *naïveté*, "Her anguish at my leaving was somewhat alleviated by my brother settling a small annuity upon her, by which she would be enabled to keep an attendant to supply my place." The last objection being now removed, she left Hanover in August, 1772.

She went "from Helvot to Harrige"—more accurate geographers might, perhaps, have written from Hellevoetsluis to Harwich; but, indeed, Miss Herschel's idea of orthography remained abnormal to the end of her life. The authoress of the memoirs tells us that she has modernized the spelling throughout; we are not quite sure that we approve of the change. We are once or twice allowed to catch a glimpse of her without her modern disguise; for in one of her letters, written when she heard the news of Sir John Herschel's intended departure for the Cape in 1822, she exclaims, "Ja! if I was thirty or forty years junger, and could go too? in Gottes nahmen!" We quite agree with the authoress of the memoir that an old lady who had discovered eight comets might be allowed to spell in her own way; but we by no means subscribe to the conclusion that the trimming and modernising of her letters and memoranda have improved them.

Immediately on her arrival in Bath, Miss Herschel commenced her training. She knew no English, and, as she was to do the housekeeping and marketing, it was necessary at once to devote her attention to its acquisition. She also records that, on the first morning after her arrival, her brother began to teach her the rudiments of arithmetic. When we remember that it was principally as a calculator that she was afterwards remarkable, and that the numerical results which rendered her brother's observations available to science were all worked out by her, some idea is obtained of the keenness and perseverance which could so overcome the deficiencies left by early neglect. All difficulties vanished before her as if by magic. The immediate business on hand was the

organization of William Herschel's concerts. Caroline's voice was tried, and was found satisfactory. She was set to work with three lessons a day, either singing or at the harpsichord. In a short time she was installed as the leading solo singer of the concerts and oratorios, which her brother provided for his fastidious audience. It then devolved upon her to train and lead the treble singers, and to copy the scores for the various performers.

For ten years the Herschels remained at Bath. William Herschel was indefatigable in his music-lessons, giving sometimes as many as thirty-eight in a day; but every spare moment was dedicated to studies, which more and more engrossed his attention, and at last compelled him to devote himself to the observation of the heavens. He became a member of a philosophical society in Bath, to which he contributed for several years papers on scientific subjects. It was thus at the very turning-point of his career that Caroline Herschel became the companion and fellow-worker of her brother.

In a shop in Bath William Herschel one day found a two-and-a-half-feet Gregorian telescope for hire. He became possessed of it, and took it into constant use, not only for observing the heavens, but for making experiments on its construction. He soon determined not to remain content with viewing what had been seen by others. He would enter on a course of original investigation for himself.

He wrote to inquire the price of a reflecting mirror for (I believe) a five or six foot telescope. The answer was that there were none of so large a size, but a person offered to make one at a price much above what my brother thought to give. About this time he bought of a Quaker resident in Bath, who had formerly made attempts at polishing mirrors, all his rubbish of patterns, tools, hones, polishers, unfinished mirrors, etc.; but all for small Gregorians, and none above two or three inches in diameter.\*

This disappointment, which would, perhaps, have damped the ardour of a less enthusiastic man, proved an immense advantage to science. As his modest salary as organist would not enable him to buy a telescope, Herschel proceeded to make one. At first his telescope was to be moderate in size, and the plan was adopted only because it would be cheaper to make a large telescope than to buy one. But as he studied the subject his ambition increased. Expedients occurred to him

\* Miss Herschel's "Recollections," p. 35.

for avoiding certain difficulties, mechanical and optical, which had hitherto prevented large reflecting telescopes from being used; and as the range of his knowledge of optics extended, he began to grasp the possibility of improvements in telescopes which should confer on them powers beyond the wildest dreams of former astronomers.

In Miss Herschel's memoir, as in all books dealing with astronomers and their doings, we hear constantly of Gregorian telescopes, Newtonian telescopes, Galilean telescopes. In works of later date we read of Herschelian telescopes; but naturally in works written for professed astronomers no one ever thinks it worth while to say in what the peculiarities of these instruments consist. It may therefore be mentioned here that all telescopes are modifications of two great types: refracting and reflecting. Refracting telescopes consist of a double convex lens, called the object-glass, to enlarge the object viewed, and a smaller double concave lens, or eye-piece, which is used as a microscope to examine the image formed by the object-glass. The common opera-glass is a telescope of this description. It is called after Galileo, the Florentine astronomer. Galileo is said to have received some casual information on the subject from a German whom he met at Genoa in 1609. He was able, after some experiments, to make a telescope which magnified no less than three times! He subsequently made one magnifying thirty-two times. The telescopes used by Huygens and Cassini did not exceed at their highest power one hundred and fifty times. Auzont, who constructed a telescope of three hundred feet focal length, to obviate chromatic aberration (a difficulty on which we do not propose to dwell, as in Herschel's time it had been substantially overcome), applied to his huge and unwieldy instrument a magnifying power of six hundred times.\*

\* "Les lunettes que construisit Galilée, celles qui lui servirent à découvrir les satellites de Jupiter, les phases de Vénus et à observer les taches du soleil, grossirent successivement 4, 7, et 32 fois les dimensions linéaires des astres. Ce dernier nombre l'illustre astronome de Florence ne le dépassa pas. En remontant autant que j'ai pu faire aux sources où je devais espérer de trouver quelques données précises sur les instruments à l'aide desquels Huygens et J. D. Cassini firent leurs belles observations, je vois que les lunettes de 12 et de 23 pieds de long, de 2 1-8 pouces d'ouverture qui conduisirent Huygens à la découverte du premier satellite de Saturne et à la détermination de la vraie forme de l'anneau grossissaient 48, 50, et 92 fois; rien ne prouve que ces illustres observateurs aient jamais appliqué à leurs immenses lunettes des grossissements linéaires de plus de cent cinquante fois. Enfin une lunette travaillée par Auzont (1664) qui avec la colossale longueur

Reflecting telescopes consist of a concave mirror presented to the object viewed. In the focus of the curve formed by this mirror, and consequently in the spot where all the rays reflected by the mirror converge to a point, a smaller mirror is fixed, facing the first; and the image of the object looked at, after being magnified by the first mirror and concentrated on the small one, is examined by a lens or microscope in the same way that the eye-piece of the Galilean telescope examines the enlarged image made by the object-glass. It must be remembered that the focus, or focal point of a concave mirror, is the centre of the curve presented by such mirror. To make this clear, let us recur to first principles. A sphere is generated by the revolution of a circle round its axis; we may see it by spinning a half-crown on the table. Suppose, then, a circle of three inches radius so rotated, the result would be a sphere of six inches in diameter. If that sphere were formed of glass, and you cut out from any part of it a circular disc with a radius of one inch, you would have a concave glass, like a watch-glass, which would be described as being of two inches diameter, and three inches focal length.

We have said that the small mirror is placed *in* the focus of the curve of the large mirror, we did so to avoid distracting attention from the principle on which it is constructed; but the peculiarity of the Gregorian\* telescope is that the small mirror is concave, and is fixed beyond the focal point of the larger reflector; while in the instrument invented by Cassegrain,† and called after him, the small mirror is convex, and is placed within the focal distance.

In both these instruments the reflector is perforated in the centre by a circular aperture, to allow of the insertion of a magnifying eye-piece.

Sir Isaac Newton, in 1669, hit upon the expedient of placing the small mirror at an angle to the large one. He was therefore able to dispense with the perforation of the large mirror, by reflecting the image on to a lens situated in the side of the tube of the telescope. Of course, in all these instruments, the small mirror and its attachments, placed in the tube between the reflector and the heavens, obscured a great deal of the light that would otherwise fall directly on the reflector. How

focale de 300 pieds ne grossissait que 600 fois." — ARAGO.

\* Invented by James Gregory of Aberdeen, 1663.

† In 1672.

to get rid of this inconvenience was the first problem presented to the mind of Herschel. The second was how to grind mirrors of such shape and size as to allow the application of magnifying powers enormously greater than any which had hitherto been considered possible. He succeeded in both attempts. The first difficulty was surmounted in a manner so simple that one is astonished it should have eluded the great inventors who preceded him. It occurred to him that if, instead of placing his reflector at right angles to the axis of his telescope, he inclined it a little forward, the image would be focused at a point on the edge of the tube, he could then dispense altogether with the second mirror and with the aperture in the reflector, and direct his eyepiece directly on the principal mirror itself. It was a case of Columbus and his egg over again.

Sir William summoned his brother Alexander from Hanover, and after Easter, when the termination of the Bath season left them a little leisure, they began to construct a telescope eighteen or twenty feet long! Every room was turned into a workshop. In the drawing-room worked a cabinet-maker, constructing tubes and stands for telescopes; in another room a huge turning-machine was erected, which Alexander picked up in Bristol.

Every leisure moment was eagerly snatched at for resuming some work which was in progress, without taking time for changing dress. Miss Herschel complains that they were continually tearing their lace ruffles, or bespattering them with molten pitch. On the grass-plot behind the house preparations were made for erecting the twenty-foot telescope, the precursor of that giant instrument which was afterwards the glory of Slough. The grinding of specula used formerly to be performed by hand, no machinery being sufficiently exact. The tool on which they were shaped was turned into the required form, and covered with coarse emery and water; the specula were then ground on it to the necessary figure, and afterwards polished with putty, or oxide of tin. To grind a speculum six or eight inches in diameter was considered a work of great labour; \* what then must have been the difficulties incurred by the Herschels, who undertook to grind specula four feet in diameter? Miss Herschel was constantly in attendance on her brother while the grinding was going on.† She used to

read to him while he was engaged in polishing. The authors selected were generally the "Arabian Nights," or the novels of Sterne and Fielding. She, however, managed to spare time for "two lessons a week" from Miss Fleming, the celebrated dancing-mistress, "to drill me for a gentlewoman; God knows how she succeeded!" In the midst of these multifarious occupations she mentions having copied the scores of "The Messiah" and "Judas Maccabeus" into parts for an orchestra of nearly one hundred performers, and the vocal parts of "Samson," besides instructing the treble singers, of whom she was now herself the first. William and Alexander Herschel used to throw themselves into their work with a glee like that of schoolboys out for a holiday. One Saturday night the brothers returned about twelve o'clock from a concert, pleasing themselves all the way with the idea that they would be at liberty to spend the next day, except a few hours' attendance at chapel, altogether at the turning-bench. Not liking to scandalize the good people of Bath by grinding their tools on Sunday, they ran out with a lantern to their landlord's grindstone, and set to work on their delicate task in semi-obscurity. They would probably have worked till daylight, but William was brought back fainting with the loss of one of his finger-nails. We ought, perhaps, to apologize for dwelling on these trifling details. Our excuse is that they make us know a great man better.

Pending the completion of the great telescope, the brothers manufactured several of smaller dimensions. Sir William had one of five, and one of seven feet focal length.

On the evening of the 13th of March, 1781, Herschel was engaged in examining some small stars in the vicinity of the constellation Gemini, when his attention was attracted to one more than the rest. He applied to his telescope higher magnifying powers, and found, to his surprise, that the apparent diameter of the body increased considerably. It was not, then, a fixed star, for no magnifying power presents one of those distant luminaries as other than a point of light. Careful ex-

Lalande, imprimé en 1783 et faisant partie de la préface du tome viii des 'Ephémérides des mouvements célestes.'

"Chaque fois qu'Herschel entreprend de polir un miroir (de télescope), il en a pour dix, douze, quatorze heures d'un travail continu. Il ne quitte pas un instant même pour manger, et reçoit des mains de sa sœur les aliments sans lesquels on ne pourrait supporter une si longue fatigue: pour rien au monde Herschel n'abandonnerait son travail; suivant lui, ce serait le gâter."

\* Lord Rosse's telescopes.

† "Je lis le passage suivant dans un mémoire de

amination showed that it was moving at the rate of two and a half seconds per hour. It was the planet now called Uranus. Herschel had commenced his career by a discovery which raised him to the front rank of astronomers. Continental observers wished to confer on the new planet the name of its discoverer, and the symbol by which it is known in astronomy, still bears his initial. But after an interval, during which it was called by Herschel's proposed name of the "Georgium Sidus," it was christened "Uranus" — now its recognized appellation. Uranus had often been seen before; indeed, it was observed and recorded on no less than twenty previous occasions as a fixed star. Arago\* points out that "if Herschel had directed his telescope to the constellation Gemini eleven days earlier (that is, on March 2 instead of March 13) the proper motion of Uranus would have escaped his observation, for on the 2nd the planet was in one of its stationary points. It will be seen from this remark on what may depend the greatest discoveries in astronomy." One step in this fascinating science inevitably leads to another. Perturbations in the course of Uranus led Adams, in England, and Leverrier, in France, to suspect the existence of yet another planet, whose attraction should be sufficiently powerful to alter the path of Uranus through space, and yet so distant as to have eluded observers since the beginning of the world. The event proved that they were right, and Neptune was discovered by the Prussian astronomer Dr. Galle in the very spot indicated by the two great astronomers; who thus achieved probably the greatest triumph ever won by mathematical science.†

The fame of Herschel's discovery spread rapidly. The most prominent astronomers made the journey to Bath — no ordinary undertaking in those days — to see the great telescopes at which he was labouring with extraordinary assiduity\* and to converse with their inventor. Miss

Herschel's journals are filled with accounts of preparations for new oratorios and the making of new telescopes in almost equal proportions. The casting of a mirror for one of the instruments well-nigh proved fatal to all the adventurers. The metal was in the furnace, which unfortunately began to leak at the moment when ready for pouring. "Both my brothers," says Miss Herschel, "and the caster with his men, were obliged to run out at opposite doors, for the stone flooring flew about in all directions as high as the ceiling. My poor brother fell exhausted with heat and exertion on a heap of brickbats." A second casting resulted in a very perfect metal. While he was thus busily engaged, the king invited him to Windsor, and desired him to bring his instruments with him.

After this visit, Herschel never returned permanently to Bath; he was caressed and honoured by all the savants of the metropolis, and the king was so interested by the extraordinary objects in the starry heavens which were shown to him, that he invited the Bath musician to become his private astronomer, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum. In such notices of Sir William Herschel's life as have been published, it has been assumed that the king provided for his astronomer with royal munificence. M. Arago adopts the current story. Such, however, was not the case. The income of Sir William Herschel at Bath, from his organist's salary and his musical pupils, very greatly exceeded that which he accepted at the hands of his royal patron. Miss Herschel speaks, in one of her latest letters,\* of the life of privations and struggles undergone by her brother — she says nothing of her own — during between twenty and thirty years, till he had realized a sufficient capital for living respectably by the making of seven, ten, twenty, and twenty-five feet telescopes. She also mentions that it was at first intended, when M. de Mainborg, who had formerly been one of the king's tutors, and was afterwards his private astronomer, died, to make Sir William Herschel astronomer at Kew in his room. But it was otherwise determined, for "the king was surrounded by some *wiseacres* who knew how to bargain, and even offered 100*l.* if he would go to Hanover."

A house was taken at Datchet, in which Miss Herschel was promptly installed as housekeeper and general assistant. The new home was a large neglected place,

\* Quoted in Chambers's "Astronomy," p. 150.

† Alexander Humboldt wrote to Miss Herschel on the 25th September, 1846, a letter conveying to her from the king of Prussia the gold medal for science, on the occasion of her ninety-sixth birthday. "I know I may count upon your indulgence. . . . I specially deserve such leniency to-day — the day on which my young friend Dr. Galle, assistant astronomer in our observatory (to the triumph of theoretical astronomy be it said), has discovered the trans-Uranian planet indicated by Leverrier as the cause of the perturbations of Uranus."

‡ "Même à l'époque où, dans la ville de Bath, Herschel n'était qu'un simple amateur d'astronomie, il fit jusqu'à deux cents miroirs newtoniens de 7 pieds anglais de foyer; jusqu'à cent cinquante miroirs de 10 pieds, et environ quatre-vingts miroirs de 20 pieds."

\* Hanover, February, 1842.



ruinous, and overgrown with weeds. Miss Herschel's economical soul was appalled at the price of everything, from coals to butcher's meat; but there were stables where mirrors could be ground; a laundry which would serve for a library, and a grass-plot where the twenty-foot telescope was to be erected. The brother and sister agreed that now they were really in the country they could live on eggs and bacon for next to nothing. Miss Herschel found that she was to be trained for an assistant astronomer, and, "by way of encouragement," as she says, a telescope, adapted for sweeping, was given to her. "I was to sweep for comets, and I see by my journal that I began August, 1782, to record all the remarkable appearances that I saw in my sweeps." She soon had the satisfaction of seeing that her brother was satisfied with her endeavours to assist. It was her business to watch the clock, and note the times of various phenomena; to write down memoranda; to fetch and carry instruments, or to measure the ground with poles. Something of this kind occurred every moment. Measurements on the diameter of the newly-discovered Georgium Sidus, and observations of other planets, double stars, etc., were made with great assiduity. From this time, and for many years, almost the whole of almost every night that was not too cloudy was devoted to observation of the heavens, until daylight sent the astronomers to their beds. But it was soon found that Caroline Herschel must become entirely attached to the writing-desk, so that she seldom had an opportunity, unless in the temporary absence of her brother, for original observation. The use of the twenty-foot telescope was not without its exciting and even dangerous features. Sir William Herschel passed his time principally on a high scaffolding, erected with too impetuous haste to be very safe. A temporary cross-beam represented the safe gallery which would have been erected by a more cautious observer; one night in a high wind the whole affair came to the ground; fortunately, says Miss Herschel, the mirror was uninjured. Shortly afterwards, Miss Herschel herself met with a serious accident. She was sent in haste across ground covered a foot deep with snow to record an observation, but the tube and mirror rested on a temporary contrivance, consisting of a couple of butcher's hooks, one of which penetrated her leg above the knee. In answer to her brother's call to make haste, she could only cry that she was hooked. It was found

impossible to raise her without, as she says, leaving nearly two ounces of flesh behind her. It was six weeks before the courageous lady asked for medical advice. Dr. Lind, who came to her assistance, told her that if a soldier had received such a wound he would have been sent for six weeks to hospital. Her principal emotion connected with the event seems to have been satisfaction that her brother lost nothing by the accident, as the remainder of the night was too cloudy to afford intervals favourable for observation.

We mentioned that two great objects were present to Sir William Herschel's mind. The first was to obviate the loss of light consequent on the construction of reflecting telescopes; and we have seen by what simple contrivance the change was effected. In his other object, viz., the manufacture of telescopes, powerful beyond the expectations of previous astronomers, he was equally successful. This is not the place for an examination of the expedients he adopted; it is enough to say that, before the discovery of Uranus, he had applied linear magnifying powers of a thousand, twelve hundred, two thousand two hundred, two thousand six hundred, and even of six thousand times to a reflecting telescope of seven feet in focal length. The Royal Society of London officially requested Herschel to give publicity to the means he had adopted for ascertaining such amounts of magnifying power in his telescopes. His answer is contained in a paper called "Answers to Doubts that might be raised to the High Magnifying Powers used by Herschel," and, as Arago says, the question was settled once for all. In one of his letters to his sister, written in May, 1782, when he first went to London, at the king's desire, to see his Majesty, Herschel says:—

Dr. Maskelyne (the astronomer royal) in public declared his obligations to me for having introduced to them the high powers, for M. Aubert has so much succeeded with them that he says he looks down upon two, three, or four hundred with contempt, and immediately begins with eight hundred. He has used twenty-five hundred very completely, and seen my fine double stars with them.

A month later he writes:—

Among opticians and astronomers nothing is now talked of but *what they call* my great discoveries. Alas! this shows how far they are behind, when such trifles as I have seen and done are called *great*. Let me but get at it again! I will make such telescopes and see such things—that is, I will endeavour to do so.

It must not be supposed that high powers can often be used in the English climate. Herschel found that there are not above a hundred hours in the year during which the heavens can be advantageously observed with a telescope of forty feet, furnished with a magnifying power of a thousand.

It was not till twenty years of continuous labour had enabled Herschel fully to estimate the value of his discovery that he gave to the scientific world his memoir on the power of penetrating into space by telescopes. He found that with his twenty-feet telescope he could penetrate into space seventy-five times further than with the naked eye; with a twenty-five-feet telescope, he could reach ninety-six times; and with his great forty-feet instrument, 192 times the distance which could be attained by human vision unassisted. As the eye of man can barely discern stars of what is called the seventh magnitude,\* it follows that the great telescope rendered visible stars so amazingly remote, that light, leaping over a space of a hundred and eighty-five thousand miles, *three times the diameter of our globe*, in a single second, would take half a million of years to travel from them to the earth. If such a star were this day extinguished, it would still continue to be seen from the earth for 500,000 years.

Such is the domain added by Herschel to astronomy.

In the early part of 1786 the Herschels removed to Slough, and Sir William determined to set to work in earnest on a telescope forty feet in length. He took the twenty-feet as a model. The latter instrument had already been so improved by constant alteration, that it was found practically serviceable for that purpose. His friend Sir William Watson undertook, through Madam Schwellenberg, who was attached to the court, to bring the undertaking under the notice of the king. In consequence of this, he soon afterwards received, through Sir J. Banks, the promise that 2,000*l.* would be granted to enable him to make himself an instrument. It is nowhere stated whether this sum was defrayed by the Royal Society, of which Sir Joseph was president, or by the king. The work proceeded with rapidity.

\* Stars are known empirically as of the first, second, third, etc., magnitude. The theory is that all are of the same size, and dwindle from the first to the second magnitude, and so on in proportion to their distance. This theory is known not to be exactly correct, but it is convenient for astronomical purposes, and is therefore conventionally used.

Smiths toiled all the summer on the iron-work, and troops of labourers relieved each other at the grinding of the great mirror. Tools had to be forged specially for this purpose, ground to be levelled, brick foundations to be laid—in short, the gardens of the new house were the scene of great bustle and activity. The heavy castings were made in London, and brought to Windsor by water. It soon appeared that the expense of these improvements could not be defrayed out of the 200*l.* a year which was allowed him by the king, or even by the extra 2,000*l.* procured through Sir William Watson. Moreover, as we gather, the salary was not paid with very great regularity. Sir William therefore established a regular manufacture of telescopes, of which he and his sister ground all the mirrors, and superintended all the details. Though money for necessary household expenses, as well as for astronomical purposes, was thus acquired, Herschel felt keenly that he was doing an injustice to himself and to the cause of astronomy by giving up his time to the making of telescopes for other observers. Mention is made in the journals of several telescopes of remarkable dimensions. One for the king of Spain was executed at a cost of 3,150*l.* Miss Herschel notes that she was much hindered in her work by the packing of the Spanish telescope, which was done at the barn and rickyard of Upton, where she was then lodging, her own room being all the time filled with the optical apparatus. The Prince of Canino paid 2,310*l.* for a ten- and a seven-foot telescope from the same indefatigable hands. It is evident that though the pecuniary profit was great, it was dearly purchased at the expense of health and time which was entailed upon Sir William by labour so severe. There is no doubt that the exhaustion produced by grinding mirrors told seriously upon his health.

In the summer which saw them installed at Slough Miss Herschel appeared as an original discoverer. Sir William was called away to deliver a ten-foot telescope as a present from the king to the observatory of Göttingen. While he was absent, Miss Herschel resumed her "sweeping," for which her position as assistant usually left her but little time, but to which she was intensely devoted. Her diary on the 1st of August, 1786, contains the following entry:—

This evening I saw an object which I believe will prove to-morrow night to be a comet.

All next day she steadily pursued her

daily task, but it is plain that her mind was running on her comet.

August 2. — To-day I calculated one hundred and fifty nebulae — I fear it will not be clear to-night, it has been raining throughout the whole day, but now seems to clear up a little. One o'clock: the object of last night *is a comet*.

Before going to bed that night she wrote to several of the principal astronomers to announce her discovery. To Dr. Blagden she says: —

The employment of writing down the observations when my brother uses the twenty-foot reflector, does not often allow me time to look at the heavens; but as he is now on a visit to Germany, I have taken the opportunity to sweep in the neighbourhood of the sun in search of comets, and last night I found an object very much resembling in colour and brightness the twenty-seven nebulae of the "*Connaissance des Temps*," etc.

She then describes the position and appearance of the "suspected comet," as she calls it, and adds that her observations were made with a Newtonian sweeper of twenty-seven-inch focal length, and a power of about twenty.

"Sweeping," which was such a delight to Miss Herschel, consists in directing the telescope to a given point in the heavens, and allowing it to remain in that position. By the motion of the earth, all stars situated on the parallel of declination (or distance from the equator) to which the instrument is directed pass across the field in their order of right ascension, and can be recognized by reference to a clock showing sidereal time. When any star or nebula is observed where, according to the catalogues, no star should be, it is noted for further investigation. In one of her letters, many years afterwards,\* to Sir John Herschel, Miss Herschel mentions the contrivance by which she used to obtain the time. "You mention a monkey-clock, or jack, in your paper. I would only notice (if you mean the jack in the painted deal-case) that Alex made it merely to take with me on the roof when I was sweeping for comets, that I might count seconds by it, going softly downstairs till I was within hearing of the beat of the timepiece on the ground-floor (at that time our Observatory), all doors being open."

Miss Herschel's remark, that she was sweeping "in the neighbourhood of the sun," is possibly an error in the transcrip-

tion of her letter. The sun had disappeared on the day in question by half past seven; and had that luminary been above the visible horizon, his rays would have prevented the comet from being observed if it had been anywhere in his vicinity. From Miss Herschel's description of the comet's position (in the constellation Comæ Bernices), it was on the day of the discovery about three hours later than the sun in right ascension, and therefore would pass the meridian about three o'clock in the day; at ten in the evening it would be in the north-western heavens, and not very far from the horizon. It is possible that this is what Miss Herschel means by "the neighbourhood of the sun."

The same post which conveyed her letter to Dr. Blagden took also one to her friend M. Aubert, who sent in reply a warm letter of congratulation: —

I wish you joy [he says] most sincerely on the discovery. I am more pleased than you can well conceive that *you* have made it, and I think I see your *wonderfully clever* and wonderfully amiable brother, upon the news of it, shed a tear of joy. You have immortalized your name, and you deserve such a reward from the Being who has ordered all these things to move as we find them for your assiduity in the business of astronomy, and for your love for so celebrated and so deserving a brother.

To any other woman such a success would have been a subject at least of some exaltation, but she had no thought for herself. On her brother's return she resumed her place as his humble and unknown assistant without a regret for the career of original distinction which she was foregoing. First and last, Caroline Herschel discovered eight comets. Her journals usually contain such an entry as this: — "August —, 2 A.M., discovered a comet;" and the letter-book of the next day contains transcripts of communications to the astronomers of her own and other nations, giving its declination and right ascension, and "commending it to their protection" — of her own labours or success never one solitary word. Many years afterwards she said, with characteristic modesty, that it was all chance; "I never called a comet mine till several post-days passed without any account of them coming to hand. And after all, it is only like the children's game, "*Wer am ersten kick ruft, soll den Apfel haben*." \*

On the 8th of May, 1788, Sir William

\* December, 1826, p. 207.

\* "Whoever first calls 'kick' shall have the apple."  
— Letter to Lady Herschel, July, 1842, p. 326.

Herschel married. His wife was a lady of great amiability, and she brought him a fortune which enabled him thenceforth to pursue his scientific career without any anxiety about money matters. Sir William was made happy, but it was the great grief of Caroline Herschel's life. She resigned, as she said, her position as house-keeper, and lived henceforth in lodgings, coming every day to her work, and in all respects continuing the same labours, as her brother's assistant and secretary:—

But [says the authoress of the memoir] it is not to be supposed that a nature so strong and a heart so affectionate should accept the new state of things without much and bitter suffering. To resign the supreme place by her brother's side which she had filled for sixteen years with such hearty devotion could not be otherwise than painful in any case; but how much more so in this where equal devotion to the same pursuit must have made identity of interest and purpose as complete as it is rare! One who could both feel and express herself so strongly was not likely to fall into her new place without some outward expression of what it cost her—tradition confirms the assumption, and it is easy to understand how this long significant silence\* is due to the light of later wisdom and calmer judgment, which counselled the destruction of all record of what was likely to be painful to survivors.

It is evident from her diary, which was resumed in 1798—though the entries thenceforward are exceedingly brief and business-like—that she never lived beneath her brother's roof again. During his absence from home she would go to his house and put things in order for him; little passages show that at such times she was always at work for him, polishing the brass-work of his telescopes, making curtains for his bookshelves, cataloguing his books and papers; but the day before his expected return she would go back to her lodgings again, whence she would emerge only at nightfall to take her share of the duty of "minding the heavens," as she used to call it. Her brother made her a new telescope, which to the end of his life was her most cherished possession. Letter after letter she used to write during her old age, making arrangements that it should be in safe hands, which would use it tenderly when she was dead. Its ultimate fate is thus spoken of in a letter from Sir John Herschel:†—

The telescopes are now, I trust, properly

\* She destroyed all her journals and letters from 1788 to 1798.

† August 10, 1840.

disposed of. Mr. Hausmann (who will value it) has the sweeper. The five-feet Newtonian reflector is in the hands of the Royal Astronomical Society, and it will be preserved by it, as the little telescope of Newton is by the Royal Society, long after I and all the little ones are dead and gone.

The ten years which succeeded her brother's marriage were among the most laborious of Caroline Herschel's life. The Royal Society published two of her works, namely, "A Catalogue of 860 Stars, observed by Flamsteed, but not included in the British Catalogue," and "A General Index of Reference to every Observation of every Star in the British Catalogue." But the most laborious, as well as the most valuable, of her works was the "Reduction and Arrangement in the form of a Catalogue of all the Star-clusters and Nebulæ observed by Sir William Herschel in his Sweeps." It was for this that the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was conferred upon her, and the extraordinary distinction of an honorary membership.

We cannot follow Sir William Herschel through the laborious years which followed. They were a time of intense activity. Not a year passed that he did not signalize with some important memoir in the "Philosophical Transactions." He demonstrated what had hitherto been only suspected, that the sun was not the stable centre of the universe, but that it, together with the planets which form the solar system, was changing its position among the stars. He showed that the direction of our course through space—in company with the sun, our master, and the planets, our companions—is in the direction of the constellation Hercules. It is a fact calculated strongly to impress the imagination, that the sun himself is but a star, among millions brighter, probably, and grander than himself, and that he and all his system of attendant worlds are darting with inconceivable rapidity towards a definite point in space. The establishment of this circumstance in the orderly organization of the universe would alone have made Herschel's name famous. But it is thrown into the shade by other discoveries still more calculated to strike the mind with awe.

There is no branch of astronomy which Herschel might more justly claim for his own domain than that which relates to clustered stars. The catalogue of Meisier contained but sixty-eight nebulae, to which Lacaille afterwards added twenty-eight, and they were looked upon as mere

tracts of luminous matter: their real nature was not suspected. But as soon as Herschel applied to them his powerful instruments, his rare penetration and unconquerable perseverance, this branch of science took a rapid stride. In 1796 he published in the "Philosophical Transactions" a catalogue of one thousand nebulae or clusters of stars. Three years later appeared a second catalogue, quite as extensive as the first; and that, again, was followed, in 1802, by a third catalogue of five hundred nebulae.

"Two thousand five hundred nebulae!" exclaims Arago; such was the contingent supplied by Herschel to a branch of astronomy which had hardly been touched before him. But he was not content with simple discovery. It was his rare good fortune to demonstrate their true nature.

One single nebula out of the vast "contingent" mentioned by Arago, resolved itself under Herschel's telescope into a cluster of fourteen thousand stars! And though not all the nebulae are resolvable into similar clusters, it is demonstrated by his, and by subsequent observations, that thousands of these beautiful objects are clusters of innumerable stars, so immeasurably distant from us that only their collective light is visible—a dimly luminous point in boundless space.

The immense distance of the planet Uranus, its small angular diameter, and the feebleness of its light, long forbade any hope of discerning from the earth its satellites, if any such existed. It was to the great forty-foot telescope, invented and built by Herschel, that the discovery was due at last. His perseverance was rewarded by a sight of six moons, which revolve around the planet, thus completing, to use the words of Arago, "the world of a system that belongs entirely to himself."

Time went on in the Slough observatory unmarked by any incident external to the scientific labours of its inmates, if we except the birth of his son, Sir John Herschel. Their work, their pleasures, and the events of their lives, were all astronomical. Sir William's position as astronomer to the king brought a constant succession of guests to the observatory who were distinguished by their rank, and his own eminence in science attracted those who were best worth knowing in the world of letters, whether Englishmen or foreigners. Miss Herschel, who liked a quiet joke as well as any one, tells some good stories of her visitors. Some of them, it must be acknowledged, asked

very remarkable questions; amongst others, one is recorded of the Prince of Orange, who called one day at the observatory to see Sir William Herschel, but, not finding any one at home, wrote the following note:—

The Prince of Orange has been at Slough to call at Mr. Herschel's, and to ask him, or if he was not at home, to Miss Herschel, if it is true that Mr. Herschel has discovered a new star whose light was not as that of the common stars, but with swallow-tails as stars in embroidery.

About the time when Sir John Herschel, having arrived at man's estate, took his degree as senior wrangler, Sir William's health began to fail. He still pursued his labours, but no longer with his wonted energy, and the journals are filled with remarks which show the bitter grief with which Miss Herschel noted his declining strength. He died in 1822, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The terrible blow of her brother's death seemed to paralyze the energies of his sister, who determined to leave England forever, as soon as the beloved remains were buried out of her sight. She collected the few things which she desired to keep, and retired to Hanover. Her letters from thence to her nephew, Sir John Herschel, are full of recollections of the past, and abound with anecdotes of the great astronomer with whom she passed so many years.

The reader of the memoir will be well able to appreciate the efficient service which Miss Herschel gave to her brother during the forty years of his astronomical work; but she herself did not think so. She always said that a well-trained puppy-dog would have done for her brother everything that she had done; that she was a tool fashioned and polished by him; and that if the tool performed anything worth doing, *he* was entitled to the credit of it. Thinking nothing of herself, seeking nothing for herself, with an intense power of sympathy, and a noble love of giving herself for the service of others, she transferred her whole personality to the object of her affection. After her brother's death she transferred that affection to his son; she often said that she would have willingly remained at the old observatory at Slough to work under the son, as she had done under the father, but that her strength and health would no longer serve her.

It is sad to think of her in her old age. She was then seventy-two, going back des-

olate and broken-hearted to the home of her youth. Still more sad when we remember that she was still removed by twenty-six weary years from her rest. She found everything changed. She had been removed from the old familiar paths, and the authoress of the memoir truly applies to her words borrowed from one of Miss Edgeworth's sisters, "You don't know the blank of life after having lived within the radiance of genius."

Caroline Herschel died at Hanover in 1848, at the age of ninety-eight. Her death-bed was attended by the daughter of the Madame Beckedorff, whose acquaintance she had made at the house of the Hanover milliner eighty years before.

One of her nieces, writing to Sir John Herschel an account of her aunt's death, said of her, with true appreciation of her character, "I but too well know that even in England she must have felt the same blank. She looked upon progress in science as so much detraction of her brother's fame, and even your investigations would have been a source of estrangement if she had been with you." A curious illustration of the truth of this remark is found in one of her latest letters.\* "They talk of nothing in the clubs here but of the great mirror (Lord Rosse's telescope), and the great man who made it; but I have but one answer for all, which is, *der Kerl ist ein Narr* — the man's a fool."

Her coffin was covered with garlands of laurel and cypress, and palm-branches sent from Herrenhausen, and the service was read over it in the same garrison church in which nearly a century before she had been christened. A lock of her brother's hair, and an old almanac which had been used by her father, were, at her own desire, buried with her.

\* To Sir John Herschel, June, 1844.

From The Sunday Magazine.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

A STORY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

#### CHAPTER I.

"JANET!" said the curate.

It was just half past twelve o'clock, and Janet was coming running in from the garden. The sun was shining, and the cottage-door was standing open, and such a sweet scent of roses and mignonette was coming in from the little porch.

"Oh, papa," cried Janet, full of excitement, "I've been to look at the strawberry-bed, and there are strawberries — at least there is one strawberry — quite ripe."

"Is there really a strawberry quite ripe? Then, by all means," said the curate, "let us go and eat it."

So they went into the garden hand in hand. It was not a very large garden, and they had not far to go. They only had to cross a little lawn, and then to walk for a few steps along a straight path where roses grew, and then they came to the bed of strawberries, and Janet in a moment pounced down (for, having examined the ground already, she knew the exact spot in which it lay) and secured her prize. And really it was a strawberry worth gathering; a great strawberry, as big as a large horse-chestnut, with such a colour in its cheeks.

"Oh, papa! isn't it lovely?" cried Janet admiringly. "It's so lovely that it seems almost a pity to eat it; doesn't it?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I think I should like to eat it," said Mr. Mason. "You see we couldn't keep it."

"Oh, no, — not for good."

"And we shall have a great many more presently."

"Yes."

And so then Janet gave a last look to the pretty ripe fruit, and held it up to her father's lips, and her father took a bite of it, and the other bite went into Janet's own mouth.

There are some little things that we remember so well when we grow older. All her life afterwards Janet remembered this day, and how she had stood by her father's side while they ate their strawberry together. She forgot a hundred other things, but she never forgot that. It was a June day when she was seven years old.

She was a very happy little girl, though she had no mother, nor any brothers, or sisters, or playfellows. She and her father lived all alone in this sunny little cottage that was so pretty in summer (it was rather cold in winter, and the rain in wet weather came a good deal through the roof; but then Janet did not notice that), and she was her father's little friend and companion. She went with him whenever he went out to walk; she sat with him by the fireside, and they talked together and played together, and were sometimes very wise and sometimes very foolish, and nearly always very happy. Her mother had died so long ago that she did not



remember her or miss her. There was a little picture of her that hung in Janet's bedroom, and the child as she lay in bed would often look at it, and wish that the pretty face with the grey eyes could come from its frame and stoop down and kiss her; but still she could not miss what she had never had, nor grieve because it was not given to her; and so, though she had no one to love her or be her playfellow except her father, she was as happy as the days were long.

It was a pretty country place, with sweet green walks under the trees, and meadows where the cowslips grew, and wooded hills where Janet liked best of all to go and gather wild flowers, and sit upon the ground under the tall pines. It was always so dry under the pine-trees—dry there when it was dry nowhere else. She used to collect the pine-cones into little heaps, and make a bonfire of them sometimes; sometimes she would make patterns with them on the ground and spell out words. Very often in the summer evenings, when her father's work was ended, they would come and sit in the wood together, with their face to the west, and he would tell her stories while the sun went down.

He was very busy during the greater part of the day, and could not tell her stories then, or do anything else for her. During most of the day he was either going about the parish visiting the people who were poor or ill, or teaching in the schools, or writing sermons in his study.

"I wish you had not so many sermons to write, papa," Janet said one day to him with quite a sad face, and he answered, laughing,—

"I am sure I wish I hadn't, too, Janet, with all my heart; only, you see, if I didn't write them, Mr. Jessop would scold me, and look about for another curate, so there is no help for it, I am afraid."

"But I don't think Mr. Jessop would scold you much," Janet answered gravely to this speech; and so then the next time he saw the rector, Mr. Mason told him what his little daughter had said.

"Janet would like to be your little girl instead of mine, I suspect," he said to Mr. Jessop; "for she tells me she doesn't think you know how to scold people. She doesn't think you would scold me, she says, if I struck work and refused to write sermons any more."

"Ah, I am afraid that's a sad mistake of Janet's," answered the rosy rector; and then he took the child upon his knees.

"Why, don't you know that if your father wouldn't write any more sermons I should have to eat him up?" he said.

"Oh, no; you wouldn't," cried Janet, incredulous, but rather horror-struck.

"Yes, we should have to roast him before the kitchen-fire, and eat him up, bones and all. What do you think has become of all the other curates I have had before he came if I haven't eaten them?"

And then Janet remained with her lips apart, staring in the rector's face; for what had become of the other curates was a dark question that never before had entered her mind.

It was a simple, happy life. In the winter evenings, Mr. Mason used to teach his little daughter. She had not learnt much yet out of books, but she could read pretty well when the words were easy, and she could write a little, and she knew the names of all the countries in Europe. She used to read her little stories aloud to her father sometimes, and think that she was entertaining him when he was tired. He was often so tired that, at the end of a day's work, he would sit down in his arm-chair, and shut his eyes, and do nothing for half an hour; and then the little maid would come and sit beside him, and would lean against his knees, and spell out her lessons. She used to be very happy as she sat so. Perhaps, sometimes, while the little childish voice was sounding in his ears, thoughts that were very anxious and sad were passing through the curate's mind; but Janet never knew anything about that. The happy hours passed on for her, one after another, undisturbed; her life was so sunny and placid; the sky above her little head scarcely knew what it was to have a cloud.

"Papa's cough was very bad last night," she would say sometimes to the rector's wife, when that kind lady met Janet in the country lanes, and stopped to speak to her; but she never said it very sadly, for her father had had a cough for so long a time that Janet had grown quite accustomed to it, and very likely had come to suppose that coughs were one of the inevitable accompaniments of advancing years, like grey hairs or baldness. "Papa's cough was very bad in the night; it kept him awake for a long time," she would say in her unconscious little voice; and the rector's wife would pat her shoulder, and give her a sugarplum from her pocket, and pass on sighing to herself. "Poor

thing, how little she knows! Ah, dear me, it's a sad world!" she would say, shaking her head.

For, though Janet did not know, Mrs. Jessop knew very well what the curate's bad cough meant. "I'm afraid he won't be able to hold out much longer, poor fellow," her husband said to her one autumn night. "Here is the winter coming on, and how he is to go through it I cannot think. It goes to my heart to see him tramping about in these wet days, doing work that he is no more fit for than Janet is. Really I don't know how it is to go on. If he could get a rest, and go somewhere for the winter, he might get better possibly; but how can he get a rest? He will just go on at his work till he drops."

"If he had any place that he could go to for a few months, of course I would gladly take Janet. But then how could you do without him? And how could you afford to pay him and to pay another curate too? Of course you couldn't do that," said Mrs. Jessop.

"No, I couldn't do that, certainly. All I can do is to make his work as light as I can. But the worst is that, light or heavy, it will be too much for him; and then, what is to come next?" said the rector.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessop were very kind to Janet, and the rector was fond of taking the child on his knees when he came to the cottage, and would talk to her, and tell her stories. Sometimes he used to make her say hymns to him, which Janet did not object to do, but sometimes also (only happily this occurred rarely) he examined her in her catechism, and on one occasion there was rather a sad little scene, in which Janet broke down hopelessly over her baptismal vows, and retired from the apartment overwhelmed with humiliation. But this was a solitary instance of disaster, and in a general way the rector's visits brought nothing but pleasure to Janet, and she would run to meet him when she saw him coming, and slip her small hand into his, and all the little delicate face would brighten. "We must get some roses into these cheeks some day," the rector used to say as he patted them. But as yet the roses in Janet's cheeks had shown themselves shyer in blooming than the kind rector liked to see them.

It was at the beginning of the winter which followed her seventh birthday that the rector and his wife had that talk together about the curate's health. "I am

afraid he will never hold out till the spring," Mr. Jessop had said; but to everybody's surprise he did hold out. All through the long dark months he went on visiting and teaching, and writing his sermons in the little parlour, with Janet by his side.

"Really, he almost seems to me as if he were better," the rector would sometimes say, "for it is amazing what he can go through. If he could only get back a little appetite —"

But, alas! the curate, though he worked still with all his might, could no longer either eat or sleep. He used to lie awake with his hacking cough through hour after hour of the long nights. "I do think one good sleep would almost set me up," he said one day to Mr. Jessop. But he never got that sleep he longed for till the sleep came at last that is quietest and longest of all.

One May evening, as the rector and his wife were just finishing dinner, a man from the village came to tell them that the curate was very ill.

"He's broken a blood-vessel, your reverence," the man said, "and there's nobody with him but the little miss and the servant girl."

"Bless me! — and have they not got a doctor?" cried the rector; and he seized his hat, and was down in the village and knocking at Dr. Fowler's door before Mrs. Jessop had tied her bonnet-strings.

Happily, however, before he had got to Dr. Fowler's door somebody else had been before him, and when Mr. Jessop reached the cottage he found that Dr. Fowler was already doing all he could for his poor friend.

"But we can't save him — there's not a chance of it — not a chance of it," said the good doctor, as soon as he and the rector were able to exchange a word.

"Ah, dear me!" cried the rector, "is it really so?"

"He couldn't have lived above a month or two more, whether this had happened or not. Why, both lungs are gone. He never could have lasted through the spring."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said the rector.

He and Mrs. Jessop had been standing by the bedside. The curate was lying with his eyes closed, half unconscious. They had not been able to undress him. He lay outside the bed, with his face almost as white already as the white pillow it rested on; and by his side, coiled up into a knot, and white too and silent, sat Janet. They had found her there when they

came, and Mrs. Jessop had tried to get her away, but she had not been able to do it.

"It isn't a fit thing for the child to be here. Dr. Fowler, I don't think you ought to allow it," she had said to the doctor almost severely; but Dr. Fowler had merely shrugged his shoulders.

"He likes her to stay, and I don't see, while she sits so still, that it much matters," he answered. "Poor child, she won't have a father to sit by many hours longer."

And then after he had made that answer Mrs. Jessop said nothing more; but she went to the child presently and stroked her hair, and put her kind arm round her.

Before he died the curate tried to rouse himself enough to speak to the friends who were watching round him. He had recognized the rector and his wife very soon after they came into the room, and had feebly moved his hand and smiled as they came up and grasped it. After a time he made a sign to the rector to come nearer, and Mr. Jessop came and bent over the pillow.

"You will write — to my brother?" he said faintly.

"Yes, certainly," the rector answered.

"Janet can tell you the address. He will come — and take charge of it all. If there should be — a few days' delay — will you look after the child?"

"Surely — surely," said the rector.

"God bless you. I thought you would. God bless you both. Is she here still?"

"Janet?"

"No — your wife."

"Yes, she is here."

He put his wife's hand into the hand of the dying man, and with the tears streaming down her cheeks Mrs. Jessop stooped over his pillow and kissed him.

"I will do all I can for her, but God will be her best friend; God will be good to her," she said.

"Yes — I know."

After that he closed his eyes, and when a few moments had passed he tried to turn himself, and made as if he would stretch out both his hands.

"Janet!" he said.

They helped the feeble arms to find what they were seeking, and with a wild low sob the child crept close to his heart. Then no one spoke again. Side by side the father and his little girl lay together till he died quietly, like some one gently falling asleep.

## CHAPTER II.

THEY had been laying the sods over the curate's grave. It was a sunny grave in the south-west corner of the churchyard — a corner where over the little mounds the grass grew deep and thick, and birds built in the ivied angle of the wall.

"I should like to be buried in the sunshine there," the curate had said one day to Mr. Jessop long ago, pointing to the place as he and the rector happened to be passing by it together.

They had not been thinking of his dying soon when he said that, for he was in good health then, and Mr. Jessop, who was older than he by five-and-twenty years, might reasonably have supposed that he was the likeliest to go first to his grave; but it had happened otherwise, you see, and so when the younger man died the other remembered those chance words of his, and gave orders that his grave should be dug in that sunny spot which he had pointed out.

"He chose it himself, poor fellow," he said, speaking to the curate's brother, who had come down from London to attend the funeral. "Of course, if you had had any other plans —"

But the man he was speaking to interrupted him when he said this, touching his hat as he spoke.

"Not at all, sir — not at all. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," he said.

This brother of Mr. Mason's was not an educated man. The curate had come of poor parents, and his family and relations were all poor and uneducated. He himself had owed his different fortune to the kindness of a gentleman who had become interested in him when he was a boy, and had sent him first to school and then to college, and, in common phrase, had made a gentleman of him. Of course this making him into a gentleman had separated him a good deal from his own people. He had been very good as long as they lived to his father and mother, but since their death he had not seen much of the other members of his family, having little in common with this brother of his, who was a builder in a small way in the north of London, or with his sister in Liverpool, whose husband kept a baker's shop.

"My thought was just to put up a plain headstone to him," the rector was saying. "Merely a plain stone, giving his name and age; or, if you liked, we might add his wife's name too. Poor young thing, she was dead before he came here. What — the marriage was a foolish business,

was it? Ah, well — so many marriages are. But, foolish or wise, it doesn't matter much now."

"Only it's hard upon those who are left to take care of the children, sir," Richard Mason answered rather surlily.

"Well, yes — that's true. Yes, I allow that," and then the rector too looked grave and shook his head. "It is a hard thing for you, but at any rate you may be thankful that there is only this one little girl. Why, there might have been half a dozen of them, you know."

"Well, in that case, sir, it would simply have come to this, that they must have gone to the workhouse."

"Ah, that would have been sad indeed," said the rector.

"And even as it is I don't know, sir, that I'm *bound* to take the little girl," said Mason.

The two men had turned away from the grave now, and were walking towards the churchyard gate, and Mason's face as he spoke had a look in it that was half sulky and half perplexed. "I'd wish to do my duty by her, but I've my wife to consider as well as myself. Janet's no relation of hers, you see, sir, and she don't like her coming into the house — that's the truth."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the rector.

"Well, sir, it's reasonable too. I'm not saying anything against Janet, but still it's reasonable. We're working people, sir, and we've got our own children to bring up; and my wife, she has nieces of her own."

"But yet if you don't take her, Mr. Mason, what will become of her?" said the rector. "Of course if your poor brother had left a large family it might have been quite out of your power to take charge of them, but when there is only this one little girl, I must say that I don't see how you can decently shift the burden of providing for her off your own shoulders. It's quite clear, I suppose, that there are no near relations on the mother's side?"

"I believe not, sir."

"Well, my good friend, I suspect you must take the little girl home with you, at any rate to begin with. You might get her presently into a free school. I'll give you all the help I can, if you like, towards doing that; but I don't see in the first instance how you can avoid taking charge of her. She is a gentle, good little thing too. Why, your wife may get quite fond of her. What does your own family consist of? Three boys at home? What,

three boys and not any girls? Well, what could you do better than give your wife a nice little girl like this to be of use to her, and run her messages, and be as good as a daughter to her? Upon my word, Mr. Mason, if I hadn't five daughters of my own, poor little Janet shouldn't go begging for a home."

They walked on without speaking again for a few minutes, till they came in sight of the curate's cottage. As they drew near to it they slackened their steps, and Richard Mason presently broke the silence.

"I don't want you to think that I'd neglect the child, sir," he said. "I think it comes hard upon me — I do say that; but if there's nothing else to be done, I'll take her, at any rate for a bit."

"I don't think you will repent doing it."

"Well, sir, I hope not."

But Mr. Mason's tone as he made this reply was rather doubtful.

The sun was shining into the cottage windows. The month was May, and the little garden before the house was bright with early flowers. The rector bade his companion good-bye at the gate.

"Janet doesn't seem to be about," he said, "but it doesn't matter. I shall see her before you go away. Tell her I'm coming to say good-bye to her. She was always a good little friend of mine. Good afternoon, Mr. Mason."

And then he went on his way home and Richard Mason went into his brother's house.

He opened the parlour-door, and entered the room that had served the curate for six years as drawing-room, dining-room, and study all in one. A low-roofed room, scantily furnished with a few chairs and tables, and an old-fashioned sofa, and a carpet that had been darned in many a place. There was one easy-chair in a corner by the fire, and there was a book-case on the wall; and near the latticed window stood the table at which the curate had been used to write his sermons, with his books and papers on it still.

Richard Mason came into the room, looking round him as he opened the door. Something as he entered made a sudden movement: it was little Janet, who had been sitting coiled up on the sofa, and who at the sound of his step hastily and timidly unrolled herself, and let her feet slip down upon the floor. She was sitting bolt upright on the wide sofa-cushions when his eyes fell on her, doing nothing, and looking odd and out of place in the empty room.

"What, Janet, is that you?" said her uncle shortly, as he saw her.

He did not mean to speak to her unkindly, but he had a rough brusque manner that was not encouraging, and the child at his question got up hurriedly, colouring, with an uneasy look in her eyes.

"Yes, it's me," she said shyly.

"Well, you'd far better be out of doors than sitting here. Why don't you go out into the garden on a fine sunny day like this?"

"I'll go if you like," Janet said; but the little voice was so faint that Mr. Mason scarcely heard it.

"You'll do what?" he asked. "I wish you'd speak up. I'll tell you what, Janet, if you don't speak louder than this when you get to London, you'll not find many people will listen to you. There's a deal too much noise going on there for people to be heard who don't take the trouble to open their mouths."

The child made no answer to this speech. Mr. Mason had deposited himself in his brother's arm-chair, and, being hot with his walk, had begun to mop his face with his pocket-handkerchief. Big and stout and rosy, he looked far more like a liver in the country than the pale-cheeked child who stood at six steps' distance from him, contemplating him with sad grey eyes. Perhaps that poor little heart was thinking sorrowfully of the different figure that had been used to occupy that chair. She may have been thinking that; or she may only have been feeling desolate and bewildered, as if, even while the old familiar things were still all round her, she had somehow got lost and gone astray.

"Well, go into the garden, and don't stand doing nothing there," Mr. Mason said after a few moments' silence. "You'll not have a garden like this to play in much longer, so you'd better make the most of it, I can tell you, while you've got it. Why, if you weren't silly you'd be out enjoying yourself all day."

Again the child said nothing, but only gravely turned round and went away. She was too young to take much heed to the wording of her uncle's speech; she only thought of doing what she was told, and so she quietly left the room, and put on her hat in the passage, and went out into the sunny garden to "enjoy herself" as she best could. She walked along the familiar paths, and looked at the flowers she knew so well as they grew on either side of her; she stood still once to watch two butterflies fluttering round a bush;

she saw the first half-opened rose-bud, and stopped to gather it. Poor little Janet! As she held the half-burst flower in her hand some thought came to her, and her lips began to quiver, and then the tears rushed to her eyes. "I took the first one to him last year," she had remembered; and all at once the day that was gone forever came back to the child's mind, and her lips trembled, and she burst out crying.

She had got almost to the furthest end of the garden, so far from the house that no one in it could see her, and she dropped down on a little ring of grass that had been set round the root of an old apple-tree, and sat there in a little heap and sobbed.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried to herself. "What shall I do all my life without papa? Oh, I wish I was dead! I wish God had let me die too."

She sat for a long time sobbing and crying. She had lost all that she loved in the world, and her little heart thought that it was breaking. She did not know how to bear her loneliness. She was little more than seven years old, and at that age one gets quickly to forget most sorrows, however sharp, when something else is left to us, or given to us, to make us happy. But Janet Mason, with her father dead, had *nothing* left to her; nothing, except perhaps her pet white cat that found her out presently as she sat here under the apple-tree, and came and rubbed his sides against her for a few minutes, with his tail high in the air, and then daintily stepped into her lap, and coiled himself round and fell asleep there, purring softly. This white puss was Janet's sole remaining possession. A possession not of much use, perhaps, one might think, in the way of consolation; but the child put her arms about it, and laid her cheek down on its soft head; and I think after a few moments cried the less bitterly from feeling some living warmth beside her, even though the warmth came only from the senseless body of a poor pet cat.

"I'm sure I'm bothered enough about the whole concern," Mr. Mason had already written a couple of days ago to his wife. "As for the things here, I don't believe they will fetch twenty pounds. I've spoken to a man at Westbridge, and he is to come and take a look at them, and say what he'll give for the whole lot. I wish he'd take the child too. I promise you, I'd let her go cheap."

But, alas, neither the man from Westbridge, nor anybody else, was willing to

take poor little Janet; nobody, probably, even so much as thought of taking her. When her uncle came up to his brother's funeral he looked a well-to-do man, and everybody said, "Of course, Janet will go to live with him;" and so the thing got to be assumed from the very first. She would go to London, and live with her uncle, and be very comfortable. If Mr. Mason had left half-a-dozen children, or even only three or four, people no doubt would have begun to perceive that there might be a difficulty in disposing of them; but when there was only little Janet —

"Why, she will be quite a bit of sunshine in the house to you," the kind rector's wife said cheerily when, the night before they started, she came to bid good-bye to the little girl. "If you have nothing but boys of your own, you will make quite a pet of Janet. I am very sorry to lose her, for my own part; for I am fond of the dear little thing, and I had a great regard for your brother; but I can't tell you how glad I am that she has a kind home to go to, and friends who will love her and look after her."

"Well, ma'am, we must do the best we can," Mr. Mason answered a little grimly to this hopeful speech.

"And that is all that any of us can say, Mr. Mason. But let us all do the best we can, and there need be no fear for us. Here is Janet must do the best *she* can, and I am sure that is what she will try to do, and to grow up a comfort to everybody," said Mrs. Jessop, and she turned to Janet, and patted the little thin cheek, and smiled at the child, who tried to smile at her in return, but made rather a poor business of it; for, one by one, were not all her old friends leaving her? was she not losing all she had ever loved in the world?

As the rector's wife sat talking she stood beside her, with her hand in hers. The rector's wife had always been so kind to her. When she kissed her to-night for the last time, the child's arms went round her neck, and she trembled and clung to her. She was a timid little thing, and the thought of the new life before her frightened her. She felt as we might feel at going out into the dark upon a new road, with no hand we loved or trusted to guide us on it.

She cried herself to sleep on this last night that she spent in the house she knew so well. She had stolen away by herself in the evening, and had gone to the churchyard, and laid her face upon the grass over her father's grave. "Oh, papa,

if you could come back to me!" the poor little lips had sobbed out. She had felt half terrified as she made her whispered moan, with the shrinking fear that a child naturally has of death and the nearness to what is dead, and yet she clung to the little green mound, because all that was left of her father lay below.

It was in the sunny June evening that she had done this, and an hour afterwards, when the sun had set, she went to bed for the last time in her little room. Lizzie, the country girl, who had been their only servant, had come up with her to undress her, as usual.

"You'll have somebody else to do this for you to-morrow night, Janet," the girl said cheerfully, as she proceeded with the operation. It seemed to Lizzie rather a nice thing to be going up to London.

"I don't know but what I'd like to be in your shoes," she said, "going away to live where the queen does. But luck never comes my way. I daresay I shall live and die, and never see the queen at all."

"I am sure I wish you *were* coming to London. Oh, Lizzie, how I wish you were coming to be a servant at uncle's!" Janet answered, and the little face flushed as she put it up to kiss the girl.

"Well, it wouldn't be bad, but — oh, no! mother would never let me go," said Lizzie with a sigh, "so we needn't think nothing about it."

And then Janet said her prayers, was tucked up in bed, and after a little while turned her face to the wall, and began to weep sorrowful tears that never ceased till the tired eyelids dropped at last.

### CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Janet, you never saw anything like this before," said Mr. Mason, complacently.

Mr. Mason and Janet were in a cab together, and the cab was taking them from Euston Square to Camden Town, through a maze of dingy streets, and Janet was sitting bolt upright, looking out by turns from either window with wide-opened eyes, thinking perhaps, indeed, that she had never seen anything like it before in all her life — wondering perhaps when the houses would cease — when the wheels would stop clattering over the noisy roads. It was a summer day, but not a bright day here. They had left sunshine behind them, but to-day in London the air was murky, and the wind had a touch of east in it, and Camden Town was looking its shabbiest and dullest.



"We're close at home now. He'll take the next turning. That's it! No. 56, on the right hand," said Mr. Mason, and the cabman drew up before a small house in a long line of houses all alike — such a line of brick and mortar as Janet even in her wildest dreams had never before conceived of.

"Now then," said Mr. Mason, "jump out."

So Janet jumped out, and had just gained the pavement when the house-door was opened by a lean, sharp-featured woman, who stood still on the threshold, and looked at them for a few moments so exactly as she might have looked at two people of whom she had never so much as heard before, that Janet thought the cabman must have drawn up before some stranger's door. But Janet was wrong, for Mr. Mason, who was engaged for a few seconds in disputing the driver's fare, turned round when that business was accomplished, and gave the woman a nod of recognition.

"Well, here we are," he said.

"So I see," she answered, shortly.

"And this is Janet."

"Humph," she said, grimly.

"Just bring that box in, will you, and stand it in the lobby. There, that'll do. In with you, Janet. Don't stand in people's way. There — make yourself small."

"Well, she's a puny thing to be a country child," exclaimed the woman contemptuously.

"Yes, ain't she?" said Mr. Mason. "Feel her; she ain't got an ounce of flesh on her bones."

"If you're not fatter than that with living in the country, I don't know what you'll be now you've come to town. But, mind, we've no room for sickly people here," said Mrs. Mason severely. "You'll have to carry up that trunk, Mason."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Mason, "I'll carry it up."

"And the sooner you do it the better; for I can't have it lumbering about the place here. Now then, child, go up-stairs," and she turned to Janet, and gave her a push in the direction of the staircase.

"You'll have to wash your face and hands before you come to dinner, for you look pretty well as black as a sweep. I don't know what you may have been used to, but you'll need to be neat and clean if you live here, I can tell you — and to look sharp about you, too."

Mrs. Mason led the way up two flights of stairs, till they came to a very small attic, in one corner of which a bed had been

made up upon the floor, and whose only other furniture consisted of a basin and jug that had been placed upon a chair.

"This is where you're to sleep," said Mrs. Mason. "I shall have to lend you a brush and comb, I suppose. And now mind you make yourself tidy. You don't want a looking-glass. The less you look in a glass the better. When you've made yourself neat you can come down and eat your dinner. You've brought some commoner frocks than this one, I hope," and she twitched a bit of Janet's black frock between her fingers and thumb.

"Mrs. Jessop got this made. It — it's the only black one I've got at all," answered Janet, timidly.

"Then you'll have to keep it for Sundays. I've got no money to be buying more black frocks for you. You must wear coloured frocks on week-days. You've got some of them, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," said Janet.

"Well then, get your things off now, and don't be an hour over it. You can come down to the kitchen when you're ready." And then Mrs. Mason turned round and went away, leaving the child too dazed and bewildered to be able to think, or do anything but mechanically obey the orders that had been given her.

She washed her face and hands and brushed her hair, and then she retraced her steps down-stairs. The house had been quiet when she first entered it, but now it was filled with a babel of sounds, all coming from the direction of the kitchen — voices, and the clattering of knives and forks, and the kicking of boots upon a bare floor. It was evident that dinner had begun, and that Janet's three cousins were engaged in eating it.

With a heart that was beating very fast the child went up to the kitchen-door. For a moment or two nobody saw her as she stood there; then a young head was lifted up, and a young voice gave a shout.

"Oh, I say! — look at her!" cried this welcoming voice, and instantly five pairs of eyes were all looking at her, and then (different creatures have different ways of showing courtesy, you know) Janet's three cousins all together burst into a roar of laughter.

"Now, boys, hold your noise," cried their father. "Here, Janet," he said, "here's a place for you. Come along, and sit down by Jack. This is Jack, and those two are Bill and Dick. Move your chair, Jack, can't you? Now then, are you hungry for your dinner?"

The colour had sprung up to the child's

face; she came in silence to the seat to which her uncle called her; when he spoke to her she tried to answer his question, but she could not do it. Her cousins were still all staring at her. As she sat down one of them—no doubt in the way of kindly greeting—gave her a sudden kick on a tender bit of her leg; and when, unprepared for this attention, she leaped up in her chair, a second titter burst out round her that made her flush hotter than at first.

"Now, Jack, stop that, I say," cried her uncle in an angry voice; but Jack only went on giggling; and then Mrs. Mason turned sharply to her husband.

"What harm's the boy doing? Can't you let him alone?" she said. "There, Dick—pass that plate, and then eat your victuals and be quiet."

So the boys began to eat their victuals, obeying that part of their mother's command with great good-will; and Mr. Mason, who had apparently, before Janet's entrance, been telling his wife something of his journey, proceeded for a few moments with his discourse.

"Well, it's a pretty enough sort of country round about," he said, "if you care for that sort of thing; but as for the village, why, there ain't three good houses in it. I should call it as beggarly a place as—now, Bill, I say!" for just as Mr. Mason had reached this point a leaden spoon went flying past his face, and alighted on the head of Dick, who was seated next in order to him. Dick caught the spoon dexterously before it fell to the ground, and hurled it back, and then Mr. Mason took a grip of Dick's shoulders, and gave him a shake.

"Will you sit quiet, sir, or will you not?" said Mr. Mason.

"I ain't going to sit quiet when he shies spoons at me," answered Dick, not unreasonably.

"If you shy any more spoons, Bill, you'll go without the rest of your dinner," said Mr. Mason.

"I don't care if I do," answered Bill with contempt.

"If you don't stop your impudence, I'll make you sing another tune, sir," said his father.

"Oh!" cried Janet suddenly at this instant, and gave a little gasp and start, for just as she was lifting up a spoonful of broth to her mouth one of these playful spirits at her side tipped up her elbow, and in a moment the contents of her spoon lay spattered all about her lap.

"There now!—there's your frock

spoiled!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason angrily; but Janet's three cousins, agreeably diverted from their personal differences by this little incident, grinned and giggled in keen delight over it; and Jack, who had been the happy cause of the accident, winked to his brothers, and chuckled till he began to choke.

"Well, grease-spots like those are sure to leave a mark. There, wipe them up—that's all you can do. You've been used to get new frocks whenever you want them, I suppose," said Mrs. Mason, ironically.

"I say, Janet, you'll have to be a little more careful," said her uncle. "Why, at your age you don't want to be fed, do you, like a baby?"

"I'll feed her, if you like," cried Jack, and gave a great guffaw.

"We'll all feed her," cried Bill.

"Oh!" cried Janet again, and made a jump into the air, for Dick at this moment (he was the longest-legged of the boys), having got his feet under her chair, gave a sudden bump to the wooden seat of it, which sent her up like an Indian-rubber ball. This feat was, of course, received by Dick's brothers with a new burst of applause; but, unhappily for Dick himself, his attitude—for, in order to get himself well under Janet's chair, he had had to sink to an unnaturally low position on his own—betrayed him, and before he could bring himself back to his proper level he was greeted by his father with a box upon the ear that resounded through the room.

"Will you have done with your tricks, Dick?" cried Mr. Mason. "I tell you what, if you go on like this I'll get a horse-whip to you."

"Shall I go and buy one?" asked Dick saucily.

He had nearly lost his balance when his father struck him, but he had recovered that and his self-possession too with great rapidity.

"Now, Dick, you hold your tongue," said his mother.

Upon which Dick seized the member to which Mrs. Mason had referred with his fingers, and held it fast, to the extreme delight, of course, of Jack and Bill, who, though they had enjoyed the sight of this humorous performance times without number before, still, in the freshness of their young spirits, enjoyed the repetition of it as if it possessed all the charm of novelty.

"Do they always go on like this, I wonder!" poor Janet was thinking, in a terrified way, to herself. She was a quiet, shy child, who had always lived with grown-up

people, and had never known what it was to have rough companions. She looked at her cousins, and shrank into herself with a terror that turned her sick. She almost felt as she might have done if she had been shut up with three wild animals. She looked up once, and Dick began to make faces at her across the table-cloth, and then all the three boys began to make faces till the poor child's cheeks were crimson with distress and embarrassment. Once she dropped her fork, and when she rose to pick it up, they all began to shift it about, so as to hide it from her, and kick it this way and that till the hard heels of their boots struck her fingers; and what with shame and pain and vexation, the tears started to her eyes, and she went back to her chair again sobbing in her helpless trouble.

"Well, you *are* a baby, if you cry just because you've dropped something on the floor," Mrs. Mason said contemptuously when this had happened; but the boys sat still and stared at her in open-eyed amazement.

"Jolly! if two big tears didn't fall down into her plate," Dick said afterwards. "Well, she's the rummest piece of goods I ever saw. I'd like to make her cry again," cried Dick, with the natural eagerness of a great mind to enjoy the repetition of a new experiment; and, indeed, to do Dick bare justice, he did not rest satisfied with the mere expression of this wish, but on many future occasions did make Janet cry again, till, in fact, that enjoyment almost palled upon him; for, unhappily, even the most admirable pleasures may lose their zest for us after a time, if we indulge in them too lavishly: and Dick was young yet, and had not learnt the wisdom of using his enjoyments in moderation.

It seemed a long meal to Janet; she was glad when it ended, and Mrs. Mason rose briskly from her seat.

"Now, then, boys, five minutes to two," she said. "It's time for you to be off to school."

"No, it ain't," replied Jack, in answer to this admonition; "that clock's fast."

"Fast! Stuff and nonsense! If you tell lies, Jack, I'll cane you," answered his mother.

"I ain't telling lies," said Jack.

And then a little passage at arms ensued between the mother and son. But Jack, I am happy to say, got worsted in the conflict, and was driven at the end of a minute, howling, to the kitchen-door. This little scene had a wholesome effect upon Dick and Bill, who forthwith shouldered

their books and followed their brother pretty quickly into the lobby; and then Mr. Mason took his pipe, and announced that he too was going out; and in a minute more Janet and her aunt were left alone in the kitchen.

The child had got up from her seat at the table, and was standing helplessly at the window, not knowing to what occupation to betake herself — not knowing what to do or say, or where to go to, any more than if she had been dropped into that place from the sky. Mrs. Mason was already tucking up her sleeves.

"Now, I can't have you standing there, child," she said sharply to Janet. "If you do you'll make me sick. You can't be no help to me, so all I can say is, you'd better get out of the way, and not be a hindrance. You can't mend stockings, I suppose? Ah, no! I thought as much. What do you say? — you can hem? I don't care whether you can hem or not when I want you to darn. Hemming won't darn holes, will it?"

And then, with this contemptuous inquiry, Mrs. Mason turned away and set about her afternoon's work, and Janet went away too, and wandered up-stairs again to the attic where she was to sleep, and sat down on her mattress sad and stupefied. She was so young that she did not know how to grasp this thing that had happened to her — how to measure the bitterness of it — how to look forward to any possible change that should make the life before her more endurable. She sat down upon her mattress, and then presently she laid down her head upon her pillow. "Oh, papa! papa!" she began to sob.

What would her father have suffered if he could have seen her? Those who are dead have need often to be held safe in God's keeping, with the eyes with which they face eternity turned far from this world, I think. Was it not well for the curate that he could not see his little daughter as she lay upon her bed, crying and calling to him? Could he have been glad, even in heaven, if he could have looked down upon her? Would any rest have seemed sweet to him that was broken by the sound of those childish sobs?

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
SOCIETY.

THE philosophy which is set before young minds in copy-books is generally

expressed with a stern absoluteness which gives it a special character of its own amongst the elements of teaching. The attention of the copier is rarely distracted from the beauty of the writing by any competitive beauty in the form of the thought set forth in it: that thought is usually stripped stark naked, as if it were on the point of tubbing; not only are no clothes allowed to it, but it is, furthermore, deprived of all natural ornament whatever; its very hair is cut off short in order to save room. The result is that it is invariably regarded as a scarecrow by all boys and girls who come in contact with it. Yet, notwithstanding its inveterate ugliness, it must fairly be acknowledged that the literature of copy-books, taken as a whole, has, at all events, the merit of vague veracity; that the sententious coagulated affirmations of which it is composed are tolerably correct expressions of recognized truths; and that though it would be imprudent to adopt them as infallible guides in all the accidents of life, — though they possess neither the unvarying certainty of axioms, nor the precisely contrary merit of fitting themselves to changing circumstances, — they do deserve the degree of confidence which is habitually accorded to approximate truisms. It cannot reasonably be denied, for instance, that, in an ordinary way, “knowledge is power;” that “the Dead Sea is a lake in Palestine;” or that “comparison forms judgment.” Of course it may be urged that, though knowledge frequently gives some sort of power, it is not power in itself; that a sea cannot, grammatically, be a lake; and that, in practice, judgment may be acquired by other means than comparison. But still, notwithstanding all objections, it is just to own that, in general terms, and for every-day purposes, these allegations and their fellows are substantially and sufficiently exact. This being so, let us generously forget the legitimate animosities which are awakened in us by the memory of the countless repetitions of them which we were once forced to pen, and let us revert to the last of these three quotations, and use it for our present purpose. “Comparison forms judgment.” Now, if that is a real law, the people who have the most abundant means of comparison on any given subject ought, necessarily, to be the surest judges of that subject. Putting aside all the other manners of forming an opinion, and taking this one by itself, comparers ought, if there is reality in this assertion, to be competent arbitrators on all the disputed questions to

which they have directed their powers of comparison. To take an example: we English live and travel abroad far more than any other race; we are in perpetual contact, in all parts of the earth, with all the forms which social existence assumes — with all the habits, all the fashions, all the shapes of conduct which varying moral influences and various material surroundings have produced. We have had, in that way, occasions which may be regarded as special to ourselves, of closely studying the systems and the usages of foreign life, and of comparing them with each other, and with those in force in England. If we have profited by our opportunities, we ought, according to the copy-books, to have acquired a markedly widened power of estimating the true character, the true meanings, the true uses of those systems and those usages; we ought to be far ahead of everybody else in our faculty of rightly measuring their value; our judgment on them ought to be as sound as multiplied experience can make it; we ought to be the most logical of all critics on the subject; our views upon it should be the largest, the most thoroughly considered, the least prejudiced that exist. And, more than all, our application of this experience at home should show the practical results of comparison on so vast a scale, and should enable us to prove to the world how admirably we English use the knowledge which we extract from our dealings with it.

Unluckily for the credit of the copy-books, it does not altogether seem that we really do all this. The judgment of the great majority of our fellow-subjects as to social usages, as to the organization of “society,” does not appear to reach the heights of applied wisdom which — according to the comparison theory — it might have been expected to attain: it does not show signs of being affected, in any conspicuous degree, by our widespread and continual contact with foreign practices and foreign principles of action. With that resolute adherence to our own customs which is manifestly one of the great sources of our national strength, we continue, most of us, to contemplate with convinced contempt nearly everything that we see elsewhere: with the exception of one special category of observers, whose testimony we shall come to presently, we scarcely think of judging foreign usages at all, excepting to condemn them; the notion of fairly examining them, either on the spot, or by the evidence of trustworthy witnesses, comes into the heads of very

few of us indeed; the mass of us calmly and conscientiously deride them, without looking at them, as a duty which true Englishmen are bound to discharge; we remain anchored, stem and stern, to the stiff holding-ground of habit; we stand solidly on what we conceive to be the platform of our unapproachable pre-eminence.

Let us acknowledge at once that there is something strong in this unhesitating prejudice. Though we might still continue to be the vigorous race we are, even if we troubled ourselves with curiosities as to the possible merits of other people, or with doubts as to ourselves, it is difficult, all the same, to deny that to cleave steadfastly to our ways, solely because we consider them to be "English," is, in itself, an element of English force. But, when we have granted that, without discussion, — when we have proclaimed the remarkable value, from a national point of view, of obstinate fidelity to local ideas and local forms, — we find ourselves reflecting that, after all, the force would be just as sturdy, just as lasting, just as unifying, if it were applied to the steady maintenance of any other usages than those which actually exist amongst us. The usages themselves have nothing to do with the force that preserves them; their peculiar shape, whatever it be, is no more a source of strength to us in itself, than contrary forms of usage are a source of weakness to other nations: it is in the tenacity with which we hold to them that the strength is found; the habit itself is, nationally, of no importance. What we, as patriots, have to seek to retain is, not the habit, but the tenacity, for the self-same tenacity can be exercised, with the same fortifying effect, in favour of any other habit whatever.

It may therefore be fairly argued that our actual idea of what English society ought to be should not be necessarily regarded, like the lion and the unicorn, as a sacred and unassailable dogma, but simply as an accidental theory, unessential in itself, and capable of being replaced by any other theory, without the slightest damage or danger to the cohesive vigour of the three kingdoms.

If the subject were not approached with these respectful precautions, if the way up to it were not opened out by deferentially lifting aside the blocks of patriotic prejudice which encumber it, a good many people might indignantly protest against any discussion at all on a question which, to some eyes, is almost holy in its untouchableness. It may indeed be prudent to

go further still in the same direction, and to supplement these preliminary considerations by the additional observation that, if our actual system of society is to be regarded as an inherent and indisputable part of British grandeur, it would follow rationally that, in like manner, the systems of all other countries must equally be considered to form part of the national splendour of those countries, and to constitute, in each country, a fetich as worthy of local adoration as our own system is here. So that, to avoid the puzzling difficulty of having to recognize that the special system of society adopted in each country must necessarily be the only right one — in the eyes of the inhabitants of that country — we are obliged to confess, on the contrary, that no system whatever can be regarded as altogether right.

This last impression will in no way meet the views of persons who live in that calm conviction of superiority which is so abundant and so sweet a fruit of ignorance; but it is none the less likely to be true because it is in contradiction with popular conviction. The general notions about society in this country are based upon such a total indifference to the rules which guide it in other lands, that however competent we may be to define what we like because it is "English," scarcely any of us seem to be capable of going beyond that purely local view, and of judging society in its larger meanings, in its general characters, in its universal uses. If we had really profited, nationally, by the almost limitless field of social study which travel and facilities of observation open out to us, we should, all and every one, have discovered by this time, directly or from each other, that a certain number of general rules apply everywhere to the subject. We should have learnt, amongst other things, that society is essentially a manufactured product of a most complex nature; that all admixture of roughness and coarseness spoils irretrievably the delicate tissue of which the finished specimens of it are composed; that in order to obtain it in perfection, its ingredients should be sought for solely amongst the finer attributes and the brighter qualities of men and women. We should have discovered that it imperatively needs the discreetest selection of elements, the adroitest handling in the spinning, the carefullest manipulation in the weaving. But, alas! we have become aware of nothing of the sort; the great mass of us treat society as if it were a raw material complete in itself, to be used untrimmed as we find

it, like coal or water ; we expect it to perform its functions, and to reach its natural development, without any help from art ; we do not seem to recognize that it requires the incessant application of skill to lead it to its full growth.

Yet, surely, of all the applications to which skill can be directed, there is scarcely one in which we have more reason for employing it than in the management of our daily contacts with each other ; for nearly all our joys, outside our hearths, depend entirely on that management. In no other direction do we find a more elastic field of action for crafty uses of our workmanship ; in no other do we encounter the same return for labour or dexterity. It is in "society" that we are forced to seek for all the pleasures which lie beyond pure home contentments ; it is in it that our whole external life is passed ; it is surely, then, worth while to cultivate it with close watchfulness, and to devote to it our experience, our ingenuity, our wit.

But, true as all this may be, it must be added at once that the sort of skill required for dealing ably with society is so intimately allied with simplicity that, in its most perfect realizations, the skill vanishes out of sight and the simplicity alone remains in evidence. Just as the very highest art is that in which all art is hidden, so does the very highest skill in social architecture disappear in the success which it creates. And as in nature, again, so are the completest ends attained, in this matter of society, without an appearance of an effort, without a symptom of a struggle. Both art and skill are there in unremitting application, but their all-pervading action is lost sight of behind the simple ease of the result ; the entire process of construction, with its tools, its outlay, and its pains, remains invisible in the product. Such is the character of the science which real social artists set to work ; such is the secret of the end which they attain. Simplicity is their ideal of perfection.

Our present English system is not of that sort. Its springs of action are for the most part violent and conspicuous ; they glare out staringly amidst the effects which they produce ; its fabric is, as the French say, "sewn with white thread ;" we see the stitches ; our society is so generally based on artificial aids, it is so generally dependent on recognizable material supports, that the shortest-sighted looker-on can, if he will, detect the props on which it rests ; there is no illusion whatever about it. Its fundamental prin-

ciple consists in an unceasing appeal to public aid ; it can do scarcely anything for itself ; it has but little inborn vitality or proper life ; it is perpetually calling out for help, perpetually crying for fresh alms, perpetually entreating passers-by to help it to get on. In its actual shape our society is a pauper who subsists principally on organized charity, who has scarcely any means of existence of his own, who is not quite reduced to the work-house, but who is supported mainly by out-door relief. Putting aside the special exceptions, can it be pretended that English society suffices to itself ? Where can we discover in any quantity men and women who content themselves with each other, and who seek for no exterior assistance ? Is it not an almost universal rule amongst us that our society is dependent on emotions and distractions which are, directly or indirectly, purchased by money ? Is it not almost impossible to get people to come together at all unless they know that they are to be provided with something ready-made to look at or something ready-made to do, which will save them the trouble of inventing anything for themselves ? The natural result is that, just as unused muscles lose their strength, so have the mass of English men and women lost their faculty of being "society" to each other. The immense majority of us have no longer the power of comprehending that "society" does not consist in games, in sports, in spectacles, or in purely physical excitements ; taking us as a whole, we have become almost incapable either of intellectual efforts or of originality of thought in social matters ; we can barely keep up a conversation, even on the purely material subjects which attract us. And, in this, our women are even worse than our men, for they have adopted the amusements of men as being worthy of the admiration of women ; they walk with the guns, they bet on races, they interest themselves in the sinews of their male acquaintances, and they call that "society" ! Music, almost alone, has the quality of rousing a general talk amongst them ; for it has become one of our principles of action that talking, stupid as it is, is, after all, a lesser bore than listening to music in a drawing-room.

It cannot be seriously objected that this description of our condition is exaggerated, for not only can we see these things each day with our own eyes, in the circles open to our personal observation, but — what is almost stronger proof than any



individual experience can supply — the special newspapers which treat social questions publish, nearly every week, articles in which our English life is depicted, with an overflow of evidence, as becoming more and more animal and less and less intelligent. To describe it in close detail by quotations from those newspapers would be a waste of words, for we all know exactly what it is.

And yet the narration would not occupy much space, for though, in some other countries, the idea expressed by the word "society" is so many-faced, so elastic, so capricious that it would need pages to define it, in this England, on the contrary, it has such a marked and special tendency to divest itself of its Protean qualities, and to assume certain clearly defined and limited phases, that a few lines would suffice to enumerate its main features. Nationally we scarcely know and practice more than two of its hundred shapes; with us it is either physical or stupid; putting aside the exceptions, which exist in England as elsewhere, it is either a romp or a gloom. That definition will, of course, be angrily repudiated, but what arguments can be seriously urged against its truth? We have never been a talking people as talking is understood in other lands; we have ceased to be, socially, an intellectual people (if indeed we ever were so); we have drifted, somehow, into a condition in which our habitual relationship with each other has gradually shaken off the sentiment of reciprocal responsibilities; we — the people of all others who most thoroughly comprehend and most practically apply the principle of duty in its other aspects — have grown indifferent and insensible to its value and its applications in society. Society now arouses in us no idea of mutual effort for the common good; there is no partnership about it, no cordial association, no contribution to a general fund; all this is replaced by an unexpressed but distinctly evident sentiment that, as everybody pays for what society supplies to him, he has a right to his share of it without taking the slightest trouble about his neighbours. Comparison has not aided us to attain a higher end than this; but yet, at all events, it enables some of us to test English society as it is, and to measure the strange errors on which it is based.

The only excuse which can be made for us is that, notwithstanding all our means of judgment, we have not the slightest idea, nationally, what society ought to be. We have no conception whatever of the

character it represents to those who have studied its possible perfections. It is not merely, in the sense in which we are considering it here, "an assemblage of men united by nature and by laws;" it is not even "an association for mutual profit, pleasure, or usefulness:" it is essentially composed of "the more cultivated portion of a community in its social relations and influences." Its object is to extract the utmost mutual satisfactions from those relations and those influences, and its highest form necessarily consists in the attainment of those satisfactions with the least effort, the least external aid, and the least expense. It seems unlikely that any reasonable person will deny the theoretical truth of that definition, however much it may be in antagonism with daily practice, and however it may clash with the sad reality that, in England, the pursuit of society is almost invariably attended by some sort of struggle and by some sort of money outlay. Like most of the other ingredients of our life at high pressure, our society — taken as a whole — has become a fight, not alone in the sense of a combat upwards to know bigger people than ourselves, but a physical contention, a constant rushing about, a perpetual displacement in order to buy feverishly in public places diversions which we have become incapable of discovering quietly at home. The charm of graceful sympathies, the fervencies of intelligent discussion, the brightnesses of wandering talk, the winning seduction of the purely feminine qualities of women, the laughing gaiety which springs from itself alone and needs no outer stimulant, the tender, earnest calm of well-trying intimacies — these things have scarcely any hold upon us; we call them stupid. What we all need, whether we be men or women, is strong, rough excitement, ready-made for use, involving as little talking as possible and no thinking at all; and as we are both rich and muscular, we seek that excitement in physical efforts and expense.

Great patterns of true social merit have become rare in England; but still we find them in certain atmospheres congenial to their development. The realized conception is not quite lost amongst us; and when we do manage to get, for a moment, outside the noisy vulgarities of money, outside the self-assertion of vanities and strong limbs — when we branch off, for our joy, into certain houses that wise men and women know of — there at last we do discover the infinite fascinations, the gentle naturalnesses, the high-toned brilliant-

cies of which society is composed in its theoretical and practical perfection; there at last we can contemplate admiringly the image of what society should be.

Look carefully at this rare Englishman, and watch him. Mark the unassuming simplicity, the delicate tenderness, the overflow of interest and care for others, the deep, harmonious tide of words, the flashing of perpetually renewed ideas, the unconscious pouring out of knowledge, the grace of bearing, the ease of movement, the lordly homage to the women round, the blending of grand manner, softness, intellect, and worldly wisdom. Mark that and study it, for it is of such unwonted attributes as these that true society is composed.

And the perfect Englishwoman, the pure splendour of the feminine ideal, with all the winning beauties of which its very highest realizations are susceptible—we still can find her. We still can watch, if fortune favours us, the union of supreme aristocracy of form and tone, of all the imposing loveliness of the most majestic English type, of all the innate nobleness of attitude and motion, of all the sovereign grandeurs, with the childlike naturalness which indifference to self can alone produce. We still can see the gentle but eager sweetness, the ever-present sentiment of dignity and duty, the utter ignorance of frivolity and sham, the keen, absorbing sentiment of art, the glittering handling of varied talk, the fond devotion of the mother and the wife, the thousand exalted qualities which make up the true woman, as woman ought to be when she stands forward as an example for society. We still can find all this; it does exist. There are assuredly women amongst us who possess it; there are, most truly, men who have looked upon it, and who have thanked the fates for permitting them to reverently gaze. But not often. And to the question, "Where?" it would be impertinent to give a direct reply; it would seem, indeed, to be almost like the breaking of a spell to point out the dwelling-places of men and women such as these. Yet gratitude and affection, when deeply felt, are often stronger than discretion; and it may be that, in one case at least, the thankful hearts of those who have had the privilege of knowing, in any of its resting-spots, a certain wandering home which is at this moment established in the foremost place in India, will murmur an instinctive answer to the repeated question, "Where?"

With models such as these to guide  
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it, with central figures such as these to group itself around, English society is able to attain a rarity of completeness which is special to itself, for, in such unfrequent cases, it joins to foreign radiance a splendid calm, a stately peacefulness, which are almost proper to itself alone, or which, at all events, we seldom see in other houses than our own. How then is it that, possessing as we do, within ourselves, these most admirable types of all that the very highest idealizations of society can be imagined to attain, we leave them with indifference aside as if they had no value?—There is, alas! but one answer to be given to the question; it is, that we do not care for these perfections: we need other satisfactions than those which they supply; we seek the flesh, not the spirit—the spirit is "slow."

Let us take one single illustration of this strange tendency; let us ask ourselves how it can possibly be that horses have managed to acquire the astonishing position which they occupy in English society. They do not come to dinner-parties or to balls—as yet, at least—but, so far as the absent can be represented by constant thought of them, by constant reference to them, by perpetual discussion of their merits and defects, by unflinching interest in their doings, they do most certainly constitute an integral part of our social organization. To say that they have more importance than we possess ourselves would be, perhaps, an exaggeration; but, most certainly, they stand on the same line with us, and are admitted by us to a place in our thoughts and in our daily life which is on a level with that which we accord to all but our very dearest friends. And in purely masculine societies—in regiments for instance—the horse stands usually far above the friend, and is the object of a fondness which is not habitually enjoyed by any other creature than itself. This is, most certainly, not the spirit, it is the flesh—the flesh to which excessive money is conducting us all, as if we liked it.

To change the scene, to get another idea of what society may be, let us turn our eyes away outside England for a moment; let us see how others deal with this same question; let us try to recognize the main elements of the theory of society as it presents itself elsewhere. But few descriptions of it exist in books, and even these are so incomplete and patchy that little would be gained by quoting written evidence. Testimony of another sort can luckily be obtained by

those who seek for it — the verbal testimony of the exceptional observers who were alluded to just now, of those rare wandering English men and women who, unlike the heap of their fellows here, have really studied foreign life, have learnt to know it in its inner ways, and have become capable by long practice and careful thoughtfulness of forming and expressing an opinion on it. Such witnesses are found occasionally in our diplomatic service, and amongst the higher classes of English who have lived for years abroad. Their attestations will not, perhaps, have much value in the eyes of the true British enthusiast who believes as a matter of revealed faith that anything English is necessarily superior to everything foreign; but to the less prejudiced and more inquiring portion of the community they ought to present a case which has at least a character of probability. It may be objected, of course, that those attestations are not correctly stated here, and that no proof of them is supplied. To that objection no answer can be given, excepting, perhaps, that amongst the readers of *Maga* a good many persons will be found who are themselves in a position to recognize the fairness and the accuracy of the statements adduced.

The two great features which strike English observers on the Continent are, firstly, that, without distinction of countries, society is everywhere a co-operative arrangement in which everybody contributes, according to his power, to the common end; secondly, that that end is attained almost exclusively by the use of personal capacities, with scarcely any utilization or annexation of material adjuncts. Let us try to define this clearly, for it is the basis of the entire situation.

The want of money, which, in comparison with ourselves, is so universal throughout the Continent, does not permit foreigners to employ expensive amusements; taking them as a whole, and excluding the relatively limited classes which, by exception, are able to purchase diversions for cash, it is evident that they are obliged, by sheer necessity, to create for themselves a system of social relationship in which the absence of all external distractions which involve outlay is compensated by a constant supply of gratifications produced by the combined personal efforts of all the members of each social group. As no foundation is supplied from the outside, the basis has to be created within; consequently, being driven to it, most foreigners have learnt not only how to create that

basis, but also to be content with it when they have got it. And from these two conditions has resulted, naturally, a third — the gradual working up, on this basis, of the best superstructure which can be established on it, so as to render the general result more and more attractive to those who, for want of all other means of action, are exclusively dependent on it. That result habitually consists in conversation, and nothing else, but in conversation which is so gay and cheery that it often supplies the listeners with a pleasanter entertainment than they could get outside by paying for it. Of course there are stupid people all about the Continent; of course there are crowds of men and women there who cannot speak at all; of course we do not pretend that bright laughing talk is universal; but we do most certainly assert, on the evidence of many fair observers, that there is enough of social eloquence in European countries to justify the statement that eloquence is the rule and stupidity the exception. We do not argue that conversation has been adopted mainly in other lands as the customary occupation of society, solely because foreigners have discovered that intellectual satisfactions are superior, in quality or quantity, to material contentments; and even if that explanation of their motives could be supported in theory (which is very doubtful), there would still remain the fact that their conversation is not invariably intellectual, and that a good deal of it, on the contrary, is mere frothy babble. But what does seem to lie beyond denial is that, by long practice and by a singularly keen appreciation of the capacities of conversation as an always ready source of pleasure, the best amongst them really have succeeded in bestowing upon talk a brilliancy, a joyfulness, and a charm of which we have not the very faintest notion here. Like most other potentialities, this one has grown with use and exercise; it has now attained a vigour of development which, in its highest manifestations, astonishes inexperienced beholders. And, what is perhaps still more striking, there is no jealousy, no envy, on the part of those who offer least to the general fund against those who offer most. As each one subscribes according to his power, the widow is not ashamed of her mite; she does her little best, and if others do more and better, she has, at all events, the satisfaction of participating in the feast which they supply. And, be it once more repeated, in this inequality of contributions there is absolutely nothing which is in any

way analogous to our English system of borrowing from outlying and non-personal sources: the disparity of gifts is all interior; it is limited in its action to those who work together as associates; they borrow from each other, between themselves, but they never think of looking beyond their circle for satisfactions additional to those which they find within it. The varying values of their respective donations to the mutual purse supply them with no motives for seeking set-offs elsewhere for the insufficiencies of the poorer members of the group; the whole is accepted as constituting, in itself, an adequate satisfaction for all the parts; and, at the worst, if any of the individuals who compose the parts imagine that they offer too much and receive too little, it is open to them to go off elsewhere in order to obtain for themselves, with other allies, an equality of receipts and payments. They seldom adopt this alternative, however; the rule is, that everybody rests content with a situation which, as Plato said of democracy, "gives equal rights to unequal persons."

This being, generally, the fundamental condition of educated Continental society, it follows, almost necessarily, that signs of effort can scarcely be detected in it. It is true that each one does his very best; but as each one knows that what he does will be accepted by his associates as sufficient, no motive exists for seeking effects which lie beyond his individual power. The idea of resorting to extraneous causes of amusement occurs to no one; for, as every one is relatively poor, the example of spending money for social satisfaction could not possibly be followed by all the members of a group, even if any one of them had the bad taste to offer it. It is, then, in the want of money (as we understand money here) that we must seek the origin and explanation of the system of social organization which prevails generally throughout the Continent. Its brilliancy, its self-containing perfectness, its gaiety, its simplicity, are, in reality, the fruit of an admirably useful poverty which, by excluding the dangerous and misleading influences of much money, confines ambitions to a form attainable by personal skill alone, with no admixture of purchased stimulants. Foreign society, regarded as a whole, is like Robinson Crusoe on his island; it is forced to do everything for itself; and as nothing is ever done for us by hired aid as completely as we can do it ourselves, the result is that, with long practice and experience to guide it, society has become able to extract from the sim-

plest and most ordinary sources a quantity and a quality of satisfaction which seems, whichever way we look at the matter, to approach very closely to perfection.

There is, however, one other cause than want of money in all this; there is common sense as well. There is a practical appreciation of relative values; a wise measuring of results; a thoughtful recognition not only of the character and the degree, but also of the reality of the pleasure created. No average Frenchman—taking a Frenchman as the typical representative of the idea which we are discussing—would consent to exchange his cheap social joys for others which would cost money and require physical effort. He would decline to admit that either money or muscle can possibly become, under any circumstances whatever, elements of "society;" he would acknowledge that both of them have their merits, in their place; but he would deny that that place can be in "society."

Of course the fast people of the Continent are not counted here. What is said refers not to the rare exceptions but to the mass—to the great social groups composed of the vast majority of the upper and middle classes, not to those few outlying members who set up special systems for themselves. Questions of this sort must be judged as a whole.

The social contrast between Continental Europeans and ourselves may be said, generally, to spring not from any special differences of capacity—for we may surely indulge the belief that we are as capable as other people, and that we need only practice to do as well as they—but from the monstrous influence which we have permitted money to assume over us, and from the utterly false views of life to which that influence has led us. Money is our great corrupter, and unless we manage to shake off its action (which seems, alas! to be terribly unlikely), we shall get worse instead of better. Until we have recognized that society can not only be kept going, but also be made infinitely brilliant, without the expenditure of one shilling, except for tea and candles, we shall never crawl out of our actual degeneracy.

It is, however, humiliating to go on insisting on our fallen state; it will be vastly pleasanter to talk of what we might be than of what we are. So let us suppose, then, by an all-surmounting effort of imagination, that instead of learning absolutely nothing by our travels, we have, on the contrary, learned everything; that, instead of rejecting all aid from our expe-

rience, we are seeking to heartily and profitably employ it; that we are proceeding to raise up the current type of English society to the highest in the world, in order that the whole earth may accept it as an admirable result of fair comparison and of unprejudiced judgment, as a model of selected and compared perfection.

Now, first of all, in such a case, we should most naturally begin by forming an essentially English basis for our construction, not only in order to preserve to it such merits as we ourselves may really possess (and, with all our glaring faults, we have some merits still), but also, what would be still more essential, to bestow upon it a markedly English character, to make it absolutely and effectively national, and to prevent it from acquiring a cosmopolitan aspect in contradiction to our fundamental peculiarities. Let us begin, then, with that object, by examining the actual elements of our society from which a selection could be made. Foremost of them all stand field-sports — pure English field-sports — done as we do them here, done as no other nations do them, with their essentially English colour, with their essentially English influence on society. There are field-sports all the world over, but there are none elsewhere which are exactly like ours; there are none in other lands which mix themselves so deeply with the movement and the habits of society; there are none outside our shores which must indispensably be taken into account as exercising a constant and irresistible action on national life. With us field-sports constitute, indirectly, the guide of our whole existence; we stop in the country in the winter and in London in the summer — a process absolutely contrary to all common sense — solely because field-sports are stronger than common sense. A power of such force as this is not to be considered lightly; it exists, it is English, there is no discussing it — it is it which fashions the first outline of our society. It may be taken to be unchangeable; it would, at all events, be a pure waste of time to argue against it; field-sports must, of all necessity, be unanimously elected the first member of the legislature which would impose laws on the newly-organized society which we are venturing to imagine. But however much weaker than field-sports common sense may be in the actual fabric of our society, we must perforce suppose that it would exercise more action in the hypothetical system which we are conceiving, — not, of course, an action sufficient to

bring Parliament together in November or to prorogue it in April — that is beyond all hope whatever — but an action which would limit field-sports to men, which would prevent women from hunting, which would keep them away from guns, which would make them comprehend that their first and greatest and noblest function in society is to remain women. With field-sports once circumscribed to men, no serious social objection could be raised against them; they would continue to spoil conversation somewhat, but at all events they would have ceased to introduce, as they do at present, an element of masculine roughness into the life of women, and to thereby gravely damage the tone of the society of which those women form part.

Next to sports come athletic diversions of all kinds. And here there is little more to be said than that, as the effect of these diversions on society is absolutely destructive, nearly all of them would have to be swept away if a real reform of society were undertaken. The association of men and women for laborious movements, without the faintest thought of any other objects than hard exercise, is in such preposterous contradiction with the whole signification of the word "society," that the notion of treating the two as synonyms is altogether comical. Yet rinks, and jumping-matches, and boat-races, and half-a-hundred other analogous drudgeries, are seriously attended by men and women of our time as social meeting-places! Muscle replaces thought, effort does the work of courtesy, women copy men! The stupidity of croquet may be left to those who like it; but as for all the rest, it will have to be abandoned to the men, as battle, money-getting, and tailoring already are. The universal principle of the division of labour will be the starting-point of our dream; men will go on with athletic exercises until they are tired of them; but women will leave them alone during the process, and will cease to seek their own joys in things that belong to men. This does not absolutely mean that women need abandon Hurlingham, or that they must oblige cricket to lose its hold over their imagination, or that they are to totally give up rinking — no such flagrantly unrealizable exaggerations are suggested; but it is altogether indispensable, if we are ever to create true society in England, that all these things, and others like them, shall cease to be regarded as social functions; that they shall be looked upon as what they really are, — as coarse, unfeminine distractions, antagonistic to in-

telligent or delicate existence, and only to be performed occasionally, as an unpleasant duty, just as most people go to church on Sunday.

Of our usage of receiving nobody in the evening without an invitation, very little could be retained, for nothing is more destructive of pleasant gaiety than our actual rule of barring all our doors to everybody that we have not specially admitted in writing. Open receptions have the immense merit of bringing together unanticipated elements, and of thereby producing contrasts and discussions. Madame de Genlis, who knew well how true this is, said of us: "*Il y a très peu de société en Angleterre, parcequ'il faut être invité pour aller diner et souper chez ses amis les plus intimes.*" And our whole manner of ordaining parties would have to be modified in nearly all its details, for there is scarcely anything in it which could be usefully preserved. People would have to come exactly at the hour for which they are asked, and would not be waited for if they were late; everything that implies mere senseless money would be ruthlessly suppressed; expenditure would be forced to become intelligent, to have an invariably useful object, to cease to serve as an advertisement of the wealth of the entertainer, and to strictly confine itself to the pursuit of satisfactions for the entertained. Conversation would become both obligatory and general; the art of talk would be fostered and encouraged; mothers would educate their children to use their tongues so as to fit them for the hitherto unknown duties which our remodelled society would require from them; fathers would begin to be polite to their own wives, and would remember that nothing is more grossly rude to a woman than to go to sleep in her presence after dinner.

Our system of relationship between men and women contains one element which, in another form, might be utilized in a new scheme. It has the merit of being based on liberty, on the most powerful of modern forces; and if we could anyhow manage to solve the problem, which exists in society as in politics, of preventing liberty from degenerating into license, we should certainly possess, in liberty, the most solid and most reliable foundation for our building. But liberty means not only free-will and personal independence—it implies responsibility as well, a responsibility which grows proportionately with the liberty which produces it. Now, in our English social practice, we take the

liberty and we reject the responsibility; we do as we like ourselves, without taking the trouble to inquire what others like: our liberty is not, it is true, exercised in every case in the form of license, but it is almost invariably employed in the shape of selfishness, of calmly unconscious indifference to our neighbour's rights. Society, as we now practise it, means *us*—not other people. And when this odious attitude is applied by men to women, it demolishes, totally and hopelessly, all possibility of real society; for—repeating what has been already said—no society, in its true sense, can exist without willing and unfailing deference towards women. The young Englishmen of the period have done their very utmost to drag down girls to their own type, to form the coming mothers of the race by first converting them into boys. It would almost seem as if the special situation of women were offensive to the younger members of the generation, as if their object were to level all superiorities into a common mediocrity parallel to their own, so that English society may be made as much as possible like war, in which personal value is so suppressed by the machinery of destruction that a coward may kill a hero three miles off without even seeing him. This is not the sort of liberty we should utilize in our scheme; we want the liberty of dignity, of mutual respect—not the liberty of roughness or of contempt for modesty and innocence. We should take the former; we should leave the latter; and if some young gentlemen of the period were dissatisfied with the change, we should ask them to kindly withdraw themselves from society until they had arrived at other views. Strange as it might appear to them, it would probably be found that the world could get on without them.

But all this revolution could be brought about by our women only. Is it beyond their power to affect it? Are they, in reality, so inferior to foreign women that they cannot even keep their husbands awake, as foreign women do? Are they really incapable of asserting their own rights, their own privileges, their own influence? Let them answer these questions themselves; let them proclaim, if they feel capable thereof, that they have a duty of their own to discharge, not a work of men to copy; let them call men to their sides in places where women ought to be, and let them refuse to follow men elsewhere where women ought not to be. Let them claim the homage which is due to



them; let them reject republican equality; let them inaugurate and lead. And out of this changed attitude of our women will spring a true "society," — a union of delicate, intelligent enjoyments, maintaining all the vigorous merits of our English nature, but banishing all coarseness, excluding pitilessly all that unbecomes a woman.

It may perhaps be objected by certain persons that this new condition of society would be "slow;" but that objection, if it were really made, would only supply additional proof of the necessity of change. If the adoption of simplicity, of respect for women (by themselves as well as by men), of bright talking and of contempt for money, be "slow," then surely the situation must be even worse than we have ventured to suppose. Our generation could not condemn itself more completely than by attempting to defend its practices on the ground that as they are "fast," all other practices would be "slow." The idea of life conveyed by such an argument would be so lamentably false, so contemptibly unworthy, that it is patriotic to pretend to think that no one could be found to seriously invoke it; for the credit of Great Britain we must struggle to believe that the English are not yet incapable of appreciating delicacy, gentleness, and intelligence, and of finding joy in them. Those attributes are still cherished in certain holes and corners amongst people who have not yielded to current tendencies. Why, then, should we despair of seeing them spread out victoriously, some day, from their present hiding-places, to upset the impostors which have for the time dethroned them?

The alternative is evident. If we go on much longer as we are, "society" will virtually cease to exist in England; for the little that may remain of it will shrink still further out of sight in order to avoid the coarse contacts to which it is becoming more and more exposed.

All this may be indignantly denied, or be contemptuously laughed at; but neither denial nor laughter can alter the facts. It can, however, of course be urged that the facts have been wildly overstated; that, so far as they exist at all, they constitute exceptions, not rules; that they are vastly less general, and, consequently, vastly less grave than has been pretended here. Yet, though each individual man may measure them according to his personal experience, there will still remain, whichever way the subject is turned, a great glaring mass of public evidence in

support of the accusation as a whole. Differences of opinion may exist as to the degree, but they can cast no reasonable doubt on the fundamental truth of the charge. And it would be difficult to mend the matter by arguing that, as most of us are quite satisfied with things as they are, we should gain nothing by a change, for that is just the sort of logic which is invoked against progress in general. The demolition of the preponderating elements of our present social organization, and the substitution for them of higher and more intelligent bases of action, would most manifestly constitute a "progress," and a progress of enormous value. It could not fail to exercise the happiest influences on both our moral and our intellectual position; and we may presume, without much risk of error, that if we carefully tried it we should find ourselves as capable as other people of extracting enjoyment from it. Indeed, if we allowed ourselves to be really influenced by comparison, the spectacle of the enjoyment of those other people could scarcely fail to rouse up within us that peculiarly British disposition which inclines us, instinctively, to beat our neighbours with their own weapons. There seems to be no serious reason why — just as we compete successfully with so many of the special manufactures of other countries, and often sell our copied wares to their original inventors more cheaply than they can produce them themselves — we should not, with equal facility, imitate the practises of others in their organization of society as well. It can scarcely be pretended that it is more difficult for Englishmen to talk intelligently and amusingly than to introduce a new industry into the country — more difficult for English ladies to give up rowdiness than for English working-girls to fabricate laces which beat analogous Continental products out of their own home market — more difficult for us nationally to adopt the higher foreign forms of social intercourse than to sell our coal along the entire European seaboard against all local producers. Surely it is not the power that we need, but the will — the will based on a thorough comprehension of the defects of our actual situation, and on an honest appreciation of the advantages to be derived from a cordial application of other ways.

Of course it is humiliating to have to own that we are wrong; but in this special case — taking the nation as a whole — the wrong is so undeniable, so outrageously self-evident, that even the most hopelessly prejudiced English man or woman, must,

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WHITTLEBRIDGE.

perforce, perceive that the mass of our society has become coarse, dear, and heavy. It is not indispensable, for that purpose, to possess experience of foreign drawing-rooms: comparison is certainly essential to enable us to prudently select a remedy for our state; but, alas! we need no comparison whatever to aid us to recognize the state itself. To attain completely that uncomfortable end, we have but to open our eyes and ears.

The difficulty in the matter is to find an initiator. Just as we have taken to rinks and spelling-bees, so should we, as naturally, try our hands at intelligence, delicacy, simplicity, and cheapness, provided somebody in power would set us the example. At least, it is pleasant to think so. But where is the beginner? where is the woman — it is a woman's work — who has the courage to declare that she will admit to her drawing-room no other woman who goes to Prince's? Where is the woman who will print on her invitations, "People who do not talk will not be asked to my house a second time"? Where is the woman who will say outright to her guests, "I supply you with fire, light, tea, and flowers; supply the rest among yourselves"? Where is the woman who will exclude from her receptions every man who has the insolence to treat women as his comrades?

That woman certainly exists in England — a good many times over; it would, indeed, be a joyful and an encouraging act to enumerate a dozen such, who are known and revered in what still remains of English society. But their names belong to themselves and to their husbands; they are not public property. They would, however, become a public property, to be even more honoured and cherished than they are already, if their owners would begin the revolution that is asked for here; and what brighter title could a woman dream of than that of restorer of the society of her time?

Women such as these are really capable of comparison; by position and by habit they wander and they judge; they know the merits and the faults of so many systems, that the work of constituting a new type of English social life could be trusted, in all safety, to their hands. Of them, at all events, it is true to say that "comparison forms judgment."

I CAN hardly venture to call this a love-story, because ordinary novel-readers expect, under that title, to have the tender passion laid on very thick indeed, and distributed impartially amongst all the characters; now, only two of my *personæ* love each other with any great fervour, and I have not yet determined whether the last page shall contain a wedding ceremony conducted on the strictest High-Church principles, and the curtain fall upon a future pregnant with half a century's ecstatic delight — or whether, separated by a violent quarrel on the subject of settlements, the hero and heroine shall become parties before the Queen's Bench Division of the Supreme Court of Judicature in a case of breach of promise, wherein the hero shall be cast in Alabama-like damages, and Mr. Justice Blackburn, in a wig, and a tenor voice, shall sing a declaration to the heroine, supported by a chorus of Middlesex jurymen.

As it is the misfortune of us poor writers of fiction to be restricted to the one old theme with its few variations, is it to be wondered at that the bolder spirits among us introduce horrors like murder, bigamy, or the Scotch marriage-law, to give a spice to their narratives? Across the Channel things are different: availing themselves of a license forbidden by the more decorous, if duller, morality over here, our neighbours play fast and loose with the sanctity of post-nuptial bliss, slurring over the grossness of an "intrigue," while they revel in the dramatic situations to which it gives rise.

I cannot help thinking that it is possible for a tale to be strictly "proper" and yet bad mental food. The unvarying prominence over all other emotions given to the calf-love of youth, must impress young readers with a morbid notion of the importance of a state of unreason which many worthy people go through life decently enough without experiencing.

Without being one of those unromantic cynics who deny the existence of the sentiment except as the same feeling (in an intensified form) that one has for a well-cooked mutton-chop, and though willing to admit that there is some mysterious influence — entirely distinct from animal passion — which inclines the sexes towards each other, still, one has only to glance over some of the stories of the day (take, for instance, the novelettes in the *Family Herald* or the *London Journal*), to see

that the ordinary business of life could not be carried on at all if the consequence of mutual affection was the raving mania the authors describe; and, when we consider how much all our sentiments are influenced by the imagination, it is easy to conceive that a constant diet of three-volume novels, wherein to love — wisely or unwisely, but, at any rate, furiously — is held up as the destiny and duty of every one, must lead the youth of both sexes into an inflamed and exaggerated estimate of their most transient fancies.

Charles Brookes, *ætat.* 33, blessed with a good digestion, a good income, and a sufficiency of that consideration from his fellows which the human animal, in its gregarious dependence, finds indispensable to its upright and dignified carriage through life, was not the sort of man who pours out his soul in weak verses to his mistress's eyebrow, or confides his happiness in apostrophe to the "blessed moon," whatever might have been the correct thing in the days of the Capulets; but, like many men who are emotionally slow, so he was emotionally earnest, and being in love — and that for the first time — his was a nature to brook few obstacles in that "course which never did run smooth," but rather to engineer a short cut for himself.

In all communities there is one individual who, by common consent, holds a sort of representative position; and such a man, in regard to the small society formed by the officers of the 24th Royal Cheshire Hussars (familiarily and phonetically known as the *Chasers*), was Captain Brookes. Although he possessed most of the accomplishments valued by young soldiers — that is, he rode well, shot well, and danced well, could sing a fair song, and had quite a reputation (in military circles) for his presentment of Mildmay in "Still Waters run Deep;" still, there were in the "Chasers" others who rode harder, shot straighter, and danced more persistently: but somehow, whether it was natural imperturbability, coupled with unvarying good temper, or due to some cause less easy to explain, it is certain that the opinion and advice of Charlie Brookes on any doubtful point, from a suspected spavin to a bill-transaction, was always sought by his comrades in the first instance. He was a tall, good-looking, Saxon-faced man, undemonstrative as such men generally are, and possessed of a private fortune of some £2,000 per annum, and thus free from those pecuniary embarrassments which often disturb the

military equanimity; had drifted through the fourteen years he had worn her Majesty's uniform without developing much more animation than can be got out of a frog with a galvanic battery. At last, however, he found himself in a state, the effect of which, on his mental development, was so novel and pleasing as to lead him to believe he was in love. If I were to say he had *fallen in love*, I should be giving a very inaccurate description of the gradual way in which Captain Brookes came to think that Miss Bentham, and Miss Bentham alone of all other created beings, could fill that void in his existence of which (until in her he saw its cure) he had never been aware. Considering the well-known affectionate nature of dragoon officers, it may seem strange that he had survived so long without experiencing the devouring passion; and it might be thought, either that he was peculiarly unimpressionable, or that he had fixed his standard of female excellence too high: the fact was, however, that he abominated anything approaching to fastness or slanginess in woman, and had an honest horror of the "girl of the period;" so, although he was not without the unphilosophic weakness of believing that — in some unexplainable way — it was of importance that the race of Brookes should not become extinct, his ideas of what was admirable in the other sex had not been fulfilled by any of the young women he had met during an existence passed chiefly in English garrison towns.

Presumably, as "there is nothing so human as humanity," the women of one age are, in their personality (so much of it as is unartificial), counterparts of those of the next or preceding period; but we have only to look at our daughters and remember our mothers, to see what a vast difference in the demeanour of a whole class a couple of generations may develop. There is plenty of female beauty still, and Brookes admired beauty — but then it must be beauty the consciousness of which is not always present to its possessor; but, alas! is it not writ in the table of affinities that "a man may not marry his grandmother"? And nowadays where shall a man find a sweet natural girl — like pretty Nancy Lammeter — to rule his household and to air his linen? Rather shall he find young ladies, whose thoughts, withdrawn by the fashion of the time from the domestic duties which formed the daily occupation of their representatives sixty years ago, are wholly devoted to the tricking-out of their exte-

riors, to the end that the gentleman known as "Mr. Wright" may be struck with the logical inference, that a person elevated three inches above her natural height upon artificial heels, decorated as to her head with two stuffed humming-birds and a green lizard, and whose garment is so tightly "tied back" as to prevent her going up-stairs, is calculated to make a loving wife and a careful mother.

Compared with any garrison hack (or, indeed, with any one else), Lizzie Bentham was a perfectly delightful girl. An orphan, brought up far away in Devonshire by her invalid uncle and his kindly wife, her life had been spent more out of doors than happens in the case of most girls. She was an excellent walker, and sat her Exmoor pony with as much firmness and grace as any of the most admired horse-breakers in the "Row." She was well read in her own language — which is a rare accomplishment even amongst men; and — better than all — did not get out of her depth in conversation the moment some topic not included in ordinary drawing-room small-talk was introduced. Above the middle height, her figure was so lithe and graceful as to give the impression that it was unbound by stays; her hair, of a soft brown, was plaited into a sort of club behind, and, in front, its wavy masses stood rather off from a broad low, and vertical forehead. With tolerably regular features, her chief beauty lay in her eyes and about her mouth, — the former, of that deep "violet" blue which, in half-lights and shaded by the long brown lashes, almost darkened into black, — and the latter, prone to a frequent smile which, in concert with the sparkling eyes, indicated an intense appreciation of the humorous, its slightly parted lips giving an expression to the whole face of half-shy and half-eager frankness as different as possible from the mock enthusiasm affected by people known as "gushers."

Altogether, if Lizzie was not charming, I do not know any one who is; and so thought Charlie Brookes, when he first met her in the cupboard, about eight feet square, which Lady Scorpy dignified by the name of back drawing-room, at her house in Hertford Street.

That Miss Bentham had not been wooed by any one of more importance than a rather elderly Devonshire squire, was due more to the fact that this was her first visit (with the exception of a week's stay, now and then, in the winter, at a private hotel in Dover Street) to a part of the world where eligible bachelors abound,

than to any shortcomings either in her person or estate; for she was an heiress — or, rather, a prospective heiress. But, to account for her appearance in Mayfair in July, I must give some explanation of the relationship in which she stood to Lady Scorpy.

When I say that Lady Scorpy was one of the Ffrenches of Meath, it is unnecessary to add that she was Irish. The late Sir Patrick Scorpy, some time chief-justice of the Common Pleas, Ireland, came of an Ulster family, and may therefore be suspected of a taint of Scottish ancestry, to which suspicion his modest expenditure when in the flesh, and the £40,000 he amassed and left behind him, gave some grounds; but her ladyship's breed was undeniably pure: still, though it is to be presumed that the blood of Brian Boroo (who seems to have been the Adam of the Irish creation) coursed in her veins, and a faint echo of his original speech had come down to her in the shape of "brogue," she was not by any means a typical Irishwoman such as Mr. Lever and other national writers have made us familiar with. Any one less like the Widow Malone or Biddy M'Cree it would be hard to find in Bath or Cheltenham. She was not warm-hearted or impulsive, but neither was she treacherous or designing. She was sensible, in a narrow-minded way; religious, in observance, if not in spirit; and as naïvely selfish as any healthy, handsome woman of fifty-five can be whose views of the relative value of sentient beings might be tabulated like a racing "result." *Self*, "first;" *Pet-dog* "a bad second;" and the *rest*, "nowhere." Perhaps Lizzie Bentham, whom no one could actually dislike, might have got third place in her regard, if it had not been for a playful habit that young person had of avenging "disagreeables," by calling her ladyship "grandmamma."

Lizzie's mother had been the only child, by his first wife, of the late chief-justice: married, some twenty years before, to Captain Philip Bentham of the — Regiment, she had, at his death in a skirmish before Delhi, been left a widow in the first year of her widowhood, and, shortly after Lizzie's birth, had, in dying herself, left the doubly orphaned child to the care of Sir Hector Bentham, Philip's elder brother. The chief-justice — then a hale man and recently re-married — had made a disposition of his property, by which a life-interest in what he had to leave was to go to his widow (subject to a reduction in the event of her consoling herself with an-

other husband), with the reversion in fee to Miss Bentham, whose interests, in the mean time, were to be the care of the Devonshire baronet. Besides this reversion, on coming of age or marrying, Lizzie would become entitled to nearly £12,000, which had been left by her father. It will be seen, therefore, that she was by no means a portionless lassie even now; and if a beneficent providence would only translate Lady Scorpy to another sphere, she would be quite (can we say a "Cræsa"? well, then!) a female Cræsus.

Charlie Brookes, when the "Chasers" came to Hounslow, found himself very frequently in town, and favoured with admission as far into "society" as he had any inclination to go. Among other distinctions, he enjoyed the privilege of a calling acquaintance with Lady Scorpy. It must be admitted that he took this enjoyment very seldom, and, even then, sadly, until Lady Scorpy prevailed, by reiterated entreaties, upon Sir Hector Bentham to permit Lizzie to spend six weeks at the end of the season with her in Mayfair. There it was, in the aforesaid back drawing-room, that an acquaintance and a mutual liking simultaneously began; and, what with frequent calls and more frequent meetings in the park, at the opera, or at the houses of mutual friends, the latter developed so steadily, that by the end of a month, in Lady Scorpy's opinion (and we all know that lookers-on see more of the game), a crisis of some sort became imminent. Awake at last to the serious nature of the situation, her ladyship executed a series of strategic movements worthy of a Von Roon. First, with that curious incapacity for straightforward action peculiar to her sex, she quietly accepted an invitation for herself and Lizzie from a Mrs. Job Standring, who had taken a house in the neighbourhood of Goodwood for the races. Secondly, she wrote an alarming letter to Sir Hector. Then she informed Lizzie of their departure for Sussex, bag and baggage, the following day. And, finally, Burridge the butler was told that, busy with preparations, the ladies would not be at home to any one.

The above order, executed with fidelity in the case of Captain Brookes, who happened to call about five P.M., led to a short conversation. Burridge (whose affections Charlie had won, not by the minor art of conversation, but by the strange process of staring stonily at him as if he had been a hat-stand, and slipping an occasional half-sovereign into his fat hand) supple-

mented his "not at home" with "Ladies going hout of town, capting." "The deuce! when do they go, and where?" "To-morrow, 3.30, going to Whittlebridge to stay with Mrs. Standring for the races; likely you'll be going to Goodwood yourself, capting?" "Thank you, Burridge," said Charlie, as he turned away towards his club; "I shouldn't be surprised if I did."

A man may unconsciously absorb love in small doses when the process is one of unbroken continuity, and carried on at regular intervals, until, suddenly startled by some trifling interruption of his intercourse with the object of his admiration, he becomes aware that by constant increment of insignificant amount the slight inclination he started with has become the ruling passion of his life—and such a check, with some such a result, did Charlie Brookes receive when told by Burridge of the ladies' departure. As he walked clubwards, thoughts of Lizzie's beauty, of her sweet unaffected manner, and the bright enthusiasm with which she battled for what she held to be the right, and her fierce scorn of what was mean or sordid, came rushing upon him; every yard he went the fact that life without Lizzie's companionship and Lizzie's love would be unbearable, because more impressed on his mind; and by the time he got into his T cart to drive down to mess, he was determined to do his endeavour—as a man should—to make her his wife. One course was plain; he would follow her to Whittlebridge. This was the more easy, because the importance and the distinction of the "Chasers" required that they should be represented at such gatherings of the "upper ten" as Goodwood races by their regimental drag, whose dark-blue panels, and four slashing bays, were wont to impress the rural population with a proper sense of England's security from foreign invasion, and, it is to be hoped, with a cheerful resignation to the army estimates from a contemplation of what a lot they got for their money. Luck befriended him in this respect; for, being consulted, those who proposed accompanying the drag jumped at the idea of Whittlebridge as a headquarters; and Joey Gorst, Brookes's subaltern, confessed to an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Job (in fact, Mrs. Standring was one of those lively buxom thirty-year-olds who, though the best of wives and mothers, have a "hanging on" of rackets good fellows with whom they noisily flirt and gushingly correspond), and he assured

Brookes (who went to bed much comforted) that he would give him a character which would open that lady's arms and doors to him at once.

## CHAPTER II.

DOWN at Hounslow it was hot. The stagnant air had been gradually warming up all day, and at three o'clock it had culminated in a temperature something like that of the holy of holies of the Turkish bath. The sun beat fiercely down upon the dusty barrack-square, whose only living occupant was the orderly trumpeter, who leant against the iron rails surrounding the officers' quarters, and tried to keep his brazen instrument as much as possible in the shade of his own figure; for among soldiers pennies are not plentiful, and blowing "calls" through hot brass excites a thirst which even canteen beer is almost powerless to slake.

The voices of the men, leaning in their shirt-sleeves and puffing their clay pipes out of the windows of the barrack-rooms, mingled monotonously with the occasional rattle of a troop-horse's collar-chain in the stables below, through the open doors of which parallel rows of neatly-arranged saddlery could be seen.

"It was a leisure hour with the 'Chasers';" there was no parade that afternoon, except for recruits; and the quarterly mess-meeting of the officers was taking place in their dining-room.

That rather stuffy apartment, with its plain walls and scanty government furniture, was crowded with "Chasers" in all varieties of uniform and mufti. Military chaff (the most diluted form of wit known) was going briskly on; but the chatter of conversation and the jingle of spurs subsided as Colonel Bottletop took his seat at the head of the long table. Chairs were creakily drawn up to the council board, — a whiff of tobacco-smoke followed Sub-Lieutenant Gorst (always late) from the ante-room door, — and the colonel, with the preliminary long-drawn grunt usual in opening public business, called for a statement of the mess accounts. Horribly embarrassed by a confused heap of books, Captain Green, with the assistance of the messman, who prompted from behind, made a rambling statement, to which no attention was paid by the meeting. A similar process was gone through with regard to the accounts of the band and the regimental drag. Remarks having been called for, three gentlemen, who were particular about what they drank, remonstrated fiercely at the

inferiority of the very military kind of wine supplied by Messrs. Currant & Logwood, the regimental wine-merchants; but were at once stopped by the oft-repeated announcement that the mess owed the aforesaid firm so much money it *must* go on dealing with them: and then that distinguished officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Bottletop, C.B., rose to his feet, displaying two yards of as well-proportioned "food for powder" as was to be found in H.M.'s army.

Fierce, beady black eyes, set deep under bushy eyebrows, a mottled, seamed, and muscular face, heavy grizzled moustache partially covering a wide mouth capable of oaths of the very largest dimensions, such as would have astonished even those natives of Flanders who were familiar with the British trooper of old — and coarse black hair, brushed upward from the sides till the two flat layers met and formed a tuft or comb on the top of his head — made up an *ensemble* which was the terror of evil-doers in the orderly-room or on the parade-ground. Colonel Bottletop had the honourable reputation of being the most blasphemous officer in either of H. M.'s naval or military services; and this, coupled with the peculiar style of *coiffure* he adopted, had procured him the sobriquet of "the Cursing Cockatoo." To do him what justice is possible, it should be said that, although his language was *never* fit for "ears polite," his offences in that line were of a purely theological character. He never shocked your sense of decency, however much he might offend your religious sentiments. In fact, he would have made an excellent bull-writer for his Holiness Pope Pius IX.

On occasions like this he was not eloquent. His usual flow of speech was checked for want of appropriate adjectives whenever, in consequence of the narrative form of the discourse, the abusive had to be supplanted by the descriptive. "Gentlemen," said the colonel, "we have heard the mess president's statement, and, with the exception of that -nf-rn-l wine-bill, it seems all right; the band-fund also is flourishing; and now we come to the coach. It has been the custom in the 'Chasers' — and always will be, so long as I have the honour to command — for the regimental drag to attend all race-meetings within reasonable distance. Some grumbling has, I understand, been heard about the *expense*. Now, I wish to remind those" (here he scowled horribly round the table) "who would allow the paltry consideration of *money* to weigh



against the reputation of this regiment, that, in the words of a distinguished statesman, 'there are three courses open to them.' They may sell out, — or — they may exchange, — or " (here he hesitated, rather at a loss for a third alternative, but, happily catching sight of the assistant surgeon, and reflecting that *he* could neither sell nor exchange, added), — "or — they can go to h—ll; but," he continued, "may I be d—d if they shall degrade the old 'Chasers' to the level of a wretched battalion of 'feet.' Now as the Goodwood meeting takes place next week, some arrangements must be made with regard to putting the coach up somewhere, and also as to who intend going with it. Captain Brookes has proposed Whittlebridge, and, as it is on the quiet side of the course, and therefore out of the rush of vehicles from Chichester, and as I am going myself, and have a proper estimate of Martin's very feeble powers as a charioteer, I have no objection. Has any one any? No! Then *that* is carried. The messman will arrange for a supply of liquor, etc.; some one must go and engage quarters; and now let me know how many intend coming."

Many of the officers being privately engaged — some being on duty, and others indisposed — only three besides the colonel and Brookes volunteered. These were, Joey Gorst, Martin — a wild sort of scamp, but the only man in the "Chasers" with a decent knowledge of driving a team — and a youth of the name of Welby, who had recently joined, with the reputation of being "able to ride a bit." In addition to these, and to make up the half-dozen, Martin offered to bring a cousin of his, named Desborough, — a bit of a lunatic by nature, and a legislator by favour of the electors of Slotborough. This agreed to, the meeting broke up; and the following Monday found the representative "Chasers" sojourners at the Eagle at Whittlebridge.

As long as John Desborough formed one of the party, they were not likely to be dull. He was one of those people who ought never to leave school — except, perhaps, for an annual visit to Drury Lane Theatre on boxing-night. His mind was occupied almost exclusively with the concoction of practical jokes or "sells." Although member of Parliament for an important manufacturing borough, he owed his election more to the inactivity of the borough police than to his political merits — even during his canvass he could not keep his hands from larceny by night of

the door-knockers of those he hoped to call his constituents; and capture (and he was very nearly captured several times) would have destroyed (probably forever) his chance of becoming prime minister. This worthy, having in vain proposed to Gorst and Welby the desirability of waking up the good people of Whittlebridge to a proper sense of the honour done to them by the new arrival, was fain to retire to bed, consoling himself *en route* with changing the boots which were outside the doors of the two or three "outsiders" staying at the inn; but calculating on the exhilarating effects of luncheon on the morrow, composed himself to slumber, cheered by the hope of great games the following night.

Bang went the bars against the leader's hocks as they were pulled up all of a heap at the entrance to the grand stand, with their intelligent heads over the hood of an open carriage in front, whose occupants, a lady and gentleman, were more startled than pleased. "Beg pardon, sir!" shouted Martin; "'osses a bit 'ard in the mouth. Get down, you chaps, and I'll tool 'em round to the enclosure;" and away he went at a trot round through the narrow gate beyond the stand into the place marked out for vehicles. Having gone as far within it as driving would take him, the horses were removed, the pole unshipped, and the "Chasers'" coach was backed up to the ropes facing the course. Hardly was it settled, when a waggonette, with a pair of posters, came dashing in, and the same process being gone through, was moored alongside. Martin, whose mind was little given to anything but horses, thought that the gal in the white muslin looked the cleanest-bred one he had seen for an age; and truly Lizzie Bentham, notwithstanding a slight covering of dust, was likely to carry off the palm that day as out and out the prettiest girl in Sussex.

"Holloa, Mrs. Standring! how d'ye do?" says Gorst, making his appearance with Brookes and Bottletop. "This *is* nice to come under our wing in this way. How are you, Standring?" turning to a dapper little man with vivid red hair, who had the honour to be known as Mrs. Job's husband. "Let me introduce our colonel: Bottletop, Mrs. Standring; Mrs. Standring, Colonel Bottletop; and Charlie Brookes! — ah! there he is, talking to your friends — introduce himself, I daresay; of course you'll get up on the coach when a race comes off — see

it splendidly from here, far better than the stand; and the lawn! by jingo! it's like a rainbow gone mad—red, yellow, blue, green, and piebald enough to frighten a timid one out of his wits." The process of amalgamation between the parties was speedily carried out; Mrs. Standring and Lizzie were assisted on to the top of the drag, Lady Scorpy taking up her position on the box of the Standring's carriage. She was perplexed and rather savage to find herself in such close proximity to Charlie Brookes, which feeling was not participated in by Lizzie, who, with heightened colour, was unfeignedly glad to see him. But Lady Scorpy was soon far too much occupied to pay much attention to her charge. The Cockatoo, who was one of those who "admire fine women, by Gad, sir!" was very much struck with her ladyship's appearance; and being as brave as a lion, and perfectly unembarrassed by any respect for civilized usage, was making love to her after a fashion quite Fijian: he eyed her with that yearning gaze of fleshly love which is to be discerned in the eye of a farmer inspecting prize stock at the Agricultural Hall, complimented her on her charms with significant glances at the charms in question, and what with his bold stare, and still bolder language, seemed to be bent on carrying her by storm. Beauties of an advanced age have no objection to a little ardour on the part of their admirers; and what was Irish in her composition, though long latent, seemed to come out towards the "bould sodger," whose advances, though coarse, were at any rate unmistakable.

The "Chasers'" drag was as usual lavish of cold luncheon and champagne. The mess waiter (who travelled inside, buried up to his neck in bottles and cold pies (had brought a camp-table, which he set up beside the wheels, and the tide of lunchers ebbed and flowed, coming empty and returning full, until one would have imagined that the whole of the tenants of the grand stand had been fed; but the disposal of the party remained in the main unchanged. Bottletop and Brookes, assisted by Standring, had escorted Lady Scorpy and Lizzie to the lawn that they might admire the millinery thereon spread out, and returning, had met Gorst and Mrs. Job, who, with young Welby, had been down to see the start for the two-year-old stakes. Martin was in his element, dashing from the ring to the paddock and back again to plunge upon his fancy; and John Desborough, having

found a batch of guardsmen out of whose heads the hateful bearskin had not yet squeezed all the fun they had picked up at Eton, was engaged in capping reminiscences of old larks and meditating new ones.

In Indian racing circles a curious custom obtains as a way of explaining to the obtuse minds of native jockeys the requisite varieties of pace to be used in a race. Taking the rupee (which consists of sixteen annas) as representing the utmost speed possible to get out of the horse, you may frequently hear the Hindoo Fordham, about to start, ordered by his master to go eight annas for the first mile, then gradually to warm up to twelve annas, and finally, when in the straight run in, to go the *whole rupee*. Now, with regard to Charlie Brookes's *amour*: commencing, in deference to the exposed situation, with ordinary commonplaces, he soon discovered, and so did Lizzie, that interest in the racing and devotion to luncheon by the rest of the party had left them as much unheeded as if they had been perched on the monument. Thereupon *he went the whole rupee*. Being a conscientious person, he insisted on giving a detailed account of his birth and parentage, with particulars of his income and prospects; and finally—just at the "finish" of the "Renewal of the twenty-third year of the Bentinck Memorial Stakes for three-year-olds," (shade of Lord George, forgive them!) under cover of yells of "BAYSWATER WINS!!" "*Ride 'im, George!!*" "*The favourite's BEAT!!*"—in a whisper, which was necessarily almost a shout, made a fervent offer of his hand and heart. To prove to her that the offer was "without reserve," he placed himself and his belongings entirely at Lizzie's disposal; he would sell out or he would soldier on, live in Devonshire or Kamtchatka, go into the Church or on to the stage—in fact do anything, sane or insane, on condition Lizzie would accept the right to order him.

When a man is allowed without check to go on with his autobiography, and with details of his banking-account, by a young lady to whom he is paying attention,—and when, as in this case, the young lady, with a very deep blush on her pretty face, has her head bent down very near him that she may hear the narrative without causing him to make his private history known to the rest of the world,—it may be taken as probable that she intends to accede to the request of which these confidences are only the preliminary. Lizzie's "yes" contained the proviso that her un-

cle's consent must be first obtained; in fact her "yes" was not uttered at all, but promised as dependent on the approval of Sir Hector. Brookes, who had recently developed an amazing amount of energy, proposed to telegraph at once to the worthy baronet from the grand stand, then to write by next post a recapitulation of his autobiographical essay, and to follow both his communications in person by the early morning train for the west. From these rash resolves he was happily dissuaded by Lizzie, who pointed out that the first communication should come from her, and that the post would be the best mode of conveying it; and Brookes, when the races were over (races of which neither of the lovers had the slightest recollection), tore himself away with the less difficulty, inasmuch as, going the same road, they would probably be within sight of each other the whole way, and were to meet again within a very few hours, for hospitable Mrs. Job had pressed both Charlie and the Cockatoo (who was not loath to continue his raid upon the widow) to dine with her in the High Street of Whittlebridge.

Joey Gorst, who was also asked, had other fish to fry; he had picked up a school friend on the course, and had invited him to drive back on the drag, put up at the Eagle, and assist in enlivening the town in the watches of the night.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
MADAME DE MAINTENON.

## II.

A PLEASING outline of Madame de Maintenon at the time of her marriage is given by the ladies of St. Cyr. "Her voice was most agreeable and her manner winning, she had a bright and open forehead, a natural gesture of a perfect hand, eyes full of fire, and the carriage of a figure so graceful and supple that it eclipsed the best at court. The first impression she made was imposing, through a veil of severity; but the cloud vanished when she spoke and smiled." Fénelon, a fastidious judge, said she was "Wisdom speaking through the mouth of the Graces," and her arch-enemy, St. Simon, said that she was "grace itself." A striking and attractive presence, no doubt. Her mental endowments have been partly displayed already—a deep, but by no means irritable self-esteem, of vanity not a trace, patience insuperable, a cool and solid judgment, which took the exact measure

of persons and things, and saw the situation with precise truth, capable, also, of prompt and vigorous action when required. "I must have mules," she wrote to her brother when about to follow the king in one of his holiday tours among his troops—"I must have mules, cost what they will. Coaches upset, or remain stuck in the roads. Mules always reach their destination." The king should see that one woman at least could be self-helpful and energetic. When Madame de Brinon—the mother superior she had placed over St. Cyr—lost her head and became rather noisily insubordinate, a swift *lettre de cachet* transferred her to another convent—a real *coup d'état* which set all Paris wondering. And yet she was placable and incapable of rancour, for all St. Simon may say. The final impression is that of a cold, over-prudent nature, of which a wary, long-headed selfishness was the chief spring.

Her correspondence with her brother is a marvel of frigid worldly-wise exhortation. In the hundred and odd of her authentic letters to him, which still exist, it is not too much to say that there is not a generous sentiment to be found. Though genuinely anxious for both his spiritual and temporal welfare, she uses a tone so creeping and mean that we cannot wonder at the small effect of her counsel. The burden of nearly every letter is "live within your income, and think of your salvation." "Good-bye, my dear brother," she writes; "we will feast ourselves at Maintenon (she had just bought the estate) if God spares us. Nevertheless, think of your soul, and be assured that it is ill-advised not to put one's self in the state one would wish to be in at the hour of death." "We shall meet again, if it please God. Think of Him in order to be always ready to die, and for the rest let us keep ourselves jolly." Security as regards income, and security as regards salvation, are the two points which she never leaves out of sight. And she wants no more than security in either case. Though without a tinge of avarice or greed, as her subsequent career showed, she never rested till she had put the good property of Maintenon between herself and poverty. In the same way, with reference to spiritual affairs, though punctilious about her salvation she always treats the matter as a sort of prudent investment, a preparation against a rainy day, which only the thoughtless could neglect. All dark travail of soul, anguish or ecstasy of spirit, were hidden from her. If this moderation

proceeded from magnanimity there would be nothing to object, but much to admire. But it proceeded from the opposite pole of moral endowment, from a cautious, confined temper, incapable of self-forgetting ardour in any direction. Her maxim was never to quarrel with anybody, and she stoically adhered to it, under downtreadings which would have caused a worm to turn. "Never boast," she says to her brother; "it is unlucky, and attracts ridicule." These words give the formula as it were from which her practical life was deduced. The meekness with which she carried her honours and supposed paramount influence rather puzzled the vainglorious world in which she moved. "I have seen her," says St. Simon, "yielding her place, and retreating everywhere before titled ladies; polite, affable, as a person who pretends to nothing, who makes a display of nothing, but who imposes much." The scripture which says that he that exalteth himself shall be abased, she had taken thoroughly to heart: mingling therewith a flavour of the old Greek dread of a Nemesis awaiting the proud. Not to seize a high place, but to be invited to it, and again to retreat to a lower seat, flattered her delicate and fastidious self-love. She belongs to the class of "*glorieuses modestes*," as Sainte-Beuve says, with untranslatable felicity. It was this temper which has thrown such a pale grey hue over all her authentic letters. She never seems to write to any one on anything out of fulness of heart. Almost without exception her letters are letters of business, written with a close practical object. In the fewest words and an Attic style she treats of the matter in hand. But all expansion of spirit or unburdening of heart are suppressed as if they were heresy or treason. One might suppose her letters were written under the impression that somebody was looking over her shoulder as she composed them.

With that perspicacity and talent of seeing things as they were, to which allusion has just been made, she saw this disposition in herself, and thus expressed it: — "My days are now spent in a regular course, and very solitary. I pray to God a moment on getting up. I go to two masses on days of obligation, and to one on other days. I say my office every day, and I read a chapter of some good book. I say my prayers on going to bed, and when I wake in the night I say a *Laudate* or a *Gloria Patri*. I often think of God in the daytime; I offer him my actions; I beg he will take me from this (the court),

if I cannot save my soul here; and for the rest, I am not conscious of my sins. I have a morality and good inclinations, which cause me to do scarcely any evil. I have such a desire to please and to be liked, that I am on guard against my passions; thus I never have to reproach myself with deeds, but with very worldly motives, a great vanity, much levity and dissipation, a great freedom in my thoughts and judgments, and carefulness in speech which is only founded on human prudence. This is about my state. Order the remedy which you think proper."\* The self-knowledge here shown is remarkable, and the absence of cant admirable. The more singular is the cool self-possession of the passage and utter lack of all spiritual—we will not say fervour, but sensibility. Indeed, Madame de Maintenon's conscience was not easily alarmed, and when she had performed her regulation religious exercises and attended to her exchequer, she faced the future with serene outlook. She had a regrettable facility of seeing only one of these objects of her interest at a time, and the eye which observed her worldly concerns was perhaps more vigilant than its colleague which attended to spiritual matters. The years of contention with Montespan, and the humiliation they involved already show this.

The gospel word that we cannot serve two masters must have seemed insipid to Madame de Maintenon, or at least it occasionally admitted of exceptions. She had brought the two services into complete agreement, or rather unity, and served Heaven most when she was performing her duties at court. But even she must have felt that now and again the combination was difficult. One cannot but lament that in 1677, when Madame de Montespan was again in a painfully interesting condition, and knew not where or how to escape from public observation, even as Aphrodite of old poured the obscurity of a welcome nimbus round her favourites, so Madame de Maintenon carried off the abashed, if not contrite, fair to her country house at Maintenon, and screened her for two months at a stretch from the prying gaze of a too curious world.† It is

\* *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i. p. 96. "Du reste je ne connais pas mes péchés. J'ai une morale et de bonnes inclinations qui font que je ne fais guère de mal."

† "A Maintenon ce 7 avril, 1677. — J'ai M. du Maine et Madame de Montespan ici, il y a six semaines." Again: "A Maintenon ce 8 mai, 1677. — J'ai toujours ici Madame de Montespan." — *Correspondance Générale*, vol. i., pp. 329-332.

difficult to suppose that Christian charity alone operated here. The "terrible scenes" above alluded to had occurred two years before. The two ladies were on the terms fitting to the situation—shortly at daggers drawn. Madame de Maintenon had prayed, and implored others to pray, that she might be saved from the court and its evil communications, and then takes the very *corpus delicti* to her own home. Was this for edification, and, if so, who was edified? It was not noble, it was not even consistent. But doubtlessly circumstances were harsh and imperative. Even this excuse cannot be pleaded, not for an action, but for a thought, a suggestion of Madame de Maintenon to her brother. That sorry spendthrift, for once, had a little money, which his sister had procured for him through a job with the farmers of the revenue. She advised him, with her usual partiality for secure income, to lay it out in land in Poitou. "For," she adds with complete coolness, "estates will be given away there in consequence of the emigration of the Protestants." Nothing recorded of Madame de Maintenon gives us so unfavourable an impression of her as this short sentence. She had tasted poverty, and the shudder of it had never left her. She had been a Calvinist, and in a mild degree had suffered for her faith. But the anguish of that dread exodus passing under her eyes touched her not; destitution and exile suffered for conscience' sake struck no chord of sympathy within her. The opportunity was favourable for a good investment. It seemed natural to her to seize it.\*

The amount of influence exercised by Madame de Maintenon after her marriage with the king, has been a subject of much dispute from her own days to ours. Those who had forfeited or failed to win her favour, and who indemnified their overt adulation by secret calumny, ascribed every failure in war or policy to her sinister action. To St. Simon or La Princesse Palatine she is the evil principle of French politics, a mysterious shade gliding about the dark recesses of the court, touching and perverting everything, but appearing frankly nowhere. Her admirers declared, and still declare, that her influence was powerless except for good. It is not very difficult to understand how these opposite impressions were produced. Madame de

Maintenon's influence might easily be at once both very great and very limited; great in the dispensation of favours and promotions—a matter of supreme interest to the courtier world—and limited as to the great lines of policy pursued. The king's habit of working with his ministers in her cabinet, his occasional references to her, with the complimentary query, "What thinks your Solidity on this point?" filled the troop of place-hunters with the alarmed conviction that her authority was paramount, and that one had to please her or die. When, again, we find her relating, with her usual proud humility, that her apartment was so full, that it was like a crowded church; that generals, ministers—nay, the king's sons—waited in her ante-chamber till she could receive them; that the circle of ladies around her was so close, that she could hardly breathe, we may take it for granted that all this court was not paid for nothing, and that that astute world knew well what it was about when it took so much trouble. On the other hand, she seems to have been not so much incapable of, as profoundly indifferent to politics, which went nearer to boring her stoical patience than perhaps anything else. She lacked entirely the intellectual audacity and ambition, the fervour and freedom of spirit, which lead to bold political initiative and courageous play for a great stake in that high game. And if she had had such qualities, we may be quite sure she would not have been for long a favourite of Louis XIV.

A less keen eye than hers would have measured the robust stubbornness of the man, his morbid dread of being ruled, and vanity so sensitive that no services, however long or valuable, failed to wound it. She knew the fate of Colbert, of Louvois, and finally of Montespan; and to leave no doubt on the matter, she did make some timid attempts in the way of direct influence, without success. "I did not please in a conversation on the works now going on, and my regret is to have given offence without profit. Another building here will cost a hundred thousand francs. Marly will soon be a second Versailles. There is no help for it but prayer and patience." "The king will allow only his ministers to talk to him about business. He took it ill that the nuncio addressed himself to me. I should be well content with the life of slavery I lead, if I could do some good. I can only groan over the turn things have taken." These avowals are made to an intimate friend, Cardinal Noailles, archbishop of Paris, and cannot

\* "Vous ne pourriez mieux faire que d'acheter une terre en Poitou; elles vont s'y donner par la désertion des Huguenots." — *Correspondance Générale*, vol. ii., p. 208.

have been soothing to self-esteem. Then contrast them with this report of an eye-witness: "I have seen her sometimes, when tired, vexed, disquieted, and ill, assume the most smiling air and cheerful tone, amuse the king by a thousand inventions, entertain him alone four hours at a stretch, without repetition, weariness, or scandal. When he left her room at ten at night, and her bed-curtains were being drawn, she would say to me with a sigh, 'I can only tell you that I am worn out.'" And yet it is certain she had influence of no common kind. It is in no wise surprising. The king's partiality for her, which was such that he could not pass a quarter of an hour in a crowded court without saying something in her ear — their unbroken intimacy and contact for thirty years, must have given opportunities enough, by the right word inserted in the right place, by the well-chosen epithet attached to a name for honour or disgrace, even by eloquent silence, to turn the scale and make or mar the fortunes of soldier or civilian, as the case might be. Thus her reputation is not much served by the distinction just made. After all, the selection of the *personnel* of a government is a highly important point, and it would seem that her action in this regard was on the whole injurious. Her partiality for Villeroi, Chamillart, and Voisin cost France dear if she had as much to do with their promotion as is alleged. On the other hand, let us honourably acquit her of the heavy charge of having urged the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the consequent persecutions. As far as she dared, her advice was given the other way, towards a mitigation of the severities exercised against the Huguenots; so much so, that the king said to her, "I fear, madame, that the mildness with which you would wish the Calvinists to be treated arises from some remaining sympathy with your former religion." It is, indeed, to her immense honour that she seems to have been entirely above the usual baseness of renegades, which leads them to atone for their apostasy by calculated animosity and zeal against the communion they have left. The example of Pelisson showed her that such baseness was not without reward, but she remains free of all suspicion of it. Indeed, Madame de Maintenon's thoughts and interests were much less absorbed in the court than her enemies have supposed. Her heart was elsewhere — in her toy convent of St. Cyr.

St. Cyr took its origin in the quite laudable and benevolent wish to succour and

relieve the daughters of noble houses of broken fortunes. She had been a well-born pauper and orphan, and determined to mitigate to the limit of her power the hard lot in others which she had felt so bitterly herself. She commenced in a humble way first at Rueil, and afterwards at Noisy. Lastly, she persuaded the king to erect the spacious building which still exists at St. Cyr, and endow it with two hundred thousand francs per annum. The conditions of admittance were poverty and noble birth. The advantages offered were religious and practical education (especially needlework in all its branches was taught with great care), continued till the age of twenty, free of all cost or charge whatsoever; then a dowry on suitable marriage approved by the king, or a preferential nomination to places in religious houses in the gift of the crown, when a vocation to the monastic life seemed manifest. The establishment consisted of two hundred and fifty pupils, governed by a staff of sixty nuns.

For the last thirty years of her life Madame de Maintenon devoted all the time and thought she could save from her occupations at court, to St. Cyr. Whenever she was residing at Versailles, she went at least every other day to her favourite institution, arriving there as early as six in the morning, and not returning till the same hour at night. She visited the classes and offices to see how the mistresses and officers performed their functions, inspected the infirmary, and often attended to and consoled the sick. When she had brought her establishment into something like working order, she persuaded the king to see it. The young ladies and their superiors received him, it need not be said, with all the grave pomp which became such a community. A *Te Deum* was sung, the damsels defiled before him, and each in passing made a profound reverence to his Majesty. Then, according to a tradition preserved at St. Cyr till its suppression, as he was about to enter the garden, a chorus of three hundred young voices greeted him with a hymn, of which the words were written by Madame de Brinon, the mother superior, and the music by Lulli. We seem to have heard the words before, though in another language —

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi !  
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi !  
Vive le roi !  
Qu'à jamais glorieux,  
Louis victorieux,



Voye ses ennemis,  
Toujours soumis,  
Grand Dieu, etc., etc.

And not only the words, but the air, was exactly the same as our "God save the King." The French claim originality, and declare that Handel, who visited St. Cyr in 1721, stole the tune and took it with him to England. The English retort the charge of plagiarism. But if plagiarism there be, it seems more probable that a roving minstrel like Handel was able and willing to make the appropriation, than that a sedentary and secluded body like the ladies of St. Cyr should purloin from abroad a chant composed (on that supposition) in honour of a heretical prince — George I.

But soon St. Cyr was the scene of more festive entertainments. Madame de Maintenon thought that a little dramatic declamation might be at once an agreeable distraction and a useful exercise for her young flock. Some pieces of Corneille and Racine were tried, with only too much success. They "contained passions dangerous for youth," and she wrote to Racine — "Our little girls played yesterday your '*Andromaque*,' and played it so well that they will play it no more, nor any one of your pieces." She then asked the author of "*Phèdre*" if he could not write something especially for St. Cyr, which would be irreproachable on the score of dangerous passions. After some hesitation he complied. The result was "*Esther*."

Racine entered into his new occupation with much interest, and even zeal. He chose the most promising girls, and taught them their parts with assiduity. At last the actresses were ready. Persian robes, trimmed with pearls and diamonds, had been prepared, songs for the choruses composed, a temporary theatre erected on the landing of the great staircase. After one or two rehearsals Madame de Maintenon was satisfied with the effect, and determined to give the king a surprise. He came attended by only a few of the most intimate courtiers and bishops, and was so delighted with the play and spectacle, that when he got back to Versailles he did nothing but talk of "*Esther*." The whole court, and even Paris, was forthwith seized with a perfect passion to see the new wonder. Nothing loth to renew an amusement in which he found so much pleasure, the king invited a larger circle of lords and ladies. This play-acting had now become serious business at St. Cyr, and while the teachers, assisted by Racine and Boileau,

did their best to produce a result worthy of the occasion, it is not surprising that the "little novices" became, from excessive anxiety to acquit themselves well, not a little alarmed. Many of them, in their nervous fear of a breakdown, flung themselves on their knees before going on the stage, and repeated a fervent *Veni Creator* to compose their spirits. The success was overwhelming. The rage to obtain admittance waxed ever hotter. Not only the usual courtiers, but the most grave bishops, the most learned magistrates, the most busy ministers of state, struggled eagerly for a privilege which had now become a mark of signal favour. Bossuet went, and Father la Chaise, the king's confessor, and President Lamoignon. Madame de Sévigné could not get admitted till the fourth representation. The grandest display of all was on the 5th of February, 1689, when Louis took his royal guests, James II. and Mary of Modena, to see the play. He showed the exiles over the establishment with imperturbable urbanity, although James "appeared insensible to everything." The greatest order and decorum were observed on all occasions, in spite of the crowds. Madame de Maintenon had a list made out of those who were to be present, and strict orders were given to allow no one to enter whose name did not appear in it. The king was early at his post, and seems to have voluntarily assumed the functions of box-keeper. "When he arrived, he placed himself at the door inside, and holding up his cane to serve as a barrier, he remained till all those who were invited had entered. Then he caused the door to be shut. He permitted few of his suite to come in, and those who were admitted were ordered to be very silent, and not allowed to say a word to anybody." We may believe that Louis found more real enjoyment in these amusements, procured for him by his half-nun wife, than in the lavish galas and sumptuous ballets and carousals he had formerly given to please Madame de Montespan.

But this bright prospect was soon overcast. The ice once broken, the young performers took to their theatricals with such zest that they threatened to become actresses and nothing else. The applause they had received puffed them up with vanity, and instead of a demure convent Madame de Maintenon found herself at the head of a troop of pert young ladies who thought only of pushing their fortune at court, and of making good matches. Sev.

eral did make conquests on the boards. A stringent reform was needed, and at last carried out with a great deal of trouble and anxiety to Madame de Maintenon. She acknowledged that she had been chiefly to blame for introducing a worldly spirit into the community. She was at one moment so disheartened that she was nearly disposed to throw up her undertaking. However, with time and patience she effected a thorough reformation. But this welcome result had hardly been achieved when a new peril assailed her from the opposite quarter. A morbid mysticism, introduced by the famous Madame Guyon and propagated by Fénelon and Madame de la Maisonfort, filled St. Cyr with a heresy, and gave rise to much alarm in the orthodox world all over France. That annoyance was also subdued, but not until the brilliant author of "*Télémaque*" had been disgraced by the king and condemned by the pope, and the fascinating but rather hysterical La Maisonfort and two other ladies of St. Cyr had been removed out of harm's way by *lettre de cachet* to a distance. Then at last Madame de Maintenon had her toy convent all to herself. The pleasure she had in going there, in dining with the nuns and their pupils, is mentioned by her biographers and referred to by herself with great unction, as a proof apparently of singular spirituality of mind. "As soon as she saw the towers of her dear Thebais, of that abode of piety which God had given her to restore her strength, she thanked heaven." "When I hear the door shut behind me on entering that solitude, which I never leave without regret, I feel full of joy." She seems indeed to have spent a good portion of her time there in recounting with questionable humility the fatigues and irritations of her life at court. "Oh, my dear daughters, how happy you are to have left the world, how happy to be occupied with God alone." We must reconcile ourselves to this trait in Madame de Maintenon, to follow her own deepest inclination, and then to entreat pity for the sacrifice it involved. Assuredly she would not have been at court if she had not chosen to be there, and it is not wonderful that years of lassitude with the dreary and pompous etiquette of the court should have rendered the calm and repose of a religious house a welcome and refreshing change.

Madame de Maintenon, and the king also, rested great hopes on St. Cyr as a school of morals and piety, which would in time leaven all France. "There is

enough there," she said, "to renew the perfection of Christianity in all the kingdom." He grew fonder of the place with advancing years and deepening religious convictions. Often of an afternoon, he would extend his walk to St. Cyr and hear vespers or compline in the convent chapel, after which the husband and wife would return home to Versailles in pensive mood, we may suppose. Louis was very gracious and even respectful to the nuns. If he happened to be in hunting-dress he would not enter their holy precincts, but waited for Madame outside. At other times he would take one of the younger pupils on his knee (the age of admittance might be as low as seven), ask her name, and make her repeat her catechism. With the ladies who formed the religious staff, he conversed familiarly about the ordering of their house, and even about public affairs. Somebody spoke of founding another monastery. "There are other things much more urgent than that," said Madame de Maintenon, "to secure peace and relieve the poor people of their burdens." "Yes," said Louis, "that is what a king should aim at: peace in his kingdom, and relief of his people. But to obtain these advantages for them we are forced against our will to oppress them. We want peace, but a good peace, and I ask it of God continually." "Who alone," added the king, "can change the hearts of those who oppose it," viz. the European coalition. On one of these evenings at St. Cyr, a skilful surprise was prepared for the king. "It was on May 25th, 1704, after a soft spring day, when the garden was in its beauty." Louis XIV. found all the young ladies with flowers in their hair, grouped in bands, dancing and singing. In his walk at each avenue, each bosquet, he met one of these joyous troops, from which children stepped out to recite a dialogue or verses. At last when the sun was about to set behind the wooded hills of St. Cyr, he stopped in the great parterre, whence can be seen the magnificent view of the Val de Gallie, the park of Versailles and the heights of the forest of Marly. The damsels assembled round the ornamental piece of water and sang a canticle, of which the first strophe was —

Du Seigneur troupes fidèles,  
Ange du ciel, veillez tous,  
Veillez, couvrez de vos ailes,  
Un roi qui veille sur nous.\*

\* *Madame de Maintenon et la Maison Royale de Saint-Cyr*, p. 232.

An idyllic scene, no doubt, but rather marred by an element which seems to come from the *opéra comique*. Indeed, to enjoy it fully, we have need to forget the condition of France at the time.

Three ruinous wars, and a system more ruinous still of collecting the revenue which supported them, had brought France to the verge of exhaustion. The population had greatly decreased all over the country—large towns, like Tours and Troyes, having lost two-thirds and three-fourths of their inhabitants. Commerce had declined in a similar ratio. The silk-manufacture at Lyons had fallen since the prosperous days of Colbert from eighteen thousand to four thousand looms. The fisheries of Normandy and other trades had decayed largely. Not only the persecuted Huguenots, but other capitalists had emigrated, so insupportable was the onslaught of the great army of tax-collectors let loose on the country by the farmers of the revenue. To the tillers of the soil, the worst lot, as ever, was reserved. They had already reached the *savage* state, subsequently described by the Marquis de Mirabeau, the Friend of Man, in the following century. "You may see troops of them," says the intendant of Bourges, "seated in a circle in the middle of a ploughed field, and always at a distance from the highways. If you approach, they disperse at once." Madame de Maintenon knew well the general misery from the condition of her own property. She wrote to her factor, "Give little in order to give to many. A good broth will nourish for twenty-four hours. You have invention: try whether peas, beans, milk, and barley-meal, or something, cannot replace bread, which is so dear." Worse still were the symptoms of fierce mistrust and hatred which crossed her path, the whole significance of which was not apparent to her as it is to us who know of '89. Daily she received letters asking her whether she was not tired of sucking the blood of the poor. In one of her journeys to St. Cyr, with her carriage full of food, clothing, and money, which was distributed to the famished crowd as she went along at a footpace, so great was the press, a child, half-dead, was flung into her coach. Threats of assassination frequently reached her. "Matters have got to so violent a pitch that it cannot last," she writes. "You see people who will no longer listen to reason, and who are transported with misery. It will soon be impossible to go out with safety. The famine has put the people in such a ferment

that one must not expose oneself to it. The extremity is such that I am led to hope that God is about to interfere."

There is something touching as well as grotesque in this anticlimax. This was the result of forty years' reign by divine right, assisted by spiritual pastors even more divine. France had been given to the two heavenly-appointed authorities, as it were in the palms of their hands, to do what they would with her. All odious human liberty, corporate or individual, had been carefully extirpated as a poisonous weed. Parliaments, provincial estates, municipal liberties, had been suppressed with rigour. Religious dissent had been hunted down by dragoons sword in hand. Calvinists, Quietists, Jansenists, had all in turn been persecuted with a ferocity which extorted the applause of all orthodox men, and placed Louis XIV. on a level with the greatest rulers of all time. Never had the principles of Catholic monarchy been put in practice on such a magnificent scale, with such unfettered freedom, with such mature and wide deliberation. If the experiment did not succeed on these conditions, what conditions could be accounted sufficient? All that absolutism and intolerance could demand had been granted or taken. The issue was unsatisfactory in the extreme. Not only was heresy more daring and vigorous than ever abroad, but at home, in the heart of the country ruled by the most Christian king, civilization had stopped, or even retrograded. The population had diminished, the useful arts and agriculture were smitten with decay. A more beautiful example of the entire helplessness of Catholic monarchism before social problems has never been seen. Some distance across the Rhine there was a great elector who, instead of impoverishing and half-ruining a rich state, was building up an exhausted one with a success which astonished onlookers. Far off across the ocean, in the midst of primeval forests on the banks of the Delaware and the Hudson, plain unpolished men were laying, with the success we know, the foundation of an empire destined to be the manifestation of principles the complete antithesis of those of the *Grand Monarque*. The contrast is complete.

What strikes one most in the old French monarchy is not its abuses, injustices, cruelties, but its stupidity—its entire want of even enlightened self-interest. Not only did it never carry out any serious reform, it never fairly saw the need of any, and it turned fiercely on any one

who thought he did, *e.g.* Racine, Vauban, Boisguillebert and Fénelon.

It was a great trial to Madame de Maintenon that the king's conversion to a moral life almost coincided with the commencement of the misfortunes which filled the latter half of his reign. We can understand her vexation. That a licentious prince should be punished of God seemed to her a self-evident certainty. That a chaste and pious prince deserved divine approval and reward was equally clear. But neither of these expectations was fulfilled. While Louis's life was a scandal and outrage to all decency, his arms and policy met with splendid success. After he had reformed and become a model to all Christian kings, had shown his devotion to God by private continency and public persecution, then he was afflicted in a manner which put faith at fault. "The king has changed his manner of living," writes the Abbé Dorat; "he does secret penance, gives alms, makes long prayers, he insists that women shall be modestly dressed." The writer evidently feels he will hardly be believed. "The king has become a saint," he goes on, "he has brought back to their duty several persons. He relieves secretly numbers of poor who are ashamed of their poverty, and regrets he has not always done so. He has such concern for virgin purity, that he takes elaborate measures to preserve it. All the ladies of the court have their necks and arms covered, so that nothing but modesty is seen where they appear." If these measures, these almost incredible reforms, will not save a state, the question is what would? Madame de Maintenon, at least, never doubted that God would be at last touched by the piety of the king and the prayers of her young ladies at St. Cyr. Whenever a battle was expected, or a town besieged, during the disastrous war of the Spanish succession, she prayed, and made her young flock pray, with a fervency which showed the stability of her faith. "The prayers of forty hours were everywhere" when the allies invested Lille. "The duchess of Burgundy passed nights in the chapel. Alarm was depicted in every face, and this dread lasted nearly a month." "The armies," she wrote, on the eve of Malplaquet, "are confronting each other in Flanders. A courier arrived with the news at five o'clock this morning. Put all the house in prayer, I implore you, and go all of you to offer the holy sacrifice to beseech God to protect us." Now and then, in her correspondence with the *Princesse des*

Ursins, a flash of irritation escapes her at the obduracy of heaven. "The designs of God are incomprehensible. Three Christian kings"—that is, Louis, the Pretender James III., and Philip V. of Spain—"appear to be abandoned, and heresy and injustice triumph. Let us hope that it will not be for long." It was not the first time, nor was it destined to be the last, that they who have taken the field with a firm conviction they had Providence for an ally have been exposed to disappointment. Marlborough was a heretic, and Eugene an infidel, and their victories over the forces of a pious and orthodox king were not only distressing to patriotism, but seemed to throw some discredit on the divine verities of faith. More dismal years there are not in history than those which closed the long and once brilliant reign of Louis XIV. The savage war, waged with half-starved troops, led by incompetent generals; the silent anguish of the provinces which seemed to fall asleep, numbed in misery; the lugubrious pomp of Versailles, in which the failing old king moved like a spectre seeking rest—form a picture as sombre as can well be conceived. The terrible winter of 1709-10, in which half the fruit-trees perished, and which human and animal life with difficulty survived, seems like a metaphor offered by nature of the dark cold gloom which had settled on the land, stagnating the blood and the minds of men. The frightful silence is only pierced by the strident voices of theological disputants, like jackals on a battle-field, active and hungry in the midst of death.

Louis met his death, as he had his misfortunes, with more courage than might have been expected of him. "I thought," he said to Madame de Maintenon, "I thought it had been more difficult to die." The frost of old age was congealing them both. He was seventy-seven, and she eighty years old. Much has been related of doubtful truth concerning her forsaking him in his last moments. She no doubt did leave him and go to St. Cyr on the 28th of August, that is, two days before he died. But he had become unconscious, and no one expected he would revive. When he did, she was at his bedside at once. "You must have much fortitude," he said to her, "to be always present at such a spectacle." They had bidden each other farewell some days before in terms of real affection. If their words seem wanting in lofty human passion, we must remember the persons and the circumstances.

Madame de Maintenon lived four years at St. Cyr after Louis XIV.'s death. She not only received numerous messages of sympathy from the chief persons at court, but the Regent Duke of Orleans hastened to pay her a visit of condolence. He not only confirmed to her her modest pension of 48,000 francs a year (Madame de Montespan had been known to lose fifteen times that sum in a bet on a single card); but he declared to her detractors, "She did good to everybody as much as she could, and never did harm to any one." The most generous (and not wholly undeserved) tribute ever made to Madame de Maintenon.

J. COTTER MORISON.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
FOR PITy'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

"NEVER saw such a man. He's been everywhere, and knows everybody; and he hasn't been in the parish three weeks."

A remark that must be taken *cum grano salis*. The Rev. Wilmot Harcourt was certainly a man remarkable for activity, as well as for some other meritorious qualities; still there were places in Sedgborough that he had not seen, and people whom he had not visited. "Take another week, most likely," he said to himself, walking with rapid, important, decisive step up Whingate, the main street of the sleepy little townlet. There were tiny shops here and there, each with one small many-paned window; and a closed door at the top of three steps, with a noisy bell behind it. The druggist's shop at the corner was a little larger: it had two windows, each of which was probably filled with bottles and placards, but the dust and dirt gathered there prevented anything like certainty on the subject. Still it was a respectable-looking shop. The very dust was not common dust; it seemed of the kind that gathers in unused churches, in ill-kept museums, and on objects of antiquarian interest generally. Nathan Dale professed a little antiquarian knowledge, so Mr. Harcourt had heard: he had also heard that Mr. Dale was ill. Was this latter rumour true? he inquired of the boy behind the counter.

The boy was quite a new boy, and had but lately come from a farmhouse on the

moor. He looked suspiciously at Mr. Harcourt's smiling face, more suspiciously still at his shining broadcloth.

"You're t' new rector?" he asked, with threatening countenance, and in broad North-Riding patois.

"Yes. Harcourt, my name is. I heard Mr. Dale was worse than usual."

"Then you heerd wrong. He isn't woss then ushall."

"I'm glad to hear it," the rector said, still smiling. He had a way of smiling under difficulties that some people used to think irritating. The greater the difficulty, the more persistent the smile; and I believe certainly that it was a smile of pleasure.

"I am glad I have heard wrong," he repeated; "still I should like to see your master. Would you mind telling him I am here?"

"Can't leave t' shop till Thomas comes."

"No, certainly; quite right," said the rector, in cheerful tones. "Perhaps I had better go round to the house door. Is there one? Where shall I find it?"

John Lamb hesitated, turned so as to get a better view of the dusty bottles, and laid his arm comfortably on the counter. Then he replied slowly —

"I' t'other street — down Quant's Yard — on a gallery — first door."

Mr. Harcourt knew Quant's Yard — it was round the corner in Cross Lane; and he soon found the wooden gallery — a curious kind of outside staircase, shabby to wretchedness, and rickety to dangerousness. The whole neighbourhood of Quant's Yard was shabby. Below the gallery there was a little flint-paved square, with rows of wet clothes hanging to dry; there were sickly-looking plants in the windows, sickly-looking women and children about the doors. Mr. Harcourt knew the children, and the little ones knew him. After a few words, cheery and tender, he went up the wooden stairs. There were three doors before him; some earthenware pans full of sooty-looking water; a baby's frock hung overhead, dripping upon his shoulder.

Mr. Harcourt knocked at the nearest door.

"Is Mr. Dale at home?" he inquired, unconsciously checking his ordinary visiting-smile a little. The small pale girl to whom he addressed himself had awakened something of curiosity in him before. He had hardly thought to find her in Quant's Yard.

"Yes; he is at home," she said in a

voice quiet and firm—perhaps a little hard. “But I am not quite sure whether he can see any one.”

“Is he so ill?”

“No; it is not that. He does not care to see strangers.”

“I hope I shall not long be considered a stranger in Sedgeborough,” Mr. Harcourt said with his ready smile. “But if you think I had better call again, I will do so. I can call at any time you may think best.”

A thoughtful, half-puzzled look came over the plain, almost sad face before him, and the quick eyes looked away beyond him. Then a sudden blush as of shame rose rapidly.

“I beg pardon,” she said, “I ought not to have kept you standing here. Will you not come in until I can decide. My uncle is in his workroom at present.”

“Thank you,” the rector said, threading the narrow dingy passage, the small slight figure before him moving with a grace and dignity that almost surprised him. She surprised him in other ways—perhaps more by reason of contrast with her surroundings than by anything else. The contrast was great certainly. The room into which the rector had followed her was small and low, and meanly furnished. There was a square deal table in the centre, hard wooden chairs ranged round the walls, some narrow strips of faded carpet on the floor. And Nathan Dale’s niece, seated near the window, dressed in a plain grey woollen dress of no recent make, was fully conscious of all the meanness. And she was not above it, neither wide enough nor high enough to ignore it. It seemed to her that a house-philosophy would be quite as real and demonstrable as a clothes-philosophy. If you sat and moved in a room that was spacious and high, was it childish to think that it would seem to you that there was more of space and height in your soul? It was not luxury she wanted, but a sense of freedom and elevation. She had no dream of any “immensity of Brussels carpets and pier glasses,” but of apartments of an architecture long gone by, of lofty roofs, and wide oaken stairs, and galleries where you might walk with yourself in the half-waking moments. Wanting all this, having instead sordidness and narrowness, was it strange that your life should seem narrow and sordid too? that your thought and emotion should be somewhat cramped by the sense of the four walls that seemed at times to come a little closer every day, after the fashion of the iron prison-walls in the

story? She was in the habit of telling herself that it was not strange, that it was natural and inevitable; that the meanness of the outer life was colouring the life of her soul. Perhaps it was. Certainly some infelicitous influence was at work there.

But there was no trace of any such influence on her face, at any rate none that Mr. Harcourt could perceive. And he was not an unperceptive man. The low neighbourhood, the narrow house, the mean room, the girl’s shabby garments, had made due impression upon him, though he was not aware of it, neither perhaps was he fully aware of other impressions that he was receiving,—that the face before him was a remarkable face he had seen a fortnight ago, and it seemed more remarkable now. As she sat before him, the afternoon sun streaming in upon a mass of rich dark-red hair, upon white clear-cut features, refined, eloquent, expressive; upon a low, broad, intellectual-looking forehead, he wondered to himself whether people considered her beautiful; but this they certainly did not. And she knew it, and was sorry for it. She was not a vain woman, nor a specially weak woman; but at the time of which I write she would have given much if she could have awakened some morning to find herself very beautiful.

“I beg pardon, I think I understood from what you said just now that you are Mr. Dale’s niece?” the rector said, breaking the silence.

“Yes; his sister’s daughter.” The words were abrupt, the voice a little hard as before, and the keen brown-grey eyes were turned upon Mr. Harcourt’s face with something of *méfiance* in them. Then she added, “My name is Jane Francis. My father died before I was born, my mother soon after. I have lived ever since—five-and-twenty years—with Uncle Nathan. *C’est tout mon histoire.*”

“Not quite, I think,” the rector said, with a smile and a look of interest.

Jane was not given to blushing, but she blushed for the second time this afternoon. A tide of hot colour surged over her face, her eyes widened slowly, questioningly, defiantly. Then she turned her head away a little, recovering from an inward thrill with a good deal of effort.

Human nature was one of the young rector’s pet studies—he had more than one, but I think this ranked highest with him, and he certainly had the greatest love for it—perhaps because of his great love for its object. All his drawings had been towards humanity. He had studied books



with an effort, wondering much at other men who found in them aims, and ends, and life-long fellowship. He could have no fellowship with anything that drew him from intercourse with his kind. Circumstance, as much as desire, had decided for him that this intercourse should be of the highest—at least, in character; instinct and natural predilection led him to hold that this highest is often best reached by lower ways.

He was beginning to find himself more interested than usual in the specimen of humanity presented to him to-day. He had found a good deal that was unconventional in Sedgeborough, but the unconventional had been too often the uncultivated. There was a change here, and the change was welcome.

"We are forgetting my uncle," Jane Francis said, turning to him again with abruptness.

"I think you were hesitating as to whether I might see him or not," Mr. Harcourt replied courteously. His courteousness was being appreciated more than he knew.

"I hesitated as to what I should do. He will not see you if he is asked to do so. I told you he did not like strangers—still less does he like clergymen. He has not been to church for years."

"And you would like him to see me?" the rector surmised.

"I think I should. I hardly know why, except perhaps that he is growing old, and is not very strong. But he is not ill. He may live a great many years yet."

"And he may not."

"He may not."

"And you have thought of his death?" the rector said, the quiet look coming over his face that was always to be seen there when death was in his thoughts. "You have thought of it, perhaps wished a little that you could be certain that he were prepared for it?"

"I don't know what I have thought, nor what I have wished," Jane said, with a certain jar in her tone. "I am not good myself. Don't think because you have seen me at church once or twice that I make any pretension to goodness. I go there chiefly because of the sermon, and I very seldom come away without feeling disappointed."

"Indeed!" Mr. Harcourt said, trying to check a smile of amusement.

"Why do you say 'indeed'?" asked Jane sharply. "You are not surprised, or at any rate you need not be. I am not intending anything personal. We have had a pretty sharp succession of rectors

here, you know; and sometimes I go to the village churches round about."

"And always with the same result?"

"You are sarcastic. No; not always with the same result, or I should oftener still wish that the sermon were not the inevitable part of the service it has come to be. Sometimes one does hear a man speaking because he has something to say—people can feel that he has, simply by the way in which they are compelled to listen. He may not be an orator. It is not given to every clergyman to have an eloquent tongue, a thrilling style, or a Demosthenes-like action; but there are men with none of these things who can make their souls felt. Still, as I have said, these are the exceptions. I believe true preachers are as rare as true poets."

The rector hesitated. There was a puzzled look on his bright, handsome face. He was not wondering whether any part of what this strange young person had said was meant for him; he had felt an absence of personal intent—perhaps in her manner rather than in her words. And yet these words had aroused his attention; not because there was anything novel or enlightening in them, but because they were spoken by Nathan Dale's niece.

"But do you not think that something, much perhaps, depends upon the mental or rather the spiritual attitude of the listener?" the rector was beginning gravely; and just then there was a clicking sound behind his chair, a door opened, and a tall, thin, angular figure stood in the way, a man of threescore years and ten, gaunt and grey and bony.

Jane rose rather hurriedly. "My uncle Nathan, Mr. Harcourt. This is the new rector, uncle, he has called to inquire how you are to-day."

Nathan Dale smiled, keeping two rows of white, perfect teeth firmly closed, and permitting his round, closely-shaven head to drop with a jerk from his neck.

"Much obleeged."

Still he stood in the doorway, wrinkled, brown, grinning, silent. The rector's *savoir vivre* for once availed him nothing; for once Jane's tact forsook her.

"Call'd to see hoo ah was gettin' on?" Mr. Dale said, still grinning. The strong Yorkshire accent surprised the rector a little. There was something not altogether at variance with his notions of a gentleman in the appearance of the figure before him.

"Yes; I heard you were ill. I am very happy to find that is not the case," the

rector said, recovering himself a little; adding, "I hope I do not seem to intrude. I am anxious, very anxious to get to know my parishioners personally as soon as I can. But perhaps you are busy to-day?"

"Allus busy."

"My uncle is making a model of the Château d'Anêt," Jane said, turning to the rector with a look which he understood, and to which he responded.

"Indeed!" he said, his face alight with real interest and surprise.

Nathan Dale rubbed his hands. To excite surprise was delightful to him.

"You have been abroad then?" Mr. Harcourt asked.

"Yis; ah've been abroad," said the old druggist, still rubbing his hands. "Hev you?"

"No, I have not, I'm sorry to say," the rector replied, his pleasant smile and easy grace of manner coming back to him. "I've hardly had time for anything of that kind yet."

"The Château d'Anêt is a ruin now; perhaps you know that," Jane said, by way of keeping up the conversation. "My uncle is making a model of it as it must have stood originally."

"Not originally," interrupted Mr. Dale. "Can't find out what it was originally. Only know what it was in the time of Diane de Poitiers. Only know that from Androuet du Cerceau. Quaint old book, very; and very rare — description, plan, elevation, section — capital old book to work from. Going back to work. Good day, young man, good day." Then he turned back a step or two. "You can come and see the model when it's finished. Good day."

"Thank you; thank you very much," Mr. Harcourt said, but there was only Jane to listen to him. She was standing with a somewhat troubled look in her eyes; she did not sit down again.

"We are obliged to you for calling," she said quietly, looking into the rector's face with a direct but half-unconscious look, and bowing slightly.

He could almost have smiled as he went away at the dignity of manner with which he had been dismissed, but he did not smile. Neither did Jane Francis, who still stood grasping the back of her chair, the prey of a tumult of thoughts — passionate, mistaken, contradictory. Why had he gone there prying, noting, questioning? Why had she been such a fool as to give him the opportunity? She hated him for his condescension; his supercilious smile was a pain to remember. She had

felt nothing of this in his presence. No; because she was weak and shallow, and, like her sex generally, easily caught by a show of deference. The poet laureate knew well enough what he was saying when he wrote that "courtesy wins woman all as well as valour may." But the new rector had won nothing from her except the beginning of a dislike — a dislike that would grow and deepen, of this she was quite sure. She had all her life had a prejudice, if nothing more, against people with very dark hair. Then her thoughts took a sudden flight; but we have no need to follow them further.

## CHAPTER II.

"CURIOUS thing," the rector said to himself, climbing to the top of the hilly street, "very curious; she never once smiled. I should say a smile would change the expression of her face entirely."

He was still thinking of Jane Francis — thinking of her as he had left her, a calm, dignified little woman, with self-possession enough for a queen. "And a woman capable of thinking for herself, too," he added, "one might see that as well as hear it. What a forehead she has! And, really, red hair — I suppose it is red — is very beautiful. What a life she must lead, though, with no one but that singular old man! Has she other friends, I wonder? I could almost fancy not, though I don't know why."

He was beyond the street now, in a shady lane, with yellow-green trees above him, and banks of primroses on either side of him. A little further on was the lane that led down to the rectory. There were some figures standing at the turn, three or four, the rector thought, half-closing his eyes, as he had a habit of doing when looking at objects not quite close to him. A few yards more, and he recognized his sister and her two stately daughters.

"Really! I think my sight must be getting shorter. I didn't know you. Where are you going?"

"Where are we going! Just listen!" exclaimed Mrs. Rushbrooke, in her own sparkling manner. "Why where are your wits, Wilmot? Weren't we talking for half an hour at luncheon about going up to Duncote Manor? Didn't we ask you to go with us? Didn't you refuse? But, however, you'll come now. I shall take no denial. I should hate going without you."

"I should have liked going alone better," the rector said, somewhat dreamily.

"I dare say," said the sister; "but it isn't good for people to do always what they like best. Life on those terms would disagree with us. It would be like a diet of plum cake."

Mrs. Rushbrooke was a widow, some fourteen years older than the rector; a bright, pretty little woman, whose animation and prettiness gained her credit for some other qualities that she did not possess. She was the rector's housekeeper; and her own means, which were considerable, added to his, which were moderate, might have made such housekeeping a very pleasant occupation. She had only two children, Cecilia and Elinor, two tall, stately, silent girls of nineteen and twenty. Mrs. Rushbrooke, whose husband had been a Manchester cotton-manufacturer, was ambitious for her daughters, and her daughters saw no reason why such ambition should not be gratified.

Duncote Manor was about two miles from Sedgeborough. "Isn't it a long way for you to walk?" the rector asked of his nieces — perhaps a little satirically, but the satire was not perceived.

"I don't mind the way so much," said Cecilia in a whining tone. "It's the dust."

"And looking such frights when we get there," chimed Elinor in exactly the same tone. "We never can have the carriage when we want it. I believe mamma grows more afraid of James every day."

"Didn't James wish to go to Duncote?" asked the rector, with some amusement.

"No; and it's always so," replied Cecilia, speaking with more energy than usual. "Mamma is training him to be nothing but a tyrant. James doesn't wish to go out, therefore James is not well, or James thinks the horses have had too much work, or James says the springs of the carriage want looking to."

"Dear, dear!" said the rector; then he changed the subject, wishing, if possible, to avoid his sister's usual elaborate and fanciful self-defence in the cause of what she termed considerate treatment of servants — consideration that usually led to gossiping over-familiarity on her part, consequent presumption and pertness on theirs, and an unpleasant termination for everybody. The rector never interfered. He was much attached to his sister, and stood not a little in awe of her. Their relation had been as that of mother and son almost ever since he could remember.

The two miles were very pleasant miles. The blue April afternoon smiled on green

pastures, studded with groups of misty yellowing trees; the smoke curled lazily from red-roofed farmsteads. Cecilia and Elinor walked in single file on the narrow footpath, stepping with stately steps, dreaming, fretting, regretting. They were not pretty. They had wearied, discontented faces, and a trick of glancing out superciliously at the wayfaring people who passed them on the road. Behind came the rector and Mrs. Rushbrooke, the latter growing a little flushed and fussy as they neared Duncote. "What a curious old house!" she was whispering nervously as they entered the long ugly avenue of stunted sycamores. "So exceedingly irregular — there's no symmetry about it anywhere. And built partly of brick, partly of stone too — I dislike that. Still it's quaint, and looks imposing. And — oh, there's Lady Ursula in the garden!"

"And the major, too," added Elinor, in properly subdued tones.

They were still shaking out their dresses, trying to overcome the little perturbed flutterings of self-consciousness when Lady Ursula Falconer came forward to meet them. She was a tall worn-looking old lady, and her face was hard, perhaps stern; but her grand air and manner, and her old-fashioned courtesy, were considered very impressive in the neighbourhood of Sedgeborough. She bowed graciously, and held out a small white hand, but she did not look particularly pleased as she led the way through the wide painted hall to her morning-room. Her son, Major Falconer, followed almost immediately. He had not been with his mother when she made her first call at the rectory, but he had called upon the rector subsequently, having first seen the ladies of the family driving in an opposite direction.

The morning-room at Duncote was a long oak-panelled room, with a dim light coming through deeply-embossed windows, falling upon carved oaken cabinets and chairs; upon a curious mixture of orange-and-brown paintings, and old engravings; upon yellow satin-damask hangings, faded with time, tattered, and frayed. Everything in and about the room was old and sombre. Lady Ursula seemed a part of it, sitting grim and upright in her high-backed chair. And the major was not out of keeping with his surroundings. He was not an old man, though his hair was grey, but he was grey before his time; and his tastes and sympathies were very seldom in accordance with the tastes and sympathies of other men of his rank and years.

"We were so sorry we were not at home when you called," Mrs. Rushbrooke began, turning to him with even more than her usual vivacity of tone and manner, fluttering, as she spoke, into an ancient oaken chair. The major bowed, and murmured something indistinctly. He was a soldier, and had a soldier's courteous deference of manner toward women, but there were some women of whom he even confessed himself to be afraid. He had a certain dread of Mrs. Rushbrooke before he had known her five minutes. The persistent rustle of her mauve silk dress, the restless play of eyes and lips, the voice that reminded him at once of Arthur Clough's description of one who

In her loftiest flights  
Grates the fastidious ear with the slightly mercantile accent.

All these things jarred upon the somewhat too-sensitive major.

The Falconers were not rich people; they had never lived as rich people do, and they were almost as proud of their poverty as of their ancient descent. In fact I am not sure whether Lady Ursula had not come to think wealth an inseparable concomitant of vulgarity. If she had any such thought, it was hardly probable that her acquaintance with the Rushbrookes would alter the tone of it.

"We should have returned your kind visit sooner," Mrs. Rushbrooke apologized, turning to Lady Ursula; "but we wished to drive, and unfortunately James, our coachman, was not well—he has not been well for several days. He has an odd kind of pain at the back of his head and neck. I hope it's only neuralgia, but of course it *may* be rheumatism, and rheumatism in the head is rather dangerous. Anyhow, I thought it would be cruelty to compel him to drive in the sun."

"Barbarous cruelty," replied Lady Ursula, in her gruff tone, and with a peculiar drooping at the corners of her mouth. Mrs. Rushbrooke, who was sufficiently quick-witted when not oxidized by flattery, caught the expression, and caught, too, the meaning of it. A resolve passed rapidly through her mind that James's numerous ailments should no more contribute to Lady Ursula Falconer's amusement.

"Are you fond of driving?" asked the major, turning his attention from the rector to the rector's nieces.

"We used to be," replied Elinor in a sad tone.

"It's so slow driving in the country," chimed Cecilia, in the same melancholy

accents. "There's nothing to see but trees and lanes."

"Some people consider the scenery about here rather good," the major said, in a dry manner, and in a voice even more gruff and unmusical than his mother's.

"We don't care much for scenery," said the mournful Elinor.

"Perhaps you take a Johnsonian view of the relative merits of town and country?" inquired the major.

The sisters looked at each other, and then smiled languidly and uncomprehendingly.

"My dear girls have never lived in the country before," interposed Mrs. Rushbrooke, her manner fully compensating for the animation lacking in that of her daughters; "at least, not in any place so remote as this. We have lived at Cheet-ham Hill for a great many years; that is in the neighbourhood of Manchester, you know; and our drives were mostly into the town. I like the country myself; but certainly St. Ann's Square is very nice. Do you know Manchester, Lady Ursula? The shops in St. Ann's Square *are* so attractive!"

"So I should say; but I know nothing of Manchester," rejoined Lady Ursula curtly, glancing as she spoke at the three costly and fashionable toilettes before her. She had on an old brown silk dress herself, and she patted it a little with her small withered hand, unconsciously betraying her approval of it in a manner that was amusing to her son.

Mrs. Rushbrooke still went on chattering for a while, taking Lady Ursula's little snubbings meekly and playfully, listening to the major's attempts to make conversation, and resolving to scold the dear girls for not responding to his attempts. It was an uncomfortable visit for the rector. He had no opportunity of saying the things he had wanted to say, and he was unwillingly drawn to join in saying things that he would rather not have said. He smiled a good deal, and laughed not a little, being a man who could laugh heartily on slight provocation; but for all his apparent cheerfulness, he was not at ease. He did not remember ever to have seen his belongings at such terrible disadvantage before, and he was glad when tea claimed a small part of his sister's attention. But it was not for long. "What a face I've got!" she exclaimed, jumping up to take her departure. She had caught sight of herself in a tiny oval glass that hung over a cabinet. She was looking

very heated, very red. "But it's my ordinary tea-face," she explained, laughing good-humouredly, and showing her pretty teeth. Lady Ursula could only bow grandly, and try to control the corners of her mouth. Then the leave-takings began. They included numerous and pressing invitations on the part of Mrs. Rushbrooke.

"We do not care to see *much* society," said the little woman volubly, and looking up into Lady Ursula's face with a winning smile. "But I cannot help, for my dear girls' sakes, being anxious that what we do see is of the best; indeed, we have never been accustomed to any other. I confess I was quite appalled for the first week after we came to Sedgeborough. Fancy discovering that there were only three families in a circle of about ten miles with whom we could be on visiting-terms! It *is* fortunate you are so near. We shall be able to see so much of each other. And do, dear Lady Ursula, treat us without ceremony. Put up your carriage at the rectory whenever you come to Sedgeborough; and try to come before luncheon, so that we may have the pleasure of your company. And of course my invitations include the major too.

"Thank you, very much," said Lady Ursula, with another grandly courteous bow, but with only a doubtful smile; adding, "if Edward had not already retired from the army, he must have been induced to do so now."

"Oh, that *is* flattering!" exclaimed the apparently unsuspecting little woman. "Did you hear, Major Falconer?" And the major's bow and smile differed in no respect from his mother's.

A few minutes later Lady Ursula was walking in the garden again, leaning on her son's arm. She was not in the habit of discussing her visitors after their departure; but this time reticence seemed to require more effort than usual. Her poor withered old face writhed itself into all manner of contortions, as if the senses of taste and smell had been offended beyond endurance. Her lips moved at last. "Underbred little sycophant!" she exclaimed energetically. Then all was calm again; and the gardens at Duncote Manor as pleasantly attractive as before.

Meanwhile the rectory party were walking back through the green lanes to Sedgeborough, the rector absent and disquieted, Mrs. Rushbrooke lively and elated; scolding, petting, and flattering the dear girls; congratulating herself; approving of Duncote.

"That dear Lady Ursula!" she exclaimed with effusion. "I think that kind of high-bred manner *is* so charming in an old lady; don't you, Wilmot? I often think dear Cecilia's manner will be something in that style when it's more formed. And the major, *isn't* he delightful? Did you notice what pains he took to make an agreeable impression on those naughty, shy girls of mine? They were quite trying. Yes, — we're talking of you, you wicked creatures! How could you pretend to be so careless and indifferent?"

"Indifferent to what, mamma?" asked Cecilia, with a blush and a timid sidelong glance.

"To what? Don't ask anything so silly. To Major Falconer's attentions, of course."

"They were all meant for Elinor."

"Cecy, don't be absurd," said the younger sister, blushing her rosiest red.

### CHAPTER III.

It was uphill work at first getting the parish machinery into anything like working order. Everything had to be reorganized — choir, schools, clothing-club, and coal-club. The rector had never had so many difficulties to overcome, and consequently had never been so happy.

He was offensively happy, Jane Francis thought. A month had passed since his former visit, and he had called again at a time when her uncle was engaged. Nathan Dale was in the shop this time, and would be coming up to his workroom presently. The rector had been told by John Lamb that he might go up-stairs if he liked.

"I meant to have called before, but I have been so exceedingly busy that the days have passed like hours," the rector said, seating himself on one of the wooden chairs. Then he began to talk of his difficulties, smiling so radiantly all the while that Jane found herself studying the nature of his smile. Could it be possible that any human being was so constituted as to find actual pleasure in opposition? Was it really in human nature to discuss cheerfully discouragements, disappointments, insults, repulsions? Yet it did not escape Jane that he was talking to her as to one from whom he expected comprehension, if not sympathy. When she discovered that he was expecting even more than this — that he was actually asking her assistance, she turned her head slowly, raised it a little, and smiled. "Certainly," said the rector to himself, "I was not wrong in thinking that a

smile would change her countenance altogether." Her whole face was lighted up; the shadow was gone; there was a kind of soft, bright amusement in her expression that seemed to disclose for the moment an entirely new side of her character.

"I thought," continued the rector, "that I should like to organize a little staff of ladies for parish-work. There would be four to begin with, if you would consent to be one — my sister, yourself, and my two nieces. That would not be a bad beginning for a place like this. I understand that there have never been any district visitors at Sedgeborough."

"So much the better for the districts," said Jane, without the smile, and with a little asperity.

The rector paused for a moment. "I am sorry to hear you say that," he replied, somewhat gravely.

But Jane had a most unfortunate habit of saying what she thought, even though her thought was wrong and foolish. She did think. She had an eager, hungry, restless brain, quick to perceive, quick to decide. But her ideas were not the ideas of experience. If they were not gathered from books, books had, for the most part, suggested them. Even as the rector spoke she was thinking of "Vanity Fair," and Lady Southdown, who "rode about the country in her barouche, with outriders, launched packets of tracts among the cottagers and tenants, and would order Gaffer Jones to be converted as she would order Goody Hicks to take a James's powder." It was this side of parish work that at once presented itself to Jane; and this side that she presented, with some cleverness of phraseology, to the rector. He could hardly help being amused, but his amusement was not visible.

"I should so hate the whole thing myself," Jane concluded, "and the lower down I was in the social scale the more I should resent it. Real, hungry, naked poverty must be sufficiently bitter in itself, without the extra bitterness of useless exposure."

"But why useless?" asked the rector. "I was not exactly thinking of a district-visitor as a relieving-officer, but even in cases of extreme poverty, surely the good to be done by relieving the sufferers would outweigh their sensitiveness on the score of exposure. I have not found it otherwise. But we are taking the most superficial view of the subject that we possibly could have taken. This question has a root as deep as religion itself, and it is a

question that no man nor woman may dare to leave unanswered."

The rector was growing impressively earnest. His provoking smile was gone; his large, soft, grey eyes had a reproving, yet pleading expression. Some change in Jane Francis responded to the change in him. When she spoke again she spoke gently and inquiringly,—

"You are not meaning that no man nor woman may dare to refuse to take a district?"

"Certainly not," the rector replied. "There is much to be considered before a person may dare to undertake one."

Then he paused a while, bending forward in his chair in an easy way that was habitual to him in his more thoughtful moods. Presently he drew a small Testament from his pocket, opening it slowly and reverently.

"Shall I tell you what I do mean?" he asked in a voice even quieter than before.

"Yes," was the reply, as quietly spoken.

The twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew was open before him; in grave yet musical tones he began to read at the thirty-first verse. Jane listened with a kind of awe. The words were familiar, but there was strange new meaning in them. This description of the judgment-day, given by the Judge himself, was in curious contrast to her own vague, philosophic conjectures on the subject. This was not the far-off and scientific destruction of a planet that she had contemplated while reading some clever astronomical papers the preceding week, nor was the subject softened for her by any poetic thrill such as she had felt while reading Worsley's translation of the "*Dies Iræ*" in *Blackwood's Magazine*. This was real, startling, and near at hand, demanding her attention. She comprehended, as it were for the first time, the astonishment expressed by those on the right hand, as well as by those on the left. The rector's manner grew yet more impressive as he read of the latter:—

"Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?"

"Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

. . . . .

There was a pause, long and solemn. The rector did not weaken the effect of the Bible words by any words of his own.



And the effect was one that was working greater change in Jane's views than she was aware of; yet had she been aware she was not a woman to give expression to any such change. The rector might infer what he would, and he inferred a good deal, first from her silence, afterward from one single spoken sentence,—

"I will not forget what you have said."

This was all. She spoke gravely, looking with her large, honest, brown eyes at the rector, but evidently thinking of other things. Was she dreaming of the future—of a life into which such work as that pointed out by Mr. Harcourt would come naturally and easily? I cannot tell. Her thoughts could not be unhappy nor unpleasant. She sat with her clear, white face turned toward the window, looking thoughtful and peaceful. There was no sunshine to light up her beautiful chestnut hair. Dark clouds were looming over the little town; there was a hush in the street, and in the shabby room over the druggist's shop it seemed already twilight.

"I think I hear my uncle in his work-room," Jane said presently. "Would you like to go to him, or shall I remind him that you are here?"

"Oh, I will go to him," Mr. Harcourt said, smiling cheerfully again. He was beginning to be conscious of some peculiar physical sensations. The room was certainly shaking under his feet, the windows were rattling, there were strange noises. As Jane opened the door the noises grew louder. She smiled and motioned him to follow, and, as he did so, the whole house seemed to be quivering under the roaring, whizzing, deafening sounds. The mystery was explained when Jane opened the door of her uncle's room. The grey old man was bending over a turning-lathe, an exquisitely-made little engine on the left of him, a newly-erected boiler on the right. The wheel was whirling, the steam was hissing, chips of wood were flying. "Uncle!" shouted Jane, stepping forward into a shower of wood. The rector was half-bewildered. Was it library, museum, or joiner's shop where he stood? There were rows of ancient, leather-bound books; there were fossils, flints, and fragments of Roman pottery. Suddenly the noise became less deafening. Nathan Dale was aware of the rector's presence. "How d' do?" he muttered, grinning, dropping his head with a jerk. "Got a new gauge this morning. Beauty, isn't it? Jones's patent. Sent to Birmingham for it. Five-and-twenty shillings. Not so much danger of explosion

now. Jane didn't like the notion of explosion."

Jane had disappeared, leaving the rector and her uncle together. It was a new and not unwelcome thing for the old man to have an intelligent and interested visitor. He explained the use of curious tools, some of them of foreign make. He exhibited the model of the Château d'Anêt, expatiating, in his most jerky sentences, upon the splendour that must originally have characterized that fine specimen of Renaissance architecture. Then, with a sudden movement, he thrust the model out of sight upon a shelf over the lathe. Great drops of rain were falling upon the window now; and, as the old man turned to open the drawers of a cabinet, a flash of lightning illuminated the dusky room, followed by the heavy roll of thunder. Nathan grinned. "You can't go yet a bit, young man," he said, with evident pleasure.

The minutes passed rapidly. Each of Nathan Dale's treasures had its own history; and while the rector was listening, the storm was coming nearer. A mingled torrent of hail and rain dashed heavily upon the window-panes, the lightning flashes grew more vivid, the thunder rolled and crashed almost unceasingly. Suddenly, while the clock in the church-tower was still striking four, Nathan rose to his feet. "Tea-time, Mr.," he said abruptly. "Will ya hev a cup o' tea?"

"Thank you," the rector said, with some wonderment. Then he hesitated. Would his unexpected presence at the table be as agreeable to the hostess as to the host? But the old man was threading the narrow passage, and Mr. Harcourt was following him. Tea was apparently quite ready. Jane was taking her place at the head of the table.

"I was hoping you would stay," she said to the rector, indicating, with a slight bow, a chair opposite to a pink-faced boy with a long white apron. "Don't be shy, Thomas," grinned Nathan Dale; "and don't forget there's no goin' oot to-night. Stopped ower late last night." Thomas Baines blushed a little pinker, and squared his elbows a little more awkwardly, as he helped himself to bread-and-butter. That was the only fare—tea and bread-and-butter; but they were good of their kind. Jane sat placidly behind her teacups, pouring out tea, ministering to the others, handling things with a certain daintiness of touch, and hushed and silent even more than was her wont. Perhaps it was the terrible storm, the rector thought. The

rain was still falling in torrents, the thunder was crashing, the heavy darkness was still brooding. Doubtless it was the storm that awed her a little.

There was an old clock ticking in a tall case in the corner. At precisely ten minutes past four Thomas Baines disappeared, and John Lamb took his place; and at twenty minutes past the chair opposite the rector was empty once more. Was that being business-like? Mr. Harcourt wondered with a little thrill of thankfulness. He was learning to respect Jane Francis intensely; he had only admired her, and pitied her somewhat before. Six weeks ago he would hardly have thought it possible for any woman to be dignified under such circumstances, and now he told himself that he was in the presence of the most dignified woman he had ever seen. Was there any peculiar grace in the fashion of her old grey gown? he wondered, as she began to move about the room, her tiny figure flitting lightly and softly in and out. They had no servant then. She had begun to clear away the remains of the meal herself. She reminded him of two lines of George Herbert's:—

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine.

He was not sure as to what laws Jane might be obeying, but certainly there was something fine in her manner of putting away teacups. Would he have admired her more if she had been sitting at a bad piano, playing worse music? he wondered; or would she have looked more graceful with a croquet-mallet in her hand? The very thought of these things seemed incongruous, and jarred upon him as a ballad sung in the street jars upon the ears of a man who reads an heroic poem.

He had not been reading a poem, but had he not been moving for a little while as it were in the atmosphere of one? Had Geraint, watching Enid, the "sweet and serviceable," as she

Took his charger to the stall,

And then, because their hall must also serve  
For kitchen, boiled the flesh, and spread the  
board,  
And stood behind, and waited on the three,—

had *he* felt the change in heart and brain, and the glamour of the change, as something that could only be indulged as men indulge a felicitous dream between sleeping and waking? The rector could hard-

ly remember, but he took down the "Idyls of the King" when he went home, and in the soft quiet twilight that followed the storm he read the story twice; first eagerly, then lingeringly. It was a foolish thing to do, and somehow he felt that it was. It would have been much better to try to get rid of any passing impression he might have unconsciously received than to have deepened and sweetened it in that way. One voice, one face, haunted him ceaselessly; and his sleeping dreams were even more vivid and dangerous than the waking ones had been.

And there was change in Jane Francis too. When Mr. Harcourt had gone, her uncle went back to his workroom, and Jane sat down, hardly knowing for a while what to think. It could not be said that she was yet altogether quite at ease about this new and partially-known clergyman, who had as it were thrust himself into her narrow life; but she was no more burdened with any sense of irritation or false shame. She had been mistaken; this she acknowledged to herself, remembering her former burst of feeling with something of repentance. She had seen him with very different eyes to-day; and she had seen so much more of him, enough to compel recognition of the truth and earnestness and conscientiousness that was in him. And there was a certain simplicity about him, too, that she liked; he said directly and without hesitation the thing he wanted to say. And for all his smiles and radiancies, he was a man who could sympathize and understand. Certainly she had been mistaken; and there was relief in feeling that she had. She would no more be so quick to decide if any new person should cross her path.

From Our Own Fireside.

#### THE PANTHEON, PARIS.

THE first stone of this magnificent building was laid, in 1764, by Louis XV. It was intended to replace the ancient Abbey Church, and was to bear the same name. But, before it was completed, the tide of democracy burst over France, and swept away all ancient institutions in its headlong course. The unfinished church became at once the property of the people, and they decided to transform it into a national mausoleum for distinguished citizens. The inscription, which still in large gilt letters surmounts the entrance, was set up,—

Aux grands hommes  
La patrie reconnaissante.

The cross and figures of angels which had ornamented the pediment were removed, and a very beautiful design, the work of David of Angers, took their place. It is a symbolic group, representing France as a majestic woman upon a tripod, who distributes palms amongst the great men grouped on either side. On her right is the figure of Liberty, offering her wreaths, which she is to bestow, and fixing on her a scrutinizing look as if she would learn from her the secrets of the future. On the left, History inscribes on her tablets the names of those whom their country delights to honour. The successful candidates for fame are divided into two bands; those distinguished in civil callings being ranged by the side of Liberty, and the military heroes supported by History. Amongst the first may be seen Malesherbes, Mirabeau, Monge, and Fénelon, La Place, etc. The figures on the other side represent ordinary soldiers of different armies from the time of the first revolution, and only one is a portrait, — that of the great Napoleon. With singular taste, and a no very striking amount of modesty, the artist has taken care to secure a sufficiently conspicuous niche for himself on the civil side. It might seem that he could not dare to trust posterity with his fame! Other changes in the decoration of the building may just be mentioned as illustrative of the fickleness of popular feeling in France. Under the porch there had been five bass-reliefs, depicting the life of St. Geneviève, and these were succeeded by others representing the rights of man, the empire of law, the institution of trial by jury, patriotism, and public instruction. The same secularizing process was also applied to the interior. The four aisles, which it had been intended to ornament with scenes from the Old Testament, the Greek, Latin, and

French Churches, were dedicated to philosophy, science, arts, and patriotism. These latter marks of profanation, however, no longer exist. They were effaced by the Restoration; and although the building was in 1830 diverted from its sacred uses, since 1852 it has continued to serve as a Roman Catholic church. Having on account of its conspicuous position been a principal mark for the Prussian guns, and so considerably damaged, it was in still greater danger from the Commune. But the mob, which so shamefully desecrated many other churches in Paris, failed to obtain an entrance here. The stout, manly *Suisse*, a fellow of almost gigantic size, in a most graphic manner, and with very justifiable pride, described to the writer how, with the courage of a Horatius Cocles, he stood in the breach, and when the rulers of the pavement peremptorily demanded the keys, he, with main force and single-handed, barred the massive gates in the face of the invaders of the sanctuary. Such, in brief, is the history of the Panthéon. We will not attempt any detailed description of its architecture. The artist has given a much more vivid idea of its external appearance than words will supply. It may suffice to say that it is a thoroughly Grecian temple, with the exception of its cruciform character. From the centre of the cross springs a lofty circular drum, surrounded by a peristyle of thirty-two plain Corinthian columns, above which rises the majestic dome, terminating in a lantern. The painting of the dome, which is very effective, was the work of Gros, and besides other subjects exhibits Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Louis XVIII, as rendering homage to St. Geneviève, who descends towards them, in the clouds. The dome is certainly its most impressive feature. Apart from the grandeur of its proportions, the building itself is characterized by a cold severity.

#### SPRING SONG.

A BABY joy is awake in my heart,  
And flutters her wings in song;  
For now the wintry winds depart,  
And summer days are long.

The woods that late were cold and bare,  
With jocund babble ring;

Slides on still fans adown the air  
A bird too glad to sing.

O buoyant air! O joyous air!  
You thrill the weary throng,  
As rhythmical with music rare,  
And filled with sunlight everywhere,  
You touch our lips with song.

Blackwood's Magazine.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## HYMN.

Written for the opening of the International Exhibition  
at Philadelphia, May 10th, 1876.

## 1.

OUR father's God ! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

## 2.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
Our fathers spake that word of Thine,  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
To grace our festal time from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.

## 3.

Be with us while the New World greets  
The Old World thronging all its streets,  
Unveiling all the triumphs won  
By art or toil beneath the sun ;  
And unto common good ordain  
This rivalry of hand and brain.

## 4.

Thou who hast here in concord furled  
The war-flags of a gathered world,  
Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
The Orient's mission of good-will,  
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

## 5.

For art and labor met in truce,  
For beauty made the bride of use,  
We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave  
The austere virtues, strong to save,  
The honor proof to place or gold,  
The manhood, never bought or sold.

## 6.

Oh make Thou us through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;  
And, cast in some diviner mould,  
Let the new cycle shame the old.

Atlantic Monthly.

J. G. WHITTIER.

(These beautiful lines are already known by heart,  
but we cannot refrain from recording them here. —  
LIVING AGE.)

## WINTER SONG.

(FROM THE JAPANESE.)

KEEN the wind from Fuji's height,  
Sweeping o'er the plain,  
Nips the leaves with iron might  
And drives the icy rain.  
Makes the brook a torrent run,  
Hides with flying clouds the sun,  
And howls a mad refrain.

Weary lag the traveller's feet

On the mountain way ;  
Dark the path — the cruel sleet  
Dims the light of day.  
The village buried from his view,  
Where to his love he bade adieu,  
And heard her parting lay.

O she must wait his coming long,  
As swallows wait the spring !  
Although her lips have framed the song  
To give him welcoming ;  
High on the mountain-path the storm  
Has veiled in snow her lover's form,  
And she his dirge must sing.

All The Year Round.

## THE EMPTY PLACE.

BRIGHT faces come and go, fair shapes  
Dance up and down the wall ;  
A presence in the crowded room  
Takes precedence of all.  
We see it night and day, howe'er  
By shine or shadow crost, —  
A little vacant spot, wherefrom  
One little face is lost.

The sound of music swells and falls,  
And laughter fills our ears, —  
A silence, hollowed out of life,  
Is all our spirit hears.  
That silence, like a hush of prayer,  
Can drown the loudest speech,  
And, piercing sharp through laugh and song,  
Our inmost sense can reach.

No thunder of the outer world,  
No burning rage of pain,  
No passion-storms of love or grief  
That beat on heart and brain,  
Beat down with such constraining strength  
The vital forces there,  
As that dull, soundless ache of loss  
Which lonely mourners bear.

O little garments in the drawer,  
With such precision spread !  
O little chair against the wall !  
O little cradle-bed,  
Uncurtained, in the silent room,  
And pillowless and cold !  
O mother's arms and tender hands,  
That have no babe to hold !

We know full well the worth and wealth  
Of which we are bereft ;  
But where are words wherewith to tell  
The emptiness that's left ! —  
Wherewith to span that shoreless void,  
Sound its unfathomed deeps,  
And picture to the common sense  
The sacred thing it keeps.

Sunday Magazine.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

From The Contemporary Review.  
CLARENDON.

PART I. — BEFORE HIS FIRST EXILE.

THE celebrated man whom we know successively as Mr. Hyde of the Inner Temple, as Sir Edward Hyde, and as Earl of Clarendon, measures for us the whole period of what is, in the strict and proper sense, the Puritan revolution. He became a leading statesman when the Puritans rose to predominance in England; and he beheld the Puritans thrust ignominiously from the Church, the universities, the municipal corporations. He saw the first painting of religion on the banners of Puritan and Cavalier; and he may have actually heard the noise when Venner and his Fifth Monarchy saints, proclaiming King Jesus in lieu of the restored Charles, were shot down in the streets of London. In loyalty to Church and king he exhibited a high type of Cavalier heroism; and he displayed on one occasion a unique and indescribable meanness, attested under his own hand in what Macaulay pronounces "the most extraordinary passage in autobiography." He was the founder of the old High-Church Tory party, repelling politely but inexorably the Papists on his right hand, and inexorably but with no waste of politeness all non-Anglican Protestants on his left. He is the apologist and *sacer vates* of the royal martyr, and is hailed by Tory rhetoricians as "the day-star of our history." He took part in delicate and dangerous negotiations, experienced startling extremes of good and evil fortune, was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his countrymen. The confidential friend of two kings, the grandfather of two sovereigns, he died in exile, vainly imploring the monarch, whose way he had paved to the throne, to let him set foot in England. He preserved through all vicissitude of fortune an enviable faculty of consuming his own smoke, and amid contradiction of sinners, saints, and circumstances, retained the soul's calm sunshine of a good opinion of himself, always making the most of a quiet hour when Jove told it to leave off thundering.\* Such a

man deserves some attention even from a much-occupied generation; and a careful study of Clarendon is the more in place at this moment because Herr von Ranke's estimate of his historical position, recently published in an English dress, has attracted the attention which everything from the pen of Herr von Ranke, whether very right or very wrong, deserves.

He was born in 1609, near Salisbury, where his father, Henry Hyde, resided on his own estate of Dinton, and pursued the usual avocations of a cultivated and intelligent country gentleman. Writing at a time when he had known many of the most remarkable men of his age, Clarendon solemnly avers his father to have been "the wisest man he had ever known." Edward, the third son, was originally designed for the Church, but the death of his two elder brothers made him heir, and he was sent to study law. Leaving Oxford with a reputation for parts and wit, but not for scholarship, he was entered at the Inner Temple in 1625. In those years, owing to Buckingham's confused wars, London swarmed with loose swash-buckler people of the military sort, and he hints that he had rather more intercourse with such characters than was good for him. Already, however, he was keenly alive to the claims of decorum, and conducted himself, as he significantly says, "*cautè* if not *castè*," avoiding "notable scandal of any kind." He frankly informs us that he made his first proposition for marriage, happily unsuccessful, with no warmer passion than "appetite to a convenient estate;" but he speaks ardently of his first wife, "a young lady very fair and beautiful," whose death six months after the marriage, "shook all the frame of his resolutions." Three years later he married a daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, who bore him many children, and with whom he lived "very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered."

The six or eight years preceding 1640 were the brightest of his life. Not only was he advancing in his profession and gaining a reputation for talent and eloquence, but he indulged the cravings of

\* "I'm glad you told it to leave off thundering." — Ixion to Jupiter, in Mr. Disraeli's "Ixion in Heaven."



that literary genius which was his deepest characteristic. Several hours every day he devoted to reading, and sedulously cultivated the society of the most brilliant men of the time. Ben Jonson "had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde," and Selden, Cotton, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew were among his acquaintance. When in London, Hyde and his associates dined together by appointment, and the wit and learning of their talk were much spoken of. In the country he either entertained his friends at Dinton, or formed one of the circle attracted to Falkland's mansion in Oxfordshire by the graceful hospitality and noble character of its owner. Never were the viands of intellectual banquet more richly provided or more felicitously varied than at Falkland's board. One can fancy how, under the genial influence of the host, Sheldon, Hammond, and Morley would prove that erudition had not blunted their wit or dulled their observation; how Earle's humorous sketches of character and manners would alternate with Waller's neat metaphor and sparkling phrase; while Hales and Chillingworth, in dialectic fence with the more gravely orthodox divines, would practise two of the nimblest and sharpest intellectual sword-blades that ever mingled in the controversial fray. Clarendon says with generous modesty that "he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company." The friendship which sprung up at this time between Hyde and Falkland, the gentlest and best of all the Cavaliers, was unbroken until Falkland's death, and continued, during the thirty years of Hyde's subsequent life, to be with him the subject of tender and sacred remembrance.

The spirit and sentiments of the renowned circle in which Hyde and Falkland moved were liberal. Nowhere, in the whole range of literature, is there a more just or enlarged conception of toleration, a more intrepid recognition of the claims of reason and conscience, than in the works of Chillingworth and Hales. Nor ought it to be forgotten that both Hales and Chillingworth found favour in

the eyes of Laud, and were encouraged by him to seek promotion in the Church. Hyde was in those days an intimate friend of Laud's. The prelate of threescore, whom most people know only by Lord Macaulay's portrait of him as a malignant imbecile, listened with kindly deference to his young friend when he descanted on the offence given by Laud's manner at the council-table, on the evil all men were talking of him, on the extreme desirableness of his letting it be known that he was not so harsh as he looked. Raspy-voiced, sharp-tempered, fiercely impatient of pompous speechifiers who insisted on wasting a man's time, Laud had a sunny side for congenial and friendly spirits. Liking Hyde, Laud was not alarmed at the intellectual liberalism of Hyde's circle, but, on the contrary, cherished the idea of a Church which should have room for the frankest Broad Churchmen of the period. And yet, in those very years, England, as seen by Milton, was an anguish-stricken mother, crowned with ashes, lamenting for her children driven into the wilderness by tyrannous impositions. The summer lightnings of wit and free thought flashed around the board of Falkland; and Hyde, with Whitelock, and a throng of bright young fellows of the Inns of Court, resplendent in gold and silver lace, some in coaches-and-six, some on richly caparisoned horses, went masquing in procession from Chancery Lane to Whitehall, to dance under the eyes of majesty and be complimented by the queen: but in Palace Yard ears were being cut off, noses slit, cheeks branded; and, step by step, the conspirators of Thorough were advancing on the last fastnesses of English freedom.

How could these things coexist? The fact need not surprise us. The most fiery agitations of politics are never commensurate with the society in which they take place. In the central agony of the French Revolution, when the tumbrils, with their load of victims, went daily to the guillotine, the theatres of Paris had their jocund audiences. There was room in England in 1637, both for the circle of Hyde and Falkland and for those of Milton, of Hampden, of Prynne. In the

next place, Clarendon's glowing description of the society in which he moved before 1640 once more illustrates the strangely connected, strangely contrasted parts played in history by the speculative intellect and the believing or the impassioned heart. A sure instinct told Laud that the most capriciously sceptical of philosopher-divines would be more manageable in the church than the rugged Puritan who feared God and knew no other fear. The speculative intellect plays with light and lambent flame about the fetters of nations, revealing weak places and rubbing off the gilt of customary reverence, but the fire that melts them is from the heart. Not Erasmus but Luther originated the Reformation; not Waller but Milton is the poet of the Puritan revolution; not the knowing, glittering, satirical Voltaire, but Rousseau, the half-crazed prophet of philanthropy, inspired Robespierre and his Jacobins. Speculative philosophy and Horatian poetry have always taken kindly to despotism. No pale-faced nun could have shuddered and whimpered at the excesses of liberty in more genuine panic than that of Gibbon when he saw whither their fine-spun theories had led his free-thinking friends in France. If Strafford, Laud, and Charles had succeeded in transforming the monarchy of England into a despotism, it would have been a stately and imposing despotism; with pictures by Velasquez and Tintoret in the palace, with Chillingworth in the Church, and Hobbes at the university; but this merely proves that despotism in England would not have been without those alleviations which have not redeemed the malignity of despotism elsewhere.

In the Short Parliament, which sat in the spring of 1640, Hyde was member for Wootton-Bassett. The important part which he played in this Parliament proves that he must have already made a deep impression on his contemporaries. He occupied an intermediate position between Charles and the patriots. Hampden had taken his line. He was resolved to force upon the court a complete change of policy, and to grant no supplies to be employed in the Scotch war. The veteran patriots were convinced that a royal

victory over the Scots would be the death-knell of freedom in England. But these men had a difficult part to play. The Commons were not disposed to deal hardly with the king, and a grant of money, even though not large, might be interpreted as an approval of the royal policy. Under these circumstances, Charles asked for twelve subsidies. The amount was enormous for those times, and Hampden knew that the House would refuse it. He proposed, therefore, that the question should be put *simpliciter*, grant or not grant twelve subsidies? Hyde suggested that the question should be divided, the vote whether some supply should be granted being taken separately from the vote fixing the amount. He had at this time no connection with the court, but if he had been the confidential adviser of Charles, he could not have adopted a course more likely to baffle the patriots and to secure for the crown the command of the House. Charles, however, was one whom it was difficult to serve. His ministers announced on his part that no smaller supply than that asked for would be accepted. The masterly tactics of Hyde, which might have foiled the dexterous and experienced Hampden, were of no avail. The twelve subsidies were refused, and Charles announced his intention to dissolve the Parliament. Hyde knew that this would be folly. Hurrying to Laud, he implored the archbishop to use his influence to dissuade the king from a dissolution. Laud said he would not counsel a dissolution, but neither would he offer his advice against it. The probability is that Laud, who found convocation manageable, who had his canons to get enacted, and who would have been pleased beyond expression if his ecclesiastical Parliament could by voting money have enabled the king to do without the lay Parliament, was not averse to a dissolution. Though he was no imbecile, his conception of the interests of the Church may well have paralyzed his judgment as to what was the best course for his master to adopt in civil affairs at this critical conjuncture. In the Short Parliament Hyde served on no fewer than seven committees, and took a leading part in the attack on the

Marshall's Court, one of the oppressive tribunals of the time.

The Short Parliament was dissolved in May, 1640. In the succeeding months Charles involved himself in a coil of embarrassments worthy of his imperious wilfulness and profound incapacity. The Long Parliament was elected when the constituencies were in a paroxysm of transcendent disgust with him and his bishops. The misgovernment which had brought a Scotch army into England, which had reddened the Tyne with English blood, which had thrown everything into hideous confusion, was believed by the great body of Englishmen to be bound up with the king's determination to force the ecclesiastical system of Laud both upon England and upon Scotland. Recollecting that the Short Parliament had failed to put an end to Charles's infatuation on this point, the English people elected a House of Commons more vehemently in sympathy with Presbyterianism, and more fiercely opposed to Episcopacy, than corresponded to the permanent sentiment of the nation on these subjects. This fact is the key to the entire history of the Long Parliament. Hyde sat for Saltash.

Pym and Hampden had now a Parliament on which they could depend in a final effort to put an end to the maladministration of the crown and secure the liberties of the realm. The paroxysm of Presbyterian sympathy in which the Commons were elected did not exclude from the House a large and able party attached to the government and ritual of the Church of England; but this party agreed with Hampden on the constitutional question, and were prepared to go with Pym on the subject of religion at least so far as might be necessary in order to get the Scots out of England, and to guarantee them, among their own hills and heaths, the enjoyment of Presbyterianism to their hearts' content. Accordingly the Commons acted in their first session—from November 1640 to August 1641—as a united phalanx. There were minor differences of opinion; there were animated debates; but on all the grand measures, including the overthrow of Strafford, which render those few months the most important in the constitutional history of England, Hampden went hand in hand with Falkland, and Pym with Hyde. Hyde was entrusted by the House with the conduct of the impeachment of the barons of the exchequer. He shared the intimate counsels of the patriot leaders, and was often asked to dine with

them at that table in Pym's lodgings around which, characteristically enough, the history of England was then to be seen in the making.

Towards the close of this memorable first session, however, Hyde was gradually drawing off from Pym and Hampden, and leaning towards the court. He was alarmed principally on account of the Church. It was natural that Hampden and his friends should consider it essential with a view to securing the freedom of the country, that the spirit if not the constitution of the Church, should be changed. The ecclesiastical system of Laud had furnished despotism with its most effective instruments. The Anglican clergy, except when they were Puritan, taught as a religious duty the most abject political servility. Laud identified the Church so peremptorily, not merely with the clergy, but with the upper section among the clergy, that he refused the name of pastor to all but bishops.\* When Charles bitterly disappointed the nation by dissolving the Short Parliament, convocation continued to sit, as if in insolent exhibition of its comparative loyalty, and actually voted money to support him in that Scotch war which the Commons of England had refused to support with one farthing. In France, in Holland, in Scotland, the reformed Churches had rejected the feudal episcopacy, and returned to the republican simplicity of the early Christian Church. Taking all these things into account, can we wonder that the patriots of the Long Parliament considered it impossible that a Church based on the divine right of bishops, and teaching the divine right of kings, could coexist with civil freedom in England?

Nevertheless it can be proved out of the mouth of Clarendon that Pym and Hampden had no insuperable objection to Episcopacy on religious grounds; and no tenable or candid explanation of the course they pursued can be given except on the hypothesis that what they essentially wanted was some such ecclesiastical arrangement as should be in harmony with the free institutions of the kingdom. They were men of massive common sense, able to distinguish between names and realities; and it was a hard fate which compelled them to choose between a divine-right Episcopacy and a divine-right Presbyterianism, when they believed in neither. What renders Hyde supremely interesting

\* See the letter to Strafford, in which he rebukes his correspondent on this point.

as an historical character is neither his having been the chief minister of two Stuart sovereigns, nor his having written the history of his time, but his having been the man who, of all then living, might have done most to save the patriots of the Long Parliament from being forced to make this election. Had Hyde taken a course even slightly different from that which he pursued, Pym, Hampden, and the whole party which they led, instead of choosing the less of two evils, with calamity annexed for decades and malign results for centuries, might have seen their way to a permanently workable, broadly comprehensive ecclesiastical scheme, acceptable to the people, loyal to a constitutional throne, and making it possible for England to escape both the murderous contention of the seventeenth century and the misery and heartburning of our modern social war between Church and Dissent. The ground upon which these positions are taken up will become apparent as we proceed.

Riding one day with Nathaniel Fiennes, after adjournment from the patriot dinner-table, in the fields that then spread in green expanse between Westminster and Chelsea, Hyde happened to remark that "he could not conceive how religion could be preserved without bishops, nor how the government of the State could subsist, if the government of the Church were altered." The impossibility of religion without bishops and of monarchy without Laudian Episcopacy was a doctrine well calculated to suggest misgivings to Pym and Hampden touching the patriotism of him who held it. Hyde began to find himself "gloomed upon" in the House.

The circumstances which alarmed his patriot friends, attracted the notice of Charles. Mr. Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's brother, whispered into his ear that the king would be glad to have a few words with him. He first met his royal master shortly before the departure of the latter for Scotland. Charles thanked him for his zeal in defence of Episcopacy, and hinted that he had plans in hand which, when he returned, would place the Church beyond reach of attack. Soon after this interview, the first session of the Long Parliament came to an end.

In October the Lords and Commons reassembled, and presently Charles returned from the north. He was received with acclamations in his capital, and a large, ardent, and influential party in the House of Commons professed themselves satisfied with the concessions which had

been made. Meanwhile Pym, Hampden, and a majority of the Parliamentary patriots, adjured the nation not to think that the battle was over, affirmed that nothing had yet been securely won, and proposed that Charles, instead of being hailed as the restorer and guardian of freedom, should be waited on with the Great Remonstrance.

The honest burghers of London and many of the king's friends at Westminster judged by appearances; the leading patriots knew what lay behind. Charles had for months been plotting a counter-revolution. Pym and Hampden had fingered the threads of his plots, and knew that the liberty for which they had toiled through so many dark and stormy years was in deadly peril. They knew that, when Strafford and Laud were removed, Charles had fallen under the paramount influence of the queen, one of the most fanatical zealots and most unscrupulous and daring schemers in Europe; that he had tried to bring up an armed force to wrest Strafford out of the hands of Parliament; that his trip to Scotland had been suspiciously involved with plots woven in Edinburgh; that the Irish rebels declared themselves the soldiers of Henrietta Maria; that there had been court intrigues for obtaining military assistance from some Continental state. They knew that Charles had never accepted *ex animo* the part of constitutional king, that he had not sought his counsellors among the patriots, that he preferred the advice of hare-brained intriguers like Digby to that of the leaders of the English nation, that, in one word, he was bent now, as he had always been, except at moments when he bowed his head like the bulrush to the swollen stream, upon asserting his autocratic power against Parliament. In the Great Remonstrance, therefore, they recounted all that had been amiss in the administration of Charles from the time of his accession to the throne, and demanded that Parliament should be practically recognized as his "great council in all affairs, both in Church and State." They made no disguise of their intentions respecting the Church, which were to reduce the "exorbitant power" assumed by the "prelates," to remove these from "their temporal power and employments," to unite the "foreign Churches" with the Church of England in the general Protestant cause, and to convoke a synod of "the most grave, pious, learned, and judicious divines of this island, assisted by some from foreign parts," to "consider of

all things necessary for the peace and good government of the Church," and to place the result of their deliberations before Parliament.

The bringing forward of the Great Remonstrance by the patriots afforded an opportunity for a pitched battle between the party of advance, or rather of consolidation, and the party of reaction, or at least of pause. The debates were long, and the passions of the antagonists were so profoundly stirred that, but for the self-possession and resource of Hampden, they would have sheathed their swords in each other's bodies. The Remonstrance was carried, but the narrowness of the majority affords conclusive evidence that if Hyde had been equal to the emergency, not even Charles's talent for effecting inconceivable failures could have brought on a general wreck. Had Hyde stood forth simply as the head of his Majesty's opposition in the Lower House, careless whether he were formally recognized by the king or not, inflexible in his conviction that Parliament was the arena in which the conflict on behalf of the Church and the monarchy could best be carried on, he might have saved Charles in spite of himself.

It is easy to be wise after the event. It is supremely difficult, in the hurry and heat of action, to adapt conduct to circumstances new and complex. The careful and intelligent reader of Clarendon can now point out facts explicitly attested on his own page which defined for him, if only he could have understood and obeyed their counselling, the course which he ought to have followed. And yet it would have required one of those colossal men who, at great historical conjunctures, are able to penetrate the deepest meaning of the present while it flies, to discern and strike into the right path.

Recommended by his zeal for Episcopacy, signalized by his opposition to the Remonstrance, Hyde was called by Digby to a secret interview with the king. The mere circumstance of his being invited by Digby to a midnight interview at the palace ought to have put him on his guard. Digby was a typical figure of the period — a characteristic actor in scenes where romance and reality seem to be interchangeable — where the grouping and the background are often so like those of Drury Lane that we can hardly believe them to be those of history. Incapable of statesmanship, Charles delighted in plot and stratagem, and while disliking solidly able men, was charmed with such as could

weave interminable intrigues, and display an unlimited amount of stage dauntlessness in carrying them out. Digby seems to have had the itch of plotting in his very blood, for his father died as an accomplice in the Gunpowder Plot. A few years before this time he had joined the Church of Rome, and was one of that inmost circle of plotters who drew inspiration from Henrietta Maria and her Jesuit advisers, and from whose darkest schemes Charles himself was probably excluded. Had Hyde possessed the instinct of a great practical statesman, he would have told Digby that he was in a position to serve the king most effectively without express connection with him. He could have done infinitely more for the Church and the throne as the opponent of Hampden in Parliament than as the associate of Digby in the royal closet. He took, however, the first, and, as it proved, the fatal step. Conducted by Digby, he entered Whitehall by the back-stairs in the dead of night. He found himself in the presence not of Charles only but of the queen. Could anything be more picturesquely theatrical? The conductor, Digby; the time, night; the locality, a room in the palace adjoining the queen's back-stairs; "the waning moon on the water," if we please. Clarendon kissed hands; Digby withdrew; and the king entered at once upon business. Informing Hyde that he wished to dismiss St. John, the solicitor-general, Charles offered him the place. "God forbid!" exclaimed Hyde. To accept the office of St. John would, he knew, be to throw down the gauntlet in the most irritating manner to the patriot party, and to swell their ranks by the unmistakable announcement of a reactionary policy on the part of the crown. The king, however, expressed surprise at his refusal, and the queen urged him to accede to the proposal. If he did not choose to become solicitor-general, would he, they asked, accept some other office? No. He would not be ostensibly associated with the court. He would act with Falkland and Colepeper as adviser of his Majesty, but the connection must remain secret. And so he glided away as he had come.

Had Hyde, I repeat, been a great man instead of an adroit advocate, he would have told Charles that the saving of the Church and the monarchy of England could not be done in a corner; but that the magnificent array of gentlemen, at whose head he had almost defeated the Remonstrance, was perfectly capable, without aid from histrionic plotters or mid-

night interviews, to secure reasonable terms for both. The interview itself ought to have instructed him as to the soundness of the patriot apprehensions and the course which the interests of the country required him to pursue. He was led to the palace by Digby — a hare-brained adventurer, a Papist, a renegade; and he saw that, in transacting business of essential importance, the king was at the beck of the queen. Novice as he was in public life compared with Pym or Hampden, men who, for twenty years, had been studying the court and penetrating its inmost arcana, these facts might have opened his eyes. He ought to have felt that it was madness to let himself be drawn into an irreconcilable breach with those statesmen, whose ally he had been in the first session of the Long Parliament, by such persons as Digby and Henrietta Maria. Mere self-respect required that, having been formally accepted as chief adviser of the crown, he should insist upon his views being adopted. Instead of being firm on this point, he drifted into a connection with the court, without having it determined whether he, Falkland, and Colepeper were to be Charles's real advisers, or whether power was to remain with the queen and Digby. He was soon informed, as by a thunder-clap, that he had permitted himself to be trifled with by Charles.

The proposal that Hyde should take the place of St. John as solicitor-general deserves consideration. Attempts had been made in the preceding summer, when the king had approached nearest to a genuine concession of the patriot demands, to furnish him with a ministry chosen from the leaders of the Parliamentary majority. The death of the Earl of Bedford, and other causes, including doubtless the king's heartfelt aversion to the whole affair, frustrated the project. But hopes were entertained by the popular party that the essential end in view — administration in accordance with the will of Parliament — might be attained by the admission of a certain number of patriots into the Privy Council. Lord Essex, Lord Say, St. John and several others had been enrolled among the privy councillors. They had frankly informed Charles that they could give him no advice contrary to the sense of the two Houses of Parliament, which, they maintained, constituted "his great council, by whose wisdom he was entirely to guide himself." Clarendon states — and there are few words in the historical literature of England more illuminative

than those in which he makes the statement — that this proposition of the patriots did not startle the privy councillors in general. It was, he says, "most supinely and stupidly submitted to by the rest." Clarendon himself never accepted the doctrine, holding as he did that kings had something preternatural and divine about them. Laud was not more fanatically absurd on this point than his disciple. He was probably, in fact, much less so; for a good deal of Laud's sermonizing about kings might be professionally meaningless; but when Clarendon speaks of the presumption of Parliament "in endeavouring to search what the Scripture itself told them was unsearchable, the heart of the king," he seems really to believe the drivel he talks. At all events, the privy councillors of Charles I., in the year 1641, were, *teste* Clarendon, of opinion that the time had come when the king ought to govern by the advice of Parliament. No one held this opinion more stoutly than the patriot lawyer St. John, whom Charles had forced himself to accept as solicitor-general. It will therefore be understood that in proposing to displace St. John and instal Hyde in his place, his Majesty had suggested a decisively reactionary measure.

Strong, however, as was this measure, it was not so strong as some which Charles was prepared to adopt. Sooth to say, he had looked upon the Great Remonstrance as a declaration of war, and he was consumed with a passionate desire not only to crush the pretensions of Parliament, but to take a bloody revenge upon the leading patriots. Within a few weeks of the presentation of the Remonstrance, within a still shorter period of his midnight interview with Hyde, he struck a direct blow at the life of Hampden, Pym, and their principal coadjutors by attempting their arrest on a charge of high treason.

Likely enough the king's actual rush to Westminster at the head of an armed mob may have been suggested by a word from Digby, and executed almost on the impulse of the moment; but if Digby is answerable for the *coup de théâtre*, Charles meditated a *coup d'état*. No rational account can be given of his proceedings either before or after the attempted arrest, unless we believe that it was his settled purpose to put down the popular party by force. He had made things, as he supposed, safe in Scotland; his prerogative placed the militia at his command; Portsmouth and Hull, with the



magazine in the latter, were nominally his, and could, as he presumed, be seized. Hatred of Parliaments was with him a passion; he possessed neither the patience nor the brains indispensable for Parliamentary management; and he at heart disliked the party of Falkland, Colepeper, and Hyde only less than the party of Hampden and Pym. On any possible hypothesis the attempted arrest was foolish, but the only hypothesis on which it can be accounted for at all is that Charles confusedly thought that having overawed and discredited the whole patriot party by throwing their leaders into the Tower on a charge of treason, he might either hurry a bill through the Houses consenting to their dissolution, or venture on dissolving them without this formality. Perfectly incapable of reading the signs of the time, he seems to have mistaken the friendly feeling with which he was received when he returned from Scotland, a feeling dependent wholly on the belief that he deserved the trust of Parliament as the *guardian* of constitutional freedom, for an emotion similar to the fiery discontent with which he himself fretted *against* constitutional control. When the attempt failed, he did not really fall back on a pacific policy; he persisted in a policy of war. Within a fortnight from the failure he was conducting the queen to the coast, who, in well-grounded apprehension of being impeached for high treason, was carrying off the crown jewels, in order to pawn them on the Continent for arms. Charles was in very truth henceforth at war with his Parliament.

And what of Hyde? Let us not ask too much from him. Let us not say, though a strong case could be made out for saying, that he was bound to make common cause with the patriots. Let us admit that he would have been justified in maintaining that opposition to Hampden which he had taken up at the time of the Remonstrance. How could he, on these terms, have most honourably and most effectively served England and the king? How could he have done the best for those noble and loyal gentlemen, resolute to sacrifice neither Church nor monarchy, who looked to him as their leader? It were false to impute either to him or to them an intention to subvert the independence of the law, to wink at the suppression of Parliaments, to recall the system of Thorough. At the time of the attempted arrest of the five members, he was probably one of the most reactionary of his party, for he strongly repudiates

that doctrine of the supremacy of Parliament which the great body of the Privy Council sanctioned; but neither now nor subsequently did he admit the right of the king to raise money without Parliamentary grant, or to use in the administration any machinery except that provided by law. He demanded no retrogression; his fundamental position was that now a halt ought to be called; and what might have been expected of him was neither more nor less than that he should hold this position manfully. It may seem the wildest of paradoxes, but it is a demonstrable fact that, in demanding this of Hyde, we ask simply that he should have carried out with masculine energy that programme which, when we read his book with care, we find himself laying down, or at least enabling us to lay down. He it is who tells us that Falkland, Colepeper, and the whole constitutional party, as contrasted with the mere courtiers, were astounded and distressed by the attempted arrest of the members, and "perfectly detested" the counsels which suggested it. He it is who assures us that he joined with all his heart in the reiterated entreaty of the Parliament to Charles, when he strode sullenly to the north preparing battle, to return to Westminster. On his own page is delineated that interview which revealed to him that Charles stood in the same relation to Henrietta Maria, the heart and soul of the Popish party, in the management of affairs, in which Bishop Proudie stands to his spouse in Mr. Trollope's novel; and, if that interview was not evidence sufficient on the point, it was supplemented by the facts, also given under his hand, that the queen possessed "absolute power with the king," and that, when she went to Holland to buy arms, she exacted a promise from him to be guided by her in the choice of his advisers. Consider all that this subordination of Charles to the queen implied, and then take along with it the following words addressed by Hyde to the king when his Majesty, after parting with Henrietta Maria, had reached Newmarket in his progress to the north: "Your Majesty well knows that your greatest strength is in the hearts and affections of those persons who have been the severest assertors of the public liberties." When one thinks of the sequel—of Hampden's death-wound, of Pym's death from overwork and agitation, of Falkland's broken heart, of Charles's "gray discrowned head" falling on the scaffold, of the beautiful soft-skinned corpses of the gentlemen

of England that lay white in the moon by thousands on Marston heath\* — these words become impressive to the pitch of pain. Had Hyde been as strenuous in giving effect to the true policy, as he was accurate in apprehending it, — had he inflexibly refused, and prevailed upon the great body of the Cavaliers to refuse, to abet the king in making war upon the "assertors of the public liberties," — all that melancholy sequel might have been averted.

That the constitutional Cavalier party would have rallied to a policy of pacific resistance if a man of the requisite genius, energy, and courage had placed such a policy before them in the first months of 1642, can scarcely be doubted. All our power to feel the pathos of the war, all our capacity to appreciate the motives and understand the conduct of the antagonist parties at successive stages in the conflict, depend on our perception of the *thinness* of the line which separated them at the outset; a line resembling that of two rivers, issuing from one lake by channels divided from each other by but a single crag, which continue to flow on, mile after mile, in closest neighbourhood, and then gradually diverge until mountains rise between. In the beginning of 1642, the Cavaliers were passionately averse to war; and in petitions without number the patriots implored Charles not to draw the sword with which he menaced them. There was hardly a man in the country who at heart desired the war except the king himself. Unless we realize the intensity of the Cavalier persuasion that there was no irreconcilable difference between the king's friends and the followers of Pym and Hampden, and the intensity of the patriot persuasion that only the unreasonableness of Charles stood in the way of an accommodation, the most characteristic facts in the history of the time become perfectly unintelligible. Men with swords in their hands, men meeting each other in the grapple of war and reddening the grass with their blood, were on both sides anxious that they should conquer only by halves. It is known to every one that Essex and Manchester trembled at the thought of conquering the king too thoroughly; it is less known, but equally certain, that the great body of the Cavaliers regarded with equal anxiety the prospect of the king's being completely victo-

rious. What was wanted in order to reconcile the parties — what at this period might have been found, but became at each successive stage in the dispute more difficult to find — was a daysman who could have put his hand upon both, who could have convinced the patriots that there was no risk of the restoration of Thorough, and the Cavaliers that the crown and the Church were safe, and thus have confined the whole conflict within the Parliamentary arena.

To bring Charles to reason just one thing was necessary, — to leave him well alone. Had his friends in the Houses told him with one voice that war was out of the question, even the queen must have perceived that it was useless to try force. And who was the man to bear this message to the king with the authority of one who insisted on conferring a supreme benefaction? Who was the man that had dined with Pym and Hampden in the inner circle of trusted patriotism, and had also met Charles in secret interview? Who was the man that put it on record at this very time that Charles's best friends were the "severest assertors" of liberty? This man was Hyde. If he had made the king's return to Westminster, or, at least, the centralization of the struggle in the two Houses, the principle of the Cavalier policy — if he had made Charles's acceptance of this principle an absolute condition of his remaining, along with Colepeper and Falkland, whom it would have been easy for him to influence, in the royal service — war would have been impossible.

Will it be said that, in calling upon the whole party of constitutional Cavaliers to decline an appeal to arms, Hyde would have abandoned the cause of the monarchy? Words have been quoted from Clarendon which have no meaning unless they state that the "assertors of liberty" had at this time no design against the monarchy. And, as a matter of fact, the monarchy never lost the support of the Long Parliament. A minority, in whose hand Charles and Hyde helped to place irresistible power, overthrew the monarchy, but that minority had, first of all, to cut down the Parliament, which still, by its majority, defended the king; and when, after nearly a score of years had elapsed from the time of its first assembling, the Long Parliament was once more installed at Westminster, it straightway took steps to re-establish the dynasty and the throne. Neither the monarchical constitution, nor the life of the king, was ever

\* The smoothness and whiteness of the stripped bodies of the Cavaliers on Marston Moor are referred to in contemporary writings.

in danger from Pym or Hampden, or the Parliament elected under their influence.

But would not the Church have been left to destruction if Hyde and the Cavaliers had absolutely declined to fight? Again we turn to Clarendon, always the leading witness against himself. He is quite frank in his admissions that the patriots of 1640-42 cherished no insuperably hostile dispositions towards the Church. The Earl of Bedford "had," he tells us, "no desire that there should be any alteration in the government of the Church." Hampden said to Falkland, and Clarendon does not hint a suspicion that he did not speak the truth, that if the bishops were but removed from the House of Lords, "there would be nothing more attempted to the prejudice of the Church." Pym and Hollis, and all the "northern men," were willing to acquiesce in episcopal government. Essex was devoted to the Book of Common Prayer. The patriots had been born and bred in the Church of England, and though they detested Laud's "innovations," and desired that the Church should be in sympathy with the Reformation rather than with Rome, they had no conscientious scruple about her episcopal organization. Even Cromwell had not been a separatist, and did not, so far as I am aware, complain of anything in the Church except the restraint, under Laud's auspices, of prayer and preaching, and the stifling of essentials under ceremony and grimace. Such were the materials, even in the patriot ranks, afforded Hyde for the defence of the Church, before the outbreak of the war. Can it be doubted that the defence might have been made good, if the Cavaliers had entrenched themselves in Westminster, and told the king to clear his head of insane schemes of war?

In all the years since Parliament met in England, no opportunity so noble of constituting and leading "his Majesty's opposition" had been offered as was now offered to Hyde. Even if we suppose that he would have found it impossible to resist the proposal embodied in the Remonstrance, that a synod should be convoked at Westminster to consider the affairs of the Church, is there any reason to doubt that he could have secured so large an admission of Episcopal divines to its deliberations, that the overthrow of the Church would have been out of the question? The great body of the Cavaliers would have had no objection to a reinforcement of the Protestant elements in the Church, and the great body of the

patriots wanted, at bottom, nothing else. By drawing off the constitutional and Protestant friends of the Church from their early association with Hampden and his friends, Hyde forced the latter on the alliance of Presbyterianism, first English and then Scottish. This alliance was disastrous for all parties. But Hampden and Pym would never have sought to impose Presbytery on the Church of England, and the Scots would never have been subjected to what their wisest and best men felt to be the hard and perilous necessity of appearing in England as Presbyterian missionaries with pikes in their hands, if the weakness of Hyde had not permitted the removal from Westminster of the natural allies (not the less effective because their part was to check and balance) of Pym and Hampden in completing the reformation of the Church of England — to wit, the Protestant Cavaliers.

True, no doubt, it is that under Hyde's leadership, the Church ultimately rose triumphant over all her enemies; but she rose by no honourable victory, and to play no illustrious part. She rose to be no more the Church of Elizabeth, heading the Protestantism of Europe and owning the Reformed Churches as sisters, but to turn from these in the ineffable self-complacency of spiritual pride, denying to them sacraments, orders, and the very name of Churches. She rose to be the slave and the sycophant of power, grasping implacably the instruments of persecution, and adopting as her policy to drive all who did not pronounce her shibboleth beyond the political, educational, and social pale. Churchmen of comprehensive and generous sympathies, whose patriotism has burst the bands of sectarianism and embraces all Englishmen, may well regret the course adopted by Hyde in 1642.

True, also, it is that, if Hyde and Hampden had between them succeeded in constituting a robustly Protestant and liberal Church, the triumph of the Puritan van, under Cromwell, would not have been achieved; and that, if the reign of the saints had never occurred, one of the most brilliant pages in the history of England would not have been written. But the victory of the saints was the victory of a minority, and therefore a maimed and melancholy victory. Had Hyde been all he might have been, the Puritans would perhaps never have seen the Prayer-Book proscribed, the ceremonies abolished, the framework of Episcopacy voted down; but neither would they have seen Episcopacy

arise from the tomb in which it had been buried *alive*, armed with tenfold power to vex them. Had the Puritans attained, in the middle of the seventeenth century, only such a triumph as the great body of the English nation could thoroughly sympathize with, there might never have taken place that severance between Puritanism and scholarship, between Puritanism and speculative intrepidity, between Puritanism and culture, wealth, refinement, which followed upon the exclusion of Puritans from all the seats of learning. Had the Puritanism of Milton and of Cromwell been less imperiously triumphant in the seventeenth century, the hereditary rancour between Churchmen and Dissenters, which embitters social life in modern England, might never have been known. Of all the lessons which the Puritan revolution reads to men of this generation none is more pregnant or penetrating than that conveyed to us by the disastrous *excess* of the Puritan victory. Prince Bismarck in his war with Ultramontanism, will find it worth while to remember that forms of religious belief, *not yet dead*, can in no possible way be helped to develop latent vitality so effectually as by attempting to bury them alive. One must be very sure, before proceeding to the work of sepulture, that death has done its part so effectually that no chill of the tomb will restore the nervous tension and renew the beating of the heart, and that "decay's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers" so transformingly that the affection of bystanders cannot awaken. Hamlet took no thought of the babblings of Ophelia when she went about unharmed, but forty thousand brothers could not love her as he did when he saw her stretched upon her bier.

Infinitely as we may regret Hyde's decision to merge the constitutional Cavalier party in that of the court—for this is the exact statement of his grand mistake—we are bound to be not less than just to himself. He meant well. Had Charles succeeded in putting down the Parliament, he would have exerted his influence to prevent the king from taking too bloody a revenge, and from trampling too disdainfully on the liberties of the country; and, without question, he would have exerted his influence in vain. A very different arm from his would have been wanted to hold Charles in the day of his power and his vengeance; and the golden-mouthed man would have found himself thrust from the path of the father more promptly than he was from that of the son. We

are not required, however, to impute to Hyde a devotion to the cause of Church and king so unalloyed with worldly ambition as the heroic devotion of Falkland. He was at that stage of life when, if at any, the element of daring in a man has force; and though he must have known that the choice he made involved great risks, he must have known also that it might open the way to magnificent prizes. Splendid rank and immense fortune were the stakes for which ministers of state played in the seventeenth century; and it did not require heroic virtue or valour to take heavy odds in such a game.

When Charles, finding that his *coup d'état* had failed, took the road for Dover with the queen, Hyde was named by Parliament one of a deputation to carry a message to his Majesty at that port. He had kept his relations with the king strictly secret, and we may presume that if the patriot leaders, whose power was greatly reinforced by the attempted arrest, had gravely suspected him of adhesion to the court, they would not have afforded him an opportunity of gaining personal access to Charles. Their trusting him on such an occasion proves also the tragic earnestness of their wish to preserve the *unity* of the constitutional and Protestant party in dealing with the king. Hyde failing to discern and adopt that middle course between the court and the patriots, in which he might have walked openly at the head of a multitude of noble-hearted gentlemen, adopted a middle course of cunning and disguise. Acting ostensibly in concert with the other members of the patriot deputation, he had veiled interviews with Charles, and induced him to soften his words in answering the patriot demands. No true concession, but more of smoothness in the phrase—such, on his own showing, was Hyde's counsel to the king. Charles deserves the credit, whatever it may be worth, of wishing to speak as sharply as he felt; Hyde insisted on the lacquer. In a secret interview at Greenwich, on the return journey, when Charles was about to proceed to the north, and Hyde to accompany the rest of the deputation to Westminster, it was agreed between them that Hyde should write and transmit to the king answers to all Parliamentary declarations and messages. A service of gentlemen was arranged to carry papers between Hyde and Charles. The work was done for several months with a vigilant faithfulness which evaded all detection, and a celerity which seems incredible. Letters were despatched from

London on Saturday night, and the answers, written at York, were in Hyde's hand on Monday.

Charles and Hyde were at one in the essential matter of bishop-worship, and the maudlin king took kindly to a man who had neither Falkland's inextinguishable love of liberty, nor Colepeper's shrewd practical instincts. Hyde succeeded in preventing a breach between Charles and Falkland. For some cause, of which Clarendon says little, his Majesty was offended with Falkland, and was inclined, with characteristic irritability, to expel him from his service. Falkland *knew* Hampden; and knowing him, could not tear from his heart the rooted conviction that England's cause and England's king had nothing to fear if only Hampden were trusted. But Falkland was a friend also of Hyde, and was passionately loyal to the king and the Church; when Hyde, therefore, told Falkland that the monarchy and the Church were being undermined, Falkland was, if not convinced, at least for all practical purposes paralyzed. He could not believe Hampden a rebel, nor could he turn from the king and Hyde; so he rushed on his fate, dying, as Clarendon says, as much of heartbreak as of the bullet. Clarendon loved him truly, and there is nothing so beautiful in Clarendon's history or character as the tenderness with which he cherished his memory; but there probably was a subtle ingredient of remorse in Clarendon's mournful recollections of his friend, for he certainly had Falkland's blood on his hands. If Hyde had been noble enough to know Hampden as well as Falkland knew him, the whole course of events might have been altered; but Hampden was not a man easy to know, and it is not surprising that a plausible young lawyer, new to affairs, should mistake for cunning and self-seeking that wary dauntlessness, that cautious thoroughness, that gentleness of demeanour and graciousness of word accompanying inflexible insistence upon essential points, which were united in the great patriot statesman.

Hyde lingered so long at Westminster that the craftiest planning was required to secure his reaching the king at York. He seems to have masked his real flight by a feint. Making a journey westwards, he was followed by a messenger from the Commons enjoining his attendance. He of course obeyed, and took doubtless every precaution to satisfy the messenger that he intended nothing more than a temporary absence in his native county.

After a week or two he presented himself to the speaker with a medical certificate that he required change of air, and asked leave to retire for some time to Wiltshire. Under such circumstances permission could not be refused, and a few clear days, during which suspicion was lulled, would be gained. He went first to Ditchley, near Oxford, the house of the Lady Lee, whence starting in company with Chillingworth in her ladyship's coach, he penetrated to a village near Coventry, where a brother of Chillingworth's had a farm. Mounting their horses at nightfall and riding "out of all roads," they drew bridle at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where a friend of Chillingworth's was parson of the parish; and thence proceeding "by unusual ways," threading the forest lanes of Derbyshire and crossing the broad green swells, not yet blackened with factory smoke, of the West Riding, they halted at Nestal, a little town twenty miles from York. At Nestal Hyde remained some weeks, for no apparent reason except that he did all things, now and afterwards, with a *maximum* of finesse and formality. At length the king peremptorily commanded his presence, and he came.

Charles, therefore, might now enjoy *ad libitum* that argumentative wind-music which his soul loved. If men's heads could be charmed from their shoulders, by deftly modulated sound, it was probable that Pym and Hampden, at whose life Charles still aimed, might yield to the sweet piping of Hyde. Otherwise it was not probable. Hyde possessed literary capacity to the measure of genius, but he had no practical talent. Cool heads about Charles soon got to know that he was a minister for ornament rather than for use. Hobbes, who felt that the fighting of battles, though tiresome and absurd, and particularly inconvenient for elderly philosophical gentlemen, could not be done rightly except in its own way, remarked that Hyde's documents were not of the kind that convinced any one; and gruff Cavaliers murmured that the sweet voice did harm. Even in Charles, slave as he was of his spites and his scruples, there was enough of practical instinct to make him fret under the pedantry with which Hyde insisted on making war in legal form. The wise thing for Charles to do, after issuing a solemn declaration of his respect for law and Parliament, and of his intention to recur to both — when the compulsion laid upon him by rebels was removed — would, of course, have been to

strike sharply and speedily, and to levy without ceremony what contributions were indispensable to enable him to do so. By mixing war with peace, Hyde could not make the war legal, but he helped to make it hopeless. He has a right, however, once more to all the qualification of this censure which may be due to the unique character of a war in which each side charged the other with rebellion, and in which both fought in the name of law.

Hyde deploras the miserable confusion, laxity, and half-heartedness with which the war was prosecuted on the side of the king. Among those who fought for Charles were men as brave as ever drew sword, but the best of them went into the affair with a melancholy akin to that of Falkland, the shadow of Thorough darkening their faces, the misgiving that it was for a tyrant they went to death sitting heavy on their hearts. Clarendon laments, blames, moralizes, but there is not a sentence in his account of the business to indicate that, if he had been in the king's place, he would have managed better. A Richelieu, a Chatham, a Clive could have carried Charles back in triumph to Westminster within three months of the raising of his standard. But there was no man of military genius and commanding authority to strike a decisive blow before the Parliament embodied and drilled its army. Charles, wilful as he was, possessed no force of character, and there were perpetual and ruinous cabals among the military chiefs. Clarendon speaks of "the usual negligence of the king's governors." He acknowledges, on the other hand, the incomparable industry and superb gifts of the Parliamentary leaders, dwelling on the almost incredible minuteness and accuracy of their information respecting the king's affairs, and wondering that on the side of royalty and Church all should be confusion and lawlessness, while on the side of what he called rebellion was all the effectiveness that discipline, obedience, and order lend to strength. It was indeed a notable phenomenon, well fitted to excite wonder, and not at all to be accounted for on the hypothesis that the men whom he declared to be the king's best friends while he acted with them became the king's diabolical enemies when he left them. Had Hampden and Pym been the leaders of a dissident and mutinous mob, there could have been no concentration in their councils, no disciplined force in their armies; but if they were patriots of the noblest type, men seeing liberty only in law and law only in liberty, it was not

wonderful that there should be more of order in their arrangements than in those of Charles Stuart.

The patriots were extremely incensed at Hyde, and soon exempted him by name from the number of those who, in the event of a settlement, would obtain a free pardon. This course was perhaps imprudent, but it was not unnatural, for it is the man who has stood longest by a party that has most conspicuously the look of a betrayer when he abandons it. He assures us that, both before the outbreak of hostilities and at every pause in the war, his voice was for peace and conciliation. He continued in but the outer court of Charles's confidence. The queen and the Papist Cavaliers disliked him, and if we may trust the impression derived from the king's apology to his wife for appointing "Ned Hyde" chancellor of the exchequer, there was a slight mingling of contempt in the respect with which Charles looked on him.

It is unnecessary to trace the dreary struggle through its successive stages, or to recall any considerable portion of the interminable negotiations which filled the intervals of the clashing of arms; but it will be worth our while to dwell for a few moments on the most important and famous of all the attempts made, before the end of the first civil war, to terminate the quarrel by conference. I allude to the Treaty of Uxbridge, which was an object of inexpressible interest to observant Englishmen and Scotchmen in the first weeks of 1645.

Let us realize the position of parties at this date. Previously to the attempted arrest of the five members, the Houses made no demand upon the military force of the kingdom. They then claimed, for a limited time, the power of naming the lord-lieutenants of counties, who officially commanded the militia. "No, by God," said Charles, "not for an hour," and went on maturing his preparations for war. The second half of 1642 and the spring and summer of 1643, were spent in the ponderous campaigning of Essex and the first set of Parliamentary generals. Charles would not yield, and the Houses, as Clarendon says, felt that they wanted the aid of the Scots to bring him to terms. The Scotch influence accordingly became strong; the Covenant was signed by the English Parliament; the united armies of the Parliament and of Scotland inflicted upon Charles (July, 1644) the ruinous defeat of Marston Moor. After this defeat it was universally felt that, though the king



might protract the conflict, the Houses would conquer. Changes had taken place; Hampden and Pym were dead; what we should now call the patriot Left had given proof of brilliant Parliamentary talent and of startling political audacity; but the moderate or Presbyterian party still held the lead. This party earnestly wished for a settlement, and proposed that negotiations should be entered into with the king. It was not without great difficulty that they carried their point, the advance party dreading of all things an agreement between the Anglican and the Presbyterian royalists. Commissioners, however, were named on both sides to confer upon a treaty, and they betook themselves for that purpose, in the last days of 1644, to the pleasant little town of Uxbridge, overlooking the Colne River, on the western edge of Middlesex.

Hyde, now became Sir Edward, was one of the royal commissioners. He tells us that old associates met each other with pensive cordiality, hoping the frightful bloodshed was now to cease, and better days to dawn. Whitelock found opportunity, in a quiet corner, of rounding into his ear that, though his (Whitelock's) estate lay in the quarters of the Parliament, and where his estate lay he must lie also, his heart was with the king. Vane, St. John, and Prideaux, the brilliant and alarming men of the Left, profoundly feared an understanding between the Presbyterians and the court, and were "spies on the rest" of the Parliamentary commissioners.

They first took up the Church question. On this the Scotchman, Alexander Henderson, stood forth as spokesman of the Parliament, and Clarendon pointedly states that the whole matter was in his hands. In the history of Great Britain, no Scottish ecclesiastic has occupied so august a position; and the fact that Henderson occupied it, implying as it does the entire confidence of his own countrymen, and the trust of that immense multitude of the nobility and people of England which had risen up against the king, proves him to have been no ordinary man. He acted with caution and prudence. It was one of the dominant ideas of the time that ecclesiastical uniformity throughout the three kingdoms could not be dispensed with. Here and there a solitary thinker might have risen above this idea, but it held undisputed sway over the vast majority of minds. On the basis of this agreement Henderson attempted to build. "We all believe," he said in effect, "that

there cannot be more than one ecclesiastical arrangement throughout the three kingdoms; the Episcopal arrangement attempted by Archbishop Laud is impracticable — the logic of half-a-dozen battles, concluding with Marston Moor, settles that; the Presbyterian is the only other arrangement in the field. Let us waive all questions as to whether Episcopacy is lawful or unlawful; it is palpably inexpedient; and his Majesty has shown, by sanctioning a Presbyterian Church in Scotland, that he has no conscientious objections to the system."

Had Charles and Hyde treated the business as statesmen, how would they have proceeded? The door which, by avoidance of any assertion of the unlawfulness of Episcopacy, Henderson almost ostentatiously left open, might have given entrance into the Church, when the Scotch army had been sent home and a new Parliament was elected, to as much Episcopacy as the English nation, if we except the Laudian faction, desired. Hollis, who, Clarendon says, supported the Presbyterians only because they opposed the more aggressive party, and who, after the Restoration, obtained a peerage, can hardly have thought Henderson's proposition irreversibly destructive of Episcopacy in England. The Presbyterians were intensely anxious to arrest the revolution and preserve the monarchy. Clarendon informs us that the Earl of Loudon promised, on behalf of the Scots, that, if satisfied in the Church question, they would use their influence to obtain favourable terms for the king in civil affairs. But Charles and Hyde either would not or could not play the game that was in their hands. About this time a new hope had risen on the king. Montrose's victories were going off in the north, and he mistook their meteoric gleam for dawn. Probably, however, even Montrose's success did not influence Charles so decisively as his immutable faith in the divine right of bishops. Laud himself could not have taken his stand on a narrower dogmatic rock than that on which the ecclesiastical representative of Charles at Uxbridge set his foot. Dr. Stewart maintained that "without bishops there could be no ordination of ministers, and consequently no administration of sacraments, or performance of the ministerial functions." It was idle to expect that the Parliament could assent to this. For four days Henderson tried to draw the king's men from their theological entrenchments, and to have the matter fought out on the open ground of the practical necessities of

the case. Charles stood upon his conscience, and Dr. Stewart told Henderson, in reply to the observation that the king had established Presbytery in Scotland, that the English coronation oath did not bind his Majesty out of England. It is singular that Lord Macaulay, in denying the king's conscientiousness on the ground of his inconsistency, should have overlooked Dr. Stewart's argument.

Charles had thrown away his last chance of being saved by the Presbyterians. Whether the entire party, Scottish and English, could at this stage have saved him is not quite certain; but it is extremely improbable that, if he had granted all the demands of the Presbyterians at Newcastle, eighteen months later, they would have been able to pull him through. One of Clarendon's fixed ideas, now and hereafter, was that the Church could not be saved by the aid of Scottish Presbyterians. Even when acting for Charles II., he absolutely declined that alliance. "If we make the Church what they want it to be" — this appears to have been the gist of his reasoning — "it will not be worth saving; and if we accept their aid in the hope of subsequently checkmating them, we may find them too strong for us. With the English Presbyterians we can deal; sooner or later they will be found manageable; but on the Scotch whinstone we should only break our teeth." He may have been correct. Systems of which the genius is diverse cannot really be amalgamated. Two cuckoos cannot flourish in the same nest; but when one of the rival cuckoos has got the other impaled on the thorns, the young hedge-sparrows, though they may have been of the faction of the fallen, are not formidable. This seems to be the philosophy of Hyde's consistent resolution to hold no terms with English Presbyterians when they acted along with the stubborn Presbyterians of Scotland.

So much in justice to the sagacity of Clarendon; nevertheless there are strong grounds for alleging that he had at Uxbridge a real chance of saving the king's crown and life without conclusively sacrificing Episcopacy. The Scots were already in 1645 disliked in England; so soon as "the war-drums throbbed no longer," there would have been an irresistible desire to send them about their business; and if the Scots had seen the English Presbyterians reasonably treated, and found themselves again on the north of the Tweed, not even the eloquence of Vane would have induced them to recross it. Charles would have fretted and plotted;

but in the supposed case, all the best men of Hampden's party and all the best men of Clarendon's party would have united to prevent him from recalling the *régime* of Strafford in the State or the *régime* of Laud in the Church; and a permanent settlement might have been attained, combining the good that was in the Puritans and the good that was in the Cavaliers. Hallam speaks of the period when the Long Parliament was elected as "more eminent for steady and scrupulous conscientiousness in private life than any, perhaps, that had gone before or has followed." Public spirit, religious earnestness, a high tone of sentiment, a stateliness and reserved courtesy of manner, and even a gravely eloquent and elevated style of speech, were the common characteristics of that great party which, in the first session of the Long Parliament, marched under one banner, and which might, I think, even so late as the beginning of 1645, have been taught to march under one banner again. The revolution, it will be said — I have myself in fact said — was sure to run its course; the river, having risen in flood, could not but sweep over and leave behind the Presbyterian embankment, first, in its outward rush of inundation, secondly, in its return to the original channel. This did occur. This was inevitable from the moment that the party of advance, meagre in numbers, but magnificent in genius, energy, and valour, gained the ascendancy and grasped the sword. But in the beginning of 1645, this party possessed neither ascendancy in Parliament nor control of the army; and if moderate men, Cavalier and Presbyterian, had formed a coalition, I cannot see that the most brilliant minority, while so small as that of the Independents, could have prevailed against them. The Presbyterians infinitely detested the war. The bitterness between the king's commissioners and their old friends of the moderate party, which took the place, Clarendon tells us, in the later sessions of the Uxbridge conference, of that eager and glad civility perceptible on both sides at its commencement, was due to the conscientiousness of the Presbyterians that the Cavaliers were refusing them the opportunity of saving the king, and were forcing them to have recourse to that infant Hercules who was ere long to trample down first Cavaliers and then Presbyterians.

The ecclesiastical commissioners, royal and Parliamentary, having failed to arrive at an agreement, the civil commissioners could hardly hope to agree. The debate

went on for a fortnight longer, but Charles would not surrender the militia, and the day had passed when the Parliament would take less.

In a few months the new model army completed the ruin of the king at Naseby, and little occurred that need detain us until we find Hyde an exile in Jersey.

PETER BAYNE.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
WHITTLEBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER III.

WHITTLEBRIDGE, like many old-fashioned country towns, seemed to have been built on no particular plan. It was vertebrate to the extent of having a main street representing the backbone, and minor ones representing the ribs; but, at the same time, it showed signs of very pronounced spinal curvature. In fact, the High Street might have been laid out on the track of a man who had lost himself, or, at least, was in doubt where he should go. Starting from the Eagle, which was at the Chichester end, he must have kept straight for about one hundred yards, then, suddenly struck with the idea of getting to Brighton, we will suppose him to have deviated to the right; half a furlong of that was enough for him, though—so, sending off a small street in that direction, he returned to his original course, and built the Town Hall and the Green Dragon. Having taken too much at the latter place, he then sloped away in the direction of Guildford, but shortly came to a full stop, and—being of two minds—divided the High Street into two equal portions, and sent them away, half right and half left, like the diverging arms of a Y. History tells us no more of this individual; but, as the church is down a narrow lane to the left, it is possible he got himself buried, and so disappeared from human ken. Of the two halves in which the High Street loses its individuality, that to the left, or on the northern side, had become the aristocratic suburb of modern Whittlebridge. Here dwelt in neat villas retired mayors and tradesfolks, and descendants of ancient Whittlebridgeians, who, having been out in the world of commerce, or law, or physic, had realized small competencies, or earned pensions, and had returned to the old home of their youth. The first house in this road, admirably situated between the aristocratic and the busy quarters of the town, was

that taken by the Standrings. A Dr. Philpots, to whom it belonged (as shown by a brass plate on the door), made rather a good thing of the ducal meeting. Being a widower with two small children, he always sent away his family to the care of a married sister in Guildford, and let his house for the race-week for a sum exactly equivalent to its yearly rental; and in order that he should have the whole benefit of living rent-free throughout the year, and should not lose his practice through absence, he made up a truckle-bed in the surgery (which was built on to the side of the mansion), and slept there unknown to his tenants. Thus he both ate his cake and had it; that is, he let his house and yet lived in it.

While the Standing party were preparing for dinner, and the doctor was sitting on his counter banqueting on a roll and some Australian beef, washed down by some bitter beer out of a medicine-glass, Sir Hector Bentham was being deposited on the platform of the little station of —, seven miles from Whittlebridge, by the down mail from London. Disturbed by the letter which Lady Scorpy had written to him (in which she stated her fears that Lizzie was "entangled" with a Captain Brookes, of whom she [Lady S.] knew little, except that, having met him at Lady —'s and other places, she had several times asked him to her house), and surprised that Lizzie, who had never had a secret from him in her life, should not have confided in him, he had determined to leave his Devonshire home, from which he rarely stirred, and come and see what it was all about. Accordingly, as it was not possible to get to Whittlebridge direct, he had dashed up to town by the Flying Dutchman, and taken the first train he could catch for the nearest station to the Sussex borough. Lame, from an accident in the hunting-field many years before, by which his leg was so crushed as to leave him with a perfectly stiff limb for the rest of his days, and no conveyances being kept at the station, it was a piece of unwonted good luck that there happened to be a return fly belonging to the Eagle going back to Whittlebridge; and in due course, about half past six, he and his portmanteau were driven up to the door of the "Chasers" hostelry. Leaning against the door-post was a person in dark clothes, with no particular distinguishing marks about him, who *might* have been the landlord, but *was* the member for Slotborough. The moment the fly drove up, that gentleman called for

Welby — who, full of Messrs. Currant & Co.'s champagne, was ready for anything — and ordered him to take the traveller's portmanteau to the state suite of apartments; then he advanced bowing, and said with great fluency, "Very fatiguing travelling this weather, your Grace. Pray, how did you leave the grand duchess? Fit, I hope? Allow me to assist you to alight; ah! a little lame, eh? What is it? thoroughpin? No! Ah, then, a bad splint — nothing like cold bandages; if that fails, a touch of the iron and you're as sound as a bell. There we are! now, take my arm; this way. We shall do our best to make your Grace as comfortable as the limited means at our disposal will allow; mind the step!" (leading him into the "Chasers'" dining-room). "Here's a chair; make yourself at home. What'll you take? Gin and bitters? That's right. Welby, gin and bitters for his Grace. Colonel" (to Bottletop), "let me present you to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Pumphandel."

Bentham, at first in doubt, was soon awake to the sort of attention he was receiving; but, being a man with a perfectly childlike enjoyment of fun, he was quite delighted, and submitted to his odd reception with his pleasant face convulsed with chuckles. The Cockatoo, by means of an elegant apology, in which the curses predominated over the politeness, set matters right; and Desborough (and Gorst, who had come in), charmed with the old gentleman's good temper, begged him to sink ceremony, and join their mess for that evening. Sir Hector, who, despite his years and almost constant suffering (for his injured limb was never quite at rest), was still as much a boy at heart as the youngest of them, agreed at once; and by the time Martin and Pym (Gorst's friend) appeared, had become (albeit they did not know his name) quite an intimate friend. The Cockatoo gave him a pithy account of the day's racing, and mentioned that his wonderful judgment in matters equine would have landed him a large winner if his time had not been occupied in looking after a lady, "Devlish handsome woman, sir! a widow; none of your chits of girls, but one of the sort that knows the world, and with a figure, sir! by —, she must scale twelve stone. In India, sir, that woman would be *priceless*. In 1844, the rajah of Ramnugger gave a lakh for a shapeless mass of a creature they called the 'Rose of Cashmere,' who wasn't a patch upon this one. Brookes of ours and I are to meet her at dinner to-night.

I wish you were coming, sir. You would admire that woman, I know."

"Pray, colonel," said the baronet, "as you seem to know the people here, can you tell me whereabouts a certain Lady Scorpy is staying?"

"By —, sir, that *is* the woman! Do you know her? The fact is, I did not know her myself till this morning; she is a friend of one of my officers, Captain Brookes. Brookes!" (to Charlie, who made his appearance dressed for dinner) "here is a friend of Lady Scorpy; by Jove, is it so late? I must go and get ready — down in a minute;" and he disappeared. Charlie explained where the Standrings lived, and suggested that they would be doubtless glad to see Lady Scorpy's friend at dinner; but the baronet said he would postpone his visit, which was more on business than anything else, till the next morning — explaining, at the same time, that he was engaged to feed with the Eagle party; so Charlie and the Cockatoo departed.

Dinner at the inn was of rather a rough order of cookery; but, as the "Chasers" had brought their own fluids, the party was hilarious enough, and, by the time several bottles of very heavily-loaded claret had been disposed of, they were all (including the cheery baronet) ready for anything. Pym (Gorst's friend) had succeeded in "conveying" (no one knew whence) a paint-pot, containing a gallon of coal-tar, with a brush, which he had placed conspicuously on the mantelpiece; and Desborough, to whom this no doubt suggested visions of successful high art, rose to make a speech.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," said the M.P., "far from the madding crowd, we, the ornaments of society, find ourselves somewhat in the position of William Penn, or of Captain Cook, or Livingstone, or any of the other pioneers of civilization, among the simple natives of a remote land, inasmuch as, conscious of the blessing of superior acquaintance with the arts and weapons of cultivated Europe, it is our bounden duty to spread enlightenment around us — *fiat lux*. It has been justly asked, 'What effect upon human development have the greatest victories or the fiercest revolutions had, compared with the invention of the spinning-jenny or the discovery of the printing-press?' Gentlemen, by means of yonder humble utensil (pointing to the tar-pot) much may be done to introduce the arts into this benighted spot. Some one called it a 'dull hole;' to the dull all things are dull, but

to the enlightened mind the primitive rusticity of such a place is field for glorious experiment. Gentlemen, the future inhabitants of Whittlebridge will look back upon this night as the era from which their awakening shall date. Drink, my friends, drink! there is noble work before us." "What's up now?" growled Martin; "are we to draw the snoring yokels, thrash the watch, and kiss the early milk? Pshaw! there is no watch and no milk, at least no unwatered milk." "No, sir," replied the M.P., "my proposition is more serious: I move that the House do go into committee to consider the best method of improving the architectural decorations of this long-neglected city. Seeing that we are in a strange country, it is necessary that our operations should take something of the military form. I therefore propose that my friend (if he will allow me to call him so) General Sir Joseph Gorst be appointed umpire-in-chief, and do take the tactical direction of the manœuvres. The allies, represented by our distinguished guest the grand duke (being somewhat disabled), will have command of the reserve, consisting of Brigadier Pym in charge of the tar. Corporal Welby, being a light weight, will form the advance, and also the storming party should an assault by escalade be determined on. The remainder will form the main body. Gentlemen, fill your glasses: I give you 'Victory' or 'Whittlebridge Police Station.' Now then, fall in! Are you ready? The column will advance."

The shades of night had long fallen when the army emerged from the gate of the Eagle's yard. On the opposite side of the way a short distance down the street, stood the first of a row of small houses. It was built of joists and plaster, and, like its neighbours, consisted of two storeys with a lattice-window to each, and above them the high-pitched roof formed a kind of attic or loft, lit only by a round hole in the middle of the triangle facing the street; beside the door and jutting out at an angle of 70° was a gaudy, newly-painted barber's pole, and pendent from its butt hung a board notifying "Easy Shaving." It is doubtful if Mr. Vargrave the barber had ever been a good man; but if you had consulted any inhabitant (more especially the sergeant or either of the three constables who formed the borough police force), you would have been told that he must have "gone wrong" very many years before. That he was a poacher was nothing; but that he was a poach-

er of such stupendous cunning that it was impossible to catch him in the fact, made a difference from the police point of view; but, besides this comparatively small blot on his character, he was known to be a returned convict, and moreover, was quarrelsome in his cups, having, on more than one occasion, shown a readiness to settle a dispute with a knife, which is an unpardonable offence in rural eyes.

No sooner had the eyes of the adventurers fallen upon the barber's insignia than a simultaneous desire for a standard seemed to seize them all; but just at that moment the door opened, and two figures appeared in the entrance. It was evident, as soon as they came forth into the moonlight which was illuminating the street, that one of them was very drunk, because they were leaning against each other *shoulder to shoulder*. Now when two men have lost the power of retaining an equilibrium, they are incapable of balancing the centre of gravity between them for any length of time; but while one of the pair still retains his perpendicularity, he can, by varying his position, overcome the instability of his companion without losing his own balance. In this instance the supporter was the barber, the supported the barber's friend. The barber was a bandy-legged, bull-necked villain, with a low forehead, a small bright black eye, and a square jowl; he had one of those very red faces which sometimes accompany coal-black hair; and no doubt a confirmed habit of taking too much drink helped to intensify its colour. He was not a man a timid stranger would select as a confidant or confederate in any enterprise wherein loyalty to one's comrade was required; yet to the adventurers from the Eagle he seemed (such is the effect of deep potations) to be the very best fellow they had ever met. There is a sympathy in drink which goes by stages; and Bill Vargrave was just about as far gone as the architectural quintette. In their eyes the barber's friend, who was in the next stage, and was unable to walk without assistance, was contemptibly drunk; in fact, their disgust at his state was the more pronounced, on the principle that in drink, as in theology, the greater the accordance in general, the more hateful appear particular differences.

All great events are governed by trifles, and it hung on a balance, which the slightest conversational straw might have turned, whether the introduction between the parties eventuated in a free fight or in fraternization; but a desire on the part

of the strangers to have an assistant in their laudable enterprise who was acquainted with the town, and the prospect on the barber's of free drink for the night, subdued the bellicose spirit, and the new-made alliance being cemented with brandies and sodas (for which purpose they returned to the Eagle), a solemn consultation was held as to future proceedings. Gorst, as umpire-in-chief, delivered himself of the following "general idea:" I. Floral decorations on the window-sills of houses to be the first object of attack by the advance party; no attack to be made on a window showing a light; party to fall back on supports on the enemy becoming alarmed; on pursuit being attempted, all to disperse and rendezvous at the town-hall. II. Public-house and other signs to be removed, as tending to destroy the regularity of the perspective; if not removable, to be improved with Pym's coal-tar. Finally, the standard to be planted on the citadel, and the place declared carried.

On preparing to set forth on their expedition a second time, it was discovered that the stirrup-cup had decided the fate of the barber's friend; for, on endeavouring to get up from his chair, he fell prone upon his back, with the posterior part of his villanous cranium in sharp contact with the steel fender, and remained immovable. Having a very dirty bald patch on the top of his head, and there being a draught down the chimney, Pym very considerably applied a coating of coal-tar, as a preventive to neuralgia; and they sallied forth, leaving this gentleman to get sober at his leisure. Sir Hector, whose lameness prevented his keeping up with his more juvenile companions, also remained at the inn; and it was arranged that after the raid they should come and display whatever trophies the chances of war might throw into their hands.

As it turned out, the baronet was never very long in his solitude; for, the public being closed, and the barber having a thirst upon him which it seemed impossible to assuage for more than ten minutes at a time, he and Gorst, who had struck up a great alliance, were continually appearing at the Eagle.

Somewhat on the principle which made Artemus Ward, by way of ingratiating himself with the London policeman, address him as "Sir Richard," Gorst, with the cunning of incipient intoxication, insisted on calling the barber "Truefitt;" and that worthy, to whom the great professor of his craft was probably unknown

even by name, accepted the appellation as he would have accepted any other, so long as he, Bill Vargrave (and *not* Truefitt) was supplied with unlimited rum.

There were many public-houses in Whittlebridge, and of these, most had signs; but as the sign-boards were all hung on horizontal bars some ten or twelve feet from the ground, the process of improving them, adopted by the committee of taste, was extremely difficult. Many times did they essay to form a pyramid of three — the barber, as the broadest, being chosen as the pedestal; then on his back, Desborough; and finally, as the apex, the artist, who, from his light weight, was generally young Welby: but although they succeeded, with much difficulty, in obliterating the head of the "Marquis of Granby," and running the "bend sinister" across the body of the "Red Lion," the number of falls this human ladder experienced through the unsteadiness of the barber was incalculable; and finally, half the tar having been spilt upon the two underneath performers, and the pot broke on the pavement, sign-painting had to be abandoned, and the party separated to beat up the various by-streets. The Whittlebridgeians are an early people and a sleepy people, and the fun of removing from their window-ledges several dozens of flower-pots, and ranging them artistically round the town-pump, soon fell flat, without the stimulus of opposition. Thereupon they fell back upon the Eagle; Welby and Pym had been most successful, and displayed several handsome specimens of local manufacture — item, a brass plate, engraved, "*Seminary for Young Ladies; the Misses Robinson;*" a board with "*Office-hours 10 to 4*" upon it; a bronze knocker, representing a dog with a ring in his mouth; a brass bell-handle, and several other less valuable works of art. These gallant acts having been acknowledged by the general commanding, the party set to work to endeavour to reduce the barber to a frame of mind in which he should see the desirability of stealing his own pole — the design being to erect it in some conspicuous place as a mark of victory.

The amount of rum the barber managed to put away was something astonishing; and in after-times, when more capable of reflection, it occurred to some of them that there must have been some deception; possibly he was playing "fox," and pouring the spirit quietly on the floor; but to all proposals regarding his pole he was obdurate. At last, however, Martin,



by discussing the subject of cock-fighting, with which the barber's sodden brain seemed to be filled, induced him to take him down to a small shanty near the river, for the purpose of exhibiting a couple of game-cocks, which he said "were the real thing," and which he (the barber) was ready to put in the pit against any birds in England for "fifty pun'." Taking advantage of his absence, the party were soon in possession of the newly-painted standard-pole, to the head of which they attached the "Easy Shaving" board, and proceeded up the street, looking for a convenient place where they could "hang their banner on the outer walls." Dr. Philpots's mansion was determined on, not so much from the old identity of the two professions as from its imposing appearance; and also because of its stucco portico (easy to climb), which projected into the road-way, and on the top of which the banner would be visible the whole length of the street.

All this time, as the people who get snowballed and write to the *Times* say, "Where are the police?" The police were all right; the sergeant and the two senior officers were in bed and asleep, but the junior guardian of the peace was on duty; *he* knew all about it; *he* had his eyes about him. Being young, intelligent, and gifted with a small memorandum-book and the stump of a lead-pencil, he dodged about the side streets taking notes, and terrible legal vengeance was accumulating upon the heads of the nocturnal wreckers. It would not do (in accordance with the traditions of the force) to interfere as long as any mischief remained to be done; but seeing the procession with the banner in front, and Sir Hector (who had come out to see the *finale*) limping with his crutch behind, advancing on the doctor's house, he made a *détour*, and, just as they commenced the escalade, he let himself in at the back-door and gave the alarm of "burglars."

The Standring's dinner-party had gone off with great *éclat*; Charlie Brookes, to whose share Lizzie of course fell, was in the seventh heaven of happiness, and would equally have enjoyed a far worse dinner than the excellent repast Mrs. Job had provided. The Cockatoo, also, who took Mrs. Standring in to dinner, but had the buxom widow on his right hand, divided his attention in a manner which was most unfair to his hostess. After dinner, Lizzie sang; and even Lady Scorpy, at the Cockatoo's urgent request, was pre-

vailed upon to warble "The Last Rose of Summer," in a voice which, if rather cracked in its higher notes, had still plenty of volume, and they were all taken by surprise when the doctor's clock struck twelve.

With many anticipations for the morrow, the gentlemen were perparing to depart, when the policeman's alarming news was brought up by a frightened flunkey, followed to the door of the room by the policeman himself. Just as he was describing the truculent gang he had seen climbing the portico, a crash of glass was heard, and the male portion of his listeners dashed down-stairs and out of the front door just in time for the Cockatoo (who was leading) to be knocked down by the falling body of Sub-Lieutenant Gorst, who, without looking at the enemy, took to his heels followed by Desborough, who had, in the absence of the barber, formed the bottom man in the column they had erected to enable young Welby to plant the standard on the porch. It was this youth's misfortune, in endeavouring to fix the pole, to drive it through the bottom pane of the window looking on the balcony. He, poor devil! unable to get down, except through the house, was easily captured; but the others, with the exception of Sir Hector, fairly outran Brookes and Standring.

The baronet, unable to run, yielded himself unconditionally to the policeman, and was brought into the hall to be inspected by lamp-light. And the ladies having descended the stairs, a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Lady Scorpy tottered to the wall and shrieked an astounded "Sir *Hector* BENTHAM!" gradually raising her voice to a yell as she enunciated the name; and Lizzie, with a cry of "Uncle Hector!" rushed forward and tore him from the custody of the law; and, between crying and laughing, kissed him with frantic delight. This not being the sort of reception a burglar, taken red-handed, is expected to meet with, police constable Z 280 was considerably puzzled; and Mrs. Standring, until Lizzie released her uncle and introduced that surprised gentleman in due form, very naturally thought that all her guests had gone mad.

By the time Standring and Charlie (both very much blown) had returned, and Botletop (much bruised) had been picked up, all necessary explanations had been made, Welby ignominiously brought down from up-stairs and pardoned, and the policeman complimented on his prowess, and relegated to the nether regions of cold beef and unlimited beer; and Lizzie whispered in

Sir Hector's ear, almost with a tear of entreaty in her voice, "Uncle, dear, I want you to like Captain Brookes *very much indeed*." Uncle Hector, being in that state in which it is easy to like any one—and everything he had heard concerning Charlie from his brother soldiers having been particularly favourable, not forgetting the information that he was "devilish well off"—shook hands with him in a most cordial way; and, after a thousand apologies from the baronet to the Standrings for his share in the attack on their (unsuspected) abode, and very tender hand-squeezing to certain ladies from certain gallant warriors, the four belonging to the Eagle set out for their inn.

It was quite touching to see the way in which Charlie Brookes took care of the baronet; how he supported his lame side instead of the crutch, which he insisted on carrying, and listened to his slightest utterance as if it was a proverb of Solomon. The Cockatoo, having got an embryo black eye from the heel of Gorst's boot, was very wroth, and, by way of taking the edge off his indignation, had ordered the wretched Welby to depart for Hounslow early the next morning, and report himself under arrest; but Brookes! Brookes thought it the "best joke he had ever known, quite the right thing to do,"—"wished" (hypocrite!) "he had been of the party,"—and, finally, so exaggerated the merits of the escapade, that Sir Hector, who saw his object with amusement, had to take the other tack, and confess (what was the simple fact) that, carried away by the high spirits of the young folk at the inn, he had joined in a "lark" little becoming a man of his years; "but the truth is, my dear fellow," pleaded the baronet, "I lead a life I am very well contented with; but, at the same time, there is a sameness (what *you* would call a dulness) about it which, I suppose, allows what little spirit of devilry there is in a man to accumulate, till, on sudden temptation like the present, it breaks out; and, by Jove! to-night I could have bonneted a policeman or stolen a knocker myself!" When they arrived at the Eagle, Martin was found alone; the barber had come back with him, aroused his friend (who had snored peaceably throughout the evening on the hearth-rug), and together they had departed with the rum-bottle. Apparently he had taken the abstraction of his pole in good part—that is, he had said nothing, but looked (as Martin described it) *grim*. They did not know the barber, but the intelligent policeman *did*, and he had re-

marked, when he saw the pole, "Bill Vargrave 'll 'ave a settlin' with they gents yet, you bet; they ain't a-done with that barber, I tell ye." *Neither had they.*

Desborough and Gorst had bolted to the inn without knowing by whom they had been pursued, but were joined by Pym, who had from the other side of the street seen the state of the case. Thereupon they determined to go to bed before the Cockatoo returned.

It is hard to say whether the "Chasers" were proud of their colonel or not. He was a good officer and a very gallant man, had been promoted for service in the field, and had got more Indian sword-cuts and bullet-wounds in his tough old hide than would have finished half-a-dozen staff-college heroes; but his manners were more those of a moss-trooper than a modern hussar, and his language (particularly to the men) was not only dreadful but demoralizing; and the result was, that no ordinary duty in the "Chasers" could be carried on without a chorus of oaths from the regimental sergeant-major down to the last-joined recruit. But Bottletop's temper, though terrific, was short-lived; and though it was pretty certain that if he saw Gorst that night the latter would have small chance of attending any more races for some time to come, he had good hopes that by the morning the storm would have subsided.

Poor Sir Hector was very tired, and glad to retire to rest; but though there might be bed for him, rest there was none. Brookes, with characteristic persistency, was not going to let him sleep until he had extracted from him some sort of consent to his marriage with Lizzie; so the poor old man, with tired limbs and bewildered brain, was fain to listen to Brookes's story, from which, at least, it was plain that in a worldly point of view there was no inequality, and therefore nothing to be said against the match; and as Charlie sat on his bed like the old man of the sea, and didn't show any signs of leaving him to his slumbers, for peace' sake at last he was forced to say, that if he found Lizzie's heart set upon marrying into the "Chasers," he, as her guardian, would not take it upon himself to say "no." Whereupon Charlie blessed and almost embraced him, and, with his tallow candle in the last stage of gutteringness, went to his room in a state of blissful rejoicing.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE pale, yellow rays of the morning sun shone with vivid brightness in through

the uncurtained windows of the white-papered little bedrooms of the Eagle, wherein the "Chasers" and their friends slept the deep sleep of over-night debauch. Those same rays illuminated the angry population of Whittlebridge, gathered in small groups round the evidences of last night's frolic. There was a small crowd gazing solemnly at the tar-smirched physiognomy of the "Marquis of Granby;" another body were taking equal interest in the novel marking of the "Red Lion;" and a still larger party, consisting principally of enraged proprietors, surrounded the fountain opposite the town-hall, which was decorated with a choice collection of pots of geraniums, fuchsias, and other window-flowers. The sergeant of police was nearly torn in pieces by the sisters who kept the "Seminary for Young Ladies," by the surveyor who had lost his notice-board, the knockerless chemist, and the widow lady deprived of her bell-pull; but gradually (as the greater body attracts and absorbs others of smaller bulk) these points were deserted for a spot farther up the street towards the Eagle, where a mysterious symbol, high in air, projected from the top storey of a gabled house. The upturned countenances of the multitude at first expressed simple curiosity; but when a groom-looking man in the crowd shouted out *what* it was they were gazing at, a ripple of joy spread over the sea of faces, and, moved by one simultaneous impulse, a hoarse shout of gratified vengeance went up to heaven.

Meanwhile the inmates of the Eagle, unconscious of the popular excitement, were hastening through a late breakfast preparatory to starting for the course, when, with a hurried rap at the door, the dismayed countenance of one of the drag-grooms made its appearance, and requested to speak with Martin.

"What is it, Stubbs?" said he; "speak up, man — anything wrong with the horses?"

"No, sir, please, sir," replied Stubbs; "but, sir, they've got the — the — the *pole*, sir."

"*Pole*? damn it, what the blazes do you mean?" shouted the Cockatoo.

"Why, cornel," said Stubbs, half-grinning, "*the drag pole*; they must 'ave stole it out of the coach-house in the night, and its a-stickin' hout of the top of a 'ouse down the street."

"What house? Why don't you go and get it?"

"Well, sir, we've been, sir, along with the p'leece, and it's the barber's 'ouse

— and he's mad drunk and hauled up the ladder arter 'im, and says 'e'll cut any one's throat with a razor that tries to get at 'im."

"By the everlasting and eternal thunderbolts of Jove!" shouted the Cockatoo, jumping up and seizing his hat; "come along, my lads — we'll give this barber a lesson;" and strode out of the house and down the street, followed by all the party except the baronet and Brookes, who had not put in an appearance. But, alas! numbers will do much, and courage will dare anything; but inaccessibility and desperation are a match for both. The barber, concealing under a simulated helplessness a cunning design of dire vengeance for the rape of his professional emblem, had, after parting with Martin (and probably assisted by his friend), taken the pole of the "Chasers'" coach from the shed in which it was stowed, carried it up to the loft above his sleeping-room, which was reached through a trap-door by a movable ladder, and, pushing it through the round orifice by which the attic was lighted, had drawn up the ladder and determined to defend himself to the death.

Here was a dilemma! The crowd favoured the Cockatoo and his followers, as they dashed into the barber's abode, with three groans, repeated afterwards, at intervals, about three hundred times. It was easy enough to penetrate to the upper storey, but beyond that there was no ascending. They found the police sergeant and Stubbs expostulating with the besieged, whose crimson face and thick voice indicated (what was the fact) that he had spent the night in drinking till he was on the verge of delirium. When he approached the trap it could be seen that he held an open razor in one hand, and in the other something white — what this last was they were soon to see.

Bottletop, finding there was no scaling-ladder to be got, dragged the bed underneath the trap-door, and seizing a packing-case, which did duty for the barber's wardrobe, proceeded to hoist it on to the bed: at this moment the barber's arm appeared, and the white article fell exactly on the back of the Cockatoo's head. A scratch — a yell from Bottletop, who jumped off the bed; and the teeth of a large, hungry, unmuzzled ferret were firmly fixed in his muscular neck!

It was with difficulty that the ferocious *mustela* was choked off, and the attack renewed. Time after time the colonel and Martin, Desborough and Gorst, attempted to storm the barber's stronghold;

and time after time, sometimes white, sometimes red, and sometimes brindled, but always savage, the unerring ferret met the unprotected face. To draw yourself up through a hole in the ceiling protected by a maniac with a razor and an apparently inexhaustible supply of ferrets, is no such easy work; and the certainty of getting your face scratched and the probability of getting your throat cut, do not make it more attractive. Therefore, when the barber, suddenly ceasing his shower of ferrets, was heard to drag something heavy across the floor, and the long snout and curly lips of a very large badger appeared at the opening, Martin, who was eager to get away in time for the first race, suggested a parley. Silence being called, the policeman was instructed to ask the terms on which the pole would be given up.

"Bill," said the bobby, "the gentlemen have had their fun, and now they wants to be off. They don't mind standin' something handsome if you give up the pole."

"Damn 'em," said the barber, coming to the trap, "a-turning the 'ole town hup-side-down, and then a-comin' and messin' my 'ouse about. They shall 'ave their cussed thing when I gets the price of a new pole for my shop—that'll be a matter o' two pun' ten. Then there be my loss o' time and hinjury to trade—call that thutty bob; and a couple of gallons o' Jamaikey, to show there's no ill feeling, 'll come to a sov. Let's say a fiver, gents—and me up a fiver, and there's your thundering great stick whenever you likes."

The barber was triumphant. Shameful to record, the money was paid; the pole carried out through the jeering crowd, in whose eyes the barber was, for that day at least, the most popular man in the town; and with hang-dog air, poorly masked by a feeble attempt at swagger, the defeated assaulting party returned to the Eagle. There they found the baronet and Charlie Brookes, and with them Lizzie Bentham, who had come to go with her now-acknowledged lover on the "Chasers" drag. It was, perhaps, owing to her sweet, happy face, as she sat by Martin on the box, that the crowd gathered outside the Eagle forbore to do more than murmur under their breaths; but as the coach leaving the town turned round the corner of the bridge over the Whittle, a shrill cry came borne upon the breeze—"WHO STOLE THE BARBER'S POLE?"

For some distance deep silence reigned upon the drag. Charlie and Lizzie were too contented with the world in general to

care for much conversation, and the rest seemed oppressed by some gloomy thought. At last, as they commenced the steep ascent to the course, Martin turned round and spoke—

"Some one else may drive the coach back; I shall go to town by train, and never again will I set foot in that confounded place."

"Nor I," sprang simultaneously from the lips of Desborough, Gorst, and Pym.

"Then," said Charlie Brookes, "what's to happen? I must go back, for I dine with the Standrings; but I object to drive the empty drag."

"Some one must pay the Eagle's bill," said Bottletop (thinking of Lady Scorpy and her attractions); "so, if you fellows are determined to break up the party, let Martin drive the coach to Chichester, and send it off by rail. I'll go back with you, Brookes, in a fly, and Miss Bentham and Sir Hector can, of course, go home with Mrs. Standring."

Thus it came to pass that one of the most distinguished regiments in her Majesty's service was put to flight by the drunken barber of a little town *which isn't even mentioned in the map*.

That "Simple Billy" won "the stakes" that year, everybody knows; and everybody who was anywhere near the Standrings' carriage must have known that Lieutenant-Colonel Bottletop, C.B., paid very marked attentions to the widow of the late Sir Patrick Scorpy; for the one fact was as patent as the other, and this led to a consultation between the Devonshire baronet and the affianced couple. This again led to a conversation between Charlie and his colonel as they drove to Whittlebridge in their hired conveyance.

"You see," remarked the Cockatoo, in answer to some hints of his companion, "Lydia Scorpy is the sort of woman I've been looking for this thirty years; but, you know, I've only a few hundreds a-year besides pay, and that infernal old idiot who had 'first call' of her tied up his cussed money, so that she loses most of it if she marries again. To be sure, it will come to you, so it don't so much matter; but still, there's the rub."

"Well, I'll tell you what, colonel," rejoined Charlie; "I've been talking to Sir Hector about it, and also to Liz—Miss Bentham; and as we can afford to be generous—and it would be a pity to let such a fine woman go out of the regiment—I'll bet you eight hundred pounds a-year to nothing (for her life) that you don't marry the widow."

"Done along with you, Charlie Brookes!" said the Cockatoo, grasping his hand warmly; "it's a bet, and you're a *brick*!"

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
SPELLING.

IN the early numbers of this magazine—in Hogarth's biography, if the writer be not mistaken—some severe remarks were made touching the orthography of the conqueror at Ramillies and Oudenarde, nor indeed was that of his duchess allowed to escape uncensured. Very derogatory were these remarks to the brave warrior and his generous wife, but unfortunately also very true. It must not, however, be supposed that these sinners were sinners above all those of their own time, or before and after them, that they suffered such things from the able writer of that article. The tower of Siloam which fell on them might also have fallen on many more that once upon a time dwelt in merry England. In the reign of Henry V. good spelling and clean shirts were equally rare luxuries. Leicester, says Disraeli, spelt his own name in eight different methods, while the family appellation of Villers, in deeds and documents relating to the house, is spelt in at least a dozen. Mainwaring passed through one hundred and thirty-one orthographical permutations, and is even now, if spelling have aught to do with pronunciation, spelt incorrectly at last. The immortal bard himself, not to speak of what others did for him, changed his own mind some thirty times, according to Halliwell, as to the letters and the sequence of the letters composing his illustrious patronymic. Elizabeth wrote sovereign in as many ways as she knew languages—that is, seven. The young Pretender, following his own sweet will, and entirely free from any servile bondage to the letter, writes of his father as a certain Jems or Gems. In those palmy days, when every man was his own speller, when military examinations were not, little astonishment would have been raised by such arbitrary orthography as lately adorned the paper of a candidate for one of her Majesty's appointments in the line. That candidate spelt elegy *leg*, and ingeniously evolved *pashshinger* out of passenger. Much ingenuity, nay imagination, inspired another, who framed *Indian ears* out of engineers. But what are such trifling irregularities as

these to the caprice of—say, her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk? The Duchess of Norfolk was one of the most accomplished ladies of the sixteenth century, the friend of scholars, the patron of literature. She wrote to Cromwell, Earl of Essex thus:—"My ffary gode lord—her I sand you in tokyn hoff the neweyer a glasse hoff Setyl set in Sellfer gyld. I pra you tak hit An hy wer habel het showlde be bater," etc. The patron of literature has ingeniously contrived to spell *I* and *it* each in two different ways in as many lines. What this friend of scholars intended the earl to understand by *Setyl* is very obscure. There is a Scotch word something like it signifying "a disease affecting sheep in the side," but this the most accomplished lady can scarcely have meant. Nor was French spelling much better than English in the olden time. Royal letters of the last century are distinguished by such heterodox combinations as *J'avoient* and *j'étè*. Indeed good spelling seems to have formerly been considered a vulgarity, mere yeoman's service. "Base," might many a Louis have said, parodying the ancient Pistol—"base is the soul that spells." So in effect said Will Honeycomb, when some errors were detected in the letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. He never liked pedantry in spelling, and spelt like a gentleman and not like a scholar. So probably did all the ladies, the Picts, Idols, and Blanks of the society of his time. Sunday superfine spelling was left to servants and scholars and such low folk, or consigned by power of attorney to the compositor's care. The whole of the ancient world seems to have suffered from heresy and schism, and heterography was universal. Spelling-primers were not, or their occupation was gone. A dive into old books and papers, but especially papers, is a dive into a chaos as dark and full of confusion as that which, if Milton be believed, was disagreeable to the devil (which, says Johnson, were more properly written *divil*) himself.

The wide tract of literary common in which early writers generally expatiated was considerably closed in by the composing-stick. But even the press seems sometimes to have added errors rather than taken them away. Chaucer, as well as the poet of the "Ormolum," has left on record his solicitude about the correct spelling of his works, yet we find the same word printed in half-a-dozen different ways on the same page. Notoriously

too the printers adjusted their orthography only too often by no higher or more scientific consideration than the length of their lines. The Orientals are wont to lengthen a final letter, to avoid an unseemly hiatus at the end of a line, and our early printers were licentious enough to add or take away letters for the same purpose. Printed English literature became a garden of lopped and grafted growths; exogens and endogens flourished there in abundance. The printer's galley was a Procrustean bed for most of the unhappy words that were fated to fall therein. So in the New Testament translated by the talented Tyndale we have "it" — one poor little word tortured in seven ways — spelt *itt, yt, ytt, hit, hitt, hyt, and hytt*. This indeed, may be owing to the love of change in Tyndall himself; but it seems evident that in the edition of our Holy Bible, published in 1611, *hot* is also printed *whot, hote, ye yee, hadst haddest*, with a thousand similar variations, for no other reason than that which induced a compositor to set up master-piece as *Mr. Piece* — convenience of spacing. Poetry is found to be usually more correct, as there was less need for this device. The press played with words as the antiquated devices of poetic altars, eggs, wings, and axes, those combinations of caprice and industry, played with good sense.

The confusion of j and i in the edition of 1611, as *Iesus* for *Jesus*, and of *u* and *v* as *euery* (every) and *vnto* (unto), together with a capricious use of capitals, are not strictly variations of spelling, but they lend a weird appearance to the text.

The normal changes which English orthography has undergone, as opposed to these, resulting from the license of printers and the humour of private individuals, are not so many as might be well imagined. The conclusion of the Lord's Prayer appears in Alfred's Anglo-Saxon *Ac alyse us of yfle* in the twelfth century, *Ac alys fram yfele* in the fourteenth century, in Wyclif's version *But delyvere us from yvel*, and in the Authorized Version of 1600 as we now write it. The Bible has indeed been a great conservative power in the domain of English orthography.

Dictionaries restrained in their turn the vagaries of printers, and comparative order rose out of chaos. But even dictionaries, though they arrested, could not nor can retard evolution. Spelling changes continually, like life or a river. A living language never becomes petrified — *omnia mutantur*. Cotgrave's dictionary, which was published in 1650,

contains spellings now comparatively rare. *Abbesse, abhominable, abisme, abricot, accademie, accrew, accroch, accoast*, with many more, may be found in the first two pages, old coins more than once called in, melted down and reissued before they assumed their present form. It may perhaps be fairly said that about half the words spelt as Cotgrave spelt them a little over two centuries back, are now spelt differently, or altogether dropt out of our language, long dead and forgotten. More than half of his definition of "coquette" is for this reason unintelligible. But his words evidently convey reproach, and seem to proceed from the mouth of one who has suffered. A coquette, says Cotgrave, is a *fisking or flipperous minx, a cocket, a titisill, a flebergebit*.

Only a hundred years elapsed between Cotgrave and Johnson, but in these years how great a change! Johnson's dictionary is indeed, owing probably mainly to the printing-press, far nearer in its spelling to our present fashion than Cotgrave's spelling was to that of Johnson. Nearer still would it have been were it not for some of the doctor's eccentricities. Music, physic, were before Johnson's time spelt without a final k. The word was at first *musicke*, then *musick*, then *music*. Johnson objected to the apocope of the k — for that of the e, he seems to have little cared, though he affectionately preserved this letter in *malecontent* and *maleadministration* — and returned to the old form, though he ventured not to write *musickal* or *acatalectick*. "Sir," might the good doctor have said, addressing some stickler for *music*, "where shall we conclude? Shall we for the convenience of the idle and the expedition of the ignorant curtail our verbal inheritance of its prescribed proportions? Shall we humorously unsettle the orthography of our fathers, and teach our children to write, *Dic gave Jac a kic and a knoc on the bac with a thic stic?*" Custom, however, the ultimate arbitress of orthography, has disdained to take that one ewe lamb from the poor: she has left the k to these monosyllables though she has ruthlessly robbed their richer congeners.

It was the desire of this lexicographer to regulate confusion and disentangle perplexity. Therefore he presents us with *ambassadour* but sculptor, *anteriour* but posterior, *interiour* but exterior, *horroure* but stupor. These -ours and -ors are to the present day bones of contention. More will be said of them hereafter. At present it may be presumed that as all or most



of this class of words are derived from the Latin through the French, the same fashion of spelling should be adopted throughout, did not custom say us nay; and it would be better perhaps to write honour, but honorable, as entire but inquire. Dr. Johnson professed to expunge inconsistencies and absurdities, and so we have *moveable*, but immovable; *reconcilable*, *tameable*, *saleable*, lose the e in compounds; *chastely* but chastness, *blustrous* but boisterous, *aberuncate* but averruncate, *amasment* but embarrassment, *dissolvable* but indissolvable, *chilifactory* but chyle, *sackcloth* but haircloth, *hemistick* but distich, *parsnep* but turnip, *bias* but unbiass, *docil* but indocile, *miscal* but recall, *waterfal* but snowball, *dunghil* but molehill, *downhil* but uphill. Again, we have *lodgement*, in which, says Walker, rectitude of habit corrected the errors of criticism, — but judgment, and the reader who verifies this fact will probably wonder why in a work intended to delight him with facilities of immediate reference, j and i and u and v, whether initials, medials, or finals, are so curiously commingled. Dr. Johnson is followed by Walker in his spelling *skeptick*, though with a remonstrance of the latter — who, however, does not spell *skeleton* — against the conformation of spelling to a pronunciation contrary to analogy, as pregnant with the greatest evils that can befall a language. The learned doctor has in the same way preserved the old landmark, which at any time might guide the original proprietors in a resumption of their property, by writing “*skirrhus*,” a word by the way spelt by Bailey and Fenning somewhat eccentrically, and altogether incorrectly — *schirrhus*. The terminations -ize and -ise have caused much perplexity. Some tell us to use -ize where the word is derived from the Greek, or from another English word, but -ise where the word is not so derived, or with respect to us is primitive. Thus we shall write systematize, fertilize, but surprise, assise; size, prize, apprise, and many other words must then be regarded as the exceptions which abundantly prove every rule in English orthography. Webster simply says that -ize is most affected by American, -ise by English printers. Johnson’s rule, if he possessed any, must have been extremely subtle, since he gives us bastardize but dastardise. He is supported by Nares in his preference of such spellings as *affraid*, *agen*, *ake*, *anthymn*, *causey*, *cimeter*, *devest*, *gelly*, and *indeleble*.

Walker, who published his dictionary in

1791, gives us daub but *bedawb*, and proposes, though he does not introduce it into the body of his work, *judgement* on analogy of lodgement, *bluly* on the analogy of truly, *wholely* on the analogy of solely, and as, he says, there is no hope of restoring the double l to *talness*, etc., he would write *ilness*, etc., making the less numerous class follow the majority. But the contrary of this has, as we know, taken place. Analogy is the rock on which most of our lexicographers have incurred damage, but it is in English orthography what moral considerations are in law — nothing. Letters, says the author of “*Epea Pteroenta*,” like soldiers, are apt to fall off in a long march; they are seldom added on as in latchet, upholsterer, scent, whole, redoubt, vineyard, leather, tongue, launch, etc.; but lexicographers have cashiered several before they have manifested any symptoms of fatigue. This injustice has been perpetrated in *waterfal*, etc.; but Walker was unwilling to lose the u in *favor* and *honor*, those two servile attendants — as he was very angry with them he said this — on cards and notes of fashion. In his time, however, favour and honour were looked upon as *gauche* and rustic in the extreme, while *errour* and *authour* were decidedly antiquated, though quite correct in the days that were accustomed to see *sewet* and *skeleton*. Johnson’s capricious behaviour has been already alluded to, and he has been followed by Walker with a touching fidelity. Walker’s reverence for so great a man would not allow him to spell the final syllable of anterior and posterior alike. The tendency to drop the u is obvious, and will, if anything can be predicted in so unsettled a matter, at last prevail. Webster, who succeeded Walker, left it out in every case. In *neighbor* he has delivered a good old Saxon subject from French tyranny, but he looked a long way off when he wrote *Savior*, a word which, from its sacred associations, will probably long continue a solitary exception.

Webster went so far in dropping the final k, that he introduces us to *bishopric* and *hassoc*, a spelling which in this country would be regarded, if not as faulty, at least as a startling singularity. On the ground of etymology alone he enriched our tongue with *bridegroom*, *fether*, *melasses*, and some other words which, though highly applauded by German critics, and in his own opinion very desirable changes, met with rude treatment from the English public. Amongst some two thousand words, which according to him may be

spelt differently, we find *cosey*, *hookey*, *jutty*, and *leggin*. None of these fashions have as yet been duly appreciated or cordially received, and some dozen years after the publication of his first dictionary, Webster ceased in his endeavours to sweep out, like Mrs. Partington, the Atlantic with a broom, and *insted* of the *pretense* of his *exquisit doctrin*, restored to us most of our old words, the fair humanities of present orthography, the intelligible forms of our modern poets.

The English atmosphere proving congenial to the strange exotics he ventured to acclimatize, Webster departed without being desired, and Worcester reigned in his stead. This gentleman, who, dreading the improprieties and absurdities which it is the duty of a lexicographer to correct or proscribe, has introduced us to such expressions as *unperiwigged*, *skrimpy*, *scrimption*, *kittlebusy*, *shopocracy*, *unleisuredness*, *weism*, *unwormwooded*, *wegotism*, *solivagous*, did little more besides than clip the orthographical wings of Webster when they soared a little too far off for the public eye. In the mean time, this enlightened public, consulting the various lexicographers in their very various emergencies, and meeting with very various information, concludes that nothing can be dearer to dictionary-writers than contradiction, and that the whole body is animated by the father of perversity and lies. Mr. Jones is justly indignant when he is informed, on no small authority, that Dr. Johnson has nearly fixed the external form of our language, and that his dictionary may be regarded as an authoritative standard for all time to come. Comparing this with the uphill and the downhill, the bastardize and dastardise, the *agen*, *gelly* and *affraid*, the worthy Jones concludes that he is going out of his mind, or that these and the like matters are some of those mysteries which heaven would not willingly have earth to know. "Why," ejaculates Jones, "should one dictionary spell program, another *programme*, but never a one of them *epigramme* or *telegramme*? Why should we write organise but civilize, chlorine but tannin, biped but centipede? Which is right, saddler or sadler, fattener or fatner? And to return to Johnson, why should he insist on spelling coddle with one d, and thus destroy the distinction between a fish and a boiling apple?" How is it that, if Johnson may be trusted, Bacon spelt *wezil*, Dryden *weazon*, Shakespeare *wezand*, Spenser *weasand*, and Dr. Johnson himself *wesand*, and how is Mr. Jones to spell it? Why is uniformity

sacrificed to custom in convey and inveigh, deceit and receipt? Which of the four is the right way to spell the legal term for calling on men to serve as a jury? And so Mr. Jones ends, like the devils, in trembling, though he cannot, like them, believe.

Seldom have there been wanting ingenious speculators in language, who endeavoured to crystallize that which must ever remain in solution, to make constant quantities which must always be variable. The dust of centuries has kindly concealed the efforts of Probus and Priscian, of Caper and Manutius. What learned arguments supported *sollicito* and *solicito*, *stylus* and *stilus*! How many tongues wagged and pens quivered ere we agreed — if indeed we have yet agreed — to write *adscisco*, not *ascisco*; *adolescens*, not *adulescens*; *Africa*, not *Aphrica*; *alitus*, not *altus*: for which last the Latin student, it may be, is seldom grateful to Diomedé; *allium*, not *alleum*; *Apollo*, not *Appolo*, all for sound reasons which the reader will no doubt willingly excuse? In France, Joubert in 1570 was for writing *tems*, *uvres*, like D'Alembert wrote *home*, on that principle — old like love, and yet ever new — of accommodating spelling to pronunciation, and which would, were it adopted in French, leave no distinction to the eye, as already there is none to the ear, between poise, peas, and pitch. The change attributed to Voltaire of *avait*, *était*, from *avoit*, *étoit*, has indeed prevailed. How energetic were the endeavours of Ménage, that stupendous etymologist, who penetrated into the derivation of *laquais*! It is, said he, derived from *verna* thus: *verna*, *vernacula*, *vernaculaio*, then cut the word in two, cast away *verna* as of no consequence, and you have *culaco*, *lucaio*, *laquais*! Can anything be more simple, more obvious, more convincing? In England how many spelling-reformers, how many architects of uncouth words, have done their best to deserve well of their country by ruining its language forever! Most or all aimed at uniformity, and, by the introduction of new signs, a virtually phonetic system. The result of their endeavours may be briefly shown by that indigenous monster a pronouncing dictionary, or a *prurnounshing dikshon-airi*, or a *pronounshing dikshunare*, which would transform our tongue, the tongue of Shakespeare, etc., around which cluster so many hallowed associations, etc., into the dialect of some tribe of North-American Indians. There are who, in their desire of shortness and facility, would have uproot-

ed Saxon, Greek, and Latin landmarks alike, while others less unreasonable were for retrenching only those letters which were of no etymological or other apparent service, for example, the *a* in *accroach*, which, as has been seen, *Cotgrave* spelt, with every argument on his side, *accroch*. But all who endeavour to accommodate orthography to pronunciation have indeed forgotten that this is, as Dr. Johnson says, to measure by a shadow, by a model which is changing even while it is applied. Such men would imitate that which varies in every place and at every time, would seek to fix the colour of the chameleon — town and country, city and court, would each exhibit a distinct spelling-book. Had such an attempt prevailed in the last century, Rome would have been now *Roon*, broil, joint and poison, *brile*, *jint* and *pison*; fault would have become *fort* or *fought*; all fashionable folk would have written obliged *obleeged*, great *greet*, key *kay*, and tea *tay*, with dozens of other differences.

Chief amongst these literary pioneers, melancholy scarecrows to reforming innovators, is the learned Cheke. This gentleman should have published a vocabulary for his re-translation of Matthew, which is quite unintelligible without such assistance. Sir Thomas Smith, secretary of state to Elizabeth, by such spellings as *kiks*, *kap*, *kis*, brought a grateful pupil to acknowledge — in Latin — that his master had introduced him into another and a better world, where all things were new and true alike. He adds that he must have passed all his antecedent existence in some Platonic cave, where shadows did duty for substance, and concludes his compliment by beseeching the said Smith to continue his instruction, and so extricate him from that *limbo patrum* or purgatory in which he is at present involved. Bullokar, who was considerate enough to have regard for the feelings of posterity, a rare virtue among his class, kindly introduced but few symbols among his fables which he published in London towards the close of the sixteenth century. Therefore, a specimen may be given in which some wandering stars of night, in the shape of accents, have been, it is trusted, discreetly omitted. *The hous cok found a precios ston, whylst he turned the dunghil : saying, what ! doo I find a thing so briht ?* But still the heart did need a language, and a certain Dr. Jones stepped forward. This excellent scholar proposed with God's help to sweeten our tongue by writing *dixnary* for dictionary, with other

like amendments which would from the beginning prevent all those ill habits of sounding amiss, which create such insufferable trouble to remedy them afterwards. To prevent this trouble, following the fashionable pronunciation of his time, he wrote *poticary*, *obstropulous*, *sparrow-grass*, *chaw*, *lorum*, and *cubberd*, thus annihilating the etymological diagnosis of the original words as completely as that of sciatica, palsy, dropsy and proxy. Though the *gh* in plough and slaughter, and the *h* in white and what, are as much neglected as the monuments of our fathers in a churchyard, still they are monuments, and should not be lightly destroyed. In these matters the head followed the tail sufficiently already without the leading of the learned Jones. He, after scattering a few other suggestions such as *hevvy*, *pleshure*, *côte*, *tüchy*, *sqware*, *blô*, *wel*, *dauter* and *coff*, retired from the stage, thinking these improvements enough for the present, and encouraged by a panegyric from a friend which represents him as the tamer of a wild orthography, and the suggester of a clew to follow her into her most confused labyrinths. So Dr. Jones died, with the proud consciousness of leaving this world when he was summoned out of it, as one who had not lived in vain; and Bishop Wilkins, though with but faint hopes of seeing his practice generally prevail, succeeding him, wrote the Lord's prayer thus : *Yâr Fâdher hûitsh art in héven, halloëd be dhyi nám, dhyi cingdym*, etc.

Such orthography would indeed have made our language "that precious deposit" which we wot of. Such surely was the English which Charles V. preferred for conversation with his horse. But none of these rackers of orthography, as Holofernes calls them, came at all near to Mr. A. J. Ellis. The words of this gentleman were assuredly like those of Claudio in "Much Ado about Nothing," a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. Noting very justly, as so many had equally justly noted before him, that the darkest ciphers and most abstruse hieroglyphics are not better calculated to conceal the sentiments of those using them than our customary orthography to conceal true pronunciation, remembering the words of Murray, that the orthography of the English language is attended with much uncertainty and perplexity, but forgetful of the fate of those, his predecessors, and how impatient the ungrateful British public is of any change for the better, and that its ears are, to adopt the language of Demosthenes, orthographically

diseased past cure, this gentleman rendered his name remarkable by the production of what he was pleased to describe as the *Fonetik Nuz*. His alphabet contained some twoscore characters, each with one and only one sound. It was modelled on that of Lipsius, containing two hundred and eighty-six characters. Each sound was supposed in Ellis's system, which, it is said, had been before offered to Webster by Dr. Franklin, to have its equivalent sign, each sign its equivalent and single sound. By this phonetic alphabet—relatively phonetic, for speaking generally all alphabets are phonetic which are not ideographic or pictorial—the writing of such diverse conceptions as “I saw the man whet the knife,” and “I saw the man who ate the knife,” would be identical; so of such single words, as reign, rein, rain. To Ellis, ewe, whose vulgar pronunciation generally prevails, and aye, the respective sounds of which words are not produced by any of their letters separately or in combination, must have been a terrible eyesore. Nor could he have been well content with the economical use of a in father, fall, fatal. Whether he had his revenge in writing *yowzitch* for usage, in which no single letter of the original word remains, or whether this be a tale of a man delighting in his own conceits more than in the truth, it is certain that, esteeming the spelling of his day an absurd conventionality, he produced an orthography of his own as little connected with it as a treatise on the digamma with the sources of the Nile. What would a French Ellis have made out of his mayor, his mother, and his sea? his green, his glass, and his worms?—what of such a sentence as this: “*Cinq cent sincères et simples capucins ceints de leurs saints coussins scindaient dans leurs seins, leurs seings et leurs cymbales qui donnaient une symphonie synchronique?*” or of that cacophony of the French officer, who, wishing a rope placed across the street to keep back the crowd eager to bask in the sunshine of the royal eyes, cried repeatedly, “*Qu'attend-on donc tant? que ne la tend-on donc tôt?*” What, if Ellis's system were adopted, would become of the nobility (orthographic) of the celebrated families of the Smijth and the Ffrench? Written in the heterotypic character, what would remain but the ignoble Smith and French?

Owing to certain hideous and mystic symbols with which this system was interlarded, a specimen of it cannot be here reproduced; the types of that new tongue

which was pleasantly called by its promoters a rational object of the greatest importance to all members of the community, have long ago been melted down into serviceable capitals and italics, pica and nonpareil. The conflagration of ignorance was not extinguished by the waters of phoneticism. That boon from heaven, that inestimable blessing was not made common, but reserved only for a chosen few, who, it may be, still practise it in congenial privacy. No unseen path ever opened among the hills, and Mr. Isaac Pitman, the coadjutor of Ellis, laid down his own life on the altar of phonetic truth in vain. Alas! whether it was that the country was not yet prepared to receive so exquisite a present, or that the subscriptions lagged a little, it was announced in the infancy of a journal devoted to its interests, that, in obedience to the strict injunctions of his physician, the editor regretted to inform his readers that he was obliged to intermit the publication of his journal till perhaps the close of the year. There is no list of subscriptions in this number, and the journal never appeared again. Somewhere in the limbo of the moon may be found that forthcoming number among good intentions unsuccessful on this earth. Lecturers in its interest despised, it is to be hoped, gold and silver, for many received nothing but a Prayer-Book, roan gilt, in phonetic spelling, and the reward of their own conscience. *Peas*, as *Punch* said somewhat cruelly, *peas 2 iz hashes!*

Such was the end of the modest proposal to the English nation to deface its orthographical escutcheon, to place the wise at the feet of the ignorant, and to make all its old learning comparatively useless. Its authors forgot, as their predecessors had forgotten, that words had become conventional signs, Chinese characters, less musical utterances than algebraical symbols, and that no educated person goes through the form of spelling when he reads. Such “silly affectation and unpardonable presumption,” as it has been, perhaps, not too harshly called, was not that reform which Mr. Max Müller hopes for in our “unhistorical, unsystematic, unintelligible, unteachable, but by no means unamendable spelling.”

Although we have *dore* for door in a line of Gower, quoted by Ben Jonson in his grammar, the changes which have taken place in spelling have happily seldom been made on any phonetic system. Prove and move are still written thus, though retaining the sound of the French

words from which they came. They have mostly arisen from considerations of etymology, from caprice, from desire of distinction, from affectation or from that lazy love of uniformity, to which we owe our modernized ancient authors. Though Bacon and Shakespeare, not to mention Gower and Chaucer, would be caviare to the general in their proper clothing, it is difficult to say that this change of ancient orthography does more good than harm.

The printers, as has been seen, have also contributed their share to orthographical alterations, and the desire of familiarizing the unknown has not been without effect. No lapse of years can conquer the tendency to phonetic endeavour. A simplification of the system of Ellis translated a passage of Shakespeare thus:—

¿ Hwot ! ¿ iz de dje mor precezs dan de lark  
bikwz hiz federz ar mor biutiful ;  
or ¿ iz de ader beter dan de il,  
bikwz hiz pented skin kontentz de ei.

What would become of our glorious and inestimable privilege of speaking that tongue which Shakespeare or Shakspeare or Shakspeare, or, etc. spoke, if this sort of thing were to be allowed?

The least objectionable plan was that of Mr. Bell, who, to show sound without destroying orthography, and teach the former while the eye was still accustomed to the latter, wrote *debt*, *plough*, etc. How he could have expressed cough is not clear. So this best-laid scheme, like the rest, went agley, and Mr. Bell has remained, like Diogenes in Raphael's picture of philosophy, alone.

In our own time, Dr. Brewer, who has rendered himself so justly dear to the rising generation by his collection of such inquiries as "Why do we poke the fire?" and "What blackens the saucepans?" is perhaps the heresiarch of schismatic orthographers. In sober seriousness he suggests the following reforms—*thiefs*, *calfs*, *loafs*, *wifes*, *negros*, *danse*, *flowerist*, *entranse*, *innocense*, *excede*, *changable*, with very many more than a whole page of this magazine could contain in pearl types. It is but justice to say that he has supported all these eccentricities with which he would enrich the queen's English and earn the heartfelt gratitude of every school-girl with very able arguments. He expects to be condemned heartily, *odium orthographicum* being only second, as might be expected, to *odium theologicum*, but follows the example of Demosthenes or Themistocles, or whoever it was that

faced the many-headed beast with the words, "Strike but hear!"

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary proceedings after that of Ritson, who wrote *flys*, *i*, *il*, *wel*, and *horsëes*, was that of Pinkerton, who may be surnamed the consonant-hater. He, thinking English was defective in music, owing to the infrequency of vowel endings, on comparing it with the Greek, set about briskly to some reformation. All plurals *s*'s he turned at once into *a*'s, an Icelandic plural, and thus consonant to the genius of our tongue, so dogs became *doga*. Next the radical *s*, an innocent letter which he seems to have regarded with inveterate hatred, was where possible converted into *z*, as *azz*; thus he substituted the melodious buzz of the bee for the harsh hissing of the serpent. O, a fine and rare close, was introduced to impart sublimity to the period, thus *cato* for cat. He, quoth Pinkerton, who would hesitate to write *tric* or *coc* need never attend a concert or look at a picture. The general effect of this permutation its proposer himself allowed might be at first astonishing, but maintained that in half a century it would become not only familiar but elegant. "Luckilizzime," observed a witty fellow who had liberally caricatured the system, "this propozalio of the abzur-dizzimo Pinkertonio was noto adoptado by anybodyino whateverano!" Then the ingenious author angrily observed that all things in nature might be ridiculed by the feeble faculties of sciolists employed on unusual objects, and quoted Montesquieu, who is ungallant enough to say that women are the supreme judges of the absurd, owing to the general imbecility of their understandings. He might have earned the praise of posterity, had he not in all innocence printed the "Vision of Mirza" in his own tongue. It survives him bound up in his book, a sempiternal scarecrow!

It will probably by this time be apparent to the ingenuous reader that "not to know how to spell" is not so great a disgrace as it is usually supposed to be. Let him try any of his most learned friends with Massachusetts, Mississippi, or Pennsylvania—with the sounds expressed by those excellent masquerades, yacht and phthisis—with liquefy and rarify—and he will find with sorrow or with satisfaction that humanity is imperfect. Monographic riddles are inherent in the nature of our language, and men do not conceive of its difficulties as they ought. They enter the portals of spelling, that labyrinth of infinite complexities, with insufficient reverence. As Archbishop Laud is reported to

have gracefully observed in the Star Chamber, alluding to the careless behaviour of Christians in church, "They enter it as a tinker and his bitch the alehouse." Caco-graphy is like the seven deadly sins; men commit both every day without being aware of it. Universal disfranchisement would be the result of making good spelling the qualification of a voter. Orthography is the least satisfactory point of English grammar, with the exception perhaps of orthoepy. In no part of it are there more anomalies. This indeed might be expected in an irregular and fortuitous agglutination of two irregularities, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman French. Our language is a Joseph's coat of many colours, a wall in which many different stones are bound together. Our alphabet is notoriously redundant in k and x, and defective in sounds of sh, ng, etc. The number of different combinations of letters producing one sound is only to be compared with that of the different sounds arising from the same combination of letters. The indefatigable Ellis is said to have discovered six thousand different ways of spelling scissors, *e.g.*, *schizzers*, *scissaughs*, *cizers*, and so forth. For this wide field of possibility of error, this appendix to the curse of Babel, candidates for the civil and military service, those youthful and unskilled labourers in the vineyard of English philology, are no doubt devoutly thankful. And what shall be said of the unfortunate foreigner who dares attempt our tongue, and finds on the threshold that we speak what we do not write, and write what we do not speak? How will he conquer those ugly-headed monsters, though, tough, etc., which conceal like devilish and complex masks the innocent and simple *tho* and *tuff*, etc.? We have heard of a Spaniard who received, for his first lesson in English spelling and pronunciation, the mnemonic lines —

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough  
me through,  
O'er life's dark lough I still my way pursue.

He, feeling his native pride wounded, and his natural love of congruity outraged by such an assemblage of contradictions, quitted his master in disgust, and pursued his way no farther into the penetralia of our language. The trusting confidence of our children is well shown by their not accusing us of the basest fraud when we introduce them to these and the like peculiarities of our speech.

Many celebrated persons, without entering into an orthographical crusade and

revolutionizing the English spelling, — like James Elphinstone, a man of considerable learning, who commenced a treatise on that subject thus: "*To dhoze hoo pazes dhe large work, a succinct vew of Inglish orthoggaphy may be az plezing, az to odders indispensabel*," — have nevertheless in a quiet way entered their protest against the fashion of their time. Milton wrote *souvan*, for instance, *therefor*, *highth*, in which last he was followed by Landor, who also wrote *Aristotles* on analogy of Empedocles, which is rarely except in a young ladies' finishing school, pronounced Empedocle, though he hesitated to write *Brute* or *Lucrece* on the analogy of Terence, nor on the analogy of Pliny did he venture to speak of Marius by that name for which Byron confesses his preferential passion. Tennyson has adopted *plow*. The timid Cowper was bold enough to write *Greecian* in his translation of Homer, after the fashion of Greece. Lardner wrote *clandestin*, *famin* (in words of this kind the final e seems not only useless but injurious), *persue*, *sais*, *praface*. A sample of Mitford's peculiarities is *iland*, *endevor*. He considered the s in the former word, what indeed it is, a graft of ignorance. Hare, lately followed by Furnival, held it so much of a baseness to spell fashionably, that he roundly abused such pot-bellied words as spelled for *spelt* in the preterites of weak verbs, and gave us *preacht*, etc., with such genitive plurals as *geniuses*, and threw into the bargain *invey* and *atchieve*. He also maintained that mute e should be expunged when not softening a preceding consonant, or lengthening a preceding vowel. Byron, finding it impossible to determine but from the context whether "read" be past or present, wrote *redde*, though he might have written *red* like led, there being little fear of its being confounded with the colour. Thirlwall inveighed against our established system, if the result of custom and accident may be called system, as a mass of anomalies, the growth of ignorance and chance, equally repugnant to good taste and common sense. But notwithstanding the good bishop's tirades, the British public never will be slaves, even to an Academy. They cling to their old spelling with an impulsion proportioned to its inconvenience, and are as jealous of any encroachment on their prescriptive domain as of a trespass on their right in the public parks. We know what would become of English loyalty if her most gracious Majesty were to take it into her royal head to close St.



James's. Tyrwhitt, aware of this, contented himself with but few varieties, such as *rime*, a spelling which derivation, analogy, and ancient use alike support, and *coud*, which being obviously derived from *can* adds in its present state to the unnecessary anomalies in our language. The obtaining orthography arose out of uniformity probably with would from will and should from shall, and even in these words the *l* has unfortunately long ceased to be pronounced. With regard to *rime*, it were perhaps better written *ryme* to distinguish it from hoarfrost. The Elizabethan impurity of the *h* has been traced to Daniel. It is never found in Milton or Shakespeare. It arose most likely from the notion that the word was connected with rhythm. The learned Trench in his "English Past and Present," 1868, curiously enough discards *y* in *ryme* as a modern misspelling.

The unsettled nature of our language has made its variations much more remarkable than those in other countries. Petrarch is still understood fairly by the modern Italian, but the modern Englishman can bring up little from the well of English undefiled without a glossarial bucket. Lest he should fall into the same evil plight with Spenser, Swift was sanguine enough to propose a scheme to the Earl of Oxford for curbing any further variations in orthography; but that, as we have seen, was a work beyond the king and his ministers. The son of the Prince of Wales may not now "chaste" his schoolmaster as Robert the Devil effectually "chasted" his with a long dagger, when the unlucky pedant suggested that the spelling of Robert was exceptional; and in that case we have no ground to suppose that the "Devil's" spelling ultimately prevailed. Cæsar was a greater than he, and yet could not introduce a word; Claudian also, and yet could not introduce a letter. Kings and scholars must alike succumb to the tyranny of custom, and of that tyrant women chiefly are the executive and the body-guard. Their love of variety has probably produced as many new spellings as their love of eloquence has begotten new words. What are the dry rules of etymology to them when the usual spelling offends the delicacy of their ear? We have heard of a lady at a spelling-bee — at present a silly, and so very popular entertainment — a pretty young lady, who spelt myrrh thus, *murr*. What could be more simple, more novel, more ingenious? At least three-fourths of the male portion of the audience went away

with the secret conviction that, although the dry little old gentleman who presided as referee, and a big dictionary to boot, were adverse to the candidate, the pretty young lady had a great deal which might be said on her side, and that if the word was not by some prejudiced people spelt as she had elected to spell it, it ought decidedly in future to be spelt so. The graceful appearance of our written language is indeed mainly owing to our women. These are at the head of what Chesterfield called the polite as opposed to the pedantic orthography. In the former they rule supreme. Learning here is rather disadvantageous than otherwise; it curbs the freedom of their imagination. "*Sit non doctissima conjux*," says Martial — who might have rested well content in our island home. Who but a woman first dared to spell cap-à-pie *apple-pie*, or farsed-meat *forced-meat*? Would any man have enriched her favourite ornament with four changes of costume, as *riband*, *ribon*, *ribbon*, *ribband*? Who but one of these eminent rebels first wrote *exiccate*, or introduced that arbitrary but interesting diversity between *laggard* and *braggart*? To whom are we indebted for the perihelion of those capricious stars, *kicksey-wicksey*, *welsh-rabbit*, *cuddle*, *poppet*, *higgledy-piggle*, and *tootsicums*, or the aphelion of *foupe*, *conjobble*, *warhable*, *smegmatick*, *screable*, *ablaqueation*, *moble*, *hamble*, *drumble*, *nubble*, which it may well be Johnson was barbarous enough to forge himself, in jealous rivalry, in order to spite the sex; but his efforts were, as they deserved to be, quite unavailing? No one, however, of mortals is happy on all sides. Our fair reformers have sometimes suffered inconvenience from their auricular orthography. Instances have been quoted of a lady writing to a gentleman to inquire after his health in such bold eccentricity of spelling as excited suspicion of an assignation in the breast of that gentleman's wife; of another who exercised her right and privileges so capriciously in the composition of a domestic receipt that a whole family were nearly poisoned by partaking of the ingredients of what was entitled a new *souph*, but which in ordinary orthography would have been a new *soap*.

*Soyez de votre siècle*, is a motto which women seldom forget in fashion; it is one which neither men nor women should ever forget in spelling. We must not be the first, as Pope says in his "Essay on Criticism," to try the new words nor yet the last to lay aside the old. But after all it

will not be among the least of the blessings of heaven, that spelling probably will not there be necessary.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
FOR PITY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IT was not more than natural that Jane Francis, being what she was, should be quick to recognize with something of satisfaction the possibility of a friend. The desire of her life for years past had been for a friend who should be older and wiser and more cultured than herself, above her in every way. If he, or she, were also good, not only in a moral, but in a spiritual sense, so much the better.

It was not wonderful, then, that a man coming so near to her standard as the rector did should be a welcome visitor in the room over the druggist's shop; and the more frequent his visits became, the more keenly Jane learnt to appreciate them. Life was no more so lonely and *triste* as it had been. The days when he came had a warmth and colour of their own. It seemed to her that her mind and brain had lain partially dormant before. Even her troubles grew lighter. She thought they might grow lighter still if she could tell them to him; but she could not do that, at any rate, not yet awhile. Meantime his coming and going were the grand events of her lonely unwitnessed life.

And this being so, how should he not discover it? As I have said before, he was a man of quick perception; and his perceptions in all things concerning Jane Francis were rapidly and strangely intensified. He noted things that he hardly dared to understand—things that moved him at one time to thrills of ineffable pleasure, at another to pangs of strife and pain and self-reproach. Not the slightest change in her escaped him. Her more frequent smile, her softer and less abrupt mode of speech, the look of appealing confidence that he saw occasionally in her eyes—all these things added to the struggle that was going on within him.

On one point only he failed to influence her as he could have wished; she would not consent to undertake any definite work amongst the poor. "Not at present," she said gravely. She did not give

her reason; but her eyes drooped as she spoke, and as she turned away her face there was an expression of pain on it. The rector was silenced and saddened for the moment. Surely there could have been no mystery in her life? He put away the thought as an insult to her; and made reparation by remembering things that had come to his knowledge unsuspected by her. If she would not undertake definite work, he knew for certain that she was working indefinitely, and working in the bravest way. Her medical and sanitary knowledge, which was considerable, had done good service among the sickly inhabitants of Quant's Yard; he had heard her advice and opinions quoted not seldom of late, and that she had watched all night by the sick and the dying he had learnt with something of surprise. Jane never alluded in any way to these facts, but the rector pondered over them not a little. Doubtless certain changes in her were owing to his influence. Was it unnatural under the circumstances that he should, consciously or unconsciously, take credit for them all? or if he took it in a way that was something more than flattering?

But his visits were not all on Jane's account. He spent quite as much time in Nathan Dale's workroom as he spent in the room over the shop. And Nathan had learnt to look forward to his coming with a pleasure not altogether unlike that of his niece. It was not now only a sympathetic and cultivated listener who came; the rector ventured to talk as well as to listen, and none but himself knew with what unlooked-for response.

The spring was verging into summer now, the rector was at home in his parish, and had overcome the chief difficulties connected with its working. He still worked hard himself—hard and conscientiously. His old love of humanity had received a little special emphasis, but this did not interfere with its general scope.

A coincidence happened to him on one of these summer days, one of those curious little accords between the outer and the inner life that occur so often. He was coming up from Turner's Garth, leaving fever and wretchedness and wickedness behind him, and hastening out to the sunshine and freer air of Whingate. He had just heard, somewhat to his distress, that Jane Francis had been in Turner's Garth all night. It was not right, not safe, not prudent. Did her uncle know? he wondered. Should he call? What a curious thing it was that he

had never yet met her either in the street, or in any house save her own home!

A minute later, and Jane Francis was passing the short-sighted rector with a slight bow. It was not too late. He stopped, told her what he had heard, and besought her to be careful. He turned to accompany her a little way, but he could not say all he wanted to say in the street. He would call on the morrow. Jane glanced up with visible gratification, which the rector perceived with a warm thrill, and an unusually bright smile; neither for a moment dreaming that this mute responsiveness was being noticed and instantly comprehended by Mrs. Rushbrooke. Jane had seen the little woman approaching with her two overpowering daughters; the rector did not, as usual, see them until they were quite close. He stopped, exclaimed with surprise, and Jane was gliding away with another bow, when she perceived that the rector was introducing somebody in his pleasant manner. It was her own name that she heard, and one Miss Rushbrooke was bowing to her distantly, and one was glancing sideways, and Mrs. Rushbrooke was frowning disapprovingly. They had seen the quaint little figure at church, and Mrs. Rushbrooke had learnt something from Hallett, her maid, of Miss Francis, and the rector's visits to the druggist's shop; but she had never dreamt that this little creature with the shabby jacket, and staring eyes, and great white forehead, was Miss Francis. The Miss Rushbrookes stood silent as usual, Mrs. Rushbrooke talked to her brother, Jane stood for one uncomfortable surprised minute by Mr. Harcourt's side, and then, with a dignified "good morning," that met with barely perceptible response, except from him, she turned away. I believe that the strongest feeling of all in her heart was astonishment. She had seen these people, the rector's sister and nieces, before; and liking him so much, she had, naturally enough, invested them with likable qualities. The disappointment haunted her all day; and it seemed to her that she was more sorry for their sakes than for her own.

And Mr. Harcourt was sorry too, but sorry only for Jane. With his sister and nieces he was indignant; and it was not in him to keep such indignation quite to himself. Yet it was difficult for him to express exactly what he felt, indeed it was difficult for him to introduce the subject at all. He had never mentioned Jane's name to any one. Once or twice when

his heart and brain had seemed suffused, as it were, with her presence, when her eloquent eyes and face had troubled him, and her voice had lingered sympathetically on his ear, more than once at such times he had yearned almost painfully to speak of her to some one; but there had been no one near him to whom he could so speak, even indifferently, without a sense of betraying both himself and Jane. He had never tried to account for this reticence, nor for the reverent, tender dislike he had to hearing even her name spoken by the ruder lips of others; but it seemed to him that this dislike was stronger than ever when Mrs. Rushbrooke asked abruptly, and not without effort —

"Where on earth did you pick up that odd-looking little creature you were talking to to-day, Wilmot?"

"I suppose you mean Miss Francis?" he replied quietly.

"Yes, I think you said that was her name. Whatever made you dream of introducing her?"

"I rather wanted you to know her. It did not occur to me that she would have anything to fear, either from your rudeness or that of your daughters," said the rector, speaking a great deal more sententiously than was his wont. Then he paused awhile, and added with emphasis, "And I may as well explain to you, that in future I shall consider any discourtesy shown to her as intended equally for myself."

Mrs. Rushbrooke moved in her chair uneasily. This was even worse than she had feared. But she was not wanting.

"Rudeness!" she exclaimed, with a kind of odd animated asperity. "I don't know what you mean by rudeness in this instance. You didn't expect *me* to make a familiar friend of her on the spot, I *hope*. But it strikes me it would take a good deal of what you call rudeness, or something like it, to keep so much self-assurance as that in its place."

"Miss Francis is self-assured," the rector replied. "It is a trait of her character that I admire immensely."

"Oh, indeed! I should say you stand alone in your admiration."

"Perhaps. I am not afraid of standing alone — in that or in anything else."

"You don't really mean to say that you admire self-assurance in a woman?" asked Elinor languidly from the sofa.

"Yes, I do. A character wanting that usually wants some other very important elements. I don't mean to say that I admire an exaggerated form of it, nor when

it leads to display, nor to flippancy, nor to any other undesirable thing. But I must own I think it a most pitiable thing to see women, or men either, wanting self-confidence enough to carry them painlessly through the most ordinary duties of life."

Jane Francis was gradually lost sight of in the conversation, much to the rector's satisfaction. Yet he was a little unhappy that night and restless. This difficulty was not as other difficulties, something to be met with a little laughter and a good deal of resolution. It involved others, and others who did not look at things from the same point of view as he did. He had been a long time making up his mind—it was not yet made up—but he knew that when once he had decided, no human consideration would turn him from his decision. And this latter fact his sister knew likewise, and the knowledge did not tend to her peace of mind.

#### CHAPTER V.

ON the afternoon of the following day Jane was in her own room, a room mean and shabby like the rest of the house, carpetless and curtainless. And it was not even tidy—tidiness was all but impossible, seeing that it was crowded with books from the one end to the other, and that there were no book-shelves. Books were piled on the floor on either side of the bed, books were piled on the chairs and on the drawers, the drawers were for the most part filled with books, and a large old-fashioned dining-table that stood by the window, where the dressing-table should have been, was filled with books, pamphlets, and magazines of all descriptions. There was no method in Jane's mania for books. The literature of every age was represented in some form or other. And all manner of subjects, all shades of opinion claimed her attention by turn. Presently there was a knock at the door. "The rector," she said to herself, with a smile of pleasure, laying down her book and hastening to admit him.

As I have said, Jane had no colour in her face, but her lips were tinged quite brilliantly. I hardly know what made them white on the sudden as she opened the door, whether it was disappointment, or annoyance, or a foolish indefinable fear. It was not the rector, who stood on the rickety wooden gallery, but three fine ladies, in sweeping silks and soft lace, and with brilliant colours mingling, and blending, and making each figure seem part of the other. Mrs. Rushbrooke had caught

the trick of the rector's smile. She was saying quite pleasantly—

"How do you do, Miss Francis? We were in the neighbourhood, so we thought we would call—not inopportunistly, I hope."

And the Miss Rushbrookes were behind, making attempts to smile, though apparently as much to each other as to Jane. There was no alternative. Jane could only bow and ask them to come in, her cheeks burning as she led the way, her breath coming quickly, her hands rigidly clasped. Yet nothing of her ordinary, or rather extraordinary, dignity was wanting. Her nature was one of those in whom an *accès* of nervousness, more surely than anything else, produces the cool, calm, deliberate movements of self-confidence. This it was that made her such a puzzle to some people. She was well enough aware that her temperament was one needing self-control at times, and when the times came she exaggerated the necessity, becoming, apparently, a very model of self-assurance and collectedness.

But to-day Mrs. Rushbrooke's fluent tongue was a great aid to her.

"And how is your uncle?" she began as soon as she was fairly seated, and had made a mental inventory of the shabby furniture. "He is a dear old man—quite a character. I have come to the shop for things ever so many times for the sake of having a chat with him. So quaint, isn't he? Quite a typical Yorkshireman! Have you lived with him long?"

"Yes; since before I can remember."

Jane spoke with unusual hauteur. She was not aware that she did so; but Mrs. Rushbrooke's familiarity of voice and manner were distressing beyond measure to her.

"Really!" continued the little woman in the same tones. "It must have been an odd kind of life for you. Weren't your parents living, and didn't you go to school?"

Jane answered both questions in the negative. Mrs. Rushbrooke almost shrieked her surprise.

"Never went to school? Then how on earth were you educated?"

"I have never had any education," replied Jane in her quietest tones, and looking with grave eyes at Mrs. Rushbrooke.

"You have—never—had any?"

"No."

The Miss Rushbrookes blushed a little for Jane, who apparently had not sufficient sensitiveness to blush for herself.

"Can't you read?" asked Cecilia with languid amazement.

"Yes, I can read," replied Jane, without even the shadow of a smile.

"And write?" asked Elinor.

"Only very badly."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Rushbrooke.

"I blame your uncle very much indeed; and —"

"Pardon me," interrupted Jane, with emphatic lips and eyes that sparkled a little.

"Pardon me, no blame attaches to my uncle. I was penniless, and he was poor. He has taught me what he knew himself — or, at any rate, as much of it perhaps as I am capable of taking in."

"Oh, well; I didn't know," said Mrs. Rushbrooke apologetically; adding in the same breath, "Your name isn't the same as your uncle's. I suppose your mother was his sister?"

"Yes; his only sister."

"And what was your father?"

"A surgeon."

"Oh, indeed! In Sedgeborough?"

"No; in York," replied Jane, making extra efforts to keep quite calm.

"Really!" Then Mrs. Rushbrooke paused awhile.

"It's quite a pity about your education," she resumed, presently. "But you are only young. Couldn't you set to work now and learn something?"

"I dare say I might."

"Certainly you might, and we can lend you some books. I fancy I have still some of my daughters' lesson-books. I'll have a turn-out some wet day, and see what we can find. And do let me persuade you to begin trying to improve yourself a little," begged Mrs. Rushbrooke, with affectionate patronage. She could afford to be affectionate now. What a fool she had been! She might go away quite happy at once. Her brother, the Rev. Wilmot Harcourt, rector of Sedgeborough, marry a girl who would probably have to make a mark instead of signing her name in the register! She would never again be so ready to distress herself about impossibilities. All this was running in her mind as she begged Jane to begin to improve herself.

"It seems to me there are so many reasons why you should," she went on. "For instance, your uncle is an old man, and you say he is poor: what would become of you if he were to die do you think?"

Again the sudden white came to Jane's lips, but Mrs. Rushbrooke did not perceive it.

"My uncle intends that I shall go abroad,

I believe. We have friends both in France and Switzerland."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Rushbrooke, yet more relieved. "Still that is no reason why you shouldn't take my advice. Quite the contrary. Why, you ought to know something of French if you are intending to go on the Continent."

Jane did not reply. It had struck her some time before that perhaps she was carrying matters a little too far. Remembering a certain pile of French classics that stood on the floor of her bedroom, Jane said nothing of her willingness to learn the language in which they were written.

"And now we must be going, my dears," Mrs. Rushbrooke said, turning to her daughters. "We decided to go to the manor, you know. The carriage was ordered for three."

Of course the Miss Rushbrookes knew, but Jane did not; and it might be that the information had an effect upon her different from any intended by Mrs. Rushbrooke. It was not a visible effect. Jane did not start, nor blush, nor give any outward sign of the sudden perturbation that was disquieting her heart. For after all, though no mention has been made of the fact, Jane Francis had a heart.

"We shall come and see you again," Mrs. Rushbrooke said, actually shaking hands with Jane. "And I dare say Mr. Harcourt will be coming to see your uncle again soon. He went up to town this morning, quite unexpectedly, to see a friend who is very ill. He will return tomorrow, I dare say. Good-bye. I won't forget the books."

There were great powers both of love and of friendship in the frail, half-weary looking little woman who was left standing in the cheerless, lonely room. She had been inclined to quarrel with its loneliness occasionally — not often; but she thought she could never be so inclined again. Would it be like this after? — if that after ever came. Would the human world of what was called society be as disappointing on a fuller view as it was in such glimpses as these? Perhaps it would; but she would be independent of it then, or, at any rate, not dependent for any necessary satisfaction or happiness. Jane's life was a life that was rapidly losing all consciousness of a present tense.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE postman's knock was so rare a thing on the wooden gallery, that Jane Francis might be excused for a little flut-

tering of heart when she heard it. But she behaved strangely with the letter. It was addressed to her—addressed in a masculine and most illegible handwriting, yet clearly the handwriting of a man of culture. She turned it over in her hands, smiled with whitening lips, smiled again with cheeks and lips of burning crimson; then laid it unopened on the table, and went on with her knitting, her fingers flying as though she did but pretend to knit.

Half an hour later she took the letter in her hand again. This time she opened it, and began to read. It would have been barely decipherable to any one unaccustomed to the handwriting; but Jane was not unaccustomed. As she read her cheeks paled to even more than their wonted paleness; and when she had finished reading she went to her own room, and threw herself on the floor, sobbing, stifling her sobs, crying silently, passionately, I had almost said hopelessly, but she was by no means without hope.

It was two hours after this when the rector called. He was less radiant than usual, and as he sat down opposite to Jane, no radiance whatever was visible in him. He stopped speaking somewhat suddenly, then he raised his eyeglass, which was an unusual thing for him to do when he was not reading, but he took it off again almost immediately, and sat for a moment with silent lips and thoughtful face, looking out of the window.

"Miss Francis, what has happened?" he asked, at last, with an emotion that surprised Jane a little. She raised her swollen eyelids, looked at him with heavy eyes, and said,—

"Nothing has happened—that is, nothing that I can tell any one."

This was not encouraging. There was another pause; not a painless one for Mr. Harcourt. Jane's face seemed to grow thinner even while he watched her; and her languid manner, her leaden eyes, her folded, listless hands, seemed to him to betray untold depths of sorrow in one so little given to such betrayals. It was not the first time that he had suspected trouble somewhere in the background of her life, but it could hardly be said to be in the background now. The yearning to know something about it was growing in him painfully. If he might only know the nature of it, he would ask nothing more, not yet at any rate.

"I don't want you to tell me anything that you would rather not tell," he said, speaking again with effort; "but I have hoped for some time that you looked upon

me as a friend, and 'friend' is a word that I never use lightly, not even in my own thought. It means a great deal to me. Will you tell me what it means to you?"

"That I could never do," said Jane emphatically, her eyes brightening as she spoke, her whole frame seeming to recover tension. "I think sometimes it means too much to be used in this world at all."

The rector smiled. "I hardly think friendship will be the necessary thing in another world that it often is in this," he said quietly. "But as you say, this scarcely seems the place for its full development. One man needs a friend, and cannot find one though he spend his life in the search. Another needing friendship more urgently, refuses it though it stands knocking at his door."

Jane considered a moment.

"You are misunderstanding me," she said, with more ease and deliberation than Mr. Harcourt cared to see. "I do not refuse friendship; but it has come in my way so seldom that I hardly know how to accept it. I have never yet dared to think of you unreservedly as my friend, but I have been hoping for the time when I should dare." Then Jane smiled and added, "If it is to be no more a question of 'hoping,' I can only say that my gratitude ought to be greater now than it probably would have been at a future time."

"I don't understand you," Mr. Harcourt said; "but I don't want you either to feel or to express gratitude."

Then he stopped. His last sentence had been said slowly, emphatically, and in a manner as if it were but the prelude to some sentence more emphatic still. But he had not been quite prepared to say the thing that was trembling on his lips. It hung there unsaid while his thoughts took rapid, puzzled, painful flight. What of the world? Much at this moment. What of his sister? Yet more; awe of her, and love for her made the commonplace little woman's opposition loom like a difficulty of insuperable magnitude. Yet, after all, was it insuperable? Was he not his own master? And again, was it possible now that he should think only of himself? Had he not gone too far to be able to say honourably, "I will go no further?" He was compelled, as it were, to these calculations. It seemed to him not himself who made them, but some being hateful and antagonistic to himself. His own desire was for a breathless, impulsive outpouring of his deep affection—an outpouring that would be only too easy if



once begun. But the beginning was not easy. His other self held him back, striving for a mastery which it might or might not attain.

The silence was puzzling to Jane. By some strange intuitive power she had become aware that it was not an ordinary silence — that it was pregnant with meaning not to be understood, if possible to be misunderstood. She felt a certain sudden fear, a tremulous tension of every faculty she possessed. When Mr. Harcourt spoke again his voice vibrated through her, leaving her hardly strength enough to reply.

"It is not gratitude I want you to feel," he began, in tones low with suppressed emotion.

"But it is gratitude I *do* feel," Jane interrupted, in a cold, rigid manner not at all suited to the words.

Mr. Harcourt bent down a little nearer to her. The movement was rapid and peculiar, and gave the impression of complete, absolute, but impulsive self-surrender.

"Can you feel nothing more for me than that — nothing deeper?" he said, his lips quivering painfully while he spoke, his voice broken and subdued, his whole being instinct with hope and yearning.

I think it was pain that lent power and perception to Jane at that critical moment. It seemed to her that it was Mr. Harcourt's manner more than his words that betrayed his actual meaning. The words were capable of misconstruction — they could be made especially capable of it by a little self-sacrifice. Not a little though. It could only be at great cost that she could betray herself just now; but she would not count the cost.

She drew herself up in her chair a little, leaning carelessly back, with an amused, interested smile, looking at the rector, half critically, half wonderingly.

"How very good you are!" she said slowly, looking steadily into his eyes. "Do you know, I think you will raise my faith in all humanity. I have hardly believed that purely disinterested kindness was possible in this world."

"But I am not disinterested," interrupted the rector, with heightened colour and surprised look.

"No; and your interest is about the most incomprehensible thing of all — there is so little to account for it. You asked me just now if I felt nothing more than gratitude. Certainly I do, a great deal more. What is it that one feels towards people that is not affection, and yet

is so like it? It is something so much better than affection. It gives all the pleasure and none of the pain. I think that actual love — the one great love that is possible in most people's lives, is made up of at least one half of pain. I suppose that heightens the other half, and gives the uncertainty, and inquietude, and all the other undesirable things that go to make up the sum total of intensity. Can you understand me? But that is not a fair question. If you don't now, you most likely will at some future time. I hope it won't be such a miserable time for you as it is for me." Then Jane paused, and a look of pain came to her face. "I am so unhappy," she said presently, passing her hand over her forehead, and speaking in simple, almost childish tones.

"I feared you were," Mr. Harcourt replied. He had nothing more to say. What was behind could henceforward be said only to himself.

"I ought to tell you all about it," Jane went on, not unmindful of a certain pale, quiet grandeur that was coming over the face before her. "It would be a relief to me to tell you, but I cannot yet. It is something, though, to know that I may tell you when I can. You don't know what it is to live your life with no one near you caring to know anything about it. It is like being always hungry, and seeing food that you cannot reach. After a time the grapes seem sour, and at last one doesn't care to put out one's hand if they are held within reach ever so temptingly."

"But you have put out your hand to-day," the rector said, with a smile that required effort.

"Yes. This will be a white day to remember."

Jane regretted the words as soon as they were said. She had not meant to say them then, but they had fitted into her merciful little design, and she had not remembered how inappropriate they would seem when viewed from another point. She was full of pain and pity. Her life had been almost all made up of dreams, and suggestions, and things made half possible only to become quite impossible; but here was a startling reality, quite unlike any dream. More had been desired of her than she could give, and so she had to seem to give nothing; and there was more of present pain in such seeming than Mr. Harcourt could know. Yet, as she had said, she was more than grateful to the man whose soul she was troubling. He was not distressing her with any show of his trouble. He remained a little longer,

talking naturally, if more quietly than usual; and then he went away, taking with him the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which Jane had lent to him. Her name was written on the cover. It had only been put there by the bookseller, yet it gave him a curious thrill of pain as he went up the street. That strange unknown other self had ceased to trouble him now — it did not even comfort him by accepting what had happened as relief. Yet he bore his sorrow very stoically as far as appearances went. His colour came back, his face grew bright again, and his smile became as radiant and persistent as it had ever been in his life. If there was any change in him at all it was in his manner of speaking, and it was not a striking change; no one noticed that the tones of his voice were quieter and more resolute save Jane Francis. But there was nothing in it suggestive of sadness, nor of anything to which she could give a name.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE wet day that Mrs. Rushbrooke had desired came at last. A pile of books, with Mangnall's "Questions" at the top and a French grammar at the bottom, was laid ready to take down to Quant's Yard; and then Mrs. Rushbrooke sauntered into the study, doubting a little as she went whether she should acquaint her brother with her intentions or not. She was perfectly satisfied with these same intentions, and there was no reason why she should not be. She was quite capable of disinterestedness under certain conditions, and she had no motive whatever for desiring Jane's improvement save Jane's own good. Still she had doubts as to whether her brother would approve of her interference; and perhaps deep down in her heart there were some graver doubts not yet quite satisfied.

She had expected to find the rector in his study, but he was not there. The window was open, rose-sprays were waving about glittering with the late rain, the sun was lighting up the gilt lettering on the smart modern bindings of the books. They were beautifully arranged, and the arrangement was seldom disturbed. On the writing-table there were piles of tracts and cheap Bibles and Prayer-books, and on the other side some thin pamphlets. All these were quite familiar; but there was something lying between that caught Mrs. Rushbrooke's attention, and chained it there for several minutes.

She did not go down to Quant's Yard

that afternoon; nevertheless, Jane Francis was not forgotten; quite otherwise,—Mrs. Rushbrooke could not put away the thought of her when she wished to do so. Her brother came in, cheerful, chatty as usual; went out again, came in, dined, and sauntered out into the garden. Was it possible that she could have anything so terrible to fear concerning him? Was it possible to remain any longer in patient ignorance? It was not right that she should so remain. For her children's sake, even more than for her own, it was her duty to find out whether anything might yet be done, or, at any rate, whether there was need to do anything.

She startled the rector, coming softly behind him with a thick, grey-covered magazine in her hand. He comprehended the matter instantly. Was she going to be tearful? he wondered, with a little sense of something almost unchristian enough to be enjoyment. But Mrs. Rushbrooke was not a woman to shed tears before the right moment. She carried the review solemnly before her, pointed silently to the name written on the cover, then asked with pathetic eyes and voice, —

"Wilmot, what *does* this mean?"

With great deliberation the rector adjusted his eyeglass, bent forward, and read in distinct tones, —

"*Miss Francis.*"

Mrs. Rushbrooke looked at him with eyes full of eloquent reproach.

"Does it belong to her?" she asked, still speaking pathetically.

"Yes. She lent it to me."

"She lent it to you?"

"Yes. Does it strike you as wonderful?"

Certainly his manner was irritating. Mrs. Rushbrooke paused a moment, a tide of hot colour came to her face, and there was considerable emphasis in the manner in which the offending review touched the grass at some yards distance.

"I call it deceitful, I call it untrue, I call it base. She told me she couldn't read English, much less French. If she will tell one untruth she will tell another. But what could one expect? Hypocritical little wretch! And you —"

"My dear Amelia, stop a moment, will you?" the rector interrupted coolly. "Miss Francis did not tell you that she could not read — she told you nothing but the truth; and if she told it in a manner likely to mislead, I make no doubt that she was not alone to blame, though she blamed herself afterward. But we will drop the subject, please," he concluded, turning to pick up

the review with a certain show of exceeding care.

"Wilmot, I can't drop it," the poor little woman said, once more becoming pathetic. "I can't drop it till I know more about it. You must tell me. You must forgive me. I never meant to speak as I have spoken."

"I hope not," Mr. Harcourt said gravely.

"And there was no need for it?" Mrs. Rushbrooke hazarded.

"Not the slightest."

This was comforting. After a moment's pause she continued in timid tones, —

"And you don't care for Miss Francis — that is, not in any especial way?"

The rector turned slowly, faced his sister with a look that was sad, and true, and contemptuous, and said with deliberation, —

"I *do* care for Miss Francis, I do care for her in an especial way, I care more for her than for any woman I have ever seen. Will that content you? And once more, will you oblige me by not talking of her?"

Would that content her? Would she ever know contentment again? Mr. Harcourt went in-doors and shut himself and his slowly dying pain in his study, and his sister dared not follow him. They seemed to have changed places. She had suddenly become afraid of her own brother, and all through the deceitful, ignorant little creature who by some unknown arts had succeeded in persuading him that he was in love with her. It was preposterous, and not to be borne. There were so many reasons why it could not be borne — reasons mature and immature. She could not explain to him the terrible stumbling-stone that he might be throwing in the path of her dear girls, because that path was not yet quite clear to herself, except by means of such clearness as might be thrown upon it by the light of hope. Yet unquestionably it would be a grievous matter, for them and for herself, if her brother should carry this foolish and wicked fancy to its natural end. And that he was intending so to carry it she had no doubt whatever now. What was to be done? It was impossible not to do anything. Quiescence was beyond human power, especially was it beyond the power of humanity that had worked its feelings up to a state of anger and alarm. She might not appeal to her brother, he had refused to hear her; but there was some one else who might be made to hear. If she could do nothing else, she could find relief in explaining to Jane Francis her views of the past, the present, and the future.

Hurrying into the house, throwing on her bonnet, rushing along the lane, and down the sleepy street into Quant's Yard, the tumult of feeling within her seemed to rise with every step. Fortunately for her, Jane was quite alone, sitting in the narrow bare room, a little softened, a little thoughtful, as she was apt to be in the twilight. Poor Jane, I believe she was glad to see even Mrs. Rushbrooke, though it did not escape her that the lady's greeting was uttered in a strange hard voice, and that she was looking at her with an intent look, that was difficult to understand.

"I dare say you're wondering to see me out so late as this," she began, speaking in breathless tones, throwing her mauve bonnet-strings back, turning her flushed face toward Jane. "It's quite an unusual thing. I never go beyond the garden after dinner. But I couldn't help it this evening, I was obliged to come." Then she paused a moment. Her eyes, which had been swollen and narrowed with excitement, seemed suddenly to dilate, to acquire new force and intensity of expression. "Miss Francis, what *are* you meaning?" she concluded in abrupt accents.

"What am I meaning?" asked Jane, not without a momentary suspicion of her visitor's sanity.

"Yes. Don't I speak plainly? What are you meaning? What *can* you be meaning? Have you *no* sense of what is right, or fitting, or proper? I know you've had no opportunities of learning these things, but nine women out of ten know them without learning. Not one woman in a hundred would have dared to do what you have done. My brother may be to blame, but he cannot be so much to blame as you are. You have flattered him into this, and you have deceived me into shutting my eyes to it. Once more I ask you what you mean, and where you mean to stop?"

It had not needed the latter half of Mrs. Rushbrooke's speech to give Jane the clue to her thoughts. For the first moment she was stunned, then angered. But there were strong reasons why both these sensations should quickly give way to mingled feelings of pity and amusement. She felt, though she was hardly conscious of it, in every way above the situation, immeasurably above the woman who had placed her in it. Instead of answering she was looking at Mrs. Rushbrooke with curiosity, her straightforward eyes a little softened, her lips quivering with a suppressed smile.

"You don't answer me," Mrs. Rush-

brooke went on, with added bitterness; "you don't dare to answer me, and no wonder. If I were you I shouldn't dare to look any upright woman in the face."

Jane's smile would come, but it was a strange, almost sad smile. She drew herself up a little as she spoke, and her keen, eloquent face seemed to express its superiority in every line.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Rushbrooke," she said, quietly, and speaking with the purest and most deliberate intonation she was capable of—"pardon me, I think it is hardly worthy of you to say things like that. You will regret them afterward. I know, of course, what it is that you are alluding to, probably I may know more than you do at present; but I feel sure that when you do know, you will be sorry for the things you have said."

She would not speak more plainly; and she would not ask any questions. Naturally she was a little puzzled, but she had perceived enough to assure her that Mrs. Rushbrooke, though assuming a good deal, knew really nothing. If the rector had not thought fit to explain the truth to his sister, it was not for her to do it.

Neither her words nor her manner was without effect upon Mrs. Rushbrooke. That lady sat for an uneasy moment or two smoothing the folds of her grey moire antique dress with the tips of her fingers, glancing with furtive, bewildered eyes at the little figure, who sat with such queen-like dignity in a dress that was all but in rags; and for one moment her thoughts wandered away. What was there in those peculiar women who were independent of dress? Presumption, she believed, and a high opinion of themselves. But that had nothing to do with her errand. She was as far from being satisfied as ever, and as much puzzled. This attitude of Jane's—self-controlled, deliberate, unabashed—did not confirm her worst fears.

"Perhaps you are right, Miss Francis," she said, after a pause, speaking with apparent thought, and much less acrimony. "I dare say I shall be sorry. But you know it is very terrible for me—even the uncertainty is terrible. For, to tell you the truth, I do not yet know how far matters have gone between my brother and yourself. I hope not so far as—as I feared at first. Will you tell me? I will not repeat to him, nor to anybody, one word that you say."

"You are at liberty to repeat to Mr. Harcourt, or to anybody, anything that may be said by me. I cannot tell you what you ask."

"You will not tell me whether you are engaged to him or not?"

Once more Jane hesitated and wondered. She decided that no one but the rector himself could have aroused Mrs. Rushbrooke's fears. Why had he done so? Why had he not set them at rest again? Doubtless he had had some motive with which she had better not interfere. Perhaps she was aided in this resolution by the strong temptation she was under to indulge her sense of amusement a little. Mrs. Rushbrooke had awakened her mischievous propensities to the uttermost, and seemed likely to keep them awake.

"Oh, Miss Francis," she began again, still a little awed and a little puzzled, "if you only knew all the reasons I have for coming here this evening, you wouldn't blame me, you wouldn't think it strange—indeed you wouldn't. It is for my daughters' sake more than my own, or for my brother's. It would be a terrible thing for us all if my brother were to marry—well, out of his sphere, you know. I don't want to hurt your feelings in any way, but you must know that you are not his equal. And, as I was saying, it would be bad for us all, but especially for my dear girls. We couldn't expect anybody of good family to be desirous of marrying into ours if such a thing as that took place. And just now, especially. I can't explain, but it would be especially bad just now."

Jane looked concerned and sympathetic, and again Mrs. Rushbrooke went on,—

"I think I may mention it to you, but in the strictest confidence. And there is nothing definite; nothing at all definite. But I dare say you have heard of Major Falconer, Lady Ursula's son, you know. We are very intimate with them, and have been ever since we came to Sedgeborough. And Major Falconer is so charming, with that charm that only belongs to high-bred people; and we have seen so much of him lately, though just at present he is in London. And he has been so very attentive to my darling Cecy. I can't help having my own thoughts—a mother's thoughts, you know. And only think, if anything came between, it might ruin my hopes, and Cecy's happiness too. So now you see, Miss Francis. Surely you will understand me; surely you will not do anything to cause so much misery."

Jane was still sitting with her stately air, and her earnestly attentive face.

"Am I to understand that you think my marrying Mr. Harcourt would prevent

Major Falconer from marrying your daughter?" she asked, in clear, measured tones.

"I do; indeed, I do. I have good reason for thinking so, though, as I said before, I tell you in the strictest confidence. But I do so in order that you may see plainly beforehand at least some small part of the unhappiness that would doubtless come of such an unsuitable marriage. I dare say you think a great deal of my brother; I can quite understand that; but, indeed, dear Miss Francis, you would soon get over it. Girls like you often have half-a-dozen such fancies, and marry some one quite different from any of them at the last."

"So I have heard," Jane said, in an absent kind of way. She was apparently in deep thought; and Mrs. Rushbrooke congratulated herself on having made an impression at last, though she was somewhat doubtful as to the kind of impression. But the twilight was deepening into darkness now. Her brother might miss her, might even suspect where she had gone, and why. She dared not remain longer, though she was still unsatisfied. But she saw no prospect of immediate satisfaction. "I cannot tell you what you ask," Jane had said, and Mrs. Rushbrooke had perceived that she meant it. She must go, but she would go in a manner that would leave her free to come again.

"Promise me, at least, that you will think over what I have said," she begged, gathering her rustling dress together, and drawing her lace shawl gracefully about her. And Jane bowed, smiling a little sadly as she said in quiet tones, "Indeed, I will not forget."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

SOCIAL, REPRESENTATIVE, AND RAMBLING PLANTS.

THAT ambiguous animal the Arctic dog, with his cur's head and fox's tail and mixed yelp, is the miserable witness in the high latitudes beyond Alten (N. lat. 70°), the limit of Finnish cultivation, that there is vegetation somewhere, even if the snow hides it; since the prey of that carnivorous prowler could not exist without vegetation, however scanty it may be. The reindeer moss (*Cenomyce rangiferina*) is the weak link, if the term may be used, between the animal and the earth; and if the reindeer's provender failed him in Finmark, he would have to cease digging there in the snow and move further from

North Cape, rattling his broad, loose hoofs like a deer in pattens, except when his foot fell softly on that white carpet which is spread so widely over the reindeer's native land. The turnip and potato could never have climbed to 70° north latitude, and the cabbage, carrot, parsnip, and barley to from 64° to 66°, if the industrious sun did not sit up all night at midsummer, in that region, so that a few quick plants have time to smile among the hills round Tornea before winter locks up the glens with ice for nine months. The reindeer finds meadows in Lapland, but not green pasture; for the reindeer's lichen, which forms the pasturage of Lapland, is bright yellow in summer and snow-white in winter. The bear's moss (*Muscus polytricha*) also covers large tracts and makes excellent pasture, and soft stuffing for mattresses that are reported by travellers to be most comfortable. Searching for representative plants we find the Alpine saxifrages and the white cotton grass (*Eriophorum*), which is not a grass but a sedge, an occasional bog plant in England, and one which covers hundreds of acres in the peats of Orkney and Shetland. Nearer St. Petersburg (60° N. lat.) are found the first of the grasses which cover half the cultivated land of England and pass through Europe into Siberia, in a belt whose greenest end lies on Holland while its eastern limit may be compared to a brown overcoat, much the worse for the drought that prevails in the interior of Asia. The first grass is a foxtail (*Alopecurus alpinus*), which strays into the northern districts of Britain, and is allied to the *A. pratensis* and *A. agrestis* of our English pastures and arable fields.

The first flowers of the north are beautiful, and many of them are familiar. The yellow and white water-lily are wild flowers of Lapland; the little *Daphne mezereum*, which breaks into flower here in February before its leaves appear, is common there. Many of our early flowers, which blossom here with the first smile of spring, bloom more beautifully, if possible, on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia and of the Baltic, such as the wood-anemone, hepatica, and cowslip. Our early shrubs, the dog-rose, guelder-rose, hawthorn, and hazel, are found on the same shores, and the sloe reaches as far north as the Swedish river Dal-Elf. The trees that venture nearest the line of perpetual snow are the dwarf birch and willow, the latter being so small that several specimens of the full-grown tree, with roots, stems, and branches, might be laid on a sheet of note-paper.

Glancing at a corresponding region in the western hemisphere, we find that timber-trees and textile plants are wanting on the shores of Baffin's Bay, and, on the arrival of Captain Sir James Ross and the Arctic Expedition, the Esquimaux were equally puzzled by his shirts and the materials of his ships. Wood was something quite new to them, and a linen shirt they looked upon as a very beautiful skin, though not particularly warm without the fur! Returning to Europe and continuing to travel towards the south, we find ourselves among the plants which form groups subsidiary to the natural zones of vegetation, tribes that may be described as being sociable, from their habit of living in close society. The heath is one of the sociable plants that once covered Blackheath and still shelter the blackcock on the sand-hills of Surrey. Large tracts of fir, with heath as a carpet, encircle the sand-flats of Northern Germany, and a broad tract of heath blackens great part of the landscape in Mecklenburg, Heide-Hanover, the north of Prussia, and to the extremity of Jutland, stained here and there with livelier patches of the whortleberry and cranberry which, with the gorse, are among the sociable tribes that occur in wild and inhospitable places as if to smooth the asperities of existence amongst rugged scenes, soften the rude features of poor and barren spots, iron out the wrinkles on the face of nature, clothe her in suitable attire, and make her more cheerful than she could have been in such retreats if they were unadorned by the sociable plants.

The trees and shrubs nearest the dwarfs of high latitudes are the birch of northern Europe and Asia, the mountain ash, the Scotch fir, and after it the spruce, the cold alder, bird, cherry, aspen, gooseberry, and raspberry. Afterwards we reach the northern limit of the ash, the oak, and the beech at Drontheim, in Norway (N. lat. 63°), on the Atlantic coast, eight hundred miles further from the equator than they are found in the colder shores of the Pacific in Asiatic Russia. Forests cover great part of northern Russia, and are to the peasantry what the sea is to the fishermen. They plait their shoes from the rind of the young lime-shoots, and use the wood of the all-prevailing birch for every imaginable purpose, including the distillation of a fermented liquor and of the tar used in preparing Russian leather.

The oak, beech, yew, and holly of our English landscapes, and of the apple and pear countries which lie between the nee-

dle-leaved conifers and the vine, mulberry, and maize, lead us on to Italian slopes, whence we may ascend the Alps, passing through successive belts of oak and beech (*i.e.* at twenty-five hundred feet and at three thousand feet), to the higher levels of the spruce, larch, and Scotch fir. The birch stage commences at forty-five hundred feet and ends at six thousand feet, where a stunted, dark, and wiry-looking conifer (*Pinus cembra*) rivals the birch and generally beats it by about one hundred yards; and then the dwarfs enter the field, including an alder (*Alnus viridis*), and in company with rhododendrons, appropriately named Alpine roses, and with gentians and saxifrages and other little perennials, which anchor safely on the high Alps, hugging the ground with short stems that become thick and bushy from being naturally pruned and cut back every year. Annuals, being less abundantly provided with ways and means of living, are confined to spots where the yearly pinch of seed which is their only hope may ripen more surely, and where the giants of frost trample the ground less frequently.

Higher yet, amidst the snow, we find the *Gentiana nivalis*, an inch-high mouse-ear, and the last saxifrage, and then the latest effort of vegetation stains the snow-topped rocks with lichens and mosses. We may add the auricula to this list of plants that have descended to our gardens from the upper declivities of the mountain-chains of Europe. Among those which came from lower levels are the peony, the Christmas rose, the yellow aconite, the laburnum and *Althæa frutex*, which last was found on the south side of the Alps in the high valleys of Carniola, far removed from the *Althæa rosea*, or hollyhock, which is a native of China, and looking down on the plains of Italy where other species of the mallow family (*Malvaceæ*) abound and become trees, having started, in our colder climate, from the humbler position of herbaceous wayside plants, bearing a flat, ribbed fruit in a calyx, like a cheese wrapped, and indeed called "cheeses," and "fromageons," by rustic England and France. Azaleas and andromedas help to paint the physiognomy of those mountain regions whose water-supply above forms bogs below; but in latitudes whose heights do not reach the snow-line, as in the mountains of Java and Sumatra, the alpine vegetation is starved for want of nourishment, and is a very poor copy of that of Europe.

Perhaps the best epitome of mountain vegetation is that of Mount Ventoux in



Provence, described by Professor Charles Martins, of Montpellier. There are six botanical regions on the southern slopes of the mountain, and five on the opposite side. At the southern foot of Ventoux the Aleppo pine and the olive are found with the peculiar vegetation which those two plants encircle by the girdle they draw round the Mediterranean. The olive outclimbs the pine and reaches fourteen hundred feet, the rosemary and Spanish broom keeping its company, with the Kermes oak (*Quercus coccifera*), an evergreen bush of from seven feet to twelve feet high, common on poor spots in the Mediterranean regions, whose leaves like those of the cactus (*Cochinillifera*) are depastured by the cochineal insect. Then come the other evergreen oaks with thyme and lavender for under-shrubs, and then beautiful beeches fill the sheltered ravines and deep valleys, whose exposed edges are covered with humble bushes rolled into hard balls with a crowd of closely knotted branches, and squatting on the ground like little old pigmies, counting more years, perhaps, than the giant beeches close by. Sub-alpine plants grow around, such as the buckthorn, gooseberry, and wall-flower. At six thousand feet intense cold and violent wind have banished all plants except one of the conifers (*Pinus uncinata*). The common juniper is the companion of the beeches no Mount Ventoux, as it is on the north downs of Surrey, on whose southern slopes it forms, at Shiere, clumps of cypress-like shrubs twenty-five feet in height, instead of being constrained, by an annual burden of snow, to trail on the ground, as on some of the mountains of Europe. On the northern sides of Mount Ventoux, the vegetation of the loftiest ridges of the Jura and the Pyrenees, and that of the shores of Spitzbergen, are watered by the melting snow, with many specimens of the flora of Lapland and Iceland. Professor Charles Martins mentions finding the mountain germander (*Veronica montana*), the tufted saxifrage (*S. cæspitosa*), the orange-flowering poppy, the violet of Mount Cenis, the purple saxifrage, three arenarias, one ononis, and the common stinging nettle, looking quite like an old friend. The stinging nettle, like the shepherd's purse (*Capsella bursa-pastoris*), follows man wherever he goes, and may, perhaps, have gone up Mount Ventoux at the time of Petrarch's ascent, since it is found growing about a chapel built near the summit to commemorate that event.

Our trees and shrubs of ornament fill the woods and groves of the Mediterra-

nean coasts. Among them are the chestnut, olive, orange, evergreen oak, holly, laurels, cistus, and strawberry trees, the bay and the myrtle, the dwarf palm and the outlying evergreens of the tropics. We pass on to the Caucasian gardens where the ancient Mediterranean nations helped themselves, and from which no doubt the gardens of Alcinous and Laertes were stocked with the fruit-trees whose offspring are now found in all temperate and warm-temperate zones, from Oregon to Australia. In the valleys of Georgia, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, sheltered by the chain of Caucasus and under the heights of Ararat, the vine grows wild in its native country, festooning the tallest trees of the forests of Mingrelia and binding them with brobdignag cables of six inches in diameter. There is winter at Tiflis, but it begins in December and ends with January, and there are no early frosts in the home of our wall-fruits to cut off the blossoms which, in our climate, are somewhat premature in making their appearance. From this ancient cradle of plants, swinging between the two seas, from the heights of Caucasus, we reach the Oxus, which flows through another of the gardens of Asia; but first we must pass through the desert of Bokhara and find the favourite provender of the camel, the camel's thorn (*Galenia Africana*), growing amongst the low brushwood and stunted herbage, and appropriately introducing the vegetation of the luxurious East. Beyond the desert there are thickets of lemon, pomegranate, pear, and cherry, and all the fruits of our south walls, growing wild, and having strayed, perhaps, from the ancient gardens of the sons of Noah, who dwelt in that famous valley of the Oxus, which conquerors have coveted from the days of Alexander, the birthplace of Timour, and the gateway between Europe and Cabul. Passing through this garden district to that of the tea and camellia, we shall note down the names of a few of its plants, such as the native cucumber and watermelon, a magnificent maize-like millet (*Holcus saccharatus*), cotton and the mulberry, the vine and tobacco, the castor-oil plant, the assafoetida plant, gum ammoniac, the manna-bearing tamarisk, and the eastern plane.

Tea, like cocoa, is the product of a congregating plant, formed side by side with the camellia, its near family connection, whose single white blossom is copied in miniature by that of the tea. The tea-shrub had a mythological origin, like

those useful plants which western nations owed to the favour of Osiris, Bacchus, and others of that ilk. Schouw relates a Japanese story of the mission of Darma, a Buddhist saint of the sixth century, who came to China to teach his faith, and had the misfortune to fall asleep when he had vowed to seek spiritual strength by twenty-four hours of prayer. To atone for his broken vow he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground, which forthwith produced a tea-plant, whose leaves enabled the saint to withstand sleep, and were afterwards recommended by him to his disciples. Tea is as intolerant of too much warmth as of too much cold; it grows as far north as Pekin, and as far south as Cochin-China, but its profitable cultivation is confined to a narrow zone in China, Japan, and the adjacent British territories, among the valleys of the Himalaya in Assam. The nearest approach in England to the climate of the tea and camellia districts in China is in Cornwall, where the myrtle and camellia grow luxuriantly in the open air, on the promontory terminated by Lizard Point, but as the apricot, grape, and greengage plants do not ripen there for lack of sufficient sunbeams, we have no faith that Cornish tea can ever rival Cornish tin.

There are some remarkable belts of characteristic plants on the Himalayas. In passing through Sikkim, where the vapour-clouds of the Indian Ocean are condensed in constant mist and rain, Dr. Hooker found the greatest settlement of rhododendrons in the world, comprising representatives of the tribe of different character at the several altitudes from the little *R. nivale* that trails in the snow to the *R. argentum*, a tree of forty feet, with enormous silvery leaves, that grows at the oak and chestnut level in the woods of Darjeeling. A region of silver firs, junipers, birch-trees and willows, honey-suckles and berberies, follow successive belts of rhododendrons, and at twelve thousand two hundred feet a loftier rhododendron forms an almost exclusive belt, one thousand one hundred feet broad, with our common meadow-grass (*Poa annua*) for a wayside fringe, and the humble shepherd's purse scattered about. The ground then becomes hard and frozen, and covered with vegetation very similar to that of alpine heights in Europe. Grasses, saxifrages, and potentils are scattered over the confines of vegetable life, and at twenty-two thousand feet even the mosses and lichens disappear amidst perpetual snow. An arenaria (*A. rupifra-*

*gra*) is the last phanerogam on Mount Donkia in the Himalayas of Thibet at twenty-three thousand four hundred feet, having climbed rather further into the abode of snow (*i.e. Himalayas*) than the sheep's fescue (*Festuca ovina*) of our pastures, or the Woodsia, a little fern found near the summit. In that district the broad sides of the Sinchul and other mountains at seven or eight thousand feet, are covered in May with a sheet of blossoms like a snow-fall, by the white-flowered *Rhododendron Excelsa*. At thirteen thousand feet, and nearly half way towards the peak of Kinchingunga (28,178 feet), which overtops all other heights on the face of the globe, several Himalayan villages carry humanity to its loftiest abode, and, with it, the cultivation of barley, millet, strawberries, and currants.

When Robinson Crusoe landed in Cochin-China, he crossed Tartary on his western journey, and we shall do so too, for the sake of seeing the vegetation of the steppes of Onsk, and of the salt plains of the Caspian. A peculiarity of the Tartarian steppes is the gigantic size of some of our humble plants, such as milfoil (*Achillea*) and wormwood (*Artemisia*) which grow to a height of several feet. The mullein (*Verbascum*), called "steppe-lights," is a gigantic plant; and the thistle shelters the hovels of the wilderness like the groves of other lands. In autumn, when a clump of thistles has dried into a light dome of interlaced branches, it is lifted by the wind, and then earns its name of "wind-witch" by a weird performance in the air, described by Professor Schleiden, who witnessed it with the curious eye of a botanical explorer. "Numbers of such balls," he says, "often fly at once over the plain, with such rapidity that no horseman could overtake them; now hopping with short, quick springs along the ground, now whirling in great circles around each other, rolling onward in a spirit-like dance over the turf; now, caught by an eddy, rising suddenly a hundred feet into the air. Often one wind-witch hooks on to another, twenty more join company, and the whole gigantic yet airy mass rolls away before the piping east wind." This revolving mass is the "wheel" or "rolling thing" of the Psalmist (Ps. lxxxiii. 13), an image perfectly natural to the native of a country where gigantic wild artichokes (thistles) are a common weed.

Mountain-chains and deserts have barred an intercourse of plants in Asia; the Mediterranean, running east and west,

has kept the flora of Africa distinct from that of Europe; and the Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians have proved more impassable to wild plants than to civilized armies. The weeping willow might have wept forever in Persia, the gladiolus and ixia might have blossomed only in South Africa, and the horse-chestnut, lilac, and sweet jessamine have adorned the shores of the Caspian only, if ancient and modern plant-collectors had not aided them to migrate. But there is less obstruction to the passage of plants in the New World; and the pines of the north are found all along the continent to the Isthmus of Panama, at the altitude which suits their habits. The liquid amber, a handsome tree, descends to the sea-side in latitude  $43.5^{\circ}$ , and in latitude  $18^{\circ}$ – $19^{\circ}$  is as happily situated on the hills. The most singular groupings in the equatorial regions of America are those in the West-Indian islands, where the vegetation of the tropics is found at the base of the mountains, separated only by a mile or two from that of the temperate regions above, so that our culinary plants and vegetables are cultivated within a rifle-shot of the mango and banana-tree. Confining ourselves, however, to representative and congregating plants, there is a saxifrage allied to London-pride, blossoming nearer heaven than any other flower in the Old World, on the declivity of Chimborazo, at 15,770 feet, and beyond the limits of perpetual snow. The cinchona, or Peruvian-bark tree, is a mountain genus, which was confined to the sides and plateaux of the Cordilleras of the Andes when Humboldt botanized that region, but is now distributed over other equatorial hills in America, and has been planted successfully in the higher regions of British India. The tree was named after the Countess del Cinchona, wife of the Spanish viceroy at Lima, and the first European who was cured of fever by the specific. The Jesuit teachers of the colony received a large present of bark from the grateful convalescent, and in 1638 one of them brought the drug to Europe, where Louis XV. was one of the first to take the new tonic, and after the monarch the poor of Rome experienced its virtues through the benevolence of an Italian cardinal. The cinchona, potato, and cactus are all typical plants of America.

The special habitat of the cactus is on the western sides of the Andes, wherever the soil is unrefreshed by rain or irrigation, as, for instance, on the sterile coast of Peru, and on the Andes of Tacna

and Arequipa, or among the rocks of California, where the columnar cactus (*Cereus giganteus*) keeps its own company on the dry, rock-bound, dreary coast, and its trunk stands till old age withers it into the likeness of a gigantic spectre of forty feet in height. Herr Baldwin Möllhausen, in his "Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific," described a group of the columnar cactus growing near the Colorado River among stones and in clefts of the rock, with scarcely a particle of vegetable soil. The plant grows out of the ground like an immense club, but at twenty-five feet throws out branches which extend at right angles with the trunk and then turn upwards, giving the strongly-ribbed cactus column the appearance of a huge vegetable candelabra, which is adorned in summer with large white blossoms. The columnar cacti become curious spectacles after death, when their flesh decays and their skeletons stand year after year on the heights and declivities of the mountains: solemn, silent forms, motionless, even in a hurricane. Some, like petrified giants, seem to stretch out their arms in pain; others keep dreary watch on the edge of precipices, and stand as if gazing into the abyss. Birds don't alight on the thorny branches of the *Cereus giganteus*, but wasps and woodpeckers live in its old wounds and scars. Amongst this tribe of succulents the globular cactus retaining its sap becomes a spring in the deserts of South America, which travellers open with their knives, while the wild asses get access to them by kicking off the prickly cactus coat with their heels, in doing which they are frequently lamed past recovery. The rough-skinned cacti are examples of leathery and prickly plants, while ferns and aloes represent those that are graceful and rigid, besides being types of the fast and slow in vegetation. The American aloe is said to blossom only once in a hundred years, and if this be a mistake (since fine specimens have blossomed in Guernsey at thirty-five years old) still it is a slow plant, and any attempt to hasten it in a hot-house proves fatal. Perhaps the most striking specimen of the odd and unusual among plants is found in Sumatra and the Indian Archipelago, where a strange rhizanth, without leaf or stem, named after Sir S. Raffles, bears a blossom three feet in diameter, only rivalled in size by the South-American Victoria water-lily, and the aristolochias, with their enormous helmet-like flowers.

The cyatheas, or tree-ferns of the West-

Indian Islands, are most striking and majestic forms of vegetation. Like the cocoa and American fig (*Ficus giganteus*), they shun the sun's rays, and seek solitudes with little light and a stagnant air in inland forests, approaching the coasts only under cover of thick shades where the moist and heated air covers the foliage and trunks of trees with a drapery of aroids, bromeliaceæ, and ferns; where the earth is overloaded with vegetation, and the trees are matted together by lianes — gigantic, rope-like, woody climbers — passing sometimes from one tree to another at a great height from the ground. Among typical plants we must include the tallest individuals of the vegetable kingdom, which are found among the conifers and the gum-trees (*Eucalypti*) of Australia. The *Wellingtonia gigantea* is an American conifer overtopping "all creation" of its kind, and growing only in one or two Californian valleys in the Sierra Nevada. The "Mother of the Forest" measured 327 feet in height when 116 feet of its bark were stripped off for the purpose of being set up in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where, until the disastrous fire, it formed one of the chief ornaments. Three hundred feet of the "Father of the Forest" lay prone on the earth after the top had been removed, and it was estimated, according to the average taper of the trees, that its height must have been four hundred and fifty feet. Dancing parties of four sets of cotillons, besides musicians and lookers-on, have assembled on the solid stump of this tree, which is ninety-six feet in circumference; and a horseman has ridden through the hollowed trunk.

The tallest palms are the cabbage-palm (*Areca oleracea*) and the wax-palm (*Ceroxylon audicola*), which reach from one hundred and sixty to two hundred feet; the most singular of the tribe is the fan-palm, and the most beautiful the Jagua palm, with its lofty stem, crowned with leaves sixteen to seventeen feet long, and curling at its extremities like plumes. One need not travel further than the palm-house at Kew to be convinced that, in the vegetable world, the palm of beauty belongs to the palms. The most beautiful exogenous tree, when young, is perhaps the *Araucaria excelsa*, or Norfolk Island pine, a specimen of which pines in the open garden at Kew, while an avenue of these lovely evergreens, in the full beauty of their exquisite foliage, decorates the nave of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

We have thus travelled rapidly among a few of the representative plants, and

may be pardoned, perhaps, if we return home at last to notice a very comely tree-shrub whose shining green leaves cheer the hedgerows and covert-sides at all seasons, and which, when decked with red berries at Christmas, is so dearly associated with that festive period. A sprig of holly would stir a deeper chord in the heart of a wanderer of our widely-scattered race than any other plant he could meet with; and we may safely pronounce the holly to be the plant sweetest in song and memory. It was not a wreath of bay or myrtle that Burns had seen in his vision when he sung —

And wear thou this, she solemn said,  
And bound the holly round my head;  
The polished leaves and berries red  
Did rustling play;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away.

H. EVERSLED.

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From The Sunday Magazine.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

A STORY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

#### CHAPTER IV.

JANET had not known what to do with herself on the first day that she spent in her uncle's house, but after a very little while, whatever else she might have to complain of, at any rate she had not any longer to complain of having much idle time upon her hands. She was a deft little maid, with a light step and useful fingers, and Mrs. Mason, who was a stirring woman, soon began to find plenty of occupation for her. If she could not darn stockings, at any rate she could wash up cups and saucers; she could answer the door and run messages; she could do a score of odd jobs in the house or out of it; she could wash the potatoes, and turn the roasts, and fill the skuttles.

"Why, you're beginning to find her quite useful," Mr. Mason ventured to say to his wife rather cheerily one day. But when he said this Mrs. Mason knitted her brows, and made a reply that caused Janet to hang her head with humiliation.

"Humph! Useful, do you call her?" said Mrs. Mason. "It will be many a day before *she* earns her salt." And then she turned sharply to Janet, and rebuked her for something she was doing amiss, in a tone that made the poor little soul shake in her shoes.

But still, though Mrs. Mason was harsh

enough to Janet, she was not a bad woman altogether; she would not have starved the child, or beaten her, or ill-treated her. If she would not acknowledge that she was of any use, that was not because she wanted to be specially unjust to Janet, but because she thought all children — or, at any rate, all girls — ought to be kept under, and have conceit well knocked out of them. Janet was not worse than other girls, perhaps, but, take them all in all, they were a poor lot, and she thanked goodness *she* had none but boys. "For, dear me, if a boy is bothersome, you can always turn him out of the house," she would often say in a tone of self-congratulation, "but a girl has to be kept at your apron-string, as if she was tied to you." And, indeed, to do her justice, Mrs. Mason let her practice agree so thoroughly with her theory that she turned Jack and Bill and Dick out of doors whenever their condition seemed to her motherly eye to require that treatment, with a readiness and decision of touch that were quite delightful to witness.

I think, as far as Janet was concerned, the terms on which she soon got to stand with her cousins were, more than anything else I know, like the terms on which a kitten stands with three big dogs who are worrying it. When dogs are worrying kittens they only mean their worrying for play, perhaps, but it is such cruel play that the poor cat gets scared almost to death, and loses its wits with terror. And so Janet used to get scared, and to lose her wits when Jack and Dick and Bill chose to amuse themselves in idle moments by making fun out of her.

Of course, she would not have suffered half as much as she did if she had not been such a timid child. If she could have held her own with these rough spirits things would have gone quite differently with her; she might have come in for a good many blows and breezes, but she would have given blows as well as taken them; she would have stood up for herself, and then they would not have trampled on and tyrannized over her. But alas, poor little soul, she could not hold her own; she was just like the little kitten who, when it is attacked, can only fly wildly for its life. Was she not fair game, when she was such a frightened, stupid little thing? There was nothing that the boys loved better than to make a rush at her, and chase her through the lobby and up the stairs, till her heart was in her mouth, and her legs gave way under her, and they had hunted her into a corner, where she went down upon the ground in

a little heap. Often when they had got her there, they used to imprison her, sitting crosslegged in a semicircle before her, and then through this barrier of flesh it was their pleasure to force her to make efforts to escape — feeble little efforts that succeeded you may fancy how rarely. Sometimes, as a cat does with a mouse, they would let her escape, or seem to escape for a little way, and then would spring to their feet and pounce down again upon her, with a yell that would make her blood run cold. I daresay they never thought they were cruel to her; it was only their way of amusing themselves. One *must* get amusement somehow; and life in Camden Town is sometimes dull.

"Boys, leave the child alone; if you don't, I'll make it worse for you," Mr. Mason would occasionally shout out, in an angry tone, taking his pipe out of his mouth, or turning from his newspaper, as some sounds from Janet's voice would meet his ear of more than ordinary distress; but when Mr. Mason called out a warning of this sort, his three sons, I am obliged to confess, paid very little heed to him. For Mr. Mason was a heavy man, and slow of movement, and was a good deal fonder, as his boys had found out a long time ago, of uttering threats than of executing them. Occasionally, but only very occasionally indeed, he would rouse himself to action, and then his weight of body told, and the effect he produced was great and wholesome; but in a general way he conducted the education of his sons with words only, and not with deeds; and Dick and Jack and Bill minded words no more than they would have minded if you had blown upon them.

When Dick would come (as he did sometimes) behind Janet's chair, and tilt it up, and upset her upon the floor, it would have been a good thing if, instead of looking scared, she could have turned upon him, and twitched his hair or boxed his ears. When Jack would seize one of her feet in his big paws, and force her, by threats of mysterious punishment if she refused, to hop round the room upon one leg, it would have been well if she could have laughed instead of going through this exercise with a look of as much terror on her face as if she had been a fly in the grip of a great spider. And when Bill, making her shut her eyes, would try to introduce strange substances into her mouth — raw onions, or cayenne pepper, or candle-grease — if she could have resisted him, or have tried to get some of these pernicious articles between his own teeth,

and so have turned the tables on him, not only Dick and Jack, but Bill himself, would have had a far greater respect for her than any of them had when she only cried, and entreated, and turned sick.

But alas, she could not do these things; she was too timid to do them, and so they took advantage of her, and badgered and worried her continually more and more. Would not many another boy, besides these three, have done the same? It was such fun to frighten her, and make her do what you liked, and make her believe whatever you chose to say. These boys used to tell all kinds of incredible things to her, protesting they were all as true as gospel, till Janet, not able to believe, and yet in the face of such a solemn assertion not knowing how to doubt, would have her whole mind in a whirl.

"I saw three men drowned to-day," said Dick carelessly one evening, looking up from his lesson-book, and bobbing his head in the direction of Janet, who was labouring hard at darning stockings, to indicate that he was addressing his information to her, but flinging it out at the same time quite lightly and airily, in the cheerful way in which one would naturally announce such a fact.

"Three men drowned!" echoed Janet, in a tone of consternation.

"Yes; tumbled head over heels — one after another — right over London Bridge."

"Oh, you didn't!" cried Janet incredulously.

"I didn't! What do you mean by saying I didn't? Tell me that again, and I'll shy something at you," cried Dick, red with indignation.

"But — what did they do it for?" asked Janet, hesitating.

"Do it for? Wanted to be drowned, I suppose. They'd all got their boots off, and they left their watches tied up on the bridge in a pocket-handkerchief."

"Oh!" exclaimed Janet, quite overcome by the thoughtful consideration of this act.

"Oh, they generally do that," said Dick, in an off-hand way. "There's no use in taking their watches with them, you know."

"N — no, of course not. But — but these men weren't really drowned, were they?" asked Janet anxiously after a moment.

"Weren't drowned? Of course they were! Drowned as dead as a door nail. Saw them pulled out, and they were purple all over, and swollen as round as a pudding."

"Oh!" cried Janet again, with a face of horror and anguish.

"They were three brothers."

"Oh dear!"

"Fishmongers."

"All three of them?"

"Yes — down in the Borough. I know the shop."

"Do you really?"

And then Janet sat staring blankly in Dick's face, who whistled for a minute, while he arranged the continuation of his story, and at the end of that time threw out a few more crumbs of information.

"They're going to bury them all in one coffin."

"What do they do that for?" asked Janet precipitately, naturally astonished at this novel arrangement.

"Comes cheap. I've seen — why, I've seen six men buried in one coffin before now."

"And — and were they all drowned too?" asked Janet, quite aghast at the peculiar nature of Dick's experiences.

"Well — yes, they were drowned," said Dick slowly, taking a moment or two to consider the question, and to weigh the relative attractiveness in a story of death by drowning or by any other means, — say, by fire, or poison. "They were drowned. All six of them — at one swoop."

"What a dreadful thing!" exclaimed Janet solemnly.

"No, it ain't dreadful. It ain't a bit worse than prussic acid," said Dick contemptuously. "I could tell you lots of things worse."

"Oh, but please don't! I would rather not hear them!"

"Getting chopped up into mince-meat — that's worse. Half the sausages you eat are made up that way. I've found thumb and finger nails in sausages scores and scores of times."

"Oh, Dick!" cried Janet in an agony.

"There's nothing they don't put in. Candle-ends and old shoes, and cats and dogs, and dead people. They all taste right enough when you chop them up with salt and pepper. I'll ask mother to have sausages for dinner to-morrow."

"Oh, Dick, please don't!"

"What's the use of saying 'don't' when I tell you that I will? You want a hiding," said Dick threateningly.

"No, no, Dick!" and the child began to shiver.

"I daresay you've not had any running about all day."

"Yes, I have! Oh, indeed I have!"



"Then you want a little more."

"No — please, Dick!"

But Dick's nature was not of that weak kind that is influenced by a few foolish tears or prayers.

"Whoop! Hist! H—s—s—h!" he cried, and bolted from his seat, and then away like the wind went poor little Janet, and scudded up-stairs and down-stairs, and doubled like a hare, till she was brought to bay at last, breathless and panting.

Could she ever get used to this rough play? Could she ever get to find pleasure in it instead of only torture? She used to lie in her little bed often sobbing with pain and terror. She used to lie thinking of the days that were gone — yearning for the love that she had lost — for the face that she should never see again.

You know when we are very young it always is so difficult to look before us. We feel the trouble of to-day, and we cannot look beyond it, nor believe that to-morrow God will perhaps bring back the sunshine. We cannot believe that the thing which is will not remain forever. In after life all that becomes different. We know then that one thing is sure if a thousand things are doubtful, and that that one sure thing is that all about us in this world will change — both the evil and the good — both our sorrow and our gladness.

I wish that, when she used to lie with her poor little heart aching, some one could have told Janet that these troubles from which she suffered now would not last all through her life, — that if she could bear them for a time they would cease to seem so very hard, or that presently they might even pass away. But she had nobody to tell her this, or to give any hope or consolation to her. She had been thrown into this midst of this noisy, tumultuous household, in which no one wanted her, where she was only an intruder and a burden, and her lot seemed to get heavier and heavier as the slow days passed. Where could she look for any comfort? She used to say her prayers, as her father had taught her, but it did not seem any longer to the sore little heart as if God heard her. She felt as if every one had deserted her — God, and her father, and the friends she had had through the happy years that were gone.

#### CHAPTER V.

"YOU come here and play naughts and crosses with me," said Jack to Janet one night when he had finished learning his lessons.

It was not often that Jack or any of the boys condescended to ask Janet to play with them; but sometimes our necessities force us to do things at which our dignity has to wink, and Jack wanted a game, and had nobody to play with — Dick and Bill being hard at work still on an unusually tough piece of geography, and not likely to be finished with it in a hurry. So, not knowing what else to do, Jack issued his orders to Janet in a lordly way. "You come here and play naughts and crosses with me," he said. Upon which Janet came meekly, and Jack scored his slate, and they began to play.

They played one game, and Janet lost; and, this being naturally agreeable to Jack's feelings, Jack at the game's end nodded his head and proposed another.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at playing," said Janet modestly.

"No, you ain't," replied Jack frankly; "but I suppose you can learn to do better."

And so they played their second game, and Janet was beaten again.

"Well, I say, you're not much hand at it!" exclaimed Jack contemptuously, after this second defeat. "It's no fun playing with you; you never see what you ought to do."

"No, I'm very stupid," said Janet deprecatingly; "but I never have been used to play at games. I never had anybody to play with, you know. What I used to do most was drawing pictures."

"H'm, I don't know much about doing that," said Jack.

"It's very nice," said Janet.

"Why, what used you to draw?" asked Jack.

"Oh, anything. Houses sometimes, and people, and all sorts of things. Wouldn't you try? You might draw Dick."

"Oh, what a lark!" cried Jack. And, quite fired with enthusiasm at this suggestion, he cleaned his slate with the sleeve of his jacket, and forthwith set to work.

"Do you think that'll do?" he said, beginning with a bold hand, and tracing something on the slate that Janet looked at with respect, but with respect mingled with uncertainty.

"Is it — is it Dick's head?" asked Janet hesitatingly.

"Dick's head!" Jack gave her a look of unspeakable scorn. "It's the table."

"Oh yes, of course!" she said apologetically.

"How could I make Dick's head that

size? What a gaby you are! Now we have to put in the legs. H'm,—does that look right?"

"Ye—es, pretty right," said Janet rather dubiously.

"There seems something a little queer. I don't know why it should look as if it was standing up in the air."

"Do you think, if we made it a little rounder——" suggested Janet. "You might draw it from the bottom of one of those little jars."

"Not a bad idea." So Jack got down a small jar from the mantelpiece, and set it on his slate, and drew a perfect round; but, very singularly, the rounder Jack drew the table the worse it looked.

"It's very odd," said Jack, getting quite confounded.

"Why, you've got the legs wrong," exclaimed Bill contemptuously, coming up to assist the others with the light of his superior knowledge, and deciding where the fault lay in a moment. "What a pair of geese you are! Look how this leg comes down in the middle, and how those two go up."

"So they do," exclaimed Janet, humbly. "Dear me, I wonder we didn't think of that."

So, quite relieved, they at once began to set the legs right. They drew a straight line to represent the floor, and then they brought down the three legs upon this line (it was an old-fashioned table, with three legs to it, and not a stem in the middle); but the result, strangely, was that the drawing looked odder than ever.

"What in the world's the matter with it?" cried Jack.

"It's more than I know," said Bill; and Janet sat staring at the curious object on the slate, and felt quite bewildered.

"It looks just like those targets people shoot at; doesn't it?" she said.

"Well, tables *are* just like targets," said Jack boldly, trying to make the best of a bad business, "only they don't stand up on end. Oh, I daresay it's right enough. Any way, I'll go on and do Dick. I wonder if I ought to draw the chair first?"

"I think I would."

So, then, Jack drew the chair; and, as he drew a side view of it, it was quite a relief after a minute to find that it seemed to stand quite comfortably and securely on the floor.

"Come, now, this is something like!" he exclaimed, with his spirits rising rapidly at this unexpected success. "It's

the queerest thing, though, why it should look right and the table wrong!"

"I'm sure it's the legs," said Bill, still harping on that one idea.

"What's the use of you going on saying it's the legs? Haven't we made the legs all right? What do you want more?" exclaimed Jack, with rising indignation.

Bill responded, a little lamely perhaps, that he did not want anything more, and went back to his books whistling contemptuously; and then Jack buckled himself with vigour to his great work.

"Now, I say, Dick, just sit still," he said.

"Oh, all right!" answered Dick.

"If you'd put your hands down from your head——"

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Dick; but he did what he was asked, and stowed his hands away in his pockets.

"Now, then," said Jack; and there was silence in the room for the space of some seconds.

"That's not bad; is it?" said Jack, complacently, at the end of that time.

"N—no, I think not," replied Janet, but perhaps with a little want of fervour in her tone.

"He's rather too far off from the table; but, you see, if I was to bring him nearer, I don't know what would become of his legs. One must leave room for them."

"Yes, I suppose so. He looks a little odd, doesn't he, without any arms?"

"H'm, do you think he does? You see that's the way he's sitting. When he's got his hands in his pockets his arms don't show. But I could alter that, of course. Just put one of your hands on the table, Dick. There, that's better; isn't it? It's a little too long, perhaps."

"It *is* very long," said Janet, rather more fervently than courtesy required.

"Look here, we'll put a ruler in his hand, and make him be tapping the table with it. That's capital; ain't it? He looks all right now. If it wasn't for the table—— But it's the rummest table ever I saw. I say, I think I'll take to drawing; it's capital fun. One would soon get to do it pretty well, I fancy."

"I've always been so very fond of it," said Janet with a sigh. "I had a little paint-box at home, and I used to be so fond of making drawings, and colouring them. Lizzie didn't pack up my paint-box when I came here. I wish she had."

"Lizzie was an old thief. I'd wring her neck if I'd got a hold of her," said Jack, with virtuous indignation.

"Oh, she only forgot it. I'm sure she

would have packed it if she had thought. It was such a dear little box, with twelve paints, and a palette, and brushes in it."

"You were a ninny not to look after it yourself."

"Yes, I am afraid I was," said Janet meekly.

"How much do you think it cost?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"A shilling?"

"I'm afraid it must have been more than that."

"I've got tenpence. If you'd got tenpence too —"

"But I haven't."

"Well, you may though. You can never tell. Perhaps somebody'll come to see you, and give you something."

"Oh, I'm afraid not."

"If they should, and you get a shilling, I'd give sixpence. Now, if you get it, don't you go and be buying anything else. Do you hear? If you do, I'll flabbergast you."

What the exact nature was of the punishment shadowed forth by this mysterious threat Janet did not know, but the sound of it made her flesh creep, and of course she hastened to assure Jack that her money, whenever she might obtain any, should be placed entirely at his disposal. For as to opposing Jack in any designs that he might have of appropriating her property, or opposing Dick or Bill, or anybody, the bare thought of that proceeding never entered gentle little Janet's mind. She had no money, but of course, if she should get any, she knew that Jack or somebody else would take it from her. Her cousins had already taken almost everything from her that she counted specially her own. She had possessed a little workbox, and Dick had stamped upon it one day, and broken in the lid of it; she had had a pair of scissors and a fruit-knife, and the fruit-knife had somehow found its way into Bill's pocket, and the scissors had been wrenched in two by Jack's delicate fingers; she had had a little bundle of story-books and a Bible, and her cousins, no doubt in their eager thirst after knowledge, had torn her story-books leaf from leaf, and the only thing they had not taken had been the little Bible which her father had given her. They had respected that enough to leave it untouched.

During most of the day, while the boys were away at school, Janet was kept busy enough. She had certainly never been half as busy before in all her little life. No sooner had she eaten her breakfast than she had to be up and doing.

"Now, child, don't sit there as if you were asleep," Mrs. Mason would say to her sharply. "Begin to your washing-up, and have your wits about you." And then Janet would tie on her working-apron—a big apron that she had made for herself under her aunt's directions—and would mount a little wooden stool and wash away at cups and saucers with a grave anxious face that it was half pretty to see and half sad. For washing up cups and saucers is pleasant work enough when you can do it with an easy mind, but when you have a sharp tongue at your back to reproach you if you knock two plates together, or a sharp hand to box your ears if in some unhappy moment a teacup slips between your fingers, then the pleasure of the business becomes diminished a good deal, and you do your washing-up not without quaking for the consequences.

Janet was always glad when she had got her little piles of crockery safely stowed away in the cupboard. It was far less nervous work to sweep up the kitchen floor than to wash cups and plates; and when the breakfast-things were disposed of Janet would get her broom and sweep away with almost a light heart. She liked to sweep, and she liked pretty well to make beds, and sometimes, but not always, she liked to run messages. She used to run a great many messages, for Mrs. Mason was a woman who set her face against tradesmen coming to the door. She had a poor opinion of any house-keeper who gave her orders through a shopman's boy. She liked to go out and do her own marketing with her basket on her arm and her money in her pocket, or, if she could not conveniently go and do it herself, then, as the next best thing, she chose to send Janet. Janet could not indeed be trusted to choose a leg of mutton, but she could get the potatoes at the grocer's and bring them home; she could fetch bread from the baker's; she could buy tea and sugar, and carrots and turnips. She presently got quite used to trotting backwards and forwards to the shops, and on the whole she rather liked doing it, for her aunt's house was dull, and out-of-doors there was always something to see; and though Janet never dared to linger on her errands, not even though on her way she might have to pass a Punch-and-Judy or a happy family, still only to get out for a few minutes and to know that her aunt's shrill voice could not reach her, was a sort of comfort and refreshment to the child.

But yet, though she was so glad to get

away from her aunt, there were worse women than Mrs. Mason. She was only very hard and sharp-tempered; she was not wicked; she worked very hard; she spent her whole life in doing what she thought it was right for her to do—in washing and scrubbing, and mending and making, and scolding everybody right and left. She got through a great deal of scolding; but then when you have a husband who is rather fat and slow, and too fond of his pipe, and three great growing boys who never lose a chance of getting into mischief, and pretty near bring the house down about your ears, I dare say you fall to scolding quite naturally, and come to look upon it in your hard circumstances as the only rational thing to do. Who can tell what would have become of Jack and Dick and Bill if their mother had not boxed their ears and told them what nuisances they were a dozen times a day? Why, they might have grown up thinking that it was nothing but a pleasure to everybody to be near them. And as for their father, if his wife had not scolded him for smoking three pipes a day, he might if he had been left to himself have smoked six.

## CHAPTER VI.

How hot and heavy the sunshine used to feel to Janet as it poured in at the uncurtained windows all through the long summer days! No fresh sweet breeze seemed ever to come into that dull narrow street; no sweet familiar country sounds ever reached the child's ear. Instead of the songs of birds in the tree-branches, instead of the soft lowing of the cows in their meadows, she only heard now the rattling of carts over the stony streets, the shouting of costermongers' boys, the voices of rough children at play; instead of looking out on grass and trees and flowers, she had nothing to look out on but the opposite unbroken line of dull brick houses.

Ah, if she could go home once more, and see the little house again where she had lived, and play again in the sweet quiet fields, and hear the birds sing as they had been used to sing before her father died, in those happy summer days! Such a longing to return to it all used to come at times to Janet that now and then she would even try to talk about those dear old times to Dick or Jack or Bill.

"Oh, I wish I could take you to see our house!" she would sometimes say. "It was such a dear little house. You can't think how pretty it used to be."

"I wonder what you would think of our village, Dick, if you were there?" she said one day.

It was a hot August afternoon, and Dick, extended on the floor, was lying kicking his heels in the coolest place that he could find.

"H'm—I daresay it's a rum place," he replied. "A beggarly old place, father calls it; but if it's cooler there than here, I'd be off to it, if I could, like a shot."

"It is never so hot there as here," said Janet eagerly. "There is a little river, you know; and always down at the river there is a breeze; and there are woods with great trees in them, and you can lie under the trees and be so cool. Oh, you would like it, Dick! There are such lovely things there. Such flowers! Think of having roses growing all round the windows! And squirrels! You would like to see squirrels, wouldn't you?" said the child coaxingly, trying so, in her longing to arouse Dick's interest in what she was talking of, to think of the sort of things in that sweet home of hers that he would be likely to care about. "You would never get tired of watching the squirrels, Dick."

But Dick began to whistle a tune, and would not get interested about the squirrels. He was not an imaginative boy; he did not care to try and picture those delights that were beyond his knowledge and his reach. He began to whistle, and then, when he had done whistling,—

"I wish I'd a pocketful of oranges," he said. "Wouldn't I go into them if I had!" And the attractions of these oranges whose charms were familiar to him quite outweighed poor Janet's squirrels in her tree-tops.

On one of these hot August days Janet's birthday came. She had said a week or two before to Jack, who had been having a birthday of his own, "You are just five years older than me. You are thirteen to-day, and I shall be eight on the 14th of August;" but neither Jack nor anybody else remembered that when the day came. So it passed without notice from any one.

There were no lessons for Janet during these months; nobody had time to teach her anything, or cared about teaching her. Her uncle, indeed, soon after she went to live with him, had said something about sending her to school.

"I suppose we shall have to do it," he had said to his wife, "though it's very hard upon us."

But Mrs. Mason had answered quickly, —

"I don't see why we need bother our heads about it. She can read and write, and I don't know what she wants with any more learning than that."

"Well, she may wait a little bit, perhaps, at any rate," replied Mr. Mason; and then nothing more was said, and of course Janet did not go to school. She was useful in the house, and it was a great deal better, Mrs. Mason thought, to be making beds and dusting rooms than to be taking money that you had no right to out of other people's pockets that you might learn history and geography, and half-a-dozen other things that would never help you to earn your bread. Mrs. Mason had not learned much history herself in her youth, and had never felt the want of it, and she naturally argued that what had been no loss to her would be no loss to Janet. Let boys go to school, for a good education helps to start *them* in the world; but what need a girl want to know except to read and write, and add up a line of figures?

Janet could read fairly well, and often still in spare moments she would try to solace herself with poring over the torn pages of her old familiar story-books. How well she knew each little tale! How many a recollection they brought back to her! There were some rough little woodcuts to them that she and her father had coloured; on the fly-leaf of one ragged volume there was a picture that they had made together. How well she recollected the day when they had done it,—a cold white winter day, with the snow upon the ground. She had sat beside him at his table, and he had drawn it with his arm about her. It was a picture of the little church she knew so well, with the snow upon its roof, and on the graves in the churchyard. Perhaps as he drew it he had known that before another year had gone the snow would be lying upon *his* grave as it lay on those others there; but Janet at least had not known that. The sun was shining out of doors on the white ground. "Oh, how pretty it is! I wish the snow would come ever so much oftener than it does. Papa, don't you like it?" the child had said.

Had they all passed away forever — those dear, calm, happy days? Janet would sit sometimes dreaming over her torn books, till in the midst of her dreaming her aunt's sharp voice would come, and make her start up with a guilty feeling. One day when she was reading to

herself, Jack, in the innocent playfulness of his nature, came up on tiptoe behind her, armed with the tongs, and, making a rapid plunge with that powerful weapon, seized on the volume as it lay on Janet's lap, and securing it firmly between the two prongs, lifted it up in the air high above her head.

"Oh!" cried Janet piteously, and sprang to her feet. "Jack, don't! Please don't!"

But at this appeal Jack only retreated, and danced a dance of triumph upon the hearth.

"Make a bonfire of it," said Bill, who was present too.

"Oh, no! Oh, you won't! Oh, Jack!" cried Janet, bursting into tears.

"See if I won't then! Hold her back, Bill; pinion her; that's right. Now then, one — two — three!" And as Jack said "three!" down he dropped the poor little volume amongst the red coals.

She was such a quiet little thing at most times; perhaps neither of the boys was quite prepared for the scream of agony she gave as she saw the book she loved drop down into the flames. Bill was standing behind her, pinioning her, as he had been ordered to do, and Bill was so startled by her cry that he let her escape from his hold from pure amazement; and in another instant Jack too was utterly confounded, for before he could believe his senses a great blow struck his big ears that very nearly upset his balance, and then the next moment Janet had caught her charred and half-burnt book out of the flames, with a bitter pitiful sob that might have gone to the boys' hearts if they had had hearts to be touched by anything. She clasped her blackened book in her arms, and wrapped her pinafore round it to extinguish the burning, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The boys looked at one another, and then turned away with rather sheepish faces.

"I'm sure it's hardly a bit worse than it was before," Jack said contemptuously after a moment or two, looking back over his shoulder. "It's been all in pieces for ever so long. You needn't make such a fuss over it."

But Janet returned no answer. She sat down presently at the window, and leant her head on the sill, and laid the book against her cheek, as if it had been some poor wounded thing. If they had tried to kill a living creature that she loved, would she not have felt just as she felt then? Jack went to his lessons, and sat over them whistling with rather a perplexed mind. His ear was tingling yet with the

blow that Janet had given him, but to do him justice he did not bear her any malice for her blow. Perhaps the vigour with which she had bestowed it on him had, on the contrary, inspired him with a touch of respect for her. For, you see, these rough boys had got into the habit of thinking her such a poor-spirited thing that she would bear anything from them, and they trampled upon her to a large extent, just because they believed that she was too timid and cowardly to stand up for herself. But now, at last, she *had* stood up for herself, and Jack, as he buckled himself to his arithmetic, felt something almost like regret that he had tried to tease her so. He had not wanted to hurt her; he had only wanted a bit of fun. How could he have supposed that she would care so much about a stupid old book?

In the course of that evening, some hours after the burning had taken place, he presented her with a piece of lollypop as a peace-offering. She had long left off crying by that time; she had carried her book up-stairs and hidden it amongst her clothes, and she was sitting in the kitchen hemming dusters for her aunt.

Jack sauntered to her side, and took a very moist packet from his trousers' pocket.

"You may have a bit of that, if you like," he said, untwisting the paper, and displaying a brown glutinous stick, in that uncomfortable state of dissolution which some sorts of sweetstuff always fall into in summer.

"Oh! thank you," answered Janet hesitatingly, looking at the offered gift with mingled feelings.

"It's too sticky to break. You'd better bite a bit off," said Jack.

So then Janet advanced her mouth, and Jack with great solemnity held the stick out to her, and she bit. But her teeth stuck in the substance, and it being very limp indeed, and the reverse of brittle, Jack had to work it up and down before they could get the bit she desired to eat parted from the rest.

"It gets soft in this weather," said Jack apologetically, "but it's coming now. There; that's it. You'll have to lick your lips, though." For in wrestling over the business of separation, no small amount of treacly matter had got daubed over Janet's mouth.

"Oh, yes," said Janet, trying to extricate her teeth.

"It's good, ain't it?" inquired Jack.

"Yes, very good."

"They always have good lollypops at

Chubbins's. I'll show you the shop some day, and then when you get a penny you can buy some."

"Thank you," said Janet, not at all seeing her way to avail herself of this opportunity, but grateful, nevertheless, for the information.

And then Jack nodded, and, returning the moist parcel to his pocket, went back again to his lessons, and, to tell the truth and give him his due, felt rather more comfortable than he had done before. For, if he had been a little unkind to Janet, had he not done his best now to make it up handsomely to her? "She didn't take much," thought Jack to himself, with some natural congratulation, and then for a moment the question presented itself to him whether a high sense of courtesy might not demand that he should offer a second bite to her; but after a little consideration he rejected this suggestion as altogether absurd and quixotic. "She'd have taken more if she'd wanted it," he said to himself; and this was so reasonable a view of the matter that he dismissed it from his thoughts, and ate the rest of his lollypop as those do who have an easy mind.

Perhaps of the three boys Janet liked her cousin Jack the best. She was the least afraid of Jack. Rough as he was, and selfish as he was, yet sometimes he took her part when the others were vexing her, and once or twice he even gave a blow or took a blow for her. One night he threw an ink-bottle at Bill's head when Bill was teasing her in the peculiarly irritating way in which Bill loved to tease. The child was laboriously darning stockings, and Bill, with a pair of scissors in his hand, was standing behind her back, snipping her cotton in two, over and over again, whenever she had got a needleful of it drawn through the hole that she was mending. She had moved from one seat to another to try and escape from him, but he had followed her wherever she went: she had tried to slip from the room, but he had leapt forward and stood against the door, clipping the air with his scissors, and making grimaces in her face; and at last, when for about the twentieth time he had triumphantly cut her thread, she had burst into tears of helpless vexation. She had all these stockings to mend before she went to bed, and how could she do them? how could she get through her work unless somebody would speak to Bill?

"Oh, baby!" shouted Bill, as soon as he saw her tears, and he immediately began himself to sob, and to stuff his knuckles into his eyes.



"I say, Bill, you let her alone," cried Jack at this stage of the business.

Jack, naturally unwilling to interfere with his brother's sports, had hitherto taken no notice of Janet's distress; but he lifted up his head now, and uttered this admonition in rather a belligerent voice.

"Let her alone yourself," replied Bill defiantly.

"I ain't touching her," said Jack, with indignation.

"I don't interfere with *you*," said Bill. And then snip went the scissors again, and in two again went Janet's thread.

"Oh, it's too bad! Oh, how can you?" cried poor helpless Janet, and burst into fresh tears as Bill broke into a great laugh.

"Now stop that!" shouted Jack, savagely. "You've been going on long enough."

"I'll go on as long as I like," retorted Bill, and put out his tongue in the direction of his brother, — not, I am afraid, in sign of respect.

"You will, will you?" said Jack; and then — there was a small stone ink-bottle standing on the table, and Jack seized it and hurled it at Bill's head. Bill ducked, but the missile struck him on the crown of his head, the ink poured over his face, and Bill howled.

"Oh, Jack!" cried frightened Janet, and jumped up, and let all the stockings fall upon the ground.

"I don't care," said Jack with affected indifference, and propped his elbows on the table, and appeared to be deep in his lessons; but, in spite of his look of abstraction, I suspect his heart began to beat rather fast as he heard his mother's voice upon the stairs.

"What mischief in the world are you up to now? Which of you has been spilling the ink? Jack, is it you?" cried Mrs. Mason, and, as she asked her question, without waiting for a reply to it, she smote Jack on the side of his head; for Mrs. Mason was fond of rapid punishments, and a little wholesome boxing of the ears, even before a fault was proved, never to her thinking did any harm, but often very much the reverse.

"Yes — he threw the ink-bottle at me," howled Bill, holding up his ink-stained face.

"Jack!" cried Mrs. Mason in a terrible voice, and the next instant a series of blows began to fall thick as hail on Jack's devoted head.

"I'll teach you to throw ink-bottles! I'll ink-bottle you!" cried Mrs. Mason, crimson in the face.

"I've got all the ink in my eyes!" whined Bill.

"Then go to the pump and get it out again," answered his mother sharply. "What were you doing to make him throw the ink-bottle at you? If your brother was in the wrong, do you think that makes you right?" And, loving to be impartial in the justice that she distributed, Mrs. Mason advanced to her youngest son, and cuffed him on both sides of his head.

Jack had received his punishment in silence, but Bill when he was boxed roared, and went roaring from the room; and then Mrs. Mason, with her spirit up and her hand well in, turned round to Janet.

"And what are *you* doing? You're at the bottom of it all, I've no doubt," she said. "Where are the stockings that you've mended? What — you haven't mended any? You've just been idling and quarrelling? Take that, then, for your idling." And if Mrs. Mason boxed Janet's ears less sharply than she had boxed Jack's and Bill's, at any rate the child got a blow that made her cheeks tingle for half an hour afterwards.

You see Mrs. Mason's system of education was a very simple one. She was a woman with much work and many cares upon her shoulders; was it not natural that she should not be fond of wasting time when her children took to quarrelling in trying to find out which amongst them was most in the wrong? Was it not so much easier to punish them alike all round? "Why, if I was to try to get to the bottom of it every time they took to fighting with one another, I'd be worn to a thread-paper," she would often say; and I am afraid there is little doubt that she would, for three boys who did more in the way of quarrelling with one another than Dick and Jack and Bill you scarcely could have found in a long summer's day. No two of them were ever together for ten minutes but they began to spar, or to tease one another, or to fight.

"I should think you must get tired of it," Janet said one day hesitatingly to Jack, having considered the matter a great deal in her grave little mind, without having reached any satisfactory conclusion concerning the advantages of it.

"Get tired of it?" repeated Jack, opening his eyes, and not in the least knowing what she meant.

"Yes — don't you?"

"I don't know what in the world you're talking of," said Jack.

"I mean, you — you're always fighting together."

"Well?" inquired Jack, not seeing how any rational person could object to such a natural occupation.

"But it seems so odd."

"Odd to fight? I think it would seem much odder not to fight. *You* can't know, of course," said Jack, in a tone of supreme contempt: "you're only a girl; but they'd be rum boys, I think, who didn't do it."

"But you do it so much," Janet ventured to suggest.

"We don't do it a bit more than we need," said Jack. "You should see the boys at school. Then you might talk! But you're such a baby. If anybody looks at you you're ready to cry out. I wouldn't be a girl for something!" cried Jack with unction, and with a beautiful frankness, and he gave Janet such a look of scorn that she felt quite abashed and hung her head.

After that day when Jack threw the ink-bottle at Bill's head, Janet sometimes in her troubles, when the others were rough to her, or were teasing her, would turn to Jack; she would feel a certain faint sense of protection in being near him. She was very affectionate, and she had so little here to care for that there were moments when she almost felt as if she liked him. She said to him one day, —

"I wish you had come to see us once, Jack, while papa was alive. I think it would have been so nice. I do think you would have liked it."

She was sitting when she made this speech looking at Jack as he cut out a boat from a bit of wood.

"H'm—I don't know. Perhaps I should," replied Jack condescendingly.

"It was so pretty. And you would have liked papa."

"Oh, well, I'm not so sure of that. Parsons are queer coves. They're not much in my line," said Jack cautiously.

"Oh, but he was so kind. Nobody could have helped liking him."

"It's best to be on the safe side," said Jack, with a knowing wink. "I daresay he was all right, but it's a chance if we'd have pulled together. Besides, there would have been such a lot of church-going, you know."

"You needn't have gone to church more than once if you hadn't liked it," said Janet meekly. "But of course it's no use talking of it all now. Only nobody knows how nice it was." And then the poor little voice shook, and the tears rose up to the child's eyes.

"Well, I daresay it did seem queer at

first when it was all up, and you had to come here. I don't know that I should have liked it myself," said Jack; "that's to say, not for a bit. But I shouldn't think you'd like to go back to the country now."

"What! not like to go back?" cried Janet, with her face flushing, and her grey eyes opening wide.

"No; you'd find it ever so stupid."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Why, what would you do, if you were there this minute?"

"What should I do?" She paused to think for a moment or two. It was the afternoon of a September day—a warm day with a deep blue sky. "Perhaps I might be in a wood gathering nuts, or I might have gone to see them milk the cows at the rectory, or perhaps Mrs. Jes-sop might have lent me her little pony, as she sometimes did, and I should be having a ride—oh, Jack, such a lovely ride across the fields. I know exactly where I would go. I would go past the church and over the meadows, and on and on till I came to a great pine wood. And then I would let my pony loose for a little (he was so quiet he never used to run away), and perhaps I would go blackberry-gathering over the common. Perhaps I should have taken a basket with me, and I would bring it back all full of blackberries."

"Well, I should'n't wonder that it might be rather jolly," said Jack, thoughtfully, with a mind open to conviction. "I'd like the riding and the blackberry-getting, and all that. I'd like to go bird-nesting too; that's fun."

"Y—es, I suppose it is," said Janet, faintly.

"I went bird-nesting out at Hendon one day last year," said Jack; and then he proceeded with much unction to give Janet a minute and lively account of this expedition; and poor little Janet listened, and had *not* the courage to speak out the thoughts about it that were in her mind. For, of course, to her—loving as she did every little feathered creature that sang—this amusement of Jack's seemed a sorrowful and cruel thing.

"I never took any birds out of their nests; I—I never cared to do it," she just said timidly once. "I like so much better to have them in the trees."

"Oh, bother the trees," exclaimed Jack, contemptuously. "What I'd like to do best would be to snare them. I should'n't mind being a bird-catcher for a bit. I could make such a lot of money that way. Think of coming in with a whole sackful of birds!"

"But surely nobody puts birds in a sack?" cried Janet in a tone of horror.

"Don't they though! What else could you do with them when you catch such a lot? They stuff them in, one after another."

"Oh, Jack!"

"It's a fact. You ask anybody. Why, that's the fun of the thing."

"But they must get suffocated?"

"So they do—some of them. You've got to take your chance of that. There's sure to be more alive than dead. What you do is to catch a bag full of them, and then the man at the shop gives you so much for the lot, and you tumble them all out into a cage."

"Oh, poor little things!"

"Well, I must say it's pretty hard lines for *them*, but that's their look-out. There's an awful scrimmage sometimes when they get into the cage. You can fancy it—can't you? Just think—two or three score of birds put into a cage not that size. And then, when they get their food! Why, they fight so, and they're jammed so close that sometimes—sometimes after a night of it—there's nine-tenths of them dead. But that's bad management," said Jack, severely. "I say, if it's worth your while to buy birds, it's worth your while to keep them alive."

"But Jack," said Janet, with the saddest face, "I think you're trying to deceive me. Do you really mean that people are so dreadfully cruel to the poor little birds?"

"Oh—cruel?—that's all stuff. They can't help it—at least, not most of it. I think, for their own sake," said Jack with an air of wisdom, "that they ought to give them a little more room."

"But it seems so dreadful."

"It ain't a bit more dreadful than other things. It all depends on what you're used to."

"But the birds never can be used to being packed in bags."

"Oh, I ain't thinking of the birds. I mean it don't seem dreadful to the people who do it. It's right enough for them to do it, if it's got to be done," said Jack, with an off-hand philosophy that was, I am afraid, too much for Janet's understanding.

And, in truth, I fear in this new life of hers there were many things too much for Janet's understanding. There was so much that seemed strange to her—so much that jarred with the teaching of her early years. She did not indeed argue about it. She came by degrees to accept it all patiently, as children so often do;

but, unconsciously to herself, as she grew used to it, every spark of brightness, every touch of warmth, died out of her little life. She had not much spirit, you see, this poor, little, lonely Janet.

---

From Chambers' Journal.

COCA.

COCA, much talked about lately in connection with the doings of a wonderful pedestrian, is the leaf of the *Erythroxylon coca*, a climbing-plant, seldom attaining six feet in height, bearing small white flowers succeeded by red berries. The leaves, about an inch and a half long, are of a pale bright green and quite smooth, somewhat resembling those of the myrtle. When fit for gathering—an operation performed three or four times a year—they fall off at the slightest touch of the hand; and after being dried in the sun, are collected in baskets large enough to hold half a hundredweight of leaves. The plant is little known in this country.

Although strange to European experience, coca has been in high favour with the Indians of South America for centuries, as an infallible preventive of hunger and weariness. Peter de Cieza tells us the Peruvian Indians of his time, esteeming the coca-tree of far higher account than the best wheat, nourished it carefully in the mountains of the Andes, from Guamanga to the town of La Plata; and when they acquired a new piece of land, at once set about calculating how many baskets of coca it would yield. So great was the demand for it, particularly at the mines of Potosi, and so extensively was it cultivated, that in the years 1548, 1549, 1550, and 1551, the plantations gave an annual return to their proprietors of from forty thousand to eighty thousand "pieces of eight." This is not to be wondered at, considering that the Indians had such hearty faith in the virtues of coca, that, believing the more they ate of it the stronger they became, they were never seen without some leaves in their mouths, from the time they rose in the morning till the time they turned in for the night; while before setting out on a journey they took especial care to fill their leathern pouches with coca-leaves, and their calabashes with "a whitish sort of earth" to be eaten with them. The simple leaf sufficed their necessities at home, unless bent upon a little extra exhilaration, in which case they took tobacco-leaves and coca-leaves in combination.

An English gentleman staying at Jamaica in 1789, received from a Mr. Reader, who had just returned from a visit to Peru, a small horn spoon and a calabash containing about a pound of a white powder; accompanied with the information that the Indians, when travelling, took a spoonful of the powder whenever they felt hungry, and if thirsty as well, washed it down with a draught of water; and thus provided could compass a thousand miles afoot without requiring anything else in the way of refreshment. Upon examination the white powder proved to be nothing but lime from calcined oyster-shells; such as, many years later, Humboldt saw set out for sale in the public market at Popayan, for eating with dried coca-leaves, or for mixing with chewed leaves preparatory to being made up into pellets or pills.

Ulloa declares the Indians thought so much of *cuca* or *coca*, that rather than go without it, they would part with anything or everything they possessed. "They put," he says, "into their mouths a few coca-leaves and a suitable portion of a kind of chalk called *membí*, and chewing them together, at first spit out the saliva which that manducation causes, but afterwards swallow it; and then move it from one side of the mouth to the other, till the substance is quite drained." The herb, he avers, fortifies the stomach and preserves the teeth, and is so nutritive and invigorating, that the chewers of it could labour whole days without taking any other food. Another writer depones that coca-eaters can work for eight or ten days without sleeping, untroubled by hunger, thirst, or fatigue. After this we are not surprised to learn that the Bolivian Indians, who take coca from infancy, are able to hold their own easily with mule-mounted travellers. Such among them as have won for themselves a reputation as "good walkers" are employed to carry government despatches, being capable of accomplishing twenty leagues a day for several successive days with nothing to sustain their energies save coca and *lipta* — a preparation of cooked potatoes, pounded into a pulp and burned to ashes with a maize-cob, which imparts a pleasant saline flavour to the otherwise insipid coca-leaf.

The Indian and half-caste women of the Upper Amazons are given to indulge overmuch in *ypadin*, made by baking coca-leaves in an oven, pounding them in a wooden mortar until half-pulverized, and then mixing them with the ashes of the burnt leaves of the candelabrum-tree, in order to neutralize the evil effect of pure

coca-powder. As coca-eating happens to be abhorrent to the ruling powers in Ega, the *ypadin*-loving dames are compelled to raise their coca-trees in retired forest nooks, to hide away their modest gatherings, and take their solace secretly. Mr. Bates thinks that *ypadin* does no harm if taken in moderation; but if indulged in to excess, it destroys the appetite, and in time produces great nervous exhaustion. Humboldt, conceding that Indian messengers can travel for many days without any other aliment, pronounces against the use of the delectable mixture of leaves and lime, on the ground that, while exciting the secretion of the saliva and of the gastric juice, it takes away the appetite without affording any nutriment to the body; and an Edinburgh Reviewer, disgusted with a traveller's laudation of coca, does not scruple to assert that it is certain those who used it were remarkably short-lived. The Bolivian Indians, however, if we may accept the testimony of one who lived some years among them, are rather remarkable for their longevity; and if the coca-leaf is really very deleterious, it is hard to understand how it has retained its repute so many hundred years.

Supposing coca to be all its admirers assert, it does not follow that its introduction into countries yet blissfully ignorant of its virtues is at all desirable. Your coca-eater only works by fits and starts, ordinarily he ranks amongst the laziest of the lazy. Besides, what may be meat to the Indian in the healthiest tropical land in the world, may be poison to the energetic sons of colder climes; and the fact that in South America coca-eating is steadfastly eschewed by the ruling race, speaks strongly against the vaunted harmlessness of the practice. It is impossible it should be harmless; neither the body nor the mind can be defrauded of due sustenance and rest with impunity; though the payment of the penalty be deferred for a time, it is sure to be exacted. Of stimulants we have enough and to spare. Those already used and abused may very well suffice those who cannot get along without something of the kind. Nobody that we know of wants to work day and night, or to dispense with meat and drink. Even if anybody does, it is possible that their end may be achieved by other means. From the Moluccas to the Yellow River, from the Ganges and the Indus to the shores of the Black Sea, the betel-leaf is, as old Gerarde says, "not only unto the silly Indian meat, but also drink in their tedious travels, refresh-

ing their weary spirits and helping their memory." Abyssinian sentinels on night-duty keep drowsiness at a distance by chewing the leaves of the *Catha edulis*; Magnenus records that a soldier at the siege of Valencia, in 1636, underwent the greatest fatigue and lived without food for a week, thanks to a few quids of tobacco; and we ourselves knew a man who, when compelled to work through the night, kept himself awake and up to the mark by merely chewing tea. Tea being within everybody's reach, perhaps it would be as well if, before setting about importing coca-leaves, the medical gentlemen who have displayed such enthusiasm in behalf of coca, were to try the effect of tea and lime, and let the world know the result of the experiment.

It is surely a pity that three such important products as coca, the cocoa of the breakfast-table, and the cocoa-nut, though completely distinct both botanically and in their properties and uses, should have names so provokingly similar that most people, we believe, are puzzled to say which is which. The *Erythroxylon coca* of which we have been speaking has no connection with the cocoa-tree (*Theobroma cacao*), which yields the well-known beverage cocoa or chocolate. Equally distinct from both is the cocoa-nut palm (*Cocos nucifera*), the fruit of which supplies the inhabitants of many tropical coasts and islands with a great part of their food, and also furnishes the cocoa-nut oil of commerce. It is the more solid ingredient of this oil, known as cocoa-nut butter, that is so much used as an unguent when mixed with a little olive-oil to give it softness. Among the many changes of nomenclature constantly going on, could nothing be done to remedy the perplexity caused by so many diverse articles being known by names so closely resembling each other?

#### REVOLUTIONARY BALLADS.

GENERAL WOLFE.

COME, all ye brave young men,  
Let nothing fright you;  
If they objection make,  
Let that delight you.  
Love, here's a ring of gold,  
Long time I've kept it;  
Love, here's a ring of gold,  
Will you accept it?  
When you the posy read,  
Think on the giver;  
Oh! do remember me,  
Or I'm undone forever.

Now this brave hero, he  
Took to the ocean,  
To fight for liberty  
And his promotion.  
He landed at Quebec  
All in a line so pretty,  
On the Plains of Abraham,  
Just before the city.  
He landed at Quebec  
With all his party,  
The enemy to attack,  
Being both brave and hearty.

"The victory we've won,  
With all the treasure."  
"Oh then," replied brave Wolfe,  
"I'll die with pleasure."

#### MONTGOMERY.

I.

YE powers of melody,  
Aid me while I try  
To sing the great Montgomery;  
For I mean to tell  
How the hero fell,  
Contending for his country's liberty.

2.

When Britain's tyrant first,  
By an ill counsel curst,  
Resolved our country to enslave,  
That great, that gallant chief  
Flew to our relief,  
Determined to oppose the haughty knave.

3.

Through winter's snow and frost,  
Abraham's Plains he crost,  
Took Fort St. John, Montreal, Chambly,  
Then hastened to Quebec,  
Which he did attack,  
There fell the great, the brave *Montgomery*.

4.

"See, brave Americans,  
There the city stands,  
To storm it I have laid the plan;  
Let ladders then be placed,  
To yon walls in haste,  
Your general, my boys, will lead the van."

5.

Then o'er the walls he flew,  
Quebec to subdue,  
Regardless of his destiny;  
But ah! unhappy fate,  
Painful to relate,  
There fell the brave, the great *Montgomery*.

6.

The generous Carleton then,  
Called unto his men,  
"My boys! my boys! Forbear! forbear!  
The great Montgomery,  
See where he does lie!"  
Then o'er his corse he dropt a silent tear.

7.

O, Carleton, may thy name  
Live in endless fame,  
Thou great, thou gallant enemy!  
Of chiefs for Britain's crown,  
Carleton, thou alone  
Art blessed with honor and humility.

8.

Thou and Montgomery  
When both souls are free,  
Shall meet on the celestial plain,  
And, though foes below,  
There no rancour know  
But ever and together live and reign.

9.

America, thy loss  
Is a dreadful cross,  
Montgomery, the great, the good.  
But to expiate  
His untimely fate,  
Britannia, thou must yet shed tears of blood.

---

THE QUEEN'S LAMENTATION.

1.

BENEATH a verdant, shady bower,  
Adorned with many a fragrant flower,  
Britannia's queen sat pensively,  
Lamenting her sad destiny.

2.

Her numerous offspring round her throng  
Attentive to her plaintive song,  
When thus her Majesty begun,  
"My dearest babes, we are undone.

3.

"For I on every side can see  
Nought but impending misery;  
With reason, then, I curse the day  
I was advanced to regal sway.

4.

"In Mecklenburg, my native soil,  
Ere that I knew this cursed isle,  
I roved a virgin princess bright,  
And revelled in unmixed delight.

5.

"But when demanded by your sire  
Ye gods! my soul was all on fire;  
My fancy roved from scene to scene,  
In prospect mighty Britain's queen.

6.

"Revolving years rolled smoothly on,  
Nor had a thorn yet pierced my crown;  
One round of pleasure and delight,  
Adorned by day and crowned by night.

7.

"But when your father did advise  
With your great grandsire's enemies,  
A gloomy cloud hung o'er my head,  
And filled me with eternal dread.

8.

"With prayers and tears I often strove  
The sad occasion to remove,  
I often did my Lord implore  
To grant a peace to yonder shore.

9.

"But those pernicious vermin still  
Did urge him on from ill to ill;  
And by their craft conducted so  
As proves Great Britain's overthrow.

10.

"Those rebels, though they bear the name,  
'Tis we, not they, sure, are to blame,  
Have acted with such dignity,  
Are surely worthy to live free.

11.

"I trembling sit upon my throne,  
I cannot wear this mangled crown.  
See how it trembles on my head!  
I wish, my babes, that we were dead!

12.

"Oh, were my head a flood of tears,  
That I might wash away my fears,  
And mitigate my inward dread;  
Alas! I wish that we were dead."

---

VAIN Britons, boast no longer, with proud  
indignity,  
By land your conquering legions, your match-  
less strength by sea;  
Since we, your braver sons in truth, our swords  
have girded on,  
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! for war and  
Washington.

Urged on by North and vengeance, your valiant  
champions come,  
Loud bellowing, tea and treason, and George  
was all your theme;  
But, sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels still  
live on,  
*And laugh at all your empty puffs, huzza for  
Washington!*

Still deaf to mild entreaty, still blind to En-  
gland's good,  
You have, for thirty pieces, sold your country's  
blood;  
Like Æsop's greedy cur, you'll find a shadow  
for your bone,  
You'll find no fearless shades indeed, *inspired  
by Washington.*

Mysterious, unexampled, incomprehensible,  
The blundering schemes of Britain, your folly,  
pride, and zeal;  
Like lions though you growl and fight, mere  
asses you have shown,  
*Then you shall share the asses' fate, and drudge  
for Washington.*

Should George, to succor Britain, to foreign  
realms apply,  
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we  
would defy



Turk, Russian, Jew, and Infidel, and all those powers in one  
While Hancock crowns our Senate, *our camp, great Washington.*

Yet think not thirst of glory unsheathes our vengeful swords  
To rend our bonds asunder and cast away our cords;  
'Tis heaven-born freedom fires us now, and strengthens each brave son,  
From him who lowly guides the plough to godlike Washington.

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdaining slavish fears,  
To swords we'll turn our ploughshares, our pruning-hooks to spears;  
And rush all desp'rate on the foe, nor breathe till battle's won,  
And shout and shout, *America, and conquering Washington!*

Fired with the great idea, our fathers' shades shall rise,  
To view the stern contention the gods forsake the skies;  
And Wolfe, 'mid hosts of heroes superior bending down,  
Cry out with ardor for the cause, "*Well done, brave Washington!*"

Proud France may view with terror, and haughty Spain may fear,  
Whilst every warlike nation shall court alliance here;  
And George's minions humbling down dismount him from his throne,  
*Pay homage to America and conquering Washington!*

#### THE JUNTA.

THE Junta together their heads were laying,  
And North in a flourish his parts was displaying;  
A placeman steps in, cries, "The rebels are beat,  
Philadelphia's our own and the whole's at our feet."

Derry down.

Lord North looked around with a delicate smile,  
And cried "I still knew we the rebels should foil;  
Now Vengeance we'll deck like some being divine,  
And Jack Ketch's labors in future shall shine."

Derry down.

The cannons did thunder, the bells sweetly chime,  
When a captain arrived whom they called Propenheim.  
"What news?" said the Junta, "we know it is good,  
The rebels are wholly and solely subdued."

Derry down.

"My lords," said the captain, "I dare not amuse,  
For I am the messenger of dismal news;  
The tide of our fortune is stopped in its course,  
And Burgoyne is a prisoner with all his whole force."

Derry down.

As when dreadful lightnings in flashes do fly,  
And level some wretch in the twink of an eye,  
The Junta received a similar shock,  
And screamed, "Lord, deliver our heads from the block!"

Derry down.

For some time they hung in this dreadful suspense,  
Not daring to make or defer a defence,  
When from Philadelphia Cornwallis arrived,  
On hearing which tidings their hopes were revived.

Derry down.

Without hesitation they hasted away  
As swift as a hawk in pursuit of his prey;  
"Have you any good tidings, my lord, tell us quick,  
That will cheer up our spirits, for faith we are sick."

Derry down.

His lordship then sighed and cried, "Alas!  
Our matters are brought to a terrible pass;  
Besieged by the rebels, quite chagrined and grieved,  
Poor Howe must soon fly if not quickly relieved."

Derry down.

The Junta were struck with this dreary relation,  
And cried out, "Poor Britain's a ruined nation;  
Her finances sunk and her measures all crossed,  
No sums can be borrowed and all must be lost."

Derry down.

"Some comfort, however, presents to our view,  
Our faithful Canadians will ever prove true;  
We'll prove from that quarter a thorn in their side,  
We'll stop their career and we'll humble their pride."

Derry down.

Soon after, a vessel arrived on the coast,  
With tidings that Canada also was lost,  
Had risen, revolted, laid siege to Quebec,  
Which news put each villain in pain for his neck.

Derry down.

Now, Britons, your rights and your famed Magna Charta  
Must end in a smoke like a loud Magna —  
Your talents, messieurs, directed by Bute,  
Have rendered our sovereign quite absolute.

Derry down.

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## A SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

AWAY from the roar and the rattle,  
The dust and the din of the town,  
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,  
Till the strong treads the weak man down !  
Away to the bonnie green hills  
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,  
And the heart of the greenwood thrills  
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,  
The veil of the dun and the brown,  
The push and the splash and the pother,  
The wear and the waste of the town !  
Away where the sky shines clear,  
And the light breeze wanders at will,  
And the dark pine-wood nods near  
To the light-plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,  
And steaming above and below,  
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling  
And the thought has no quiet to grow.  
Away where the clear brook purls,  
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,  
And the plume of the fern uncurls  
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage so sweetly  
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,  
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me  
With thoughts ever kindly and good ;  
More dear than the wealth of the world,  
Fond mother with bairnies three,  
And the plump-armed babe that has curled  
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle  
The dust and the din of the town,  
Where to live is to brawl and to battle  
Till the strong treads the weak man down.  
Away where the green twigs nod  
In the fragrant breath of the May,  
And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,  
And the blithe birds sing on the spray.  
Sunday Magazine. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

## THEN!

WEARY, and bruised, and bleeding still  
From life's sharp thorns, on, on we come :  
Down at our Master's feet we drop,  
And here are heaven and home !

Safe at those feet, where joy, and pain,  
And all that made life dark or bright,  
Seem but a mist beneath the sun  
Of our supreme delight.

What matter that the world has frowned,  
That fortune ever was unkind,  
That plans have failed, and cares have pressed ?  
All, all is far behind !

What matter now, the hard cold words  
That smote us when for love we sought ?  
What matter now ? The goal is reached —  
The bitter past is nought.

And we can smile a bright, calm smile  
At pains whereby our hearts were riven,  
And wonder such small things could touch  
A soul bound straight for heaven !

Wake from the dream — our glorious *then*  
Shines like a star above our sight :  
Our patient *now* before us lies,  
And duty gives the light.

The Month.

C. P.

## FIRST FRUITS.

HALF covered with last year's leaves,  
She peeped from her russet bed ;  
The great bare branches of the trees  
Were tossed and swayed overhead ;  
The hedge looked barren and prickly,  
Without the sign of a leaf ;  
Over the flower there bowed a heart  
Grown cold with the snows of grief.

The violet's fragile petals  
Enfolded a heart of gold,  
And a deeper wealth of perfume  
Than the tiny cup could hold ;  
So the great wind roaring above  
Sent a tiny zephyr down,  
To drift aside the sheltering bloom,  
And bereave her of her crown.

It stole the familiar scent,  
To give to the burdened heart,  
With only a cold north wind  
In the world to take its part :  
The flower died in the bleak March air,  
And the heart went on its way ;  
The violet's life was blooming there,  
And melting the snows away.  
Good Words. C. BROOKE.

## SPRING'S GIFTS.

COME, when the spring the leaf unfolds,  
And calls the swallow from afar ;  
When earth the flower no more withholds,  
And beauty wakes in bird and star.  
In vain the star's soft ray,  
In vain the wild bird's lay,  
Unless thou come,  
Thou wanderer, home ;  
Thou, to my heart new life to be,  
Spring, with thy gracious gifts to me.  
Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE KEPPELS: FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE, BY THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.\*

THE Count de Ségur (father of the historian of the Russian campaign) was led to the composition of his memoirs by the reflection that, "chance having willed him to be successively colonel, general, traveller, poet, dramatist, courtier, farmer, deputy, councillor of state, senator, peer of France — to have seen men and things under all aspects, sometimes through the prism of happiness, sometimes through the crape of misfortune" — he was obviously predestined to record his impressions and reminiscences. Lord Albemarle was somewhat similarly justified in arriving at the same conclusion: chance having willed that he should be successively soldier, traveller, author, courtier, politician, country gentleman, man of fashion, county member, and peer: that when a boy at Westminster he should be the playmate of the heiress-presumptive to the throne: that he should leave school at fifteen to carry the colours of a gallant regiment at Waterloo: that he should rise through every grade of the service from ensign to general: that he should be aide-de-camp to a viceroy of India and a viceroy of Ireland, and equerry to a prince of the blood: that he should traverse the (then) least-known countries of the Eastern Hemisphere: that he should survey mankind, if not from China to Peru, from Calcutta to St. Petersburg: that he should live familiarly with a host of brilliant contemporaries, and be able in his seventy-seventh year to talk and write about them as freshly and vividly as if he were narrating the events of yesterday in his prime.

The personal qualities which, combined with luck, enable men to rise above the common level, appear to have been hereditary in his race. Dating from the memorable fifth of November, 1689, when Arnold van Keppel landed at Torbay with his royal friend and patron, we should be puzzled to name a period in which a Keppel will not be found occupying an honourable place in our naval or military an-

nals; and the family documents throw light on many passages in history which it is desirable to clear up. Lord Albemarle, therefore, was amply justified in devoting a considerable space to the Keppels of England, and has done a real service by printing such portions of their correspondence touching national and public occurrences as have been hitherto kept back. Nor are we disposed to carp at the pride of birth to which we are indebted for a preliminary chapter on the Keppels of Guelderland, who figured as prominently in the petty wars of the Low Countries in the Middle Ages as their descendants in more regular and extended military operations on the same ground under William, Marlborough, or Eugene. An action in which Walter van Keppel was slain, in 1227, may serve as a specimen: presenting, as it does, a striking illustration of the times.

Otto van der Lippe, bishop of Utrecht, on his departure for the Holy Land as a soldier of the cross, consigned his territorial possessions to the guardianship of Roderic, lord of Coerverden, who, on the bishop's return, insisted on retaining them and left the rightful owner no alternative but a resort to force.

The bishop, like his predecessors and successors in the see, was as much a soldier as a priest. He resolved to compel a restitution by force of arms, and summoned his friends to his assistance. Gerhard, count of Guelders, among others, obeyed the call of his spiritual lord. Attended by his nobles, knights, and vassals, he ranged himself under the banner of the warlike prelate, who led the troops in person. As his army approached the castle of Coerverden they found that every preparation had been made for its defence. Roderick, a strategist after a fashion, wishing to impress his assailants with the notion that he had a considerable body of cavalry at his disposal, collected within the walls of the castle a number of brood mares, which, being separated from their foals, kept up an incessant neighing during the night. The next morning, the episcopalian troops perceived the enemy drawn up in order of battle before the castle, and at the edge of a morass; wearing no other defensive armour than a helmet and breastplate. The bishop and his allies rushed impetuously to the attack, but being clad in heavy armour, and unacquainted with the

\* *Fifty Years of My Life*. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. In 2 vols. London, 1876.

passes of the bog, they stuck so fast in the mire that they tried to extricate themselves in vain. The rebels gained a complete and easy victory. The count of Guelders was taken prisoner, and confined for a whole year in the castle of Coerverden. Among the slain was, as has been already mentioned, Derek van Keppel. A terrible fate awaited the bishop. The captors of the prelate seem to have thought that his tonsure was inseparable from his sacred office, and that if this could be removed they might do with him as they listed, without incurring the crime of sacrilege. *Accordingly, they scalped him with their swords.* The unfortunate prelate lingered six days after this barbarous treatment before death put an end to his sufferings. His body was thrown into the bog and trampled under foot by his conquerors.

The sequel remains to be told. Pope Gregory IX., furious at the outrage offered to a dignitary of the Church, caused a crusade to be despatched against the lord of Coerverden, who, as on the former occasion, was prepared to offer a formidable resistance. His enemies, however, unable to take him by force, held out to him the promise of a pardon. Inveigled by their assurances, the lord of Coerverden surrendered himself into their hands, and—faith was not to be kept with such a sacrilegious wretch—he was immediately broken on the wheel; and his body left there to rot, as that of a common malefactor.

Another of the family, Walter van Keppel, took part in the contest for the duchy of Guelder (towards the middle of the fifteenth century) between Arnold, the reigning duke, and his son Adolf, who commenced operations by laying violent hands upon his sire one night as he was going to bed, carrying him five German leagues on foot, and keeping him close prisoner in a dungeon for six months. "I saw them several times," says Philippe de Comines, "in the duke of Burgundy's chamber, pleading their causes before the council, and the good old man in a passion threw his son his glove, and demanded a combat." The duke of Burgundy would fain have reconciled them, and offered the young duke, who was his favourite, the government of the province with the whole revenue, stipulating merely that a small town near Brabant, called Grave, and the title of duke, should be retained by the father. "I was deputed," continues the

chronicler, "with others wiser than myself, to make this proposal to the young duke, whose answer was, that he would rather fling his father head foremost into a well and himself after him than consent to such an accommodation; for his father had been duke four-and-forty years already, and it was now time that he should have his turn; but he would willingly allow him a pension of three thousand florins, upon condition that he would leave the duchy and never come into it again." We regret to say that Lord Albemarle's ancestor took the side of the unnatural son, it being recorded that he was one of the eight persons whom Duke Arnold refused to pardon, and resolved on punishing when his turn came.

"Treason, sacrilege, and proscription," remarks Gibbon, "are often the best titles of nobility." Passing over the many titles of this kind to which the Keppels of Guelderland may doubtless lay claim, we come to the founder of the English branch, Arnold Joost van Keppel, who at the age of thirteen, 1685, succeeded his father in the lordship of Voorst, being then page of honour to the stadtholder. He is described as the youngest, liveliest, and handsomest of the Dutchmen who accompanied the expedition in 1689.

On the accession of William to the throne he employed Keppel chiefly as an amanuensis; but his charming disposition, added to his good looks and winning manners, so won the affections of his royal master, that he soon became the dispenser of his patronage, the depositary of his secrets, and his inseparable companion in peace or war. When he came of age, in 1695, he was raised to the peerage by the titles of Baron Ashford, Viscount Bury of St. Edmunds, and Earl of Albemarle.

The date of the peerage is 1696; when, if he was only thirteen in 1685, he must have been twenty-four. The rapid elevation of so young a man, on the score of winning manners and good looks, was startling, and led to invidious comparisons with the favourites of James I. and other court minions, till the indisputable merit of Keppel amply justified the full amount of honours that had been conferred upon him. He is first brought upon the stage by Lord Macaulay in 1698, in marked

contrast to Portland, "a most trusty but not a very respectful subject, who, as an early friend of the Prince of Orange, had acquired a habit of plain-speaking that he could not unlearn when the comrade of his youth had become the sovereign of three kingdoms." Keppel, on the other hand, had a great desire to please, and looked up with unfeigned admiration to a master whom he had been accustomed, ever since he could remember, to consider as the first of living men. "Arts, therefore, which were neglected by the elder courtier, were assiduously practised by the younger. So early as the spring of 1691 shrewd observers were struck by the manners in which Keppel watched every turn of the king's eye and anticipated the king's unuttered wishes."

Portland was at no pains to conceal the feelings of resentful jealousy with which he regarded so formidable a rival. He even intimated an intention of retiring from the court; and, according to Lord Macaulay, it was to conciliate him by a fresh distinction, as well as to separate him from the object of his dislike, that he was appointed ambassador to France. But Burnet and Rapin, whom Lord Macaulay has obviously paraphrased in his description of Albemarle, mention Portland's jealousy as arriving at the exploding-point upon his return from his embassy, when (says Burnet) "he could not bear the visible superiority in favour that the other was grown up to; so he took occasion, from a small preference that was given him, in prejudice of his own post as groom of the stole, and upon it withdrew from the court, and laid down all his employments." These he refused to resume, although he continued to serve the king as councillor and diplomatist. Burnet gives an additional trait which is hardly in keeping with the character: "He was a cheerful young man, that had the art to please, but was so much given up to his own pleasures that he could scarce submit to the attendance and the drudgery that was necessary to maintain his post. He never yet distinguished himself in anything, though the king did it in everything."

It was not only in his royal master's

eyes that Keppel shone to the disadvantage of his dry, haughty, and reserved competitor. He had almost managed, by dint of affability and tact, to cause his foreign origin to be forgotten by the English, when (in 1700) the question of the Irish forfeitures raised a storm which not merely imperilled the recently acquired fortunes of the Dutch courtiers, but shook the throne. William, it will be remembered, thought fit to distribute a large portion of the forfeited estates as he and his predecessors had been wont to distribute the hereditary domains of the crown. The grant that provoked most censure was that to his ex-mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, popularly valued at 20,000*l.* a year. "But (adds Lord Macaulay, who labours hard to palliate the transaction) of all the grants the largest was to Woodstock, the eldest son of Portland; the next was to Albemarle. An admirer of William cannot relate, without pain, that he divided between these two foreigners an extent of country larger than Hertfordshire." The Parliamentary commissioners reported that there were grants to Albemarle of altogether one hundred and eight thousand six hundred acres, and that prior to the inquiry he had sold or mortgaged portions to the amount of 13,000*l.*

This ill-advised act of royal bounty was rendered more surprising and exasperating by what had occurred in 1695, when the grant to Portland of a magnificent estate in Denbighshire had been reluctantly and ungraciously annulled, in compliance with an irresistible outburst of popular indignation. The renewed attempt gave occasion for a memorable quarrel between the two Houses, which must have ended in a civil war, had not the Lords prudently given way at the most critical moment, and concurred in a bill providing that all the property which had belonged to the crown at the time of the accession of James II., or which had been since forfeited to the crown, should be vested in trustees. This measure, fortunately for the Dutch courtiers, was not pressed to extremities; but their Irish grants were cancelled; and, in part compensation to Albemarle, the king, in the course of the following year, sent some of



the first English artificers to Holland, "to beautify the house and grounds of his country-seat." No less than fifty thousand pounds were spent upon it; and we should infer, from a contemporary description, that the house and place were then rather constructed than beautified.

Once I rid from Diesen to Zutphen, over the Issell, in order to see a most noble and magnificent house of the Right Honourable the Earl of Albemarle that his lordship had lately built about half a league from Zutphen, and from which city there is a very spacious avenue, or access made to the house, between a double row of trees; his lordship possessing a considerable estate in that province. This house has noble gardens adjoining to it, and made after the greatest models — with terraces, walks, fountains, cascades, lands, etc. But they were not then (1699) finished, no more than the house when I went to see them, after the last campaign.\*

The place passed out of the family in 1756; and when the present Lord Albemarle visited it some years since, he found scarcely a vestige of its former splendour. The pleasure-grounds had been converted into a field of rye, the wings of the house pulled down, and the Keppel arms on the pediment of the main building were the sole remaining memento of the family.

"In March, 1702, Albemarle (the first earl) went to Holland to make the necessary arrangements for the ensuing campaign. While so engaged he received the intelligence of the dangerous illness of his royal patron, and rushed home to his bedside." But it was clearly in the preceding month that he was sent to confer with Heinsius. The accident which was the immediate cause of William's last illness, the stumble of his favourite horse, "Sorrel," on the molehill, occurred on the 20th February: humours of menacing appearance showed themselves on his knee on the 1st of March: he died on the 8th, and during the last three days was only kept alive by cordials. Describing what took place on the 7th, Lord Macaulay states that Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague, exhausted by rapid travelling. "His master bade him go to rest for some hours, and then summoned him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States-General were in the best temper; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines, were in the best order. Everything

was in readiness for an early campaign." It was adding a fresh pang to death to give him a glimpse of such a prospect; but he received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He died between seven and eight the next morning, having exerted his last remains of strength during the night to take an affectionate farewell of his most attached followers. "To Albemarle (continues Lord Macaulay) he gave the keys of his closet and of his private drawers. 'You know,' he said, 'what to do with them.'" No authority is given for these details. Burnet, who was in personal attendance on the dying king, merely says:—

He had sent the Earl of Albemarle over to Holland to put things in a readiness for an early campaign. He came back on the 7th of March, in the morning, with so good an account of everything, that, if matters of that kind could have wrought on the king, it must have revived him; but the coldness with which he received it, showed how little hopes were left: soon after he said, "*Je tire vers ma fin.*" (I draw towards my end.) . . .

About five in the morning he desired the sacrament, and went through the office with great appearance of seriousness, but could not express himself; when this was done, he called for the Earl of Albemarle, and gave him a charge to take care of his papers.\*

At the time of William's death, Lord Albemarle was a major-general in the British service, captain and colonel of the First Troop of Guards, master of the robes, colonel-general of the Swiss and Grisons in the service of the United Provinces, and a knight of the Garter. The lordship of Breevorst and 200,000 guilders were bequeathed to him by a codicil to the king's will; but having no landed property in England, he left it permanently for his native country soon after the king's death, and took his seat as a noble in the assembly of the States-General. The next year he was appointed a lieutenant-general of cavalry in the Dutch service, and joined the allied army on the 7th of August, 1703. His friendship, as the young Dutch favourite, had been eagerly courted by the hero of Blenheim, who

\* Burnet, "History of his own Times," vol. ii. pp. 301-304. Lord Macaulay's account of the death of William is a detached although apparently revised and polished fragment of his history, which closes abruptly with the general election of 1701. The details are taken, with a few verbal alterations, from Rapin, whose exact words relating to the final charge to Albemarle are: "He (the king) took leave of the Duke of Ormond and others, and delivered to the Lord Albemarle the keys of his closet and scrutore, telling him that he knew what to do with them." (Hist., vol. iii. p. 506.) Rapin had been tutor in Portland's family and was in communication with persons about the court.

\* A Description of the King's Royal Palace and Gardens at Loo, together with a Short Account of Holland, etc. By Walter Harris, M.D., Physician in Ordinary to His Majesty. London, MDCXCIX.

(to use Lord Macaulay's words), "studiously ingratiated himself with Albemarle by all the arts which a mind singularly observant and sagacious could learn from a long experience in courts." The motive was obvious; nor, we can well believe, did the good understanding that subsisted between them suffer any disturbance from one marked point of dissimilarity. "Albemarle (as described by his descendant) was very prodigal in his mode of living; Marlborough erred in the opposite extreme. But the one was as ready to give as the other to receive hospitality. Whenever the duke's business required his presence at the Hague, he became the guest of his friend." But no considerations of personal interest or convenience would have induced Marlborough to peril his own reputation, or the fate of a campaign, by the appointment of an incompetent officer to act under or co-operate with him, and it was on his express recommendation that in each of his principal campaigns an important command was intrusted to his friend.

Albemarle conducted the attack on Mortaigne and the investment of Aire in 1710. When the allied army was drawn up in two lines between Lisle and Douay in 1711, he commanded the second line; and in 1712 he was appointed to the chief command of the Dutch forces in the field. Unfortunately, Marlborough had recently been replaced as captain-general of the British troops in the Netherlands by the Duke of Ormond, who, in flat contradiction to public assurances of unabated zeal in the common cause, had a secret order from Bolingbroke not to hazard a battle. "When I asked him," writes Gualtier, through whom this order was communicated to the French minister, "what Marshal Villars was to do in case Prince Eugene or the Dutch attacked him, he replied there was only one thing to do — to fall upon him and cut him to pieces, him and his whole army." The ungenerous, if not treacherous, haste with which Ormond declared a separate armistice and withdrew his troops, leaving the allies to make head as they best might against the common foe, was the cause of a great disaster to Albemarle. Prince Eugene, whose army was still numerically equal to the French, had laid siege to Landrecy, and posted Albemarle at Denain, a village on the Scheldt, with ten battalions and twenty-three squadrons. His only means of communication with the grand army on the other side were by a single pontoon bridge. He had borrowed some pontoons from

Ormond to make another; but the moment the armistice was declared, Ormond insisted on their being returned; "nor (says Rapin) could all the earl, the prince, or the States-General say, prevail with him to leave them but for eight days."

Albemarle's position was assailed by an overwhelming force on the 24th of July. Prince Eugene, who was in a redoubt on the opposite bank, sent to him to hold out as long as possible and rely on effective support. He made a gallant resistance, and did all that could be done by conduct and bravery to prolong the unequal contest. After his entrenchments had been forced, and the confusion seemed irretrievable, he called to such troops as he had left to follow him, and rushed forwards, as he supposed, at their head. The resulting position is thus quaintly related by the French general, whom he and his staff rather tumbled against than charged: —

I entered the entrenchment at the head of the troops, and I had not gone twenty paces when the Duke (*sic*) of Albemarle and six or seven Imperial lieutenant-generals found themselves at my horse's feet. I begged them to excuse me if the present state of affairs did not allow of all the politeness that I owed to them; but the first step was to provide for the security of their persons.

True to his word, Prince Eugene had brought up his infantry to the river-side; but the only bridge had broken down, and he was compelled to be a passive spectator of the catastrophe. "Military men," says Burnet, "assured me that if it had not been for that misfortune, Villars' attempt might have turned fatally on himself, and to the ruin of his whole army." These details are important as modifying the commonly received impression of the affair, which is thus stated by Earl Stanhope: —

Lord Albemarle, taken by surprise on the afternoon of the 24th of July, was put to the rout. The French chief slew or scattered the greater part of the force at Denain and took prisoners no less than three thousand; amongst these Albemarle and the princes of Anhalt and Nassau-Siegen. To add to the poignancy of their defeat, it had for one of its witnesses Eugene himself, who was approaching rapidly on the other bank of the Scheldt, but was stopped short by the redoubt of the Denain bridge which the French had seized.\*

It does not appear when Albemarle obtained his release, but we find that Prince

\* "History of England, comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht — 1701-1713." By Earl Stanhope. Page 535.

Eugene passed the greater part of the following winter with him at the Hague. "On the death of Queen Anne, he was sent by the States-General to congratulate her successor on his accession to the English throne, and the new monarch, and his son the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards George II., passed the first night of their journey to England with Lord Albemarle, at his house at the Voorst. In 1717 he was nominated by the nobles of Holland to compliment Peter the Great on his arrival in that country, and attended him to Amsterdam." He died the following year, and was succeeded by his son, William Anne, born June 5th, 1702, to whom Queen Anne stood godmother in person. On the strength of this tie an application was made in his behalf, when in his fourth year, for a captain's commission in the army, which was refused.

However he had not very long to wait for his promotion, for at the age of fifteen he was appointed to a company in the First Regiment of Foot Guards, which gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, a grade which his biographer and the present bearer of his title did not reach until he was on the wrong side of forty.

He became a major-general in 1741, and served in that capacity at Dettingen, where he had a horse shot under him, and behaved with great gallantry. He commanded the first line (including the brigade of guards), at Fontenoy; and his descendant claims for him the honour, if it be one, of being the principal interlocutor in the traditional interchange of courtesies.

The barrier passed, the English and French brigades of Guards found themselves confronted with each other at a distance of thirty yards. A pause ensued of sufficient duration to enable Lord Charles Hay to make some chaffing observations to Count d'Aubeterre, and to bring to the front the Duc de Biron, general of the French household division, and holding a corresponding rank to that of Lord Albemarle. Then is said to have occurred that strange colloquy between the English and French commanders. Lord Albemarle, taking off his hat, calls out, "*Messieurs les Gardes Françaises, tirez,*" whereupon the French general, not to be outdone in politeness, answers, "*Messieurs les Gardes Anglaises, tirez-vous les premiers; nous riposterons.*"

Suspecting the story to be a myth, Lord Albemarle suggests that it arose from the practice in the French army of receiving the enemy's fire before firing — a practice that cost them dear on this occasion —

and he urges that, if the invitation was given at all, "no officer of inferior rank would have ventured to enter upon such a dialogue in the immediate presence of the French and English generals of division." He does not seem to be aware that the story has definitely taken its place amongst the "Mock Pearls of History," since the production of a letter (first printed by Mr. Carlyle) from Lord Charles Hay to his brother, Lord Tweeddale, written shortly after the battle, in which he says: —

It was our regiment that attacked the French Guards, and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced before our regiment, and hoped they would stand until we came up to them, and not swim the Scheldt as they did the Mayn at Dettingen. Upon which I immediately turned about to our regiment, speeched them and made them huzzah — I hope with a will. An officer (D'Auteroche) came out of the ranks, and tried to make his men huzzah: however, there were not above three or four in their brigade that did.

This, it must be owned, puts a different complexion upon the matter by converting a chivalrous interchange of courtesy into something like "chaff."

The battle of Fontenoy was fought on the 30th of April, 1745; that of Culloden on the 16th of April, 1745. Lord Albemarle and his son, Lord Bury, filled the same relative positions in each; Lord Albemarle commanding the front line of the infantry and Lord Bury acting as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland. On the morning of the 16th, Lord Bury had a narrow escape from a Highlander who had got within the English lines, under the pretence of asking quarter, for the purpose of killing the duke. Mistaking the aide-de-camp, who happened to pass in a showy uniform, for the commander-in-chief, he suddenly seized one of the soldiers' muskets and discharged it at Lord Bury, happily without effect, "receiving the next moment with perfect indifference, and as a matter of course, the shot with which his own existence was immediately terminated by another soldier." \* When the two armies were drawn up and confronting each other in order of battle, Lord Bury was sent forward to reconnoitre something that looked like a battery, and advanced to within one hundred yards of the rebels, when they

\* Chambers' "History of the Rebellion," p. 247. "William Augustus Duke of Cumberland; being a Sketch of his Military Life and Character, etc., etc." By A. N. Campbell-Maclachlan, M.A., etc., etc. Page 104.

opened fire upon him, and this was the beginning of the battle. He was selected to carry the news of the victory to the king, who immediately ordered him a thousand pounds.

On the duke's departure for London (July 18th), Lord Albemarle succeeded him as commander-in-chief in Scotland. The intervening three months between the victory and the departure, were employed by the "royal boy," as Mr. Carlyle terms him, in a manner that has left an indelible stigma on his name. "Great intercession," writes Walpole, "is made for the two earls (Kilmarnock and Cromarty). The king is much inclined to some mercy, but the duke, who was not so much of a Cæsar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed to present him with the freedom of some company: one of the aldermen said aloud, 'Then let it be of the *Butchers*.'" Yet he rather fell behind than outran the popular call for blood. The nation had been terribly frightened, and no passion is more prone to cruelty than fear. Amongst Lord Albemarle's correspondents was the notorious General Hawley, who writes from London, August 16th, 1746:—

His Majesty looks very sour, and only asked me if I had been at the bathe. What was in his head I don't know; but they plague him to death for pardons for all those rascalls. This total defeat in Italy has put him a little into humour again. . . . I wish you not only out of camp, but out of the country, which I wish on fire, and nothing but the blood of the natives to quench it. I am purely ill with them all. They say every act of rapine cruelty, and murder that the duke ordered was by my advice. My answer is, that I never offered to give him any advice, but if he had asked it, I would have advised ten times more. The city are in a flame upon Cromarty's being pardoned.

Colonel the Hon. George Howard, governor of Carlisle Castle, writes thus to Lord Albemarle from Carlisle, Sept. 11th, 1746:—

"MY LORD,—The judges came back here last Monday; the tryals are begun, and will be very tedious. The Scotch lawyers, who are come here as Rebell Council, are playing all the game already, even so far as to try to suborn the king's evidence.

"We have erected a fine new gallows, which will hold fifteen at a time. God send it may be made a proper use of."

On the 10th of January, 1747, Hawley writes to announce that Lord Albemarle is to be of the Flanders staff, under the Duke of Cumberland, and, referring to the

despatch of Hamilton's Scotch regiment to Ireland, he adds:—

"Hamilton's affair has made rare work here. There's a certain duke (Newcastle) takes all sorts of pains to tell everybody there's nothing in it, and it has been wrong represented. His Majesty flames. The duke swears, and the Scotch dare not speak. I am glad you are quitted of them. *Give 'em your curse at parting from the highest to the lowest.*"

Another of this gallant officer's epistles throws light on the military arrangements as well as the military orthography of the period. He was in command of the Life Guards:

"I have moved my camp, and have pitched fronting Grosvenor Park gate. You must remember a single chattau that fronts the gate, where the duke has been twice by seven o'clock about his dragoons cloathing, horses, etc. He is so full of them, I thinke he has forgott the Guards; however, I am reducing the size of my men and horses; *I have sold him 12 of my men above six foot high, for six guineas a man, with their own consent tho'*. I am trying to recruit the Horse Guards with my tall horses, and then I'm sure you'll laughe, but pray keep that a secret. Crawfurd's troop does bite if they can find the money, and I hope Charley (Lord Cadogan) and Tyrawley will bite too. Dell (Lord Delawarr) won't, tho' they are all crowded with pipers and blind ones."

Two officers under Lord Albemarle's command, Ensign Campbell and Lieutenant Ferguson, quarrelled, and Campbell knocked Ferguson down. In reference to the ensuing court-martial the secretary for war (Henry Fox) writes to Lord Albemarle, November 27, 1746:—

Mr. Ferguson is justly acquitted of the charge against him; but his complaining to a court-martial instead of resenting in another manner the usage he had received from Campbell, it must be supposed will necessarily prevent the officers of his regiment from rolling with him. H.M. particularly asked if they had not their swords on when this happened, and bids me tell your lordship *that as an officer, not as king*, it is his opinion that if Campbell is pardon'd, a hint must be given to Ferguson that he must fight him or be broke.

George II. gave the strongest sanction to duelling which could well be given by royal example, when he challenged his brother-in-law, Frederick William of Prussia, to a hostile meeting, which was with difficulty prevented.\*

\* It has been made a question whether this formal challenge was actually sent, but terms of defiance were interchanged, and the names of the proposed seconds were made known.—Lord Hervey's "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 127. Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great," vol. ii. ch. 7.

The crowning event of the campaign of 1747 was the battle of Laufeld, in which the Duke of Cumberland was defeated by Marshal Saxe. The British infantry, commanded by Albemarle, bore the brunt, and, as at Fontenoy, were left unsupported by their allies. The duke, who had no one quality of a general besides courage, was also outgeneralled as before. Walpole, in his satirical way, has hit the truth:—"We would fight when the French did not intend. We gave them, or did not take advantage of the situation. What part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a way that they could not assist us."

In 1748 Albemarle was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces serving in the Low Countries, and "being senior in rank to nearly all the allied generals, he came not infrequently in the temporary command of all the whole confederate army." This alternation of command was not uncommon. At the commencement of the campaign of Blenheim, Marlborough and the margrave of Baden commanded on alternate days; but the inconvenience and risk were obvious, and we cannot blame Prince William of Orange, the newly-elected stadtholder, for putting an end to such a state of things, by raising a Dutch officer to the full rank of general, although this promotion gave so much umbrage to Lord Albemarle as to induce him to tender his resignation. Matters were still in suspense when hostile operations were suspended, and peace was formally proclaimed in the autumn.

In 1749 he was made a knight of the Garter, and appointed ambassador to Paris, where he remained in that capacity till his death. His munificent mode of living is described by Walpole:—"Everybody goes to Paris. Lord Albemarle keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen. His aides-de-camp invite everybody; but he seldom graces the banquet himself." It would seem that hospitality was confined to his countrymen, for Lord Chesterfield, assuming that his son was less anxious to partake of it on that account, writes, Jan. 14, 1750:

However, I would have you show no shyness to Lord Albemarle, but go to him, and dine with him oftener it may be than you may wish, for the sake of hearing him speak well of you when he returns. He is a good deal in fashion here, and his *puffing* you (to use an awkward expression) before your return here, will be of great use to you afterwards.

Lord Albemarle is one of the examples which Lord Chesterfield was constantly impressing on his son of the paramount importance of the graces.

Between you and me (for this must go no further) what do you think has made our friend Lord Albemarle colonel of a regiment of Guards, governor of Virginia, groom of the stole, and ambassador to Paris—amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year? Was it his birth? No,—a Dutch gentleman. Was it his state? No; he had none. Was it his learning, his party, his political abilities and application? You can answer these questions easily and as soon as I can render them. What was it then? Many people wondered, but I do not. It was his air, his address, his manners, and his graces. Show me any one instance where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high.

This is going much too far in the way of depreciation, and against it may be set the impartial estimate of Marmontel.

A personage totally different from Count Kaunitz was this Lord Albemarle, ambassador of England, who died at Paris as regretted amongst us as in his own country. He was *par excellence* what is called *un galant homme*: noble, sensible, generous, full of loyalty, frankness, politeness, and goodness, he united what is best and most estimable in the two characters of English and French.\*

On the evening of December 2nd, 1754, he was taken ill at Paris as he was going home from a supper party, and died in a few hours. The current story ran that the event was announced to Lady Albemarle in a dream; or (as Lady Temple tells it) "that she thought she saw her husband dressed in white; the same thing happened before the Duke of Richmond's death, and often has happened before the death of any of her family." This may pair off with the Bodach Glas of the M'IVors.

When George, the third earl, delivered up the insignia of his father's order of the Garter, the king said to him: "Your father had a great many good qualities, but he was a sieve." Walpole sarcastically remarks: "It is the last receiver into which I should have thought his Majesty would have poured gold." The king alluded to his large demands for secret-service money, which was honestly expended on public objects. At all events, he saved nothing, and died poor, probably in debt, for the estate of Voorst was sold by the son to the Count of Lynden in September, 1756.

\* *Mémoires*, tom. i., p. 342.

The accession to the peerage made no change in the position or mode of life of the third earl. He remained a member of the Duke of Cumberland's military household, and accompanied him in the campaign of 1757, which ended with the disastrous convention of Closterseven, signed September 10, by which thirty-eight thousand Hanoverians and Hessians laid down their arms, and were broken up as a force without becoming prisoners of war. The king publicly disclaimed this convention, and threw the whole blame and responsibility on his son. When the duke first appeared in the royal presence, the king never addressed a word to him, but said aloud, in the course of the evening, "Here is my son, who has ruined me and disgraced himself." The duke resented this treatment by resigning all his employments, but took no step to vindicate himself at the expense of his father. The only minister who guessed the truth, or had the courage to speak out, was Pitt, the great commoner, who, when the king said he had given the duke no orders for such a treaty, answered, "But full powers, sir — very full powers." A document discovered amongst Lord Albemarle's (the third earl's) papers proves that Pitt was right: —

*Copy of H.M.'s letter to H.R.H. the duke, dated August the 9th, 1757.*

DEAR WILLIAM, — I have just received your letter of the 2nd August, by which I see the distracted situation of my affairs in Germany. I am convinced of your sense, and capacity, and zeal, for my service, therefore you will receive powers to get me and my country out of these difficulties, at the best rate you can, by a separate peace as elector, including my allies, the duke of Wolfenbuttle, the landgrave, the duke of Saxony, and Count Buckebourg. Nobody attributes your bad success either to you or the troops under your command, to any cowardice or want of precaution. But it seems fate is everywhere against us. I trust my affairs entirely to your conduct. You will talk with my ministers and choose those you think properest for this negotiation, as in the case of war I depend upon your courage and skill, as I now depend upon your affection, zeal, and capacity, to extricate yourself, me, my brave army, and my dearly beloved subjects, out of the misery of slavery they groan under.

I am, dear William,  
Your loving father,  
GEORGE R.

Lord Albemarle was commander-in-chief of the successful expedition against Havannah, in 1762; having under him one brother, Major-General William Kep-

pel, who displayed the most distinguished gallantry in leading the storming-parties; whilst another, Commodore Augustus Keppel, effectively discharged the duty confided to him by the admiral, with six ships-of-the-line, of conducting the naval operations of the siege. Speaking of the capture of the place, in the Annual Register, Burke says, "It was a military advantage of the highest class. It was equal to the greatest naval victory by its effect on the enemy's marine, and in the plunder it equalled the produce of a national subsidy." The plunder was roughly estimated at three millions. Lord Albemarle, in a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, expresses an expectation that his share will, from first to last, exceed 100,000*l.* Lord Stanhope states that the naval and military commanders-in-chief received 122,697*l.* apiece. The two younger brothers came next in the distribution; and when the place was restored to the Spaniards, a few months after the capture, it was remarked that the sole apparent object or result of the expedition was to put money into the pockets of the Keppels. If we are not misinformed, the estates which now go with the title were purchased with this prize-money; so that "Quidenham" might not inappropriately be styled "Havannah" Hall.

His life and career are glossed over in this work, probably from his having been the subject of a separate biography,\* but the principal illustration of the Keppels of England, of the third generation, was Commodore (afterwards Admiral Viscount) Keppel, who, strange to say, although a gallant and able officer, attained his highest point of celebrity and popularity by a drawn battle and a court-martial: whose memory is kept alive, as his renown when living was enhanced, rather by fortunate coincidences than by remarkable exploits: by painting and eloquence more than by professional merit or success. It was his fortunate lot to sail round the world with Anson: to be the subject of two of Reynolds's masterpieces: to be strikingly associated with the early career of Erskine; and to inspire a succession of splendid passages in one of the finest compositions of Burke. The central and turning point of his career was the naval action off Ushant, July 27th, 1778. After some hours' fighting, in which a good deal of damage was sustained by both French

\* Life of Admiral Viscount Keppel. By the Hon. and Rev. T. Keppel. In two volumes. 1842.



and English, the combat was interrupted by a squall of wind and the approach of night. As soon as practicable, Keppel took measures for its renewal by orders and signals to the officer in command of the rearmost division, Sir Hugh Palliser, who (as he subsequently alleged) was prevented from obeying by the disabled condition of his ship. The admiral, finding himself unsupported, held off, and the French fleet sailed back to Brest.

The nation was furious: party-spirit ran high; and the two criminating and recriminating admirals belonged to opposite parties. The court-martial on Keppel lasted thirty-two days. Anticipating the acquittal and its effects, Gibbon writes to Holroyd, February 6th, 1779: "In a night or two we shall be in a blaze of illumination from the zeal of naval heroes, land patriots, and tallow-chandlers; the last are not the least sincere!" London was illuminated, and the mob celebrated the event by breaking into the houses of Palliser and Lord Sandwich (the first lord) and destroying everything they could lay hands on. The same spirit extended to the provinces, and the Keppel head and arms were substituted for those of Admiral Vernon and the Marquis of Granby throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. Yet, if he did his duty, he certainly did no more. There was little material difference between his case and that of Byng, who erred from no lack of bravery. "I will not lead my fleet as Keppel did," wrote Nelson; neither, we may rest assured, would the Admiral Keppel of our day, who, supported or unsupported, would never have suffered the unmolested withdrawal of the French.

The defence was principally conducted by Erskine, whose training as a midshipman had made him familiar with nautical terms. The day after the trial he received a letter of thanks from the admiral inclosing two bank-notes of 500*l.* each, which he hurried to display to his friend Reynolds, exclaiming: "*Voilà*, the non-suit of cow-beef"—his ordinary diet prior to this gleam of fortune.

Admiral Keppel joined the Rockingham ministry of 1782 as first lord, and was created a viscount. Lord St. Vincent, on announcing his own appointment as first lord to Lord Keith, writes: "How I shall succeed, remains to be proved; I have known many a good admiral make a wretched first lord of the admiralty." Mr. Disraeli thinks that Lord Keppel must have been one of the first lords alluded to

by Lord St. Vincent;\* but his naval administration seems to have been unobjectionable, with the exception of the letter of recall to Rodney, which became known immediately after the glorious victory of the 12th of April, 1782. According to Mr. Massey, always clear-sighted and well-informed, "Lord Keppel, unable to justify, had the meanness and folly to evade even the admission of it. He said that no evidence of any such act could be produced, and that it was to be treated only as a vague report, not fit for discussion in Parliament. This pettifogging quibble was followed by immediate exposure."† The recall was avowed by Fox, who attempted a justification; but Rodney had now become the popular idol, and Keppel, so far as popular opinion was concerned, might have been glad to change places with his old adversary Palliser. In one of Gillray's caricatures, "Britannia's Assassination," Keppel is lowering his flag with, "He that fights and runs away, etc." in his mouth. In another, "Rodney Triumphant," or "Admiral Lee-Shore in the Dumps," Keppel, wearing a crape hat-band by way of mourning for the victory, mutters, "This is more than we expected, more than we wished."

A tribute from the pen of genius will long outlive the eulogistic or damnatory extravagance of faction, and Burke's carefully-drawn character of Lord Keppel should be valued by the family as the Spensers and Fieldings should value Gibbon's reference to the authors of "The Faërie Queen" and the "History of a Foundling" in his autobiography. The concluding nine or ten pages of "A Letter to a Noble Lord" are devoted to Keppel, who is introduced thus:—

It was but the other day that, on putting in order some things that had been brought here on my quitting London forever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongst these was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common

\* Parliamentary Debates. *Times*, March 14, 1876.

† "A History of England during the Reign of George III." Vol. iii. p. 123. According to the Parliamentary Debates, Lord Keppel's point, a poor one, was that the recall was not officially before the House. The letter of recall, signed by his secretary, was dated May 1st, nearly three weeks after the action, and Pigot, who was to supersede Rodney, had set sail before the news of the victory reached England. An unavailing attempt is made in the "*Life*" to shift the responsibility to the Cabinet.

friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years, without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation.

I ever looked on Lord Keppel as one of the greatest and best men of his age; and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the last moment. It was at his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture.\*

Prior to 1770, the three brothers, the earl, the admiral, and the general, had remained unmarried, and had no immediate intention of marrying, relying on their younger brother Frederick, bishop of Exeter, for the continuance of the race. The bishop had a wife, Walpole's niece, and a son ten years old; but the lady managed to make herself so disagreeable to the trio of brothers-in-law that they tossed up which of them should marry with a view of disappointing her. The toss was won (or lost) by Lord Albemarle, who forthwith married a daughter of Sir John Miller, and died two years afterwards, leaving a son, four months old, born May 14th, 1772. This son, William Charles, succeeded as fourth earl, and married in 1792 a daughter of Lord de Clifford; the bridegroom being twenty and the bride sixteen. "There issued from that early union a numerous progeny, of which the writer of these memoirs is the fifth child, third son, and eldest survivor of the family." He was born on the 13th of June, 1799, in the parish of Marylebone, but his earliest childhood was passed principally at Elveden Hall, Suffolk, an estate bequeathed to his father by Viscount Keppel, and now the property of the maharajah Dhuleep Singh. Euston Park is about four miles off, and some of Lord Albemarle's earliest reminiscences relate to the "Junius" Duke of Grafton. The duke was a keen sportsman, and admits in his autobiography that he preferred hunting to politics.

His principal kennel was in Northamptonshire, but he used to bring his hounds to Euston for a part of every season. He had a great aversion to our broad ditches with their honeycombed banks, and used to call them "Suffolk graves." Indeed, the whole country is a mere rabbit-warren, and still goes by the name of the holey (holy) land.

In the field the Junius duke was a strict disciplinarian. Woe betide the wight who

\* The portrait mentioned by Burke was bequeathed by his widow to his friend, Lord Fitzwilliam, and is now in the Fitzwilliam Gallery. Another fine portrait of Keppel, by Reynolds, was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel at Christie's for five hundred guineas, and is now in the National Gallery.

uttered a sound when the pack was making a cast. His nephew, General William Fitzroy, told me that on one of these occasions an old gentleman happened to cough; the duke rode up to him, and taking off his gold-laced hat, said to him, in a voice in which politeness and passion strove for the mastery, "Sir, I wish to heaven your cold was better."

This is almost as good as Charles Lamb's reply to the fellow-passenger in a stage-coach, who querulously exclaimed that he (Lamb) had a very bad cough: "Yes, sir, but it is the best I can give you."

Another acquaintance, dating from the Elveden period, was Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist and chosen butt of the wits of the "Anti-Jacobin," his surest title to fame. It has hitherto been a received fact, despite of his own strenuous denial, that he went to St. Petersburg on a kind of officious or amateur mission from Fox. Hence the stanza in which, figuring as a goose, he soliloquizes:—

I mount, I mount into the sky,  
Sweet bird, to Petersburg I fly,  
Or if you bid to Paris.  
Fresh missions of the *Fox and Goose*  
Successful treaties may produce,  
Though Pitt in all miscarries.

Lord Albemarle positively asserts that Adair, after making the tour of Europe, took up his residence for a time in the Russian capital to acquire a knowledge of Continental politics. We ourselves have heard him, when an octogenarian, throw out tolerably plain hints as to the intimate footing on which he stood with the empress Catherine, but Lord Albemarle says that he "was not favourably impressed with her personal appearance, and used to describe her as vulgar-looking and shabbily dressed."

Adair once accompanied Lord Whitworth, the British ambassador, to a dinner which her Imperial Majesty gave at Tzarskeselo. The hour of the meal was at three in the afternoon. After dinner the guests lounged about the gardens till sunset. One of the ladies of the company wishing to show her friends an ornamental box which lay on her toilet-table, a general officer sent his aide-de-camp to bring it down. Unfortunately for the young man he fetched the wrong one. Whereupon his chief began boxing his ears and pulling his hair. The aide-de-camp fell upon his knees and implored pardon for his blunder; but the general was implacable, and kicked him while in the posture of supplication. "This is not a scene for Englishmen to witness," said Lord Whitworth, significantly, and he and Adair each turned upon his heel.

A different version has been printed on his authority.

The late Sir Robert Adair used to relate that, during his mission to St. Petersburg, he and the French ambassador were sitting with Potemkin, when an aide-de-camp, a young nobleman, brought him a disagreeable note or missive of some sort. Potemkin started up, and actually kicked the innocent messenger out of the room.\*

A good story of a canny Scotchman is told on the authority of Sir William Keppel, a cousin and annual guest at Elveden.

The name of Sir William recalls to remembrance a brother knight and one of his oldest friends, the late Sir David Dundas. This officer had served under my grandfather at the reduction of the Havannah, and succeeded to the chief command of the army during the temporary retirement of the Duke of York. Sir William told me that being one day at the Horse Guards, the duke expressed a wish to know whether he or Sir David were the tallest. The ex-commander-in-chief and the commander-in-chief elect stood back to back. Sir William, who measured them, declared they were exactly of a height. When the duke retired, Keppel asked Dundas why he did not keep his head still while under the process of measuring. "Well, man," was the reply of the wily Scotchman, "how should I just know whether his Royal Highness would like to be a little shorter or a little taller?"

In 1805 he was taken to London by his mother to No. 9, South Audley Street, the residence of his grandmother, Lady de Clifford, within a stone's throw of Mrs. Fitzherbert, "the wife, as far as the laws of the Church could make her so," of George, Prince of Wales.

But my visits to No. 6, Tilney Street, were less intended for the mistress of the mansion than for a little lady of my own age, who even then gave promise of those personal and mental attractions of which she became so distinguished in after life. This was Miss Mary Georgiana, or as she was called by her friends, "Minnie" Seymour, afterwards the wife of Colonel the Hon. George Dawson Damer. She was daughter of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatio Seymour, who, dying nearly at the same time, appointed Mrs. Fitzherbert the guardian of their orphan child.

Colonel and Mrs. Damer better deserve a passing notice than many of their contemporaries who have received honourable mention in "Memoirs" and "Reminiscences." Handsome, distinguished in look and air, with manners exquisitely winning and high-bred, good-natured,

good-tempered, always eager to please or do a service, always ready to be pleased, buoyant and elastic in spirit, hopeful and bright by temperament, they gladdened wherever they came: they were welcomed with a cordial smile in all circles, and presented in their own persons the strongest possible example of the discriminating power of fashion, which, carefully watched, will be found to set aside or make light of every other social consideration for agreeability. We are speaking not of her capricious and temporary preferences, but of the fixed position or distinction which she confers. Although well-born and well connected, the Damers were not pre-eminent in birth or rank: they were not rich: indeed, they occasionally resorted to temporary retirement (abroad or in the country) to economize. But the maxim, "Out of sight out of mind," did not apply to them: the moment they re-appeared, they resumed what seemed their rightful place as cherished guests and the most liberal and graceful dispensers of hospitality.

If in any sense they were exclusive, it was without intending to be so: upon a principle of natural selection or attraction which drew round them all that was choice, cultivated, or accomplished, whilst instinctively repelling pretension and vulgarity. "With the lives of the sisters (Berry)," remarks Lady Theresa Lewis, "closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who frequented those pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street." With the lives of the Damers closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who were admitted to those pleasant dinners and afternoon or evening gatherings in Tilney Street.

The father of the reminiscent was the faithful adherent and intimate friend of Charles James Fox, who obtained for him the appointment of master of the buckhounds when the ministry of "all the talents" was formed on the death of Pitt in January, 1806. Lord and Lady Albemarle, with their children, passed the ensuing Easter holidays at St. Anne's Hill.

It was at the time of our visit that the symptoms of dropsy, the disease of which Fox died a few months later, began to show themselves. His legs were so swollen that he could not walk; he used to wheel himself about in what was called a "Merlin chair;" indeed, out of this chair I never remember to have seen him. . . .

He wore a single-breasted coat of a light grey colour, with plated buttons as large as half-crowns; a thick, linsey-woolsey waistcoat

\* Diaries of a Lady of Quality. Second edition, p. 62, note.

sage-coloured breeches, dark worsted stockings, and gouty shoes coming over the ankles.

Fox was not visible of a morning. He either transacted the business of his office, or was occupied in it, or reading Greek plays, or French fairy-tales, of which last species of literature I have heard my father say he was particularly fond.

At one o'clock was the children's dinner. We used to assemble in the dining-room; Fox was wheeled in at the same moment for his daily basin of soup. That meal despatched, he was for the rest of the day the exclusive property of us children, and we all adjourned to the garden for our game at trap-ball. All was now noise and merriment. Our host, the youngest amongst us, laughed, chaffed, and chatted the whole time. As he could not walk, he of course had the innings, we the bowling and fagging out; with what glee would he send the ball into the bushes in order to add to his store, and how shamelessly would he wrangle with us whenever we fairly bowled him out!

It is laid down by Dr. Johnson that "the value of every story depends on its being true. A story is a picture of an individual or of human nature in general: if it be false, it is a picture of nothing." Lord Albemarle's stories have so far the stamp of truth that, when he does not speak as an eye-witness, he almost always vouches his authority. But it may fairly be made a question whether the recollection of a boy of nine years old is a sufficient authority for such a story as the following:—

To the rear of the Rutland Arms, Newmarket, is a house called the "Palace." It was the residence of Charles the Second during the races, and was used for the same purpose by George, Prince of Wales, when he was on the turf.

Mr. Tattersall, the founder of the celebrated establishment that goes by his name, had a breeding-farm at Ely, called Red Barns. Here stood his famous horse, "Highflyer." The prince, who was very intimate with Mr. Tattersall, and joint proprietor with him in the *Morning Post*, was a frequent though an uninvited guest at Red Barns. His Royal Highness used to take his own party with him, and the consumption of port wine on such occasions was something awful.

Mr. Edmund Tattersall told me that his uncle Richard, the grandson and successor of the founder of the firm, when he was a boy of about nine years old, saw a post-chaise and four drive furiously up to the "Palace" door one day, William Windham riding leader and Charles Fox wheel, while the Prince of Wales, too full of Red Barns port to be in riding or even sitting trim, lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the chaise.

Lord Albemarle was sent to Westmin-

ster School in his ninth year, and fully confirms the worst accounts of the fagging-system which prevailed in his time. The main interest of his school-days, however, centres in the Princess Charlotte, whose acquaintance he made at the house of his grandmother, her governess, in 1808.

It was on a Saturday, a Westminster half-holiday. From this time forth for the next three years many of my Saturdays and Sundays were passed in her company. She had just completed her twelfth year. Her complexion was rather pale. She had blue eyes, and that peculiarly blonde hair which was characteristic rather of her German than of her English descent. Her features were regular, her face, which was oval, had not that fullness which later took off somewhat from her good looks. Her form was slender but of great symmetry; her hands and feet were beautifully shaped. When excited, she stuttered painfully. Her manners were free from the slightest affectation; they rather erred in the opposite extreme. She was an excellent actress whenever there was anything to call forth her imitative power. One of her fancies was to ape the manners of a man. On these occasions she would double her fists, and assume an attitude of defence that would have done credit to a professed pugilist. What I disliked in her, when in this mood, was her fondness for exercising her hands upon me in their clenched form.

He goes on to say that, unlike her grandmothers, the Duchess of Brunswick and the queen of England, she was generous to excess. She gave him his first watch and his first pony, besides being prodigal of "tips;" and this at a time when she was allowed only ten pounds a month for pocket-money, as she tells him in a kind and sensible letter of warning against extravagance. His description, from hearsay and correspondence, of her general treatment and position, may be read with advantage in connection with Lady Rose Weigall's valuable memoir. But we can only find room for those illustrations of her character which were drawn from direct personal knowledge.

Lady de Clifford had an excellent woman cook, quite a *cordons bleu*, on whose performances she had been complimented by the prince:—

One day, however, at the hour of luncheon, things went ill: the dowager's bell rang violently. The mutton-chop was so ill-dressed and so well-peppered as to be uneatable. On inquiry it was discovered that the good old lady's royal charge had acted as cook, and her favourite grandson as scullery-maid.

I have a living witness to this mutton-chop scene in the person of my kinsman, Dr. Thomas Garnier, dean of Winchester, who

assures me, through my sister, Lady Caroline Garnier, that I said, "A pretty queen you'll make!"

On her proposing to take him to the theatre, he objected that the pleasure would infallibly entail the pain of a sound flogging, as the play and a good supper would make it impossible for him to be in time for the eight o'clock morning school.

"Leave that to me," said the princess, and forthwith penned a letter to Dr. Page, taking upon herself the blame for my anticipated non-appearance. The morning after the play I came into school half an hour late, and was "shown up" as a matter of course. With a deprecatory "Please, sir," I presented my royal credentials. The doctor glanced at the seal and the hieroglyphic "Charlotte" on the envelope, and then dropped the letter into the pocket of his gown that his hand might be free to grasp the rod. His next proceeding was to perform that part of his duty which always seemed a pleasure. That done, he read the letter to the whole form, and added how glad he was that he had not opened it sooner, for he would have been under the painful necessity of disobeying her Royal Highness's commands.

This was not the only occasion on which the princess made an ineffectual attempt to screen me from the consequences of a neglect of school duties. She had some project which required my co-operation. I pleaded my unfinished exercise for the Monday. It was again, "Leave that to me." I did so, but her latinity, in spite of Bishop Fisher's preceptorship, was found on examination not even to come up to my low standard. This second attempt to help me was attended with exactly the same result as the former.

Her exuberance of animal spirits and indomitable love of fun, occasionally hurried her into less excusable eccentricities, as when she horsewhipped him after nearly breaking his neck (vol. i., p. 305) or amused herself in this fashion:—

My sister, Lady Mary Whitbread, reminds me of a certain mound in the orchard of Earl's Court. To the top of this mound the princess would entice her and her sisters (who were at that time of the respective ages of seven, six, and four) to climb, in order to roll them down into a bed of nettles below. If the little girls refrained from crying and from complaining to their governess, they were sure to be rewarded for their reticence by a doll. Indeed the princess, never so happy as when making presents, kept their nursery well supplied with dolls. Two of these Lady Mary remembers as going by the names of the Princess Charlotte and the Princess of Wales.

Pugilism towards the beginning of the century ranked only just below the fine arts, and was encouraged at some of our

seats of learning as one of the athletic games essential to the training of a gentleman.

It was the point upon which no difference of opinion existed either between masters and pupils, or between sons and fathers.

Carey (the headmaster), who had been a good fighter in his day, did all in his power to foster this pugnacious feeling. When my friend and co-Busbeian, Mr. James Mure, was captain of the school, the doctor took him to task for the idleness of one Lambert, a junior on the foundation. Mure pleaded that he had not "helped" Lambert into college, but that he believed him to be a good honest fellow, and by no means deficient in abilities. "Where did he get that black eye?" asked Carey.

"In fighting a 'scy.'"

"Which licked?"

"Lambert."

"Well! if he is a good fellow and a good fighter we must not be too hard upon him for his Latin and Greek."

When the lad went home for the holidays, he found his father preaching from the same text as the doctor. In fact, the ex-master of the buckhounds was an enlightened patron of the prize ring, and one of the noble and illustrious backers of Pearce, the Game Chicken, one while champion of England, whose generosity of disposition was on a par with his pluck.

In his famous fight with James Belcher, the one-eyed pugilist, Pearce knocked his antagonist on to the ropes, and, according to the pugilistic code, might have gained an easy victory, but he forewent his advantage, saying, "I will not hit thee, Jem, lest I knock out thy other eye."

The excitement caused in 1811 by the forthcoming fight between Crib and Molyneux (an American negro), was not confined to "us Westminster," and the national exultation at the result fell little short of that raised soon afterwards by the capture of the "Chesapeake" by the "Shannon."

The fight came off in September of this year. The national honour was saved. The Englishman won, although, as the newspapers announced, "his head was terribly out of shape."

A few weeks after the battle, Grandmamma Albemarle sent me to Astley's Amphitheatre with her footman. As my companion was in livery, we could not be admitted into the boxes. Immediately in the row before me in the pit sat Crib and Molyneux, to both of whom I obtained a formal introduction, not a little proud of being able to boast to my schoolfellows of having made the acquaintance of two such celebrities. The appearance of

the late combatants was curious. The black man had beaten the white one *black and blue*. The white man, the black one *green and yellow*.

On one occasion when the Lady de Clifford and the princess had driven to Westminster to see him, he was in the fighting-green, the grass quadrangle of the great cloisters, whither they repaired in search of him —

While my good grandmamma was reading quaint monumental inscriptions, her royal charge was grasping the rails of the cloister and eagerly straining her eyes to watch the motions of the combatants. Her Royal Highness was in high luck, for I appeal to my contemporaries whether they ever witnessed a better-fought battle than that between John Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar, and Paddy Brown, afterwards Sir John Benyon de Beauvoir.

The fisty duel was equally at vogue at the other public schools. The Iron Duke's first victory was over Bobus Smith in a fair stand-up fight at Eton: his only recorded defeat, by a young blacksmith in Wales; and many a *laudator temporis acti* may be still heard regretting that affairs of honour, between boys or men, are not still encouraged by the authorities as in the olden time.

Amongst the traits of manners which Lord Albemarle appropriately recalls is the "Four-in-Hand Club," established in 1808, when the rage for driving had attained its acme.

The Etonians, who were always lording it over us Westminsters with their superior gentility, used to boast that they would never condescend to handle the ribbons unless with four sprightly nags at their feet; in other words, they drove stage and we hackney coaches. For my part I was well content with the humbler vehicle. One Sunday evening several of us boys met by agreement at the top of St. James's Street. Each engaged a hackney coach for himself, and having deposited his "Jarvey" inside, we mounted our respective boxes and raced down to Westminster, the north archway into Dean's Yard being the winning-post. Over such roads, and with such sorry cattle, the wonder is that we reached the goal. Luckily for us our course was all down hill.

We have heard of races between sedan chairs at Bath, but never before of races between hackney coaches in London, and it is to be hoped that the institution will not be revived with cabs. When railways were unknown, an excellent school for driving was supplied by the road. "When" (says Lord Albemarle) "I became big enough to manage a team, I had

the honour of driving the London and Norwich royal mail. I generally selected the stage from Barry to Thetford, the last of my journey homewards." The skill thus acquired by the connivance of the regular driver was occasionally at the expense of the passengers; but the art of "handling the ribbons" was pretty generally diffused, and now that driving four-in-hand has lost its practical utility and business-like air, the new or revived club bears about the same relation to the original one as the Eglintoun tournament to the "gentle passage of arms" commemorated in "Ivanhoe."

A very remarkable letter, now printed for the first time, was addressed by the princess to Lord Albemarle (the father), dated January 17th, 1812, in which, with a sneer at her tutor, the Bishop of Salisbury, she declares herself an out-and-out Foxite. It is too long to quote. Lady de Clifford had frequent occasion to reprove her pupil's levity of conduct and expression, and the princess used to complain to her playfellow of harsh treatment on the part of her governess; but "after all," she would say in her cooler moments, "there are many worse persons in the world than your snuffy old grandmother."

We have here, on Lady de Clifford's authority, the true version of the disputed scene with Lord Eldon on Sunday, 17th January, 1812, when the princess went to the Castle of Windsor, attended by her governess.

In the queen's room were assembled her Majesty, Princess Mary, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, and the prince regent, who had brought with him Lord Chancellor Eldon. This great legal functionary pointed out to the princess the somewhat despotic power which the law gives to the sovereign over the members of the royal family. During the interview the regent loaded his daughter with reproaches. At last turning to the chancellor he asked him what he would do with such a daughter. "If she were mine," was the answer, "I would lock her up." The princess burst into tears. "What," she exclaimed, "would the poor king have said if he could understand that his granddaughter had been likened to the granddaughter of a coal-heaver!"

Lord Albemarle states that he had always been taught to look to the bar as his profession, but his confirmed habit of breaking bounds and getting into scrapes led to a sudden change of destination. One fine morning, after a fresh breach of discipline, a letter from his father informed him that his school-days had come to an



end. "Inclosed was one from Dr. Page to him, dissuading him from thinking any more of a learned profession for me, and recommending him to choose one in which physical rather than mental exertion would be requisite."

In April 1815, being then under sixteen, he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 14th Foot, and was immediately ordered to join the third battalion of his regiment in Flanders. When he joined it, fourteen of the officers and three hundred of the men were under twenty years of age. "These last consisted principally of Buckinghamshire lads, fresh from the plough, whose rustic appearance procured for them the appellation of the 'Peasants.'" The duke always declared that his Waterloo army was the worst he ever commanded, and that if it had been composed of his old Peninsular troops, the battle would have been decided in three hours. An old General Mackenzie, who inspected the battalion at Brussels, no sooner set eyes on them than he called out, "Well, I never saw such a set of boys, both officers and men." Yet this set of boys gave speedy and ample proof of the cool, tenacious, enduring courage which has been correctly designated as the distinctive quality of the race.\*

At a more advanced period of his narrative, Lord Albemarle relates that during the Peninsular War, Lord Wellington was asked, at his own dinner-table, on whom, in his opinion, in the event of anything happening to him, the command should devolve. After some hesitation he named Beresford. There was a general expression of surprise. "I see," he said, "what you mean, by your looks. If it were a question of handling troops, some of you fellows might do as well, perhaps better than he; but what we now want is some one to *feed* our troops; and I know of no one fitter for the purpose than Beresford." A confirmatory anecdote is told by Mr. Mark Boyd: "On one occasion he (a foreign prince) took the opportunity of asking his Grace what was the best method of making good soldiers. 'A very proper

question, prince,' said the duke, 'for, although you are now a young man, you may have to command an army. Feed them well, and house them well, and you will make good soldiers.'"\*

Now it is incidentally shown in this publication that, during the whole of the campaign of 1815, including the march to Paris, the duke either neglected his own maxim or was very badly served by his commissariat; for the British army was neither fed well nor housed well. Indeed, during the twenty-four hours preceding the decisive battle many of his troops were neither fed nor housed at all.

Prior to taking up our position for the night of the 17th, the regiment filed past a large tubful of gin. Every officer and man was, in turn, presented with a little tin pot full. No fermented liquor that has since passed my lips could vie with that delicious *schnapps*. As soon as each man was served, the precious contents that remained in the tub were tilted over on to the ground.

We soon after halted and piled arms on the brow of a hill. . . .

For about an hour before sunset, the rain that had so persecuted us on our march relieved us for a time from its unwelcome presence, but as night closed in, it came down again with increased violence, and accompanied by thunder and lightning. For a time I abode, as I best could, the pitiless pelting of the storm: at last my exhausted frame disabled me to bid defiance to the elements. Wearied with two days of incessant marching, I threw myself on the slope of the hill on which I had been standing. It was like lying in a mountain torrent; I nevertheless slept soundly till two in the morning, when I was awake by my soldier-servant, Bill Moles.

In a neighbouring cottage, to which he repaired to warm himself, he found three officers drying their clothes by a fire of broken chairs and tables. One of them was Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton.

He had known my brother, Bury, in the Peninsula. Towards morning his servant brought him his breakfast, of which he asked me to partake, but the portion was so infinitesimally small that, hungry as I was, I could not bring myself to take advantage of an offer that could only have been made in courtesy.

A singularly apposite anecdote expresses what must be the feelings of the bravest on the eve of a battle.

If I were asked what were my sensations in the dreary interval between daylight and the firing of the first cannon-shot, on this event-

\* "Mais pour ce qui regarde la guerre, l'histoire du passé nous rassure quant aux chances de l'avenir. Il n'y a certainement pas de nation qui puisse se vanter d'être plus brave que la nation française, mais je crois que nos hommes ont quelques dix minutes de ténacité plus que les vôtres; et lorsque le courage est égal des deux côtés, c'est la ténacité qui décide du sort du combat." (Lord Palmerston to Count Persigny in 1860. "Life," by the Hon. E. Ashley, vol. ii. p. 194.) This is one instance, amongst many, of the boldness and clearness of view which form the distinctive merit of Lord Palmerston's letters; and Mr. Ashley has acted most judiciously in allowing them to speak for themselves.

\* Social Gleanings. By Mark Boyd. London, 1875.

ful morning, I should say that all I can now remember on the subject is, that my mind was constantly recurring to the account my father had given me of his interview with Henry Pearce, otherwise the Game Chicken, just before his great battle with Mendoza for the championship of England. "Well, Pearce," asked my father, "how do you feel?" "Why, my lord," was the answer, "I wish it was *fit* (fought)." Without presuming to imply any resemblance to the Game Chicken, I had thus much in common with that great man—I wished the fight was *fit*.

"Depend upon it," says General Mercer, "he who pretends to give a general account of a great battle from his own observation deceives you; believe him not. He can see no further (that is, if he was personally engaged in it) than the length of his nose." In what he says of the battle, Lord Albemarle strictly confines himself to what he individually felt and saw. After remaining some hours in a ravine, his regiment was brought forward to assist in filling up a gap in the line.

We halted and formed square in the middle of the plain. As we were performing this movement, a bugler of the 51st, who had been out with skirmishers, and had mistaken our square for his own, exclaimed, "Here I am again, safe enough." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a round shot took off his head and spattered the whole battalion with his brains, the colours and the ensigns in charge of them coming in for an extra share. One of them, Charles Fraser, a fine gentleman in speech and manner, raised a laugh by drawing out, "How extremely disgusting!" A second shot carried off six of the men's bayonets, a third broke the breast-bone of a lance sergeant (Robinson), whose piteous cries were anything but encouraging to his youthful comrades. The soldier's belief that "every bullet has its billet," was strengthened by another shot striking Ensign Cooper, the shortest man in the regiment, and in the very centre of the square.

These casualties were the affair of a second. We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette, while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsized and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit.

They were moved forward to a position where a partial protection was afforded by the nature of the ground. As he was rising, a bullet struck a man immediately in front, who, falling backwards, knocked him down again. "With some difficulty I crawled from under him. The man appeared to have died without a struggle. In my effort to rejoin my regiment I trod upon his body. The act, although involuntary, caused me a disagreeable sensation whenever it recurred to my mind."

If we are to believe M. Thiers, there was hardly a battalion of the British army that was not *culbuté* (his pet word) three or four times; and the wonder is how enough of them were left upon their legs to make the final advance when the Prussians came up.\* Lord Albemarle confirms what has long since been a recognized fact out of France—that not a single square was broken; and that the cuirassiers (Napoleon said at St. Helena, for want of a leader like Murat) could never be brought to charge home. Lord Albemarle describes them as passing and repassing between his square and the next, which they had made a show of assailing.

As soon as they were clear of our battalion, two faces of the attacked square opened fire. At the same instant the British gunners on our right, who, at the approach of the cuirassiers had thrown themselves at the feet of our front-rank men, returned to their guns and poured in a murderous fire of grape into the flying enemy. For some seconds the smoke of the cross-fire was so dense that not a single object in front of us was discernible. When it cleared away, the Imperial horsemen were seen flying in disorder. The matted hill was strewn with dead and dying, horses galloping away without riders, and dismounted cuirassiers running out of the fire as fast as their heavy armour would allow them.†

This is the last incident that I remember of that eventful Sunday. . . .

\* "Ces braves cavaliers (the cuirassiers), malgré la grêle de balles qui pleuvaient sur eux, tombèrent à bride abattue sur les carrés de la division Alten, et en renversèrent plusieurs qu'ils se mirent à sabrer avec fureur." (Thiers, vol. xxii. p. 223.) "L'infortunée division Alten, déjà si maltraitée, est culbutée cette fois, et le 69e anglais est haché en entier. . . . Plusieurs carrés sont rompus," p. 227. "Elle (la brigade Kellermann) ouvre de nouvelles brèches dans la seconde ligne de l'infanterie britannique, renverse plusieurs carrés," etc., p. 229. He had already stated that three squares were broken at Quatre Bras.

† General Mercer, whose troop of horse artillery was posted close to Lord Albemarle's regiment, says that the French cavalry were decimated and in confusion from the effects of grape and case shot before they reached the squares in his immediate vicinity; one of which (Brunswickers) he thinks would not have resisted a decided charge. ("Journal of the Waterloo Campaign," vol. i. p. 314.)

At sunset I found myself at Hougoumont, in the immediate neighbourhood of which I had been posted the greater part of the day. I bivouacked that night under a tree facing the entrance to the Château. When about a quarter of a century ago I visited the field of battle in company with my son Bury, I looked in vain for the tree, the roots of which had served me for a pillow. It was gone. The battle had been alike destructive of vegetable and animal life. The whole range of those fine elms which formed the avenue to the Château had died of wounds received in the action.

The next morning the army advanced to Nivelles, a nine miles' march; and he speaks of a breakfast with his colonel as being almost the first food he and his captain had tasted since they left their cantonment (on the 16th).

Meals on the march to Paris were few and far between. Indeed if it had not been for an occasional hard-boiled egg from the pistol-holster of a friendly field-officer, I should have hardly imbibed sufficient nourishment to sustain life. Even Tidy, an old campaigner, and likely from his position (colonel of the 14th) to have his full share of what was procurable, says in one of his letters, "I am quite well, though sleeping out, and often going without food."

He entered Paris "barefooted, and in rags." An opportune remittance enabled him to repair the deficiencies of his attire, with the exception of the uniform; and he witnessed some characteristic scenes, which he describes lightly and pleasantly. Considering the elation at the victory, we learn with surprise that before the end of the year a revulsion of feeling had set in.

The country was satiated with glory, and was brooding over the bill that it had to pay for the article. An anti-military spirit had set in. Waterloo and Waterloo men were at a discount. We were made painfully sensible of the change. If we had been convicts disembarking from a hulk we could hardly have met with less consideration. "It's us as pays they chaps," was the remark of a country bumpkin as our men came ashore.

They landed at Dover on a bitter winter day: no cheers welcomed them; and the only persons who took any notice of them were the custom-house officers, who caused them to be kept for hours under arms, in the cold to be searched. This extraordinary strictness was not altogether without excuse; a brigade of artillery, their guns loaded to the muzzle with French lace, having recently evaded search.

Our treatment throughout the day was all of

a piece. Towards dusk we were ordered to Dover Castle, part of which building served as a prison. Our barracks were strictly in keeping with such a locality—cold, dark, gloomy, and dungeon-like. No food was to be had but our "ration." No furniture procurable but what the barrack stores afforded. In this bitter winter's night, the first of my return from campaigning, I lay on a bed of straw.

Early in January the battalion was ordered at a moment's notice to Ramsgate, there to take shipping for the south of Ireland, and their baggage was embarked on board the "Sea Horse" transport, when an order equally unexpected arrived for its disembarkation and the immediate disbandment of the battalion. Any mortification and regret that he and his brother officers may have felt at finding their military career thus suspended or cut short, was considerably modified when they learnt that they were probably indebted to the caprice of the Horse Guards for their lives.

On the 26th of January of this year, the "Sea Horse" sailed from the Downs, having on board, instead of my regiment, the headquarters of the 59th, and a few days later was wrecked off Kinsale. The numbers on board, counting women and children, amounted to 394. Of these, 365 were drowned; among the saved was neither woman nor child.

The troops that relieved us at Deal met a like fate.

The "Lord Melville" and the "Boadicea" transports sailed at the same time with the "Sea Horse." Like their consort, they also were lost off Kinsale. The "Lord Melville" saved all her crew but seven. Out of two hundred and eighty in the "Boadicea," only sixty were saved.

Beyond a paragraph in the newspapers, no public notice was taken of these catastrophes. There was no Plimsoll to rouse attention or compel inquiry, and things went on precisely as before. It was the common talk of the mess-table that, since the return of peace, soldiers had become a drug in the market, whilst freight was a costly commodity; and that vessels, unfit to carry coals from Newcastle to London, were taken up to convey troops to all parts of the world.

It was frequently my lot, as a subaltern, to sail in one of these coal-tubs; and often in a gale of wind I have fervently wished that the craft in which I was a passenger might prove a better swimmer than—the "Sea Horse."

He had ample experience in the mode of transporting troops, being ordered first to Zante and Corfu and then to the Mau-

ritius. On his return home (in 1818) he lands at St. Helena, where his principles as a Bonapartist would not allow him to join a party who went to Longwood in the hopes of getting a glimpse of the emperor. He lost nothing by his forbearance. His comrades returned, disappointed, and with a certain feeling of injury. "The beast," they said, "would not stir out of his den." Lord Albemarle's style is that of a lively, rather discursive talker, who frequently turns aside to introduce any striking occurrence or reflection that is incidentally suggested to him. Thus the mention of St. Helena recalls a conversation with the late Comte de Jarnac, who was one of the commissioners for bringing back the remains of Napoleon.

Shortly before Napoleon's decease, as the marshal was leaning over his bed to learn his wishes, the emperor said feebly, "*C'est vous, Bertrand, que me fermerez les yeux.*" The marshal heard the words, but did not seize their import. "*Parce que,*" added Napoleon, "*naturellement ils restent ouverts.*" In mentioning this incident to De Jarnac, Bertrand added, "*C'est singulier, mais je ne le savais pas*"—singular indeed, that such a well-known phenomenon should have escaped the notice of one so conversant with battle-fields!

The relative importance of things and persons, as dependent upon locality, was thus naively illustrated by one of the belles of the island:—

The landing of a corps of officers, even for a couple of weeks, created quite a sensation in the *beau monde* of Jamestown. But the gay season was when the East-Indiamen used to anchor in the harbour for water and provisions. A young lady of the island dancing with a captain of one of these vessels, said to him, "How dull London must be when all you gentlemen are away!"

Soon after his return, Lord Albemarle was appointed equerry to the Duke of Sussex, and accompanied his Royal Highness to the public dinner given at Norwich in January, 1820, ostensibly to celebrate the birthday of Charles James Fox, but in reality as a protest against the Tory ministry which had just succeeded in passing the famous "Six Acts." They take Holkham on their way down, and their host, "Coke of Norfolk," afterwards Earl of Leicester, is freshly and honourably remembered, not for the first time. In a preceding chapter we find:—

In 1784, William Pitt the younger, wishing to draw Coke, of Holkham, from his allegiance to his rival, Fox, sought to bribe him with the earldom of Leicester, which had been previously in his family. The offer was indig-

nantly refused. To spite Coke the premier bestowed the title upon his near neighbour, George Townshend, eldest son of the "captain" in the preceding letter, who had now succeeded to the family honours. Before accepting Pitt's offer, Mr. Townshend wrote to his father to ask his approval and received for answer:—

DEAR SON,

I have no objection to your taking any title but that of your affectionate father,

TOWNSHEND.

Three years later the viscount himself was advanced to the dignity of marquis. This jumping over each other's head was likened by the wags of the day to a family game at leapfrog.

"I had this anecdote," it is added in a note, "from Mr. Coke himself, who, in 1837, was raised to the peerage by the title which he then (in 1784) refused."

Even on the hackneyed subject of the queen's trial, Lord Albemarle can produce something new, or, at all events, something that will have the attraction of novelty to the great majority of readers.

She was received at the threshold (of the House of Lords) by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, usher of the black rod. The queen had known him while she was living under her husband's roof. "Well, Sir Thomas," she is reported to have said, "what is your master trying me for? Is it for intermarrying with a man whose first wife I knew to be alive?" . . .

People used at this time to speculate how many sickly or elderly peers would owe their death to the Pains and Penalties Bill. I remember seeing some verses of Lord Erskine, which, after pointing out the baneful influence that the measure would have on public morals, ended by saying that the only living creatures that would derive benefit from it would be

Peers' eldest sons, law advisers, and—grouse.

He had almost forgotten that he was a soldier, when he was reminded of the fact by a missive from the Horse Guards, intimating that Lieutenant Keppel, of the 24th regiment, was to join a detachment under orders to India; and to India he goes, where, with his usual luck in getting constantly acquainted or mixed up with people of mark, he is within a few days of his arrival at Calcutta appointed to an opportune vacancy in the personal staff of the governor-general, the Marquis of Hastings. One of his most agreeable duties was to attend the governor-general on his "elephantine" rides.

I used greatly to enjoy these elephantine rides. It was gratifying to a youngster to be on terms of familiar intercourse with a man who, as soldier, orator, or statesman, had been before the world for nearly half a century. On public occasions Lord Hastings was the

most stately of human beings ; you then saw only the haughty ruler over a hundred and odd millions of fellow-creatures ; but *tête-à-tête* in a howdah he was totally different, would talk freely on all subjects, and make no secret of his disputes with the East-India directors, who were everything in his eyes but his "much approved and esteemed good masters." But the subject that most interested me was his military life, beginning from 1775, when as Francis Rawdon, captain of grenadiers, he had two bullets through his cap at the battle of Bunker's Hill, up to 1817, when by strategically concentrating the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, on a given spot on a given day, he annihilated the Pindarrees and wholly subverted the power of the Mahrattas.

On new-year's-day, 1823, Lord Hastings resigned in a huff with the company, and in the following November Lieutenant Keppel started on a long projected homeward journey by Bassorah, Bagdad, Astracan, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. As his adventures and observations on the way were soon afterwards given to the public, it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. He reached England in November, 1824, and in February, 1825, was gazetted to a captaincy by purchase, in the 62nd regiment, quartered in Ireland. He set out to join, fully resolved to make up for lost time by a strict attention to regimental duties ; but a new colonel made these so extremely irksome, that he sought and found refuge from his persecutors on the personal staff of the Marquis Wellesley, then lord-lieutenant. Blended with reminiscences of the vice-regal court is a cursory sketch of the viceroy's brother, the illustrious duke, which conveys an exaggerated, if not wholly erroneous, impression of his character in youth and early manhood, when, we believe, he was substantially the same as in after life, although, before he had given decisive proof of his quality, the want of conversational power and social accomplishments may have been mistaken for incapacity.

It is a matter of notoriety that he was refused a collectorship of customs on the ground of his incompetency for the duties ; and I have reason to believe that a letter is now extant from Lord Mornington (afterwards Lord Wellesley) to Lord Camden, declining a commission for his brother Arthur, in the army, on the same grounds.

It is not quite matter of notoriety, but it has been stated on respectable authority, that Wellesley (wishing to retire from active service) applied to Lord Camden for a commissionership (not a collectorship) of customs ; but Lord Camden did

not become lord-lieutenant of Ireland till March, 1795, when Wellesley, who entered the army in 1787, was a lieutenant-colonel, and a member of Parliament of six years' standing. His application was probably withdrawn ; but it is preposterous to suppose that he was rejected for incompetency. The dates are equally decisive against the second story ; or, if Lord Camden had commissions at his disposal prior to 1787, it is not likely that Lord Mornington would have refused one for his brother, fresh from the military school at Angers, on such a ground.

An old lady, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin belles received an invitation to a picnic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that "that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party." It was the fashion of the period for gentlemen to wear, instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favourite pastime of the inchoate "Iron Duke."

This, again, is apocryphal on the face of it, and inconsistent with the prior description of him as shy and reserved. But an old lady, Lady Aldborough, was fond of relating that she once took him in her carriage to a picnic in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and finding him a dull companion, threw him over for "*le beau Cradock*" (the first Lord Howden), leaving him to find his way back as best he could. He had nothing for it but to accept a lift from the musicians ; and, boldly reminding him of the adventure in the height of his fame, she said, "When I left you to come back with the fiddlers, I little thought you would ever play first fiddle yourself." This is the exact story as we heard it more than once from the old lady's own lips. There are other versions. That adopted by the best of the duke's biographers, the Rev. Dr. Gleig, runs thus :—

He was at a ball one night, and, as usual, could not find a partner. Inheriting his father's taste for music, he consoled himself by sitting down near the band, which happened to be a remarkably good one. By-and-by the party broke up, *when the other officers present were taken home by their lady friends*, while young Wesley was *by common consent* left to travel with the fiddlers. Old Lady Aldborough on one occasion put the duke in mind of the circumstance, after he had become a great man, at which he laughed heartily, whilst she added with *naïveté*, "We should not leave you to go home with the fiddlers now." ("Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington," p. 8.)

The incident, probable enough at a pic-

nic, could hardly have occurred at a ball, from which he might have quietly walked home at any time; and the old lady's joke, on which she especially prided herself, is lost. *Naïveté* was not in her line.

The travels were published early in January, 1827, under the following title:—

"Personal Narrative of Travels in Babylonia, Assyria, Media, and Scythia," in the year 1824. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. In Two Volumes.

Lord Wellesley, when a copy was presented to him, immediately began bantering the author on the title-page "F.S.A." He exclaimed, "Do you know those letters mean a 'fellow abominably stupid,' and you have only to add F.R.S. to your next edition, and you will be a 'fellow remarkably stupid' into the bargain." A purist in language, his Excellency next took objection to the word "personal," although similarly employed on three or four occasions by Alexander von Humboldt.

The same evening Lord Plunkett, recently appointed chief justice of the Common Pleas, dined at the lodge. The viceroy renewed the attack on my malaprop adjective. "One of my aide-de-camps," said he, "has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, chief justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My lord," replied Plunkett, "we lawyers always consider *personal* as opposed to *real*."

The "Personal Narrative" ran through three editions within the year, and won him at once a place amongst the celebrities in vogue—

the few

Or many (for the number's sometimes such)  
Whom a good mien, especially if new,  
Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or non-  
sense,  
Permits what'er they please or *did* not long  
since.

When some affected person complained to Sir Walter Scott of the bore of being lionized, Sir Walter frankly owned that he found it very agreeable, and advantageous into the bargain, as it enabled him to form the acquaintance of all the people best worth knowing. The author of the "Personal Narrative" agreed with Scott, and made the best of his opportunities. After mentioning that one of the first fruits of his authorship was the admission to the literary circles of Lydia White:—

The "Overland Journey" opened to me other houses not usually accessible to young men about town. At Sir George Phillips's in Mount Street, I made the acquaintance of Sydney Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, Hallam,

and Macaulay. In "Conversation Sharp's" little dining-room in Upper Grosvenor Street, I met men who could boast of personal acquaintance with members of the "Club," e.g., such for instance as Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds. Lord Essex used to give very pleasant dinners of eight covers to persons of all callings. At Mr. Edmund Byng's I was to have for fellow-guests the leading actors of the day—Mathews, Liston, Dowton, Fawcett, Harley, Yates. I met poets at Samuel Rogers's breakfasts, and punsters at General Phipps's—at the house of this last-named officer I remember meeting George Colman, the author of "Broad Grins," James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and Jekyll, *non-pareil* of the punsters.

The only lady of the company was the Dowager Lady Cork. Puns were of course the staple of the entertainment. I record one by way of a sample: "Mr. Colman," said Lady Cork, "you are so agreeable that you shall drink a glass of champagne with me." "Your ladyship's wishes are laws to me," answered Colman, "but really champagne does not agree with me." Upon which Jekyll called out, "Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than the bottle."

At the Hoo, Lord Dacre's, he accepts a part in Lady Dacre's comedy of "Pomps and Vanities," the success of which, he says, revived a long-dormant taste.

Private theatricals became all the fashion. Hatfield House was the first to follow the lead set by the Hoo, and I accepted an engagement in the new company. My fellow-comedians comprised Lady Salisbury, our hostess; Lord and Lady Francis Levison Gower, afterwards Lord and Lady Ellesmere; Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle; Mrs. Robert Ellison, a sister of Lord Rokeby; Mrs. Robert Ellice; Sir George Chad; and Lord Normanby's brother; Colonel—afterwards Sir Charles Phipps. Of this corps the only survivors are Lady Clanricarde, Mr. James Stuart Wortley, and myself.

The pieces performed were French *vaudevilles* adapted to the Hatfield stage by Theodore Hook, and they suffered no deterioration by passing through the hands of the author of "Killing no Murder."

Charles Phipps was to act the part of a king of Sweden, but having no star, a despatch was sent to the Duke of Wellington to borrow his. The messenger returned with his Grace's insignia of a knight, grand cross of the Order of the Sword. It is worthy of remark that the box which contained the order had evidently never been opened before.

He was equally fortunate in the sister isle, whose two leading celebrities about the time when he visited it were indicated by a popular song—



Oh, Dublin is a famous city,  
The finest city upon the sea,  
For here's O'Connell making speeches  
And Lady Morgan making tea.

Irish life and character were shown off to perfection in Lady Morgan's "snug little nutshell of a house" (as she used to call it) in Kildare Street. When she transferred her household gods to William Street, Lowndes Square, she was still the centre of a brilliant circle; and she retained her wit, her warmth of feeling, her high spirits, her frolic sense of fun, and her genuine love of country, to the last; but she was too old to bear transplanting, and her efforts to acclimatize herself in the fashionable atmosphere of London explain, without justifying, the overfrank avowal of Lady Cork: "I like you better as an Irish blackguard than as an English fine lady." She was certainly at her best when she let loose her inexhaustible flow of native Irish humour, disdaining conventionalities and not disdaining the brogue.

When Lord Albemarle first made her acquaintance, he found her occupied in preparing her "O'Briens and O'Flahertys" for the press; in which, she told him, he was to figure as a certain count, a great traveller, who made a trip to Jerusalem for the sole object of eating artichokes in their native country.

The chief attraction in the Kildare Street "at homes" was Lady Morgan's sister, Olivia, wife of Sir — Clerk. Her conversational powers were so greatly superior to those of her novel-writing sister, that I cannot help suspecting that the work which went in the name of one was a joint production.

Both were highly gifted women, but Lady Morgan's conversational powers fully came up to the standard of her authorship.

The authoress of "The Wild Irish Girl," justly proud of her gifted sister Olivia, was in the habit of addressing every new comer with "I must make you acquainted with my Livy." She once used this form of words to a gentleman who had just been worsted in a fierce encounter of wits with the lady in question. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply; "I happen to know your Livy, and I only wish your Livy was Tacitus."

At Bowood he made the acquaintance, which speedily ripened into intimacy, of Moore, and heard him sing most of his melodies:—

Amongst others, "The Slave," a song expressive of the sympathy of the writer in the abortive insurrection for which his friend and college-chum, Robert Emmett, paid the for-

feit of his life. 'I wish I could convey to my reader an idea of the spirit which the poet threw into the words

the green flag flying o'er us,  
And the foe we hate before us.

Only the words happen to be —

We tread the land that bore us,  
Her green flag glitters o'er us,  
The friends we've tried are by our side  
And the foe we hate before us.

Another reminiscence, of a somewhat later period, is introduced by the remark, that "wit and beauty have seldom been crowded into so small a space as occasionally found admittance into Mrs. Norton's tiny drawing-room at Storey's Gate, Westminster."

It is difficult to glance over this recapitulation, far from complete, of the numerous and varied scenes of social and intellectual enjoyment open to the rising celebrity of fifty years since, and escape the melancholy reflection of how many have passed away, with hardly a chance or hope of their being adequately replaced.

In June, 1829, tired of an idle life, after several unsuccessful applications to be placed on half-pay, he started for Turkey with the view of ascertaining whether the Turks were able to hold their own against the Russians, aided by the Balcan range of mountains, "supposed to present a sort of Alpine barrier which it required the genius of a Napoleon to surmount." The problem had been solved before he arrived upon the ground by the march of Diebitsch's army (July 26, 1829) through the pass, or rather passes, for there are several, and so free from obstruction, that (he states) "almost every field-officer had his caleche, the general officers three or four, and every company a cart, for their camp-kettles." This was not his only illusion touching Turkey which this expedition helped to dissipate. He returned, and remains, convinced that "the barbarism of the Osmanlies is, from the very nature of their institutions, utterly ineradicable, and that they have no claim to the character of civilization with which the British public were then disposed to credit them." \*

On Tuesday, the 5th of February, 1833, he took his seat in the first Reformed Parliament as one of the members for East Norfolk. In 1838 he was appointed a groom in waiting, and one of his first duties was to attend her Majesty to Westminster on the morning of her coronation.

\* Narrative of a Journey across the Balcan, with a Visit to Azani in 1829-30. Two volumes. 1831.

In March, 1851, he succeeded, on the death of his brother, to the family title and estates, and took his seat in the House of Lords. Some of his personal experiences of both Houses are well worth telling and graphically told. In 1852 he published "Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries," a useful contribution to the party annals of the period. The "fifty years" close in 1854 with a dinner at Rogers's, St. James's Place, at which Sir Robert Adair, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and himself were the guests.

We do not go quite so far as Gray in his remark to Walpole, that "if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove a useful and entertaining one." But when a man, with Lord Albemarle's advantages and opportunities, sets down what he has seen and heard whenever it has happened to be worth seeing or hearing, a book so formed could hardly fail to be, what this is, both amusing and instructive — to satisfy, in fact, the highest expectations that could have been formed of the best sort of diary by Gray.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

A STORY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

#### CHAPTER VII.

IT was a hot September day, and the closeness of the weather had perhaps tried Mrs. Mason's temper, for all the morning she had been more than usually hard to please, and Janet had had a hard time with her, and had been cuffed and snubbed and rated till her poor little head had got all in a daze, and till she was in such a fright that she broke two dinner-plates, and upset a can of water, and let the potatoes boil over into the fire, all in the course of the last hour before dinner.

She had come to her seat at the dinner-table after these exploits with her eyes red with crying, and Dick and Bill, who sat opposite to her at the banquet, had wiled away the moments before their plates were set before them by making faces at her across the table-cloth, and pointing the finger of scorn at her; a playful attention which had so little the effect of raising her spirits that she began to eat her boiled mutton with the big tears rolling slowly down her cheeks.

There are some days, you know, on

which everything seems to go wrong with us, and I am afraid this was a day of that sort with Janet. Do what she would, she could not keep out of trouble, and as the hours passed on matters got only worse, for she had begun by breaking plates and upsetting water-jugs, but before the afternoon was over she had ended by doing about the most serious and dreadful thing that she had ever done in all her life. This was how it came about.

Her aunt wanted to pay a bill, and sent her out to get some change. She had been sent for change on other days before this one. Sometimes Mrs. Mason had given her a sovereign, sometimes half a sovereign, to run out with to one of the shops at hand, and get silver for, and she had always brought back the silver correctly, without ever losing a sixpence of it; but on this particular afternoon it was not only change for a sovereign that Mrs. Mason wanted. She had no small money in the house at all, and she sent Janet out to get change for a five-pound note. She gave the note into the child's hand, and told her to hold it fast, for if she lost it it would be the worst day's work she ever did; and as she said this she took Janet by the shoulders and shook her, and then gave her a little shove out into the street; and Janet, clutching the note with all her might, ran without stopping to the shop where she had been told to go, and stretched her small hand out across the counter, with hardly breath enough left to speak her errand.

"If you please, sir — Mrs. Mason says — would you give her change — for a five-pound note?" she said.

"Why, you've run yourself out of breath, little woman," said the man behind the counter, good-naturedly. "Oh yes, I'll give you change. Here's your money — one, two, three, four, five. Now hold it all tight, and trot away home again."

So Janet said, "Thank you, sir," and picked up her five golden pieces, and turned to go home again, grasping them fast.

But, at the shop door, as the shopman handed the change to her, there had been an ill-looking man standing, whom Janet had not noticed, and as she went fast down the street again, she never knew that he was following her. He followed her along the main busy thoroughfare, and watched her as she turned into the not-much-frequented street in which her aunt's house stood, and then, suddenly quickening his step, he walked past her,

and in an instant, before she could either struggle or cry out, she found the hand that had grasped the money so tight wrenched open, and the whole five sovereigns gone.

It was done so rapidly that it took her breath away: for two or three moments she stood gasping: the man had rushed past her and had almost turned a corner before, bewildered as she was, she moved, or screamed, or tried to get any help. She screamed loudly enough then, poor little soul, and began to run too with all her might; but there was scarcely anybody near her, and long before the few passers-by (there was no policeman in sight) had succeeded in finding out from her what had happened, the man who had got her money had had time enough to escape securely — three times over if he had pleased.

Poor little Janet! She stood with half-a-dozen people round her, wildly sobbing as if her heart would break. One eager young man had gone flying down the street shouting, "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice, but as he had not waited long enough to hear the direction that the thief had taken, and his instinct had led him in a direction at right angles with it, the chances of his capturing him were not great.

The others stood about her, questioning her.

"Took your money, did he?" said one. "Why, that's a bad job!"

"A man with a light coat, did you say?" asked another. "Are you sure he had on a light coat? because I saw a man just as I turned the corner —"

"What, all the change of a five-pound note? Well, well, that is too bad! Five sovereigns! Dear! dear!" cried a kindly-looking old gentleman, standing over Janet, and holding up his hands. "You'll never see them again; I'm afraid you may make up your mind to that, my dear. No, no, no, — there's nothing for it but to go home now, and tell your mother. She can speak to the police, of course, but you'll never set eyes on the fellow again. Where do you live? What, here in this street? Well, run away in, run away in, and ask your mother not to scold you. There's a shilling for you to buy lollypops with, and I wish it was another five-pound note, my dear."

The little crowd opened, and, sobbing with despair, Janet passed out from it, and went slowly down the street. What should she do? What *should* she do? Should she turn round and run away at

once, and never face her aunt again? She stopped and looked back once after a minute or two, but three or four of the people who had gathered round her were still standing together in a knot, talking and watching her, and in face of them she had not courage to run away. If she tried to do it, would they not come after her, and bring her back? With their eyes upon her, it seemed to the child as if she had not power to do anything but go straight on; and yet how was she to go on and stand before her aunt?

I suppose the sound of her sobs went down the street ahead of her, for before she had reached her aunt's house Mrs. Mason came to the open door.

"Why, Janet!" she called out loudly as she saw the child. "What are you crying for?" she exclaimed sharply, and seized her as she came up by the shoulder. Her eyes looked over her from head to foot; she saw the convulsed face and the empty hands. "What have you done with the money?" she cried suddenly, in a voice that might have made one bolder than Janet quake.

The poor child shuddered, and burst almost into a scream of terror. Before she could speak her aunt had pulled her into the house. How she spoke or what she said even then she did not know; some few despairing words did come somehow from her lips, confused and half intelligible, — a desperate, heart-broken confession of the thing that had happened to her — and then they ended suddenly in another short, sharp cry as Mrs. Mason struck her.

I will not tell you how often the angry woman struck her; I don't care to describe to you all she said and did. She was in a passion, and hardly knew what she was about. She struck Janet as she was accustomed to strike her own boys, and she turned her out of doors in her fury when she had beaten her, just as she was accustomed to turn *them* out. You need not try to imagine the scene, for it was a bad and an ugly one. Let us pass over it and get to the end of it, — to the moment when poor little Janet found herself pushed out into the street again, and the door slammed in her face.

There she was, turned out of doors, without a home left, — or so at least she thought; for, though her aunt had done no more to her than she had done a score of times to her own flesh and blood, yet there was this difference in the two cases, you see, that, whereas Dick and the rest of them were quite used to being

thrashed, and, when their mother whipped them and pushed them out of the house, and told them not to show their faces to her again or she would beat them within an inch of their lives, never minded what she said any more than if the wind had blown across their ears, but came back as soon as it suited their convenience, upon Janet such treatment fell with all the force of novelty, and never having been turned out of doors before, nor threatened with bitter punishment if she ever ventured to return, she was thrown by this treatment and these threats into such a state of agony, that as she stood alone in the street, with the door shut against her, and the echo of her aunt's terrible words ringing in her ears, the desolate little child felt as if it was all over with her,—that she had no hope remaining, and no home left in the wide world.

She never thought of trying to get taken back again,—never once. Long afterwards, in thinking over the whole story, she could not remember that it had ever occurred to her that her aunt would let her in again presently if she went back. She had been turned into the street, and ordered never to show her face again, and to the child's simple unquestioning mind it seemed that she must obey that hard order to the letter.

For a few minutes after the door had been shut she stood without moving, as if she was stunned, and then blindly and without any purpose she ran down the street. She did not know where she was to go, or what she was to do, but for a little while, till she got breathless, she ran on as if some one was pursuing her. There was a dreary-looking railway arch not far from her aunt's house, with a bit of waste ground under it; after a time she found herself there, and dreary as it was it seemed like a sort of shelter to her, and she went in where the shadow fell the darkest, and sat down on a log of wood. There was nobody in the place except herself; close to her the people went passing to and fro; all the busy life of the streets was near her; but for a long time she sat unnoticed by any one in the chill sad shadow, with the great brick arch above her head.

She had gone there because she did not know what else to do; she stayed because she did not know where else to go; the slow minutes passed and lengthened into hours, and still she sat without moving, in a kind of blank, dull stupor and pain. Of course she could not realize yet what had happened to her; she could only feel as if

she was in a dream; she could only sit helpless, waiting, with the touching, sad, unreasonable trust of a child, till something should happen, till some one should come to comfort and take care of her.

It had been three or four o'clock in the afternoon when she had been turned from her aunt's door; she was still sitting under the archway when the clock struck six, and the sun now was sinking very low. Suddenly she began to think, with a feeling of terror, "What shall I do when it gets dark?" She had hitherto been merely sitting passively still, but now the darkness would be round her soon, and then what was she to do? A little gleam of slanting sunlight had stolen in below the arch, and, as if it had been some living thing—almost as if it had been some bit of human warmth to cling to—she went to it, and stood in it, and leant her face upon the bit of brickwork that it touched. What should she do when it got dark? She had hardly been crying hitherto—she had been too much stunned to cry; but now the great tears gathered in her eyes, and she began to sob as children do from terror. It would be dark immediately: what was to become of her when the night came?

She had been crying in this way for two or three minutes when all at once a voice spoke near her.

"I say,—are you hungry?" it asked.

Janet heard the question, but she did not know that it was addressed to her, and so she made no answer to it; she only tried, with her face still turned to the wall, to stop her sobbing; and there was a moment or two's silence, and then in a more emphatic way the same voice spoke again.

"I say,—are you hungry?" it repeated; and at this second interrogation Janet turned shyly round, and saw a small child of about her own age standing near her. She was a ragged little bonnetless girl, with a thin, sharp face, and dark bright eyes that had fixed themselves on Janet, and were examining her from head to foot and with most unconcealed curiosity.

"N—o, I'm not hungry," replied Janet timidly, moving instinctively out of the sunlight, as she spoke, to a darker place.

"What are you a-crying for, then?" said the little girl. "You ain't lost yourself, have you?"

"No," said Janet.

"Then, if you ain't lost yourself, and you ain't hungry, I can't think what you're a-crying for."

The child plumped down suddenly upon

the ground, and began to pick up pebbles and fling the mat the brick piers of the arch. For five minutes or more she occupied herself with this amusement, Janet standing silent and looking on; then all at once she ceased to throw her pebbles, and opened her lips again.

"I say,—have you got any home to go to?" she demanded in a sharp, wide-awake voice.

The question made the colour come to Janet's face; she was ashamed to answer it and say "No;" she hung her head, and turned away without replying.

"I don't believe you have," said the little girl, nodding her head shrewdly. "I say,—I know what you've been a-doing. You've run away."

"No, I haven't," said Janet, faintly.

"I daresay you've stole something then."

"Oh, how can you say such a thing!" cried Janet, flushing crimson.

"Well, you've done something, or you wouldn't be dawdling about here, for you ain't a beggar,—you've got too good clothes on. You needn't tell *me* you're a beggar," said the little girl knowingly.

"No, I'm not a beggar. I've been turned out of doors," said Janet, driven to tell the truth in self-defence.

"Lor!" cried the little girl, and opened her bright eyes. "Well, *I* was never turned out of doors, I warn't. Not that I'd mind. It'd be good fun, I think. Why, what had you been a-doing of?"

"I hadn't been doing anything," said Janet piteously. And then she paused for a moment or two, and suddenly after that pause she burst into her poor little story. "I hadn't been doing anything, only a man stole some money from me. I had gone to get change—I had five sovereigns in my hand, and he came and ran past me; and snatched them away."

"My eye!" cried the little girl, and Janet thought at first that it was pity for her position that had occasioned the exclamation, but a moment undeceived her. "Weren't you a gaby! Oh, I say!—five sovereigns all at once. Well, if you didn't deserve a whopping——"

"But I couldn't help it," pleaded poor Janet deprecatingly.

"I'd like to see any one rob *me*," said the little girl contemptuously. "He'd never have took the money if you'd been sharp. I never got a penny stole from me yet. But you don't look as if you knew much about anything," said the child in such a tone of scorn that Janet felt too much abashed to utter another word.

The gleam of sunshine had died away, and the rapid September twilight was already coming on. Janet stood in the chill half-light, with her pale face seeming as if even already it had grown whiter and thinner. She had not drawn near to the other child. She was still standing close to the brick pier, and squatting on the ground, at three or four yards' distance from her, sat the strange little girl, playing with the pebbles again, and flinging them at the wall.

They had neither of them spoken for five minutes or more, when suddenly the girl addressed Janet with another question.

"I say,—what are you a-going to do?" she said.

"I—I don't know," answered Janet faintly.

"Are you a-going back?"

"Back to aunt's? Oh, no,"—with a sob,—"*I* daren't."

"Well, it's that or stopping in the streets, I suppose; ain't it? You ain't got no money, have you?"

"No," said Janet sadly, shaking her head. And then all at once remembering, "Oh yes, I forgot, I have!" she exclaimed. "A gentleman gave me a shilling."

"Let's see it!" cried the child, and sprang to her feet.

Janet had dropped the coin into her pocket and forgotten it. She searched for it now, and found it, and in all simplicity and confidence held it out at once in the palm of her hand; and then, with a curious kind of glitter in her eyes, the strange child darted forward and pounced upon it.

"It's a shilling and no mistake! I say, have you got any more of them?" she asked.

"Oh, no, that's the only one," said Janet. She was holding out her empty hand a little uneasily, for the girl had caught the money from her, and closed her fingers over it. "Please give it back to me," said Janet after a moment or two's silence in rather an eager voice.

"I'll take better care of it than you will," answered the child, retreating a step or two.

"Oh, but it's mine!" said Janet.

"It ain't yours if I've got it," replied the child, and backed another step; and then, seeing her danger, Janet gave a sudden, frightened sob.

"Oh, give it back to me! Do—do give it back to me!" she cried imploringly.

She began to follow the child as she

backed further and further from her; and for several minutes an odd kind of deliberate retreat and pursuit went on between them, round and round the bit of waste ground. If she had chosen, no doubt the little street-child might at any moment have taken to her heels, and made off with her prize much faster than Janet could have followed her; but apparently her mind was not wholly made up as to whether or not she would take to her heels; she seemed to a certain extent to be in a state of hesitation whether she should make off or remain where she was.

"I say it's no good you following me," she called out defiantly, after two or three minutes of this silent game. "You ain't a-going to get it back again, and so you needn't try. It's mine, 'cause I've got it; and if I says we'll go halves —" And then she stopped, with her head upon one side, apparently to watch the effect of this generous offer upon Janet's mind.

Poor little Janet! I suppose she ought to have been more grateful for it than she was; but you see she had suffered a great deal to-day, and somehow it did not all at once occur to her to be as thankful as the small thief facing her seemed to expect.

"But you have no right to keep *any* of it!" she exclaimed hotly, with a flush coming over her face; and then she made a sudden spring forward to catch the child's hand, but, of course, the nimble little creature was too quick for her, and in an instant she had leapt aside, and got her closed palm behind her back.

"You try that again, and you shan't have a penny of it!" she called out threateningly; and then all at once she began to pour out a volley of naughty words, that she said so rapidly, and that were for the greater part so unintelligible, that Janet stood staring at her breathless, with her lips apart.

"It's likely that I'd give it back to you!" exclaimed the child contemptuously, after this outburst had come to an end. "Why, if I did, you're such a ninny that you'd get it took away by somebody else."

"Oh no, I shouldn't!" said poor Janet, piteously. "I shouldn't *now*. Oh, do try me, please! It's all the money that I have." And she looked as eager, and for the moment as hopeful, as if she thought that in all this proceeding the little street vagabond was only bent on giving her a lesson in sharpness, and had no views of self-interest in the matter at all; but she was wrong in that, as you may suppose.

"Now you hold your tongue; you'd better," said the child roughly. "Stand

still where you are, and I'll tell you something. Why, I don't want to do you any harm," said the ragged little thing in a tone of such withering contempt that Janet felt as if it had been quite presumptuous of her to suppose that she did. "I could do it fast enough if I liked, without asking leave of anybody. I say, — what's your name? I think I can tell you without asking, though. It's Molly, ain't it?"

"No, it isn't," said Janet.

"Well, it's Sukey, then?"

"It isn't Sukey," said Janet, rather aggrieved. "It's Janet."

"That's a rum name," said the child.

"Don't know as I ever knew a Janet before. Now guess mine."

"But I don't know what to guess," said Janet.

"Guess anything. It don't matter what — Peg, or Jim, or Jack. Only you're so slow you'll never find out. Well, I'll tell you; it's Tabby. Some people calls me Tabby Cat. I don't mind. One name's as good as another when you're used to it, ain't it?"

"I — I don't know; perhaps it is," said Janet hesitatingly, not quite liking to confess how little she should herself enjoy being called Tabby Cat; but her companion did not seem to notice the want of heartiness in her reply, but at once nodded her little black head, and repeated her assertion as if the sound of it was pleasant to her ears.

"Just as good as another, every bit. I don't mind what I'm called. I say" — she made a pirouette in the air, and then turned rapidly towards Janet — "I say, this is what I was a-going to tell you. I'll take you to a shop I know where we can get something good, and then if you like you may come home with me and eat it. There!" said Tabby, and looked as if she had made an offer to take Janet's breath away.

And, indeed, in one sense it did take Janet's breath away, though hardly with delight. To go home with this little street-child, and eat her supper in company with her! I am afraid she shivered at the bare thought of doing it; and yet when Tabby had her shilling, if she did not do it, what chance had she of eating any supper at all? She looked at the little dark gipsy face, and her lip began to quiver.

"Oh, I wish you would give me back my shilling!" she cried out tremulously, and began again to hold out her hand.

"Do — do give it me back!"

"I *won't*!" said Tabby. "There — do you hear me? I won't; that's flat.



Now you can come with me if you like, or you can stay away; I don't care which, but *I'm* a-going, so please yourself." And with that she turned round, and never looked at Janet again, but walked straight out from under the arch with Janet's money in her hand.

What could Janet do but follow her? Frightened and miserable, she began to run after her. For five minutes she hurried on, keeping up with her as well as she could. And then Tabby stopped at a small eating-shop, and condescended for a moment to turn her head.

"Oh, you've been a-thinking better of it! You're beginning to want your supper, are you," she said derisively as Janet came up. "Well, serve you right if I wouldn't let you have it now, but — there, do you see that pudding?" And with her brown, skinny finger she pointed suddenly to a composition that was smoking in the windows, and the black eyes gleamed as she looked up into Janet's face. "That's what I'm a going to buy. My eye! ain't it good?"

She shot into the shop, leaving Janet on the pavement, and in two or three minutes came back with a good-sized parcel in her hand.

"I've got it! Sixpennorth of it. Such a lump! Now then, look sharp!" And before Janet knew what she was about to do, she had dived in amongst the horses' legs, and was over at the other side of the street.

With trepidation, but yet with a kind of desperate courage, Janet followed her, and for ten minutes Tabby went on rapidly threading her way round corners, through alleys, along busy thoroughfares, poor Janet keeping up with her as she best could, till at last she plunged into a narrow court, and stood still before an open door. She stood here just long enough for Janet to come up with her, and then, merely giving her companion a nod of the head, she vanished inside the house, and Janet could only follow her through the darkness (for it was almost night now) by the sound of her steps.

She had begun to climb a steep narrow stair, up which she went from story to story, poor little Janet eagerly following her, and stumbling and tumbling in the gloom a dozen times over, until they reached the top of the house, and here at last Tabby paused again. There was a little glimmer of light coming in upon them from a skylight above their heads.

"Now, if mother's in, won't you catch it!" Tabby suddenly said.

"Shall I?" asked Janet faintly, shrinking back.

"Won't you? That's all! I wouldn't be in your shoes for something." And then, having raised her guest's spirits with this kind hint of a stirring welcome, Tabby opened a door before her, and went in.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

To Janet's great relief, for her companion's last words had made her shiver, the room they entered seemed empty.

"It's all right; she ain't here. I didn't think she would be," said Tabby. "I only said it to give you a turn. She don't almost ever come home till late. Sometimes she stops out working, and sometimes she stops out drinking, and sometimes she stops out 'cause she's too far gone to come in. Come along now; hold the candle till I get a light. Why, can't you hold it steadier than that? One 'ud think you was starved with cold."

"No, I'm not cold," replied Janet. But her hand was shaking nevertheless, and she put the candle down upon a table as soon as Tabby had lighted it.

What a wretched, poverty-stricken room it was! So bare, so dirty, so comfortless! In one corner there was an unmade bed, with the tumbled bedclothes lying in a heap upon it; an old deal table stood on the uncovered floor, and two or three chairs with broken seats; there were the ashes of past fires lying in the grate; there were dirty cups upon the table, a dirty saucepan standing on the hob, dirty clothes hanging up against the walls. Janet turned sick as she looked round her. She had been in many a poor woman's room before now, but never in one like this.

"Now, if you ain't hungry, I am," said Tabby after a moment or two's silence, during which she had trimmed the wick of the candle with a hair-pin, and swept the crumbs off part of the table with the skirt of her frock. "If you ain't hungry, I am; so I'm going to set to." And she unrolled her parcel; and, proceeding at once to business with a beautiful simplicity, took up a lump of pudding in her fingers and transferred it straight to her mouth.

She ate it off the paper in which she had brought it home, and she ate it without the help of fork, or spoon, or knife, or plate. After she had taken a few mouthfuls she paused a moment and looked in a speculative way into Janet's face.

"If you wants any, you'd better look sharp," she said. "What ails you at it?"

"Oh, n—nothing," replied Janet, faintly,

and stretched out her hand, and took up a lump of pudding too. But she was so sick and frightened that though she took it up she could not eat it, but put it to her lips and drew it back again, and then all at once flushed up and burst out crying.

"My eye, you *are* a soft one!" said Tabby when she saw this proceeding, and she stared at Janet with round, wide-opened eyes. Indeed, the sight seemed so surprising to her that for nearly a minute she sat with a piece of pudding arrested half-way on its passage to her lips, quite absorbed by the curious spectacle before her.

"Well, you're the greatest gaby ever I knew. What's the good o' crying? You've got some good victuals; you ain't starved yet," she said at last.

"Oh yes, I know! Oh, it isn't that! But what — what — what am I to do?" sobbed poor little Janet, and dropped her pudding back upon the table, and looked at Tabby so eagerly and piteously that, hardened street-gipsy as she was, Tabby did not quite like it.

"What are you to do? La! what does anybody do? You'll get on somehow, like the rest of us," said Tabby bluntly, not much accustomed to administering consolation. "You'll have to grow a little sharper though, or you won't be much hand at it. How do you think I'd get on if I wasn't sharp? My eye! fancy me sitting blubbering like a baby! Why, how old are you? I'll bet that you're as old as me; not that I'm sure how old I am," said Tabby frankly. "But I ain't more than seven — or eight — or nine. You're much about that too, I should say; ain't you?"

"I'm just eight," said Janet.

"There now; I guessed you was. And to think of you blubbering still, as if you was two or three! Why, if you go on like this for nothing at all, what would you do if some one whopped you?" And having crushed Janet by this contemptuous question, Tabby addressed herself to her supper again, and went on comfortably with her meal.

Janet, too, took up her piece of pudding once more and tried to eat it; but there was a lump in her throat, and she could hardly swallow. She was trying with all the power of her little brain to think what was to become of her — where she was to go when her supper was ended — where she was to spend even this first night. Careless little Tabby was munching away with all her might, enjoying the pleasure of the moment, and apparently not think-

ing either of before or after. But Janet could hardly think of the present moment at all; she could only think of the misery that she had suffered already, and of the unknown trouble that she had still to face.

"Well, I can't do much more, I'm thinking," said Tabby at last, pausing in her labours and smacking her lips. "There, if you wants that last bit you may have it;" and she pointed with her greasy finger to a fragment still remaining of the feast.

"Thank you," said Janet meekly, and put forward her hand to take it; and then suddenly stopped, and, "I can't eat it now, but I think — I think I'll put it in my pocket," she said timidly.

"Put it in your pocket!" exclaimed Tabby instantly at this proposal, seizing the piece of pudding in her own hand, with a look in her face like a young tigress. "You've no more right to put it in your pocket than I have. It's my pudding just as much as yours."

"But you've had nearly the whole of it already," pleaded Janet.

"Well, and if I have, whose fault was that? I didn't stop you from having it, did I? Put it in your pocket, you mean thing!" and she glared at Janet with a pair of eyes like two small fires.

"I thought I might have it to take away. I thought, when I had had so little of it —" began Janet wistfully.

But Tabby had already burst into a torrent of abuse, and there was nothing for it but for Janet to break off her sentence and hold her tongue. The little vagabond poured out her bad words, and as she shot them out she ate the pudding up, till pudding and abuse both came to an end together; then, licking her lips, she concluded the ceremonies of the table by wiping the fat off her hands upon her frock, and crushing the paper which had held their supper into a ball, which she courteously launched at Janet's head.

Janet ducked to avoid the blow, and then sadly got upon her feet.

"I think I had better go now," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Where d' you want to go to?" asked Tabby instantly.

"I don't want to go anywhere," said Janet.

"Then why can't you stop where you are?" said Tabby. "Come," she said suddenly, "I'll tell you what — you're such fun that if you like to stop here a bit — mother 'll make a row, of course, but I dare say she'll be drunk when she comes in to-night, and so she won't know noth-

ing till morning; and then, when she sees you, if you'll just do like me, and give her as good as you get, and won't mind a slap or two, she'll leave you alone soon enough. For, bless you, if we gets our own living, what does it matter to her? And then we can go out together, you and me; and la! if you don't come round them with that prim face o' yours! *I* looks so wicked, you know, nobody'll give me nothing (that's why I has to *take* it so often), but if I had a meek face like yours wouldn't I make a mint o' money! Oh, my eye! wouldn't I!" cried Tabby, looking as if her mouth was watering at the very thought. "Come, now," she said, sharply, "would you like to stop?"

"I—I don't know," said Janet, hesitatingly.

She was standing up; she had been feeling for the last few minutes as if she would be glad to go anywhere out of this wretched place, and yet suddenly when she thought of herself again in the dark, unknown streets, wandering homeless amongst them, it seemed to her as if *any* shelter that was offered her was a thing to grasp at—even a shelter like this, with a drunken woman and a little street-thief. She looked wistfully and hesitatingly at Tabby.

"Do you think it would be best to stop? I don't know—I can't think—only—oh, I've nowhere else to go!" the poor little soul cried out suddenly.

"Well, if I was you I'd stop," said Tabby, in a business-like way. "Good offers don't come twice. Look now; I'll tell you what we'll do. You'll have to stop somewhere, and I'm a-thinking, though you might tuck in at the bottom of the bed, yet if mother was to kick out in the night——"

"Oh, I could sleep upon the floor—or anywhere," said Janet.

"Yes; but I say, I'm a-thinking, suppose we has a lark? Suppose you gets into bed instead of me, and lets mother find you there in the morning. Only—if she was to hit you, perhaps, and give you a black eye," said Tabby, seeing upon reflection some slight objections to this plan.

"Oh yes; I would *rather* sleep upon the floor," exclaimed Janet hastily.

"Well, you see, if mother was to get into one of her tantrums when she found out about you, she might smash you before you knew where you was; that's all. It won't matter if you're a bit away from her; but just to wake up, you know, and find you close to her feet——"

"Oh yes," said Janet quickly.

"You'd be safest on the floor, I dare say; and then, you see, I could throw an old gown over you, so that mother'll never notice, whether she comes home drunk or not. Only, I say, mind when you wake up in the morning you don't move. Just you keep an eye on me, and when I says—let me see—when I says, 'Pudding,' then jump up like a shot, and we'll have it out. There now!" said Tabby, as if she felt that she had concluded all her business satisfactorily, and was ready to wash her hands of it and enjoy herself. "There, that's settled. And now let's have a bit o' fun. It ain't late yet. I don't want to go to bed—do you? Suppose we tells stories? I like stories—real spicy ones, with ghosts and murders in 'em. I say, have you ever seen a ghost?"

"No," said Janet quickly. "Have you?"

"I should think I had! I saw one—well—a week ago."

"Oh!" said Janet, rather with a gasp.

"Oh yes, there's plenty of them to be seen. If you goes to the right places they're as plenty as blackberries. I'll tell you about one or two,—shall I?"

"If you would like to," said Janet a little faintly.

"Well, the first ghost ever I saw was in a churchyard," said Tabby, fixing her eyes on Janet with rather a wicked twinkle in them. "That's the nat'ral place for them, ain't it? Well, I was a-sitting late at night upon a tombstone——"

"But why were you doing that?" asked Janet, hastily.

"Why shouldn't I ha' been doing it? La, I sits anywhere. Sometimes it's on a tombstone, and sometimes it's on a doorstep. *I* don't care. I was a-sitting on a tombstone, eating a bit o' cake, and—what do you think I saw? As sure as you're alive I saw something white a-crawling on the ground, and presently it rose up, and up, and up, till it was—oh, such a height! and it was all wrapped up in a great white sheet, and it had its arms stretched out, like this, and it came nearer and nearer," said Tabby, stretching out her own arms as she spoke, and advancing her face till it nearly touched her companion's, "and then, all at once—all at once—bo!" cried Tabby with a sudden shout, and burst out laughing as Janet gave a cry, and leapt up on her seat.

"There now, you looks just as if you thought the ghost was a-coming! What fun you are!" cried Tabby the next moment, rubbing her small brown hands

together. "Come, I'll tell you another story, shall I? I'll tell you a true one this time; such a story! It'll make your flesh creep."

"But couldn't you — couldn't you tell some pretty stories?" interrupted Janet rather piteously. "I don't care about stories that frighten one — at least, not so very much."

"Oh, but I do," said Tabby. "I think there's nothing like 'em, and when you tells stories you must choose what suits yourself, you know. Let me see, what was I a-going to say? Oh, I know. Once upon a time — no," said Tabby, interrupting herself, "that's how the fairy stories begin, and this ain't about fairies; it's about dead people. Stories about dead people don't begin like that. Wait a bit. There was a man once who fell ill," said Tabby, after a moment's thought, "and died, and when he was dead they buried him. And the day they buried him somebody said to somebody else that he'd go and dig him up again. Or — let me see — no, he didn't say that; but he said he'd go and dig down till he reached his coffin and hammer another nail into it."

"But why should he do that?" asked Janet, opening her eyes very wide. "Did — did he think he wasn't properly nailed?"

"He didn't care whether he was properly nailed or not," said Tabby contemptuously. "It wasn't that. He wanted to show that he wasn't afraid, — don't you see? They was a-talking together, they two, and says one to the other, 'You think there's such things as ghosts; and there ain't no such things as ghosts. When a man's dead, he's dead, and there's an end of him. I'm no more afraid of a dead man than a living one.' And then says the other, 'Well, if you ain't, go and dig down to Dick's' (we'll call him Dick) — 'go and dig down to Dick's coffin and knock another nail into it, and then,' says he, 'if you does that I'll believe you.' So they made a bet on it, and the man that said he wasn't afraid took a hammer and nails, and a big spade, and went late at night to the churchyard, and began to dig away at Dick's grave. And he dug away, and dug away, till he got down to the coffin; and when he had got down to the coffin he jumped into the hole, and got upon his knees on the coffin-lid, and took a long nail and hammered it in; and then, just as he was a-going to get up again — what do you think?" and Tabby suddenly paused here, and looked into

Janet's horror-struck face with the next words arrested on her lips.

"Wh — what?" said Janet, breathless.

"All at once, as he was a-going to get up again from his knees he found that the dead man had caught him, tight!"

"Oh!" cried Janet, gasping.

"Yes, so tight that he couldn't move — just as if he'd got hold of his coat with a great strong hand. And the man — the man that was alive, you know — was in such a fright that he gave a great scream, as if he'd been shot, and then he fainted right away. And — and that was the end of him," said Tabby, bringing her story to a conclusion rather abruptly; "for when some other people come in the morning, they found him a-lying on the coffin-lid quite dead, and — just think! — it hadn't been a ghost that had laid hold of him at all, but he'd nailed himself to the coffin by driving in the nail through his coat-tail. Wasn't it a joke! Now, ain't that a good story?" asked Tabby, cheerfully, with her face all on a broad grin.

I am afraid that Janet's enjoyment of the story had not been quite so keen as could have been wished. Tabby had, it is true, quite fulfilled her promise that she would make her companion's flesh creep; but some people don't care about getting their flesh set creeping, and to tell the truth Janet was one of these.

"Ye — es, I suppose it's a good story," she said hesitatingly, in reply to Tabby's question. "It's a — a very good story, I suppose — only — it's rather horrid, isn't it?"

"Horrid? I should think it was! Why, that's the fun of it," cried Tabby scornfully. "I don't care tuppence for stories that don't give you a crawly feeling, you know. There ain't no good in 'em if they don't do that. I'd like to hear the sort of story you'd tell, though! My eye, wouldn't it be a milk-and-water one! Come, fire away at something, just for the fun of the thing," said Tabby, with her mischievous eyes gleaming.

It was strange, perhaps, that Janet should not find herself encouraged by this pleasant invitation to begin the narration of a tale forthwith, but I am obliged to confess that, instead of "firing away" when Tabby bid her, she felt very much as if her tongue was beginning to cleave to the roof of her mouth, and for the life of her she could not think of any story that seemed likely to have charms for Tabby's ear.

"I'm not good at telling stories. I don't

know many. I'm afraid I'm very stupid," she said, looking timidly in her companion's face.

"Well, I guess you are," answered Tabby frankly; "you must be if you can't make stories. Why, I can make 'em as fast as I can speak. But, come now, you can't but know some. It don't matter whether they're good or bad. Just tell anything. You can tell a true one if you can't do no better. Surely," said Tabby, who, I fear, had rather a contempt for truth, "surely you can tell a true story at any rate?"

"I don't know. I—I can tell you things I used to do," said Janet hesitatingly.

"There won't be much fun in hearing them, I should think," replied Tabby with undisguised scorn. "But come along—if you can't do nothing better—let's hear about 'em."

"I used to be so happy when I was little," said Janet, beginning in rather a faint voice, for she had not much hope of interesting her companion. "You know I didn't live here in London then; I used to live in the country, far away."

"Why, that's just like me," said Tabby.

"What, did you ever live in the country?" asked Janet eagerly, with her face lighting up.

"Oh yes, I did once," replied Tabby carelessly. "I've most forgot everything about it now. I was born there; and then father died; and then mother come up to London. Mother belonged to London, and she found the country dull, you know."

"I can't think how anybody can find the country dull," said Janet, with a long-sigh.

"Oh, you would, if you was like mother. There ain't enough going on there to suit her. There ain't theatres, you know, nor them dancing-places, nor nothing," said Tabby coolly, quite unconscious of the strange look on Janet's face. "Oh, the country never does for the likes of her. It's very well for little 'uns like you and me, 'cause we can get fun out of anything; but grown-up people seems different somehow. It needs such a deal to make them jolly. I wonder what the country would seem like now! I shouldn't mind seeing it again—once in a while."

"I wish I could see it again!" said Janet fervently.

"Why? was you so fond of it?" asked Tabby.

"Fond of it!" echoed Janet, with a little break in her voice; "how could any-

body help being fond of it? Oh, think of awakening in the morning with the birds singing outside your windows! Think of getting up and running out into the green fields, and going and getting flowers and blackberries,—and sitting in the woods! I used to have a little pony that I rode upon; it wasn't mine, but somebody lent it to me. Just think of riding on a pony along the pretty country lanes, with the trees over your head, and the honeysuckle in the hedges, and all the wild roses, and the foxglove, and the buttercups, and the violets!"

"Set a beggar on horseback! Oh, my eye, if I had a pony wouldn't I whop it and make it go!" said Tabby.

"And we had such a pretty garden—a dear old garden, full of fruit-trees and flowers, and we had a cow, and cocks and hens, and once we had a goat."

"I knows about goats," said Tabby. "They has one down in the next street, at the blacksmith's; and oh, ain't he vicious!"

"Ours wasn't vicious," said Janet quickly. "He was quite young, and he used to play so prettily. But still I liked the cow best. She was such a dear old cow. She knew me quite well, and she used to turn round and low when she heard me coming; and often and often in the afternoons papa and I used to go at milking-time and get new milk—oh, such rich, warm, beautiful milk! They thought it was good for poor papa,—but it never seemed to do him any good," said Janet, with a sudden sad drop in her voice.

"Why—was he ill?" asked Tabby bluntly.

"Yes, he was ill. He was dying—he was dying for a long, long time," said Janet half aloud. "He was a clergyman, and he used to work so hard. He was always with the poor people, teaching them, and reading to them, and doing them good. He used to work all day, and sometimes at night he would be so tired that he could hardly speak."

"Serve him right," said Tabby sharply. "What's the good o' anybody working that way when they're not obliged? I daresay all the people would ha' done just as well without him."

"But it was his business to work," explained Janet indignantly. "He wouldn't have been happy if he hadn't done it. He went on working till—till—till he just died at last."

"Like the old horses do," said Tabby. "I saw one to-day—a dreadful old beast—and he was a-pulling a cart with stones

in it, and he had a great sore on his back, and his master was a-beating him, and all at once he went down — like a shot."

"Papa broke a blood-vessel," said Janet sorrowfully. "It was that that killed him. He had gone out one morning just as usual, and I didn't know that he was ill — I mean I didn't know that he was so very ill — and I was playing in the garden, and — and all at once I saw some people coming in at the gate, and they had got him on a mattress and — O papa!" cried poor little Janet, suddenly breaking off her story with a great bitter sob.

"And then that was the end of him, was it?" said Tabby.

"Yes, he died in a few hours. They brought him in and laid him on his bed, and he knew me," said Janet softly, with a quivering voice, "and they let me stop with him — till he was dead. Oh, it seems such a long time ago! — it seems such a long, long time ago!" cried the child.

"Well, he must ha' died some time, you know," said Tabby, after a little silence. She had been watching Janet's emotion with a sort of grave curiosity. "We can't none of us live forever."

"Yes, — but he was quite young," said Janet sadly. "And, oh, he was so good!"

"Being good wouldn't do much to keep him alive," said Tabby shrewdly. "Seems to me more as if being bad's the way to live; for look! — there's mother — she's bad enough, and see what a hand she is at living; and father — he was all right, and he fell off a ladder ever so long ago, and killed hisself! Oh, as for being good," said Tabby scornfully, "that's all gammon! What do you ever get by it? It don't make you live long, and it don't make you rich, and it don't make you jolly. I ain't good, but I'm a sight jollier than you are. Now ain't I? — ain't I?" said Tabby, pressing her question. And, indeed, to tell the truth, it could not be denied that she was.

The children sat talking till the candle that stood on the table between them sank suddenly in its socket, and Tabby as this happened jumped to her feet.

"Why, we shan't have a bit o' candle left to go to bed by," she called out. "Come on, and look sharp. You'll have to turn in just as you are, you know; only we'll roll up a bit o' something for a pillow, and here's a old petticoat to cover you over. Now, won't you be snug!" and Tabby complacently pulled down from a nail on the wall, and held up for her companion's admiration, a garment so ragged and stained and dirty with wear

and age, that the sight of it and the thought of being wrapped up in it made Janet creep.

"It's such a warm night. Do you think I *need* have anything over me?" she said.

"Why, of course you must, or mother'll see you. You must put it right over you; head and all. Lie down, and I'll do it for you. Tuck your legs up; a little bit higher still. Now, there you are; and nobody'd know you from a bundle of old rags," said Tabby, as she stood back and contemplated the result of her handiwork.

She had tucked the petticoat in neatly all round Janet's head, not leaving her victim so much as an air-hole to breathe through; but as soon as ever the candle had given its last flicker and expired, and the room was in darkness, poor little stifled Janet threw the foul-smelling garment back.

"I'll lie awake, and cover myself up when anybody comes," she thought to herself; "but I *can't* lie with this dreadful thing over me," and so she pushed it further and further off her, and lay with open ears, listening intently for the sound of a step.

"Are you all right?" cried Tabby once from the opposite corner of the room.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," answered Janet, feeling rather guilty.

"Whatever you do, mind you keep the petticoat all over you," said Tabby. "How do you like your bed? Is the floor very hard?"

"N—no, not very," said Janet, not quite knowing how to reconcile truth with courtesy.

"Well, I daresay it won't keep you from sleeping, at any rate — will it?"

"Oh no, I don't think it will," said Janet.

And indeed it did not; for the truth was that, in spite of the hardness of her couch, the poor little girl went to sleep a great deal faster than she had either expected or wished to do. She lay awake listening for a little while, then she thought to herself, "I'll say my prayers. I can't kneel down to say them, because if I were to move, Tabby would hear me; but perhaps God will forgive me for not kneeling just this one night;" and so she folded her hands and said her prayers, and after she had said them she lay still for a little, thinking and listening; and then, while she still thought that she was wide awake, her eyes began to close, and she fell into a sound sleep, and never knew anything more till the morning light came in and fell upon her face.



She woke up then with a strange, bewildered feeling. She was lying in her corner, with no covering upon her except her own clothes, and there was a sound in the room — perhaps it was that that had aroused her — of low, angry talking. For a few moments she lay listening to it, confusedly and dreamily, as we often listen to things when we are half awake, and then suddenly she remembered where she was, and that one of the voices that was speaking was Tabby's. She was talking in a hard, defiant way. Janet could not hear the words, but she could very well hear the tone, and could guess what was going on well enough. "She is quarreling with her mother about me," the poor child thought, and got hot and ashamed and miserable as she lay, not daring to move.

But if Tabby and her mother were quarreling, the quarrel did not last long. The talkers were in bed while it was being carried on. At the end of a few minutes the voices ceased, and Tabby sprang up and came with a skip and jump to the corner where Janet lay.

"I say, I've made it all right," she exclaimed. "Mother don't mind your stopping for a bit if you don't give no bother to her. I've told her you won't give no bother. There, ain't I done it neat? Come, get up and say something for yourself, can't you?" And Tabby unceremoniously caught Janet by the arm, and gave her a tug.

Admonished in this way, Janet accordingly got up; but though it was easy to get upon her feet, yet she did not quite know how to comply with the rest of Tabby's request; for she was a shy child, and not good at talking to strangers, especially to strangers like this poor mother of Tabby, who lay in her bed looking at the child with such hard, bold, unwholesome eyes, that Janet shrank instinctively from their gaze, as she would have shrunk from something unclean. As she stood silent, however, the woman herself addressed her.

"Well, so you've come here by French leave, it seems," she said, in a loud, thick voice. "D'you know what French leave means? If you don't I'll tell you. It means coming to a place as don't want you, and taking what ain't yours. But other people can play at that game as well as you. Come here, and let's see what you've got on." And she stretched out a dirty hand from the bedclothes, and pulled Janet towards her as — pushed from behind by Tabby — the child unwillingly ad-

vanced. "That ain't a bad frock," she said quickly, "nor a bad petticoat neither. Let's look at your boots. H'm — they might be better; but any way they're too good for every-day use. You'll have to take 'em off, my dear. We're very careful here over our clothes," she said, and gave a laugh that somehow — though she did not understand it — made Janet shrink.

"Mother keeps mine so careful that I never sees 'em at all," said Tabby. "She keeps 'em at her uncle's. He's such a safe man! When you sends anything to him, it's just as safe as if it was in the bank o' England." And Tabby winked at Janet as she spoke; but Janet, happily for her, had no more notion than a baby what Tabby meant.

"Now then, take off them things," said the woman sharply. "You ain't going into the street looking like that, you know. Take 'em off, and give 'em here. You'll have to wear some of Tabby's clothes, and very thankful you may be to get 'em. Come, strip, and look sharp about it."

What could Janet do? She gave one terrified look at the coarse face before her, and then with nervous, hurried fingers she began to unhook her frock. One after another she took off her neat little garments, and one after another, as she stripped them off, Tabby seized them and pitched them on the bed. In a very few minutes she had given up every article of her own clothing, and in place of it had received from Tabby a dirty ragged frock and petticoat, and an old pair of boots that had scarcely enough likeness to boots left in them to stay upon her feet.

"There, now you're set up!" said Tabby cheerfully, when this business was concluded; "and very neat and complete you looks," she added, standing back to contemplate the general effect of Janet's new attire. "Now just you wait a bit till I'm ready too. Don't you mind nothing about your clothes. Mother'll look after them. They're safe as anything with her — ain't they, mother?" said Tabby, with a chuckle.

She began rapidly to dress herself, and in a very few moments her brief toilette was completed. The woman had rolled up Janet's clothes into a bundle and put them under the bedclothes, and had turned herself round to the wall. She did not speak to the children again, nor take any further notice of them.

"There's a pump down-stairs if you'd like to wash yourself," said Tabby, presently.

"Oh, is there?" cried Janet eagerly, shuddering in her dirty clothes.

"Yes, it's out in the yard. I goes there sometimes. It ain't bad to get a good sluice now and then."

"I should like to wash myself very much," said Janet.

"Well, you can go and do it. I'll come and show you the place. You mustn't be long about it, though, you know," said Tabby, and led the way down-stairs, and introduced Janet into a little square paved yard. Here they found the pump, and here Janet did such washing as she could without the help of soap or towel. And then side by side the two children sallied out into the street.

"We've got sixpence still, you know," said Tabby, in a whisper, as they left the house behind them. "I didn't tell mother," and she gave a chuckle. "We'll go and get a stunning breakfast, and then, I say, we'll have a bit of fun. Shall us?" she said, looking with her sharp bright eyes into her companion's face.

"I—I don't know," answered Janet faintly, not knowing what else to say.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MACAULAY.

LORD MACAULAY was pre-eminently a fortunate man; and his good fortune has survived him. Few, indeed, in the long line of English authors whom he loved so well have been equally happy in a biographer. Most official biographies are a mixture of bungling and indiscretion. It is only in virtue of some happy coincidence that, amongst the one or two people who alone have the requisite knowledge, there exists also the requisite skill and discretion. Mr. Trevelyan is one of the exceptions to the rule. His book is such a piece of thorough literary workmanship as would have delighted its subject. By a rare felicity, the almost filial affection of the narrator conciliates the reader instead of exciting a distrust of the narrative. We feel that Macaulay's must have been a lovable character to excite such warmth of feeling, and a noble character to enable one who loved him to speak so frankly. The ordinary biographer's idolatry is not absent, but it becomes a testimony to the hero's excellence instead of introducing a disturbing element into our estimate of his merits.

No reader of Macaulay's works will be surprised at the manliness which is

stamped not less plainly upon them than upon his whole career. But few who were not in some degree behind the scenes would be prepared for the tenderness of nature which is equally conspicuous. We all recognized in Macaulay a lover of truth and political honour. We find no more than we expected, when we are told that the one circumstance upon which he looked back with some regret was the unauthorized publication by a constituent of a letter in which he had spoken too frankly of a political ally. That is indeed an infinitesimal stain upon the character of a man who rose without wealth or connection, by sheer force of intellect, to a conspicuous position amongst politicians. But we find something more than we expected in the singular beauty of Macaulay's domestic life. In his relations to his father, his sisters, and the younger generation, he was admirable. The stern religious principle and profound absorption in philanthropic labours of old Zachary Macaulay must have made the position of his brilliant son anything but an easy one. He could hardly read a novel, or contribute to a worldly magazine, without calling down something like a reproof. The father seems to have indulged in the very questionable practice of listening to vague gossip about his son's conduct, and demanding explanations from the supposed culprit. The stern old gentleman carefully suppressed his keen satisfaction at his son's first oratorical success, and instead of praising him, growled at him for folding his arms in the presence of royalty. Many sons have turned into consummate hypocrites under such paternal discipline, and, as a rule, the system is destructive of anything like mutual confidence. Macaulay seems, in spite of all, to have been on the most cordial terms with his father to the last. Some suppression of his sentiments must indeed have been necessary; and we cannot avoid tracing certain peculiarities of the son's intellectual career to his having been condemned from an early age to habitual reticence upon the deepest of all subjects of thought.

Macaulay's relations to his sisters are sufficiently revealed in a long series of charming letters, showing, both in their playfulness and in their literary and political discussions, the unreserved respect and confidence which united them. One of them writes upon his death: "We have lost the light of our home, the most tender, loving, generous, unselfish, devoted of friends. What he was to me for fifty

years who can tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine!" Reading these words at the close of the biography, we do not wonder at the glamour of sisterly affection; but admit them to be the natural expression of a perfectly sincere conviction. Can there be higher praise? His relation to children is equally charming. "He was beyond comparison the best of playfellows," writes Mr. Trevelyan; "unrivalled in the invention of games, and never weary of repeating them." He wrote long letters to his favourites; he addressed pretty little poems to them on their birthdays, and composed long nursery rhymes for their edification; whilst overwhelmed with historical labours, and grudging the demands of society, he would dawdle away whole mornings with them, and spend the afternoon in taking them to sights; he would build up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and act the part of tiger or brigand; he would take them to the Tower, or Madame Tussaud's, or the Zoological Gardens, make puns to enliven the Polytechnic, and tell innumerable anecdotes to animate the statues in the British Museum; he would provide them with sumptuous feasts, invariably accompanied by some inappropriate delicacy, in order to amuse himself at its contemptuous rejection; nor, as they grew older, did he neglect the more dignified duty of inoculating them with the literary tastes which had been the consolation of his life. Obviously he was the ideal uncle — the uncle of optimistic fiction, but with qualifications for his task such as few fictitious uncles can possess. It need hardly be added, that Macaulay was a man of noble liberality in money matters, that he helped his family when they were in difficulties, and was beloved by the servants who depended upon him. In his domestic relations he had, according to his nephew, only one serious fault — he did not appreciate canine excellence; but no man is perfect.

The thorough kindliness of the man reconciles us even to his good fortune. He was an infant phenomenon; the best boy at school; in his college days, "ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out" at Bowood, formed a circle to hear him talk, from breakfast to dinner-time; he was famous as an author at twenty-five; accepted as a great Parliamentary orator at thirty; and as a natural consequence caressed with effusion by editors, politicians, Whig magnates, and the clique of Holland House; by thirty-three he had become a man of mark in society, literature, and

politics, and had secured his fortune by gaining a seat in the Indian Council. His later career was a series of triumphs. He had been the main support of the greatest literary organ of his party, and the essays republished from its pages became at once a standard work. The "Lays of Ancient Rome" sold like Scott's most popular poetry; the history caused an excitement almost unparalleled in literary annals. Not only was the first sale enormous, but it has gone on ever since increasing. The popular author was equally popular in Parliament. The benches were crammed to listen to the rare treat of his eloquence; and he had the far rarer glory of more than once turning the settled opinion of the House by a single speech. It is a more vulgar but a striking testimony to his success that he made 20,000*l.* in one year by literature. Other authors have had their heads turned by less triumphant careers; they have descended to lower ambition, and wasted their lives in spasmodic straining to gain worthless applause. Macaulay remained faithful to his calling. He worked his hardest to the last, and became a more unsparing critic of his own performances as time went on. We do not feel even a passing symptom of a grudge against his good fortune. Rather we are moved by that kind of sentiment which expresses itself in the schoolboy phrase, "Well done our side." We are glad to see the hearty, kindly, truthful man crowned with all appropriate praise, and to think that for once one of our race has got so decidedly the best of it in the hard battle with the temptations and the miseries of life.

Certain shortcomings have been set off against these virtues by critics of Macaulay's life. He was, it has been said, too good a hater. At any rate he hated vice, meanness, and charlatanism. It is easier to hate such things too little than too much. But it must be admitted that his likes and dislikes indicate a certain rigidity and narrowness of nature. "In books, as in people and places," says Mr. Trevelyan, "he loved that, and loved that only, to which he had been accustomed from boyhood upwards." The faults of which this significant remark reveals one cause, are marked upon his whole literary character. Macaulay was converted to Whiggism when at college. The advance from Toryism to Whiggism is not such as to involve a very violent wrench of the moral and intellectual nature. Such as it was, it was the only wrench from which Macaulay suffered. What he was as a scholar

of Trinity, he was substantially as a peer of the realm. He made, it would seem, few new friends, though he grappled his old ones as "with hooks of steel." The fault is one which belongs to many men of strong natures, and so long as we are considering Macaulay's life we shall not be much disposed to quarrel with his innate conservatism. Strong affections are so admirable a quality that we can pardon the man who loves well though not widely; and if Macaulay had not a genuine fervour of regard for the little circle of his intimates, there is no man who deserves such praise.

It is when we turn from Macaulay's personal character to attempt an estimate of his literary position, that these faults acquire more importance. His intellectual force was extraordinary within certain limits; beyond those limits the giant became a child. He assimilated a certain set of ideas as a lad, and never acquired a new idea in later life. He accumulated vast stores of knowledge, but they all fitted into the old framework of theory. Whiggism seemed to him to provide a satisfactory solution for all political problems when he was sending his first article to *Knight's Magazine*, and when he was writing the last page of his "History." "I entered public life a Whig," as he said in 1849, "and a Whig I am determined to remain." And what is meant by Whiggism in Macaulay's mouth? It means substantially that creed which registers the experience of the English upper classes during the four or five generations previous to Macaulay. It represents, not the reasoning, but the instinctive convictions generated by the dogged insistence upon their privileges of a stubborn, high-spirited, and individually short-sighted race. To deduce it as a symmetrical doctrine from abstract propositions would be futile. It is only reasonable so far as a creed, felt out by the collective instinct of a number of more or less stupid people, becomes impressed with a quasi-rational unity, not from their respect for logic, but from the uniformity of the mode of development. Hatred to pure reason is indeed one of its first principles. A doctrine avowedly founded on logic instead of instinct becomes for that very reason suspect to it. Common sense takes the place of philosophy. At times this mass of sentiment opposes itself under stress of circumstances to the absolute theories of monarchy and then calls itself Whiggism. At other times, it offers an equally dogged resistance to absolute theories of democ-

racy, and then becomes nominally Tory. In Macaulay's youth, the weight of opinion had been slowly swinging round from the Toryism generated by dread of revolution, to Whiggism generated by the accumulation of palpable abuses. The growing intelligence and more rapidly growing power of the middle classes gave it at the same time a more popular character than before. Macaulay's "conversion" was simply a process of swinging with the tide. The Clapham sect, amongst whom he had been brought up, was already more than half Whig, in virtue of its attack upon the sacred institution of slavery by means of popular agitation. Macaulay — the most brilliant of its young men — naturally cast in his lot with the brilliant men, a little older than himself, who fought under the blue-and-yellow banner of the *Edinburgh Review*. No great change of sentiment was necessary, though some of the old Clapham doctrines died out in his mind as he was swept into the political current.

Macaulay thus early became a thorough-going Whig. Whiggism seemed to him the *ne plus ultra* of progress: the pure essence of political wisdom. He was never fully conscious of the vast revolution in thought which was going on all around him. He was saturated with the doctrines of 1832. He stated them with unequalled vigour and clearness. Anybody who disputed them from either side of the question seemed to him to be little better than a fool. Southey and Mr. Gladstone talked arrant nonsense when they disputed the logical or practical value of the doctrines laid down by Locke. James Mill deserved the most contemptuous language for daring to push those doctrines beyond the sacred line. When Macaulay attacks an old Non-juror or a modern Tory, we can only wonder how opinions which, on his showing, are so inconceivably absurd, could ever have been held by any human being. Men are Whigs or not-Whigs, and the not-Whig is less a heretic to be anathematized than a blockhead beneath the reach of argument. All political wisdom centres in Holland House, and the *Edinburgh Review* is its prophet. There is something in the absolute confidence of Macaulay's political dogmatism which varies between the sublime and the ridiculous. We can hardly avoid laughing at this superlative self-satisfaction, and yet we must admit that it is indicative of a real political force not to be treated with simple contempt. Belief is power, even when belief is most unreasonable.

To define a Whig and to define Macaulay is pretty much the same thing. Let us trace some of the qualities which enabled one man to become so completely the type of a vast body of his compatriots.

The first and most obvious power in which Macaulay excelled his neighbours was his portentous memory. He could assimilate printed pages, says his nephew, more quickly than others could glance over them. Whatever he read was stamped upon his mind instantaneously and permanently, and he read everything. In the midst of severe labours in India, he read enough classical authors to stock the mind of an ordinary professor. At the same time he framed a criminal code and devoured masses of trashy novels. From the works of the ancient fathers of the Church to English political pamphlets and to modern street-ballads, no printed matter came amiss to his omnivorous appetite. All that he had read could be reproduced at a moment's notice. Every fool, he said, can repeat his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards; and he was as familiar with the Cambridge Calendar as the most devoted Protestant with the Bible. He could have re-written "Sir Charles Grandison" from memory if every copy had been lost. Now it might perhaps be plausibly maintained that the possession of such a memory is unfavourable to a high development of the reasoning powers. The case of Pascal, indeed, who is said never to have forgotten anything, shows that the two powers may coexist: and other cases might of course be mentioned. But it is true that a powerful memory may enable a man to save himself the trouble of reasoning. It encourages the indolent propensity of deciding difficulties by precedent instead of principles. Macaulay, for example, was once required to argue the point of political casuistry as to the degree of independent action permissible to members of a Cabinet. An ordinary mind would have to answer by striking a rough balance between the conveniences and inconveniences likely to arise. It would be forced, that is to say, to reason from the nature of the case. But Macaulay had at his fingers' end every instance from the days of Walpole to his own in which ministers had been allowed to vote against the general policy of the government. By quoting them, he seemed to decide the point by authority, instead of taking the troublesome and dangerous road of abstract reasoning. Thus to appeal to experience is with him to appeal to the stores of

a gigantic memory; and is generally the same thing as to deny the value of all general rules. This is the true Whig doctrine of referring to precedent rather than to theory. Our popular leaders were always glad to quote Hampden and Sidney instead of venturing upon the dangerous ground of abstract rights.

Macaulay's love of deciding all points by an accumulation of appropriate instances, is indeed characteristic of his mind. It is connected with a curious defect of analytical power. It appears in his literary criticism as much as in his political speculations. In an interesting letter to Mr. Napier, he states the case himself as an excuse for not writing upon Scott. "Hazlitt used to say, 'I am nothing if not critical.' The case with me," says Macaulay, "is precisely the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination, but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's 'Laocoon,' such passages as the criticism on 'Hamlet' in 'Wilhelm Meister,' fill me with wonder and despair." If we take any of Macaulay's criticisms, we shall see how truly he had gauged his own capacity. They are either random discharges of superlatives or vigorous assertions of sound moral principles. He compares Miss Austen to Shakespeare — one of the most random applications of the universal superlative ever made — or shows conclusively that Wycherley was a corrupt ribald. But he never makes a fine suggestion as to the secrets of the art whose products he admires or dislikes. His mode, for example, of criticising Bunyan is to give a list of the passages which he remembers, and, of course, he remembers everything. He observes, what was tolerably clear, that Bunyan's allegory is as vivid as a concrete history, though strangely comparing him in this respect to Shelley — the least concrete of poets; and he makes the discovery which did not require his vast stores of historical knowledge, that "it is impossible to doubt that" Bunyan's trial of Christian and Faithful is meant to satirize the judges of Charles II. That is as plain as that the last cartoon in *Punch* is meant to satirize Mr. Disraeli. Macaulay can draw a most vivid portrait, so far as that can be done by a picturesque accumulation of characteristic facts, but he never gets below the surface or details the principles whose embodiment he describes from without.

The defect is connected with further peculiarities, in which Macaulay is the genuine representative of the true Whig type. The practical value of adherence to precedent is obvious. It may be justified by the assertion that all sound political philosophy must be based upon experience; and I at least hold that assertion to contain a most important truth. But in Macaulay's mind this sound doctrine seems to be confused with the very questionable doctrine that in political questions there is no philosophy at all. To appeal to experience may mean either to appeal to facts so classified and organically arranged as to illustrate general truths, or to appeal to a mere mass of observations, without taking the trouble to elicit their true significance, or even to believe that they can be resolved into particular cases of a general truth. This is the difference between an experiential philosophy and a crude empiricism. Macaulay takes the lower alternative. The vigorous attack upon James Mill, which he very properly suppressed during his life on account of its juvenile arrogance, curiously illustrates his mode of thought. No one can deny, I think, that he makes some very good points against a very questionable system of political dogmatism. But when we ask what are Macaulay's own principles, we are left at a stand. He ought, by all his intellectual sympathies, to be a utilitarian. Yet he abuses utilitarianism with the utmost contempt, and has no alternative theory to suggest. He ends his first essay against Mill by one of his customary purple patches about Baconian induction. He tells us, in the second, how to apply it. Bacon proposed to discover the principle of heat by observing in what qualities all hot bodies agreed, and in what qualities all cold bodies. Similarly we are to make a list of all constitutions which have produced good or bad government, and to investigate their points of agreement and difference. This sounds plausible to the uninstructed, but is a mere rhetorical flourish. Bacon's method is really inadequate, for reasons which I leave to men of science to explain, and Macaulay's method is equally hopeless in politics. It is hopeless for the simple reason that the complexity of the phenomena makes it impracticable. We cannot find out what constitution is best after this fashion, simply because the goodness or badness of a constitution depends upon a thousand conditions of social, moral, and intellectual development. When stripped

of its pretentious phraseology, Macaulay's teaching comes simply to this: the only rule in politics is the rule of thumb. All general principles are wrong or futile. We have found out in England that our constitution, constructed in absolute defiance of all *a priori* reasoning, is the best in the world: it is the best for providing us with the maximum of bread, beef, beer, and means of buying bread, beer, and beef: and we have got it because we have never — like those publicans the French — trusted to fine sayings about truth and justice and human rights, but blundered on, adding a patch here and knocking a hole there, as our humour prompted us.

This sovereign contempt of all speculation — simply as speculation — reaches its acme in the essay on Bacon. The curious *naïveté* with which Macaulay denounces all philosophy in that vigorous production excites a kind of perverse admiration. How can one refuse to admire the audacity which enables a man explicitly to identify philosophy with humbug? It is what ninety-nine men out of a hundred think, but not one in a thousand dares to say. Goethe says somewhere that he likes Englishmen because English fools are the most thoroughgoing of fools. English "Philistines," as represented by Macaulay, the prince of Philistines, carry their contempt of the higher intellectual interests to a pitch of real sublimity. Bacon's theory of induction, says Macaulay, in so many words, was valueless. Everybody could reason before it as well as after. But Bacon really performed a service of inestimable value to mankind; and it consisted precisely in this, that he called their attention from philosophy to the pursuit of material advantages. The old philosophers had gone on bothering about theology, ethics, and the true and beautiful, and such other nonsense. Bacon taught us to work at chemistry and mechanics, to invent diving-bells and steam-engines and spinning-jennies. We could never, it seems, have found out the advantages of this direction of our energies without a philosopher, and so far philosophy is negatively good. It has written up upon all the supposed avenues to inquiry, "No admission except on business;" that is, upon the business of direct practical discovery. We English have taken the hint, and we have therefore lived to see when a man can breakfast in London and dine in Edinburgh, and may look forward to a day when the tops of Ben-Nevis and Helvellyn will be cultivated like flower-gar-



dens, and machines constructed on principles yet to be discovered will be in every house.

The theory which underlies this conclusion is often explicitly stated. All philosophy has produced mere futile logomachy. Greek sages and Roman moralists, and mediæval schoolmen, have amassed words and amassed nothing else. One distinct discovery of a solid truth, however humble, is worth all their labours. This condemnation applies not only to philosophy, but to the religious embodiment of philosophy. No satisfactory conclusion ever has been reached or ever will be reached in theological disputes. On all such topics, he tells Mr. Gladstone, there has always been the widest divergence of opinion. Nor are there better hopes for the future. The ablest minds, he says, in the essay upon Ranke, have believed in transubstantiation, that is, according to him, in the most ineffable nonsense. There is no certainty that men will not believe to the end of time the doctrines which imposed upon so able a man as Sir Thomas More. Not only, that is, have men been hitherto wandering in a labyrinth without a clue, but there is no chance that any clue will ever be found. The doctrine, so familiar to our generation, of laws of intellectual development, never even occurs to him. The collective thought of generations marks time without advancing. A guess of Sir Thomas More is as good or as bad as the guess of the last philosopher. This theory, if true, implies utter scepticism. And yet Macaulay was clearly not a sceptic. His creed was hidden under a systematic reticence, and he resisted every attempt to raise the veil with rather superfluous indignation. When a constituent dared to ask about his religious views, he denounced the rash inquirer in terms applicable to an agent of the inquisition. He vouchsafed, indeed, the information that he was a Christian. We may accept the phrase, not only on the strength of his invariable sincerity, but because it falls in with the general turn of his arguments. He denounces the futility of the ancient moralists, but he asserts the enormous social value of Christianity.

His attitude, in fact, is equally characteristic of the man and his surroundings. The old Clapham teaching had faded in his mind: it had not produced a revolt. He retained the old hatred for slavery; and he retained, with the whole force of his affectionate nature, a reverence for the school of Wilberforce, Thornton, and his own father. He estimated most highly,

not perhaps more highly than they deserved, the value of the services rendered by them in awakening the conscience of the nation. In their persistent and disinterested labours he recognized a manifestation of the great social force of Christianity. But a belief that Christianity is useful, and even that it is true, may consist with a profound conviction of the futility of the philosophy with which it has been associated. Here again Macaulay is a true Whig. The Whig love of precedent, the Whig hatred for abstract theories, may consist with a Tory application. But the true Whig differed from the Tory in adding to these views an invincible suspicion of parsons. The first Whig battles were fought against the Church as much as against the king. From the struggle with Sacheverel down to the struggle for Catholic emancipation, Toryism and High-Church principles were associated against Whigs and Dissenters. By that kind of dumb instinct which outruns reason, the Whig had learnt that there was some occult bond of union between the claims of a priesthood and the claims of a monarchy. The old maxim, "No bishop, no king," suggested the opposite principle, that you must keep down the clergy if you would limit the monarchy. The natural interpretation of this prejudice into political theory, is that the Church is extremely useful as an ally of the constable, but possesses a most dangerous explosive power if allowed to claim independent authority. In practice we must resist all claims of the Church to dictate to the State. In theory, we must deny the foundation upon which such claims can alone be founded. Dogmatism must be pronounced to be fundamentally irrational. Nobody knows anything about theology, or what is the same thing, no two people agree. As they don't agree, they cannot claim to impose their beliefs upon others.

This sentiment comes out curiously in the characteristic essay just mentioned. Macaulay says, in reply to Mr. Gladstone, that there is no more reason for the introduction of religious questions into State affairs than for introducing them into the affairs of a canal company. He puts his argument with an admirable vigour and clearness which blinds many readers to the fact that he is begging the question by evading the real difficulty. If, in fact, government had as little to do as a canal company with religious opinion, we should have long ago learnt the great lesson of toleration. But that is just the very *crux*.

Can we draw the line between the spiritual and the secular? Nothing, replies Macaulay, is easier; and his method has been already indicated. We all agree that we don't want to be robbed or murdered: we are by no means all agreed about the doctrine of Trinity. But, says a churchman, a certain creed is necessary to men's moral and spiritual welfare, and therefore of the utmost importance even for the prevention of robbery and murder. This is what Macaulay implicitly denies. The whole of dogmatic theology belongs to that region of philosophy, metaphysics, or whatever you please to call it, in which men are doomed to dispute forever without coming any nearer to a decision. All that the statesman has to do with such matters is to see that if men are fools enough to speculate, they shall not be allowed to cut each other's throats when they reach, as they always must reach, contradictory results. If you raise a difficult point, such, for example, as the education question, Macaulay replies, as so many people have said before and since, teach the people "those principles of morality which are common to all the forms of Christianity." That is easier said than done! The plausibility of the solution in Macaulay's mouth is due to the fundamental assumption that everything except morality is hopeless ground of inquiry. Once get beyond the Ten Commandments and you will sink in a bottomless morass of argument, counter-argument, quibble, logomachy, superstition, and confusion worse confounded.

In Macaulay's teaching, as in that of his party, there is doubtless much that is noble. He has a righteous hatred of oppression in all shapes and disguises. He can tear to pieces with great logical power many of the fallacies alleged by his opponents. Our sympathies are certainly with him as against men who advocate persecution on any grounds, and he is fully qualified to crush his ordinary opponents. But it is plain that his whole political and (if we may use the word) philosophical teaching rests on something like a downright aversion to the higher order of speculation. He despises it. He wants something tangible and concrete — something in favour of which he may appeal to the immediate testimony of the senses. He must feel his feet planted on the solid earth. The pain of attempting to soar into higher regions is not compensated to him by the increased width of the horizon. And in this respect he is but the type of most of his countrymen, and reflects what

has been (as I should say) erroneously called their "unimaginative" view of things in general.

Macaulay, at any rate, distinctly belongs to the imaginative class of minds, if only in virtue of his instinctive preference of the concrete to the abstract, and his dislike, already noticed, to analysis. He has a thirst for distinct and vivid images. He reasons by examples instead of appealing to formulæ. There is a characteristic account in Mr. Trevelyan's volumes of his habit of rambling amongst the older parts of London, his fancy teeming with stories attached to the picturesque fragments of antiquity, and carrying on dialogues between imaginary persons as vivid, if not as forcible, as those of Scott's novels. To this habit — rather inverting the order of cause and effect — he attributes his accuracy of detail. We would rather say that the intensity of the impressions generates both the accuracy and the day-dreams. A philosopher would be arguing in his daily rambles where an imaginative mind is creating a series of pictures. But Macaulay's imagination is as definitely limited as his speculation. The genuine poet is also a philosopher. He sees intuitively what the reasoner evolves by argument. The greatest minds in both classes are equally marked by their naturalization in the lofty regions of thought, inaccessible or uncongenial to men of inferior stamp. It is tempting in some ways to compare Macaulay to Burke. Burke's superiority is marked by this, that he is primarily a philosopher, and therefore instinctively sees the illustration of a general law in every particular fact. Macaulay, on the contrary, gets away from theory as fast as possible, and tries to conceal his poverty of thought under masses of ingenious illustration.

His imaginative narrowness would come out still more clearly by a comparison with Mr. Carlyle. One significant fact must be enough. Every one must have observed how powerfully Mr. Carlyle expresses the emotion suggested by the brief appearance of some little waif from past history. We may remember, for example, how the usher, De Brézé, appears for a moment to utter the last shriek of the old monarchical etiquette, and then vanishes into the dim abysses of the past. The imagination is excited by the little glimpse of light flashing for a moment upon some special point in the cloudy phantasmagoria of human history. The image of a past existence is projected for a moment upon our eyes, to make us feel

how transitory is life, and how rapidly one visionary existence expels another. We are such stuff as dreams are made of, —

None other than a moving row  
Of visionary shapes that come and go  
Around the sun-illuminated lantern held  
In midnight by the master of the show.

Every object is seen against the background of eternal mystery. In Macaulay's pages this element is altogether absent. We see a figure from the past as vividly as if he were present. We observe the details of his dress, the odd oaths with which his discourse is interlarded, the minute peculiarities of his features or manner. We laugh or admire as we should do at a living man; and we rightly admire the force of the illusion. But the thought never suggests itself that we too are passing into oblivion, that our little island of daylight will soon be shrouded in the gathering mist, and that we tread at every instant on the dust of forgotten continents. We treat the men of past ages quite at our ease. We applaud and criticise Hampden or Chatham as we should applaud Peel or Cobden. There is no atmospheric effect — no sense of the dim march of ages, or of the vast procession of human life. It is doubtless a great feat to make the past present. It is a greater to emancipate us from the tyranny of the present, and to raise us to a point at which we feel that we too are almost as dream-like as the men of old time. To gain clearness and definition Macaulay has dropped the element of mystery. He sees perfectly whatever can be seen by the ordinary lawyer, or politician, or merchant; he is insensible to the visions which reveal themselves only to minds haunted by thoughts of eternity, and delighting, with Sir Thomas Browne, to lose themselves in an *O altitudo*. Mysticism is to him hateful, and historical figures form groups of individuals, not symbols of forces working behind the veil.

Macaulay, therefore, can be no more a poet in the sense in which the word is applied to Spenser, or to Wordsworth, both of whom he holds to be simply intolerable bores, than he can be a metaphysician or a scientific thinker. In common phraseology, he is a Philistine — a word which I understand properly to denote indifference to the higher intellectual interests. The word may also be defined, however, as the name applied by prigs to the rest of their species. And I venture to hold that the modern fashion of using it as a common term of abuse is doing real mis-

chief. It enables intellectual coxcombs to brand men with an offensive epithet for being a degree more manly than themselves. There is much that is good in your Philistine, and when we ask what Macaulay was, instead of showing what he was not, we shall perhaps find that the popular estimate is not altogether wrong.

Macaulay was not only a typical Whig, but the prophet of Whiggism to his generation. Though not a poet or a philosopher, he was a born rhetorician. His Parliamentary career proves his capacity sufficiently, though want of the physical qualifications, and of exclusive devotion to political success, prevented him, as perhaps a want of subtlety or flexibility of mind would have always prevented him, from attaining excellence as a debater. In everything that he wrote, however, we see the true rhetorician. He tells us that Fox wrote debates, whilst Mackintosh spoke essays. Macaulay did both. His compositions are a series of orations on behalf of sound Whig views, whatever their external form. Given a certain audience — and an orator supposes a particular audience — their effectiveness is undeniable. Macaulay's may be composed of ordinary Englishmen, with a moderate standard of education. His arguments are adapted to the ordinary Cabinet-minister, or, we may say, to the person who is willing to pay a shilling to hear an evening lecture. He can hit an audience composed of such materials — to quote Burke's phrase about George Grenville — "between wind and water." He uses the language, the logic, and the images which they can fully understand; and though his hearer, like his schoolboy, is ostensibly credited at times with a portentous memory, Macaulay always takes excellent care to put him in mind of the facts which he is assumed to remember. The faults and the merits of his style follow from his resolute determination to be understood of the people. He was specially delighted, as his nephew tells us, by a reader at Messrs. Spottiswoode's, who said that in all the "History" there was only one sentence the meaning of which was not obvious to him at first sight. We are more surprised that there was *one* such sentence. Clearness is the first of the cardinal virtues of style; and nobody ever wrote more clearly than Macaulay. He sacrifices much, it is true, in order to obtain it. He proves that two and two make four, with a pertinacity which would make him dull, if it were not for his abundance of brilliant illustration. He always

remembers the principle which should guide a barrister in addressing a jury. He has not merely to exhibit his proofs, but to hammer them into the heads of his audience by incessant repetition. It is no small proof of artistic skill that a writer who systematically adopts this method should yet be invariably lively. He goes on blacking the chimney with a persistency which somehow amuses us because he puts so much heart into his work. He proves the most obvious truths again and again; but his vivacity never flags. This tendency undoubtedly leads to great defects of style. His sentences are monotonous and mechanical. He has a perfect hatred of pronouns, and for fear of a possible entanglement between "hims" and "hers" and "its," he will repeat not merely a substantive, but a whole group of substantives. Sometimes, to make his sense unmistakable, he will repeat a whole formula, with only a change in the copula. For the same reason, he hates all qualifications and parentheses. Each thought must be resolved into its constituent parts; each argument must be expressed as a simple proposition: and his paragraphs are rather aggregates of independent atoms than possessed of an organic unity. His writing — to use a favourite formula of his own — bears the same relation to a style of graceful modulation that a bit of mosaic work bears to a picture. Each phrase has its distinct hue, instead of melting into its neighbours. Here we have a black patch and there a white. There are no half-tones, no subtle interblending of different currents of thought. It is partly for this reason that his descriptions of character are often so unsatisfactory. He likes to represent a man as a bundle of contradictions, because it enables him to obtain startling contrasts. He heightens a vice in one place, a virtue in another, and piles them together in a heap, without troubling himself to ask whether nature can make such monsters, or preserve them if made. To any one given to analysis, these contrasts are actually painful. There is a story of the Duke of Wellington having once stated that the rats got into his bottles in Spain. "They must have been very large bottles or very small rats," said somebody. "On the contrary," replied the duke, "the rats were very large and the bottles very small." Macaulay delights in leaving us face to face with such contrasts in more important matters. Boswell must, we would say, have been a clever man or his biography cannot have

been so good as you say. On the contrary, says Macaulay, he was the greatest of fools and the best of biographers. He strikes a discord and purposely fails to resolve it. To men of more delicate sensibility the result is an intolerable jar.

For the same reason, Macaulay's genuine eloquence is marred by the symptoms of malice prepense. When he sows on a purple patch, he is resolved that there shall be no mistake about it; it must stand out from a radical contrast of colours. The emotion is not to swell by degrees, till you find yourself carried away in the torrent which set out as a tranquil stream. The transition is deliberately emphasized. On one side of a full stop you are listening to a matter-of-fact statement; on the other, there is all at once a blare of trumpets and a beating of drums, till the crash almost deafens you. He regrets in one of his letters that he has used up the celebrated, and, it must be confessed, really forcible passage about the impeachment scene in Westminster Hall. It might have come in usefully in the "History," which, as he then hoped, might come down to Warren Hastings. The regret is unpleasantly suggestive of that deliberation in the manufacture of eloquence which stamps it as artificial.

Such faults may annoy critics, even of no very sensitive fibre. What is it that redeems them? The first answer is, that the work is impressive because it is thoroughly genuine. The stream, it is true, comes forth by spasmodic gushes, when it ought to flow in a continuous current; but it flows from a full reservoir instead of being pumped from a shallow cistern. The knowledge and, what is more, the thoroughly assimilated knowledge, is enormous. Mr. Trevelyan has shown in detail what we had all divined for ourselves, how much patient labour is often employed in a paragraph or the turn of a phrase. To accuse Macaulay of superficiality is, in this sense, altogether absurd. His speculation may be meagre, but his store of information is simply inexhaustible. Mr. Mill's writing was impressive, because one often felt that a single argument condensed the result of a long process of reflection. Macaulay has the lower but similar merit that a single picturesque touch implies incalculable masses of knowledge. It is but an insignificant part of the building which appears above ground. Compare a passage with the assigned authority, and you are inclined to accuse him — sometimes it may be rightfully — of amplifying and modifying. But more often

the particular authority is merely the nucleus round which a whole volume of other knowledge has crystallized. A single hint is significant to a properly prepared mind of a thousand facts not explicitly contained in it. Nobody, he said, could judge of the accuracy of one part of his "History" who had not "soaked his mind with the transitory literature of the day." His real authority was not this or that particular passage, but a literature. And for this reason alone, Macaulay's historical writings have a permanent value which will prevent them from being superseded even by more philosophical thinkers, whose minds have not undergone the "soaking" process.

It is significant again that imitations of Macaulay are almost as offensive as imitations of Carlyle. Every great writer has his parasites. Macaulay's false glitter and jingle, his frequent flippancy and superficiality of thought are more easily caught than his virtues; but so are all faults. Would-be followers of Mr. Carlyle catch the strained gestures, without the rapture of his inspiration. Would-be followers of Mr. Mill fancied themselves to be logical when they were only hopelessly unsympathetic and unimaginative; and would-be followers of some other writers can be effeminate and foppish without being subtle or graceful. Macaulay's thoroughness of work has, perhaps, been less contagious than we could wish. Something of the modern rising of the standard of accuracy in historical inquiry may be set down to his influence. The misfortune is that, if some writers have learnt from him to be flippant without learning to be laborious, others have caught the accuracy without the liveliness. In the later volumes of his history, his vigour began to be a little clogged by the fulness of his knowledge; and we can observe symptoms of the tendency of modern historians to grudge the sacrifice of sifting their knowledge. They read enough, but instead of giving us the results, they tumble out the accumulated mass of raw materials upon our devoted heads, till they suggest the wish for a fire in the State-Paper Office.

Fortunately, Macaulay did not yield to this temptation in his earlier writings, and the result is that he is, for the ordinary reader, one of the two authorities for English history, the other being Shakespeare. Without comparing their merits, we must admit that the compression of so much into a few short narratives shows intensity as well as compass of mind. He could

digest as well as devour, and he tried his digestion pretty severely. It is fashionable to say that part of his practical force is due to the training of Parliamentary life. Familiarity with the course of affairs doubtless strengthened his insight into history, and taught him the value of downright common sense in teaching an average audience. Speaking purely from the literary point of view, I cannot agree further in the opinion suggested. I suspect the "History" would have been better if Macaulay had not been so deeply immersed in all the business of legislation and electioneering. I do not profoundly reverence the House-of-Commons tone — even in the House of Commons; and in literature it easily becomes a nuisance. Familiarity with the actual machinery of politics tends to strengthen the contempt for general principles, of which Macaulay had an ample share. It encourages the illusion of the fly upon the wheel, the doctrine that the dust and din of debate and the worry of lobbies and committee-rooms is not the effect but the cause of the great social movement. The historian of the Roman Empire, as we know, owed something to the captain of Hampshire militia; but years of life absorbed in Parliamentary wrangling and in sitting at the feet of the philosophers of Holland House were not likely to widen a mind already disposed to narrow views of the world.

For Macaulay's immediate success, indeed, the training was undoubtedly valuable. As he carried into Parliament the authority of a great writer, so he wrote books with the authority of the practical politician. He has the true instinct of affairs. He knows what are the immediate motives which move masses of men; and is never misled by fanciful analogies or blindfolded by the pedantry of official language. He has seen flesh-and-blood statesmen — at any rate, English statesmen — and understands the nature of the animal. Nobody can be freer from the dominion of crotchets. All his reasoning is made of the soundest common sense and represents, if not the ultimate forces, yet forces with which we have to reckon. And he knows, too, how to stir the blood of the average Englishman. He understands most thoroughly the value of concentration, unity, and simplicity. Every speech or essay forms an organic whole, in which some distinct moral is vigorously driven home by a succession of downright blows. This strong rhetorical instinct is shown conspicuously in the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which, whatever we

might say of them as poetry, are an admirable specimen of rhymed rhetoric. We know how good they are when we see how incapable are modern ballad-writers in general of putting the same swing and fire into their verses. Compare, for example, Aytoun's "Lays of the Cavaliers," as the most obvious parallel: —

Not swifter pours the avalanche  
Adown the steep incline,  
That rises o'er the parent springs  
Of rough and rapid Rhine,

than certain Scotch heroes over an entrenchment. Place this mouthing by any parallel passage in Macaulay: —

Now, by our sire Quirinus,  
It was a goodly sight  
To see the thirty standards  
Swept down the tide of flight.  
So flies the spray in Adria  
When the black squall doth blow,  
So cornsheaves in the flood-time  
Spin down the whirling Po.

And so on in verses, which innumerable schoolboys of inferior pretensions to Macaulay's know by heart. And in such cases the verdict of the schoolboy is perhaps more valuable than that of the literary connoisseur. There are, of course, many living poets who can do tolerably something of far higher quality which Macaulay could not do at all. But I don't know who, since Scott, could have done this particular thing. Possibly Mr. Kingsley might have approached it, or the poet, if he would have condescended so far, who sang the bearing of the good news from Ghent to Aix. In any case, the feat is significant of Macaulay's true power. It looks easy; it involves no demands upon the higher reasoning or imaginative powers: but nobody will believe it to be easy who observes the extreme rarity of a success in a feat so often attempted.

A similar remark is suggested by Macaulay's "Essays." Read such an essay as those upon Clive, or Warren Hastings, or Chatham. The story seems to tell itself. The characters are so strongly marked, the events fall so easily into their places, that we fancy that the narrator's business has been done to his hand. It wants little critical experience to discover that this massive simplicity is really indicative of an art not, it may be, of the highest order, but truly admirable for its purpose. It indicates not only a gigantic memory, but a glowing mind, which has fused a crude mass of materials into unity. If we do not find the sudden touches which reveal the philosophical sagacity or the imagina-

tive insight of the highest order of intellects, we recognize the true rhetorical instinct. The outlines may be harsh, and the colours too glaring; but the general effect has been carefully studied. The details are wrought in with consummate skill. We indulge in an intercalary pish! here and there; but we are fascinated and we remember. The actual amount of intellectual force which goes to the composition of such written archives is immense, though the quality may have something to be desired. Shrewd common sense may be an inferior substitute for philosophy, and the faculty which brings remote objects close to the eye of an ordinary observer for the loftier faculty which tinges everyday life with the hues of mystic contemplation. But when the common faculties are present in so abnormal a degree, they begin to have a dignity of their own.

It is impossible in such matters to establish any measure of comparison. No analysis will enable us to say how much pedestrian capacity may be fairly regarded as equivalent to a small capacity for soaring above the solid earth, and therefore the question as to the relative value of Macaulay's work and that of some men of loftier aims and less perfect execution must be left to individual taste. We can only say that it is something so to have written the history of many national heroes as to make their faded glories revive to active life in the memory of their countrymen. So long as Englishmen are what they are — and they don't seem to change as rapidly as might be wished — they will turn to Macaulay's pages to gain a vivid impression of our greatest achievements during an important period.

Nor is this all. The fire which glows in Macaulay's history, the intense patriotic feeling, the love of certain moral qualities, is not altogether of the highest kind. His ideal of national and individual greatness might easily be criticised. But the sentiment, as far as it goes, is altogether sound and manly. He is too fond, it has been said, of incessant moralizing. From a scientific point of view the moralizing is irrelevant. We want to study the causes and the nature of great social movements; and when we are stopped in order to inquire how far the prominent actors in them were hurried beyond ordinary rules, we are transported into a different order of thought. It would be as much to the purpose if we reproved an earthquake for upsetting a fort, and blamed it for moving the foundations of a church. Macaulay can



never understand this point of view. With him, history is nothing more than a sum of biographies. And even from a biographical point of view his moralizing is often troublesome. He not only insists upon transporting party prejudice into his estimates, and mauls poor James II. as he mauled the Tories in 1832; but he applies obviously inadequate tests. It is absurd to call upon men engaged in a life-and-death wrestle to pay scrupulous attention to the ordinary rules of politeness. There are times when judgments guided by constitutional precedent become ludicrously out of place, and when the best man is he who aims straightest at the heart of his antagonist. But, in spite of such drawbacks, Macaulay's genuine sympathy for manliness and force of character generally enables him to strike pretty nearly the true note. To learn the true secret of Cromwell's character, we must go to Mr. Carlyle, who can sympathize with deep currents of religious enthusiasm. Macaulay retains too much of the old Whig distrust for all that it calls fanaticism fully to recognize the grandeur beneath the grotesque outside of the Puritan. But Macaulay tells us most distinctly why Englishmen warm at the name of the great Protector. We, like the banished Cavaliers, "glow with an emotion of national pride" at his animated picture of the unconquerable Ironsides. One phrase may be sufficiently illustrative. After quoting Clarendon's story of the Scotch nobleman who forced Charles to leave the field of Naseby, by seizing his horse's bridle, "No man," says Macaulay, "who had much value for his life, would have tried to perform the same friendly office on that day for Oliver Cromwell."

Macaulay, in short, always feels, and, therefore, communicates, a hearty admiration for sheer manliness. And some of his portraits of great men have therefore a genuine power, and show the deeper insight which comes from true sympathy. He estimates the respectable observer of constitutional proprieties too highly; he is unduly repelled by the external oddities of the truly masculine and noble Johnson; but his enthusiasm for his pet hero, William, or for Chatham or Clive, carries us along with him. And at moments when he is narrating their exploits and can forget his elaborate argumentations and refrain from bits of deliberate bombast, the style becomes graphic in the higher sense of a much-abused word, and we confess that we are listening to genuine eloquence. Putting aside for the moment recollec-

tions of foibles, almost too obvious to deserve the careful demonstration which they have sometimes received, we are glad to surrender ourselves to the charm of his straightforward, clear-headed, hard-hitting declamation. There is no writer with whom it is easier to find fault, or the limits of whose power may be more distinctly defined; but within his own sphere he goes forward, as he went through life, with a kind of grand confidence in himself and his cause, which is attractive and at times even provocative of sympathetic enthusiasm.

Macaulay said, in his diary, that he wrote his "History," with an eye to a remote past and a remote future. He meant to erect a monument more enduring than brass, and the ambition at least stimulated him to admirable thoroughness of workmanship. How far his aim was secured must be left to the decision of a posterity, which will not trouble itself about the susceptibilities of candidates for its favour. In one sense, however, Macaulay must be interesting so long as the type which he so fully represents continues to exist. Whig has become an old-fashioned phrase, and is repudiated by modern Liberals and Radicals, who think themselves wiser than their fathers. The decay of the old name implies a remarkable political change; but I doubt whether it implies more than a very superficial change in the national character. New classes and new ideas have come upon the stage; but they have a curious family likeness to the old. The Whiggism, whose peculiarities Macaulay reflected so faithfully, represents some of the most deeply-seated tendencies of the national character. It has, therefore, both its ugly and its honourable side. Its disregard, or rather its hatred, for pure reason, its exaltation of expediency above truth and precedent above principle, its instinctive dread of strong religious or political faiths, are of course questionable qualities. Yet even they have their nobler side. There is something almost sublime about the grand unreasonableness of the average Englishman. His dogged contempt for all foreigners and philosophers, his intense resolution to have his own way and use his own eyes, to see nothing that does not come within his narrow sphere of vision, and to see it quite clearly before he acts upon it, are of course abhorrent to thinkers of a different order. But they are great qualities in the struggle for existence, which must determine the future of the world. The Englishman, armed in

his panoply of self-content, and grasping facts with unequalled tenacity, goes on trampling upon acuter sensibilities, but somehow shouldering his way successfully through the troubles of the universe. Strength may be combined with stupidity, but even then it is not to be trifled with. Macaulay's sympathy with these qualities led to some annoying peculiarities, to a certain brutal insularity, and to a commonness, sometimes a vulgarity of style which is easily criticised. But, at least, we must confess that, to use an epithet which always comes up in speaking of him, he is a thoroughly manly writer. There is nothing silly or finical about him. He sticks to his colours resolutely and honourably. If he flatters his countrymen, it is the unconscious and spontaneous effect of his participation in their weaknesses. He never knowingly calls black white, or panders to an ungenerous sentiment. He is combative to a fault, but his combativeness is allied to a genuine love of fair play. When he hates a man, he calls him knave or fool with unflinching frankness, but he never uses a base weapon. The wounds which he inflicts may hurt, but they do not fester. His patriotism may be narrow, but it implies faith in the really good qualities, the manliness, the spirit of justice, and the strong moral sense of his countrymen. He is proud of the healthy, vigorous stock from which he springs, and the fervour of his enthusiasm, though it may shock a delicate taste, has embodied itself in writings which will long continue to be the typical illustration of qualities of which we are all proud at bottom — indeed, be it said in passing, a good deal too proud.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
FOR PITY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Mrs. Rushbrooke had gone, Jane sat silent and stirless for a little while; then she took a letter out of her pocket, smiling softly and tenderly to herself as she did so. It was the same letter that she had received, and cried over, on that afternoon when the rector had called.

It was a love-letter, and it was very long; two reasons why it would be a mistake to inflict it upon the reader in its entirety.

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But a portion of it may save the trouble of explanation.

"I am weary of writing" (this was about the middle of the letter), "and yet I feel that I have said nothing, and worse than that, that it will make no difference to you whether I have or not. I wonder sometimes what you feel when you are reading one of my letters. I try to put myself in your place, to imagine that it is I who receive from you page after page of warm, strong, living love; and it seems to me that if I could have one sentence of real affection, written straight from your heart to mine, I should be too grateful to eat, or sleep, or do anything at all but think of it. I do not think I should be happy, not at first; I should be too much stirred for happiness.

"Is it that you cannot love me? or is it, as I suspect sometimes, that you will not? For four years my whole life has been yours; and because I may not know whether you will ever accept that life, it grows less worthy of acceptance. I confess, and with more of sorrow than of shame, that I am growing unworthy of my own self; that my thoughts are given up to weak, idle dreaming-away of all that God has given me, or bid me hope for. Health of soul and mind and body, light and strength and peace, all seem slipping away from me. I have fought with myself; I can, and do still fight; but not with any certainty of victory.

"I think I have never before betrayed to you so completely how weak I can be as in these last pages. I do it with a purpose. It will not move you. I do not even hope this, but it will explain to you one of my strongest reasons for begging you to grant me another interview. Do not refuse me. (Do you know how long it is since I have seen you? And yet you are so present with me that it seems as if it had been but yesterday.) But I must see you again. I go to London to-morrow, and I return on the 10th. Will you meet me about six o'clock in the evening of the 11th? At the old place, Jane; by the river, beyond Mossbridge.

"You say in your letter that this clandestine intercourse, this secret correspondence, lowers you in your own eyes, embitters your whole life, and even prevents you from doing the good in the world that you might do. Can you not then conceive how it affects me? It seems to me sometimes, when I think of the present state of things, that I must have lost all sense of honour or uprightness before I could descend so far. Yet

what could I do? What can I do now? I cannot dream of giving up my hope, slight as it is; and I cannot even hope that you will say the one word that would put an end to all this pain and secrecy and suspense forever. I know all you would say. You go over all the old motives with the most praiseworthy patience in your strangely cold and studied letter. Your uncle's wishes; your dread of the effect of excitement upon him; your own fanciful and — pardon me — absurd notions about inequality of position. Jane, if you do not know yourself, will you never know me? Will you never believe the truth that I have told you hundreds of times? I am not worthy of you, and never shall be, and have nothing to offer you in return for yourself but a life's devotion."

Much more there was in the same strain. Jane read it, and re-read it, uttering little comments half-aloud, making little resolutions quite to herself. "I fear my fate has come," she said, putting the letter back into her pocket with a smile. But the smile was soon clouded over. Nathan Dale came in, looking white, and grey, and weary; and his strangely irritable mood demanded all Jane's attention. She was quite used to it all, and knew the sad meaning of it too well to feel any pain but the pain that such moods foreshadowed. She tended him and soothed him till he fell asleep in his chair; then she bowed her head on his knee, and wept softly.

The river Erne was a very placid little river, and widened after passing through the village of Mossbridge, till it became the most beautiful feature of a beautiful landscape. The banks were low and sedgy, and the river wound and curved its way between, blue and smiling, with sparkling white high lights. The pasture-lands on either side were studded with cattle, mere red and brown and white specks, dappling the vivid greens with colour and shade. On the left there were tender hills, with drooping sun-gilt foliage all along the foot of them. There was the village of Mossbridge in the distance, the red roofs peeping out from the dark blue-green trees. The church-tower, grey and ancient, rose up behind. To the right were round-crowned elms, with cawing rooks flapping in and out. The pathway between the sedges was close by the edge of the river. There was a rickety, moss-grown fence, a picturesque stile; and leaning against the trunk of a gnarled oak-tree there was

Major Edward Falconer, the writer of the letter that had moved Jane Francis to so many smiles and tears.

He had already waited an hour, still he looked patient and calm. He was a man of something more than middle height, large, and grey, and keen-looking. He had an intellectual head and face, and, as I have said before, a soldier's manner and bearing; yet he was not, on the whole, a man whose appearance could be termed attractive. You saw at once that there would be a certain impassiveness about him, a decided tendency toward reserve, and a power of self-restraint to which the most generous human natures seldom attain.

The difficulty with him was to break through this same habit of self-restraint. Jane Francis was yet but a very few yards from Mossbridge when he saw her coming, a tiny figure in a grey dress, flitting gracefully through the fields, seeming to glide quickly, yet by no means hurriedly. His heart began to beat in a more decided manner; some strange emotion thrilled through him; his eyes seemed impelled, as if by some magnetic influence, to watch her every movement. Yet he turned to meet her with not one sign of all this perturbation visible. He raised his hat, and held out his hand, and uttered a brusque "Good evening;" and the pleasure of seeing Jane's eloquent face raised to his, of meeting her clear brown-grey eyes, with something in them that had seldom been there before, did not move him to any unwonted exposure of himself or his feeling.

The major's letter had been fluent, as all his letters were; but it not seldom happens that the possessor of a fluent pen is the possessor of a tongue very far indeed from fluent. They walked on a little in silence; then they stopped by the wooden stile.

"Do you know what time it is?" he asked, taking out his watch.

"Seven o'clock, I should say," replied Jane, clasping her hands carelessly on the top of the post.

"Exactly half past."

"And you've been waiting here since six?"

"Since before six."

"I'm very sorry, I meant to come sooner; but the fates were against me. They always are, especially Atropos."

The major paused a little. He was standing against the trunk of the tree as he had stood before, his shaggy head and face half hidden by a slouching grey felt

hat. Jane was a little more dainty in her attire than usual. Her beautiful chestnut hair was coiled, more in the ancient fashion than in the new; it was partly covered by a graceful straw hat; her gloves and boots were perfect of their kind; and there was evidence in every part of her dress of extra care and study. She was looking well for her, and she knew it; and the knowledge gave her a certain satisfaction to which she was almost a stranger.

The major was apparently pondering her last remark.

"I think you are my Atropos, Jane," he said, speaking in his usual gruff voice and jerky manner. Yet Jane perceived the sadness underlying it, and responded to that rather than to his words. It was only by a look that she responded, yet the major was not dissatisfied. There was something in it wistful, tender; something new and powerful to stir him as great and sudden good fortune stirs the man whose poverty has been the struggle of his life.

"Are you beginning to care for me a little, Jane?" he asked, in a tone of voice that would have been abject but for the natural manliness of the man who spoke.

The question would have been premature and unwise had it been addressed to most women; but Major Falconer knew to whom he was speaking. Jane looked at him — a faint, swift colour rising to her face, her eyes dilating, her pulse bounding with a feeling that was akin to exultation. "Am I *beginning* to care for him?" she said to herself with a smile; adding, "I have been even more successful than I thought." Yet the question put her a little on her guard. She would not altogether neutralize the painful reticence of years.

The major was watching her keenly from under his shaggy brows; and he knew that with all his keenness he could not dive far below the surface unless Jane chose that he should do so. Yet it seemed to him that even on the surface there were signs and tokens not to be misunderstood. Again he put the question, this time affirmatively.

"Jane, you do care for me a little — enough, at any rate, to put an end to this terrible suspense? I do not ask any more of you now than I have always asked. Let there be one word said between us, let that word be known in effect to all the world that cares to hear, and I will wait ten — ay, twenty years for you if need be."

Jane's colour had faded again, and a

look of unmistakable pain came to her face.

"If the world knew, my uncle must know. I have told you a hundred times that that could never be."

Nathan Dale's ideas on the subject of marriage were known throughout Sedgeborough and the neighbourhood as a species of mania. It only needed the remotest allusion to the subject in his hearing to draw forth the most violent tirade against the state that his knowledge of English invective rendered him capable of. It was equally well known that he had decided that his niece should never marry; he had even gone so far as to imply that he would consider her departure out of this evil world an alternative preferable in every way. The subject had troubled him much when Jane was in her teens, but he had been quick to perceive that in this she was not as other girls — a fact he attributed entirely to his own influence. Latterly he had ceased to trouble himself with any present thought of this matter in connection with her, but Jane knew well that his opinions did but strengthen with his years. In his best days she had felt that to mention the subject would be to destroy what he might possess of peace of mind; now that his health was so visibly failing, she would certainly rather sacrifice whatever of happiness life might have to offer than mention it at all.

These facts, with their remotest radiations of influence, were known to Major Falconer. He was willing to believe that it was because of them that Jane had refused to consent to any definite and open engagement; but he had believed that it was because of her defective love for himself that she had refused to consent to an engagement that he would have been willing to keep secret for a time. Perhaps there were other reasons that would have argued a little in favour of such willingness, yet it is but justice to him to say that these never entered into his calculations. He was the only son of a mother of whom he had no unwholesome fear. His principal fear was of his own power to win any deep and real affection from Jane. Nothing short of reality would do; nor was she likely to offer him anything else. Hitherto she had offered him nothing.

Jane's plea, "If the world knew, my uncle must know," had availed a hundred times, and a hundred times the major had replied as he replied now, —

"If your love for me were but as the

shadow of mine for you, you would think neither of the world nor of your uncle."

"You think love is such a potent thing?" Jane asked quietly.

"The one thing in the whole range of human motive that has any potency worth speaking of."

"Then I love my uncle," Jane replied. And the major cast his eyes to the ground, and struggled a little with a pain that was unworthy of him. It was only for a moment. The absurdity of such a pain presented itself quickly.

"But your love for your uncle is a different thing," he said, answering his own thought rather than her words. "Most human beings are capable of several kinds of love."

"It was a great fact for me when I discovered myself capable of love at all," replied Jane with some truth. "It didn't come easily, nor quickly."

"That I can believe; that is why I hope a little."

This he said in very unhopeful tones, without eagerness, without warmth, but not without resolution. Jane felt that there was a certain something new and forceful about him — something that would not be easily set aside. She told herself now that she would be glad to set it aside for a little while longer. Her unacknowledged love was the one bitter-sweet thing in her whole life; and she had a long-nurtured fancy that although the bitterness might depart with acknowledgment, yet that much of the sweetness might depart too. But she was a little dubious about her power of further resistance, a little dubious too about her will.

There was a change in the major's tone when he spoke again. He moved away from the tree, and turned toward the post where Jane still stood — her slight figure in a drooping attitude, her small hands clasped, her face changed altogether from the face that was hers in Quant's Yard. It changed still more as he bent down toward her, and laid one of his hands gently upon hers, and began to speak. His voice had not much emotion in it, but the severe lines of his mouth relaxed, his eyes drooped as if to hide the sudden intensity of expression, his whole being seemed instinct with an electric fervour.

"Jane," he said, "if I were to tell you that I had come here meaning to go away either accepted or rejected, what should you do?"

For one moment it seemed to Jane that she trembled and grew confused — that she lost herself in confusion, never to find

herself again. Then she glanced up, suddenly, wistfully, tenderly, and said without reserve, —

"I think I should do whatever you wished me to do."

Had she spoken only it is possible that Major Falconer might not have been able to realize at once all that she meant. Had he heard the words or felt them? Were they true? Was Jane his, and his lonely hungry life lonely and hungry no longer? How strangely little he had been prepared for the surrender of which he had dreamt unceasingly, for which he had begged for years! He almost trembled in his sudden happiness, and there was a long silence under the ancient oak-tree by the water-side. The river whispered slowly along, the shadows died away from the fields, the sun went down behind the church-tower and the trees. Major Falconer and Jane still stood by the wooden stile.

It was Jane who was pleading now — pleading that for a little while the major would be content that their engagement should be known to no one but themselves.

"I hate the secrecy quite as much as you do," she said, "but I can endure it a little longer — cannot you?"

"Will you do all you can to make it endurable?" asked the major.

And once more Jane glanced up with the new sweet look on her face; but the sedges were stooping to kiss the river, and the river rippled so gleefully that her answer could not be heard.

## CHAPTER IX.

LADY URSULA FALCONER was a woman whose threescore years and ten had not passed away over-smoothly. Far away back in her life there had been storms and passions and strong events; and though she had been strong to cope with these things, they had left traces; traces outward and visible, a face lined and furrowed, and an expression stern, and harsh, and forbidding — traces inward and only visible at times, and often in strange contradiction to the external ones. There was no predicting beforehand what line or attitude she would take on any given occasion. Even her son was moved to frequent surprises. One moment she would astonish him with her unexpected and uncalled-for asperity; the next by wide and forbearing charity, by an exalted gentleness, and by strange rare gleams of tenderness and love that awoke in him a kind of fear that the feeling that prompted

them was receiving already some foreshadowing touch of sublimation.

He had been waiting some two or three days for one of these rarer moments; but the weather had been cold and gloomy, and Lady Ursula had been fretful and easily disturbed. There was a change at last. A glorious autumn morning burst over the hills behind Duncote, lighting up hollows russet and gold with the failing fern, tinging the moorland with purples and violets of every shade. The trees in the valley round Duncote were ablaze with brightest colours,—greens paling into yellows, yellows deepening into reds. The scarlet berries of the rowan-tree gleamed in the sunshine; there was a burnt-sienna beck rippling in the shade of a brown crag. The narrow footpath was stony; Lady Ursula grew tired, and sat down to rest awhile on a mossy stone.

"I think my walking-days are over, Edward," she said softly and somewhat sadly.

"I hope not, mother," the major said, throwing himself among the flowery heath at her feet.

His tone was sufficiently responsive, but Lady Ursula was more than perceptive enough to detect a certain absence or pre-occupation in her son. It was not unusual in him, but it seemed to her that she was unusually affected by it.

"What is the matter with you this morning?" she asked carelessly after a pause, expecting the usual answer, "Nothing that I am aware of."

But the usual answer did not come. Major Falconer sat silently plucking the bent grass that grew in tufts at his side; then he looked up, and laid one hand on his mother's knee.

"There is nothing specially the matter," he said, making an effort to speak indifferently. "Only I have something to tell you, and I don't quite know how you will take it."

Lady Ursula's face changed at once. The softness died away from it, her mouth drooped at the corners, her small, bright brown eyes looked away beyond her son, as if expecting to find some clue to the coming annoyance in the distant hills.

Presently she turned and looked at him, evidently trying to control a little the workings of her face, and there was also evidence of effort in her voice.

"Edward, you ought to know me by this time," she said. "Don't keep me in suspense. Tell me the worst at once."

"It is not so very bad, mother."

"It is bad. You are either in debt or in love."

"Which would you prefer?"

"The former, of course. You might sell the Home Farm to-morrow if you chose."

"But I'm not in debt. I would rather sing in the streets for my bread any day than owe sixpence for it."

"You can't sing. Who have you been fool enough to fancy yourself in love with?"

"What should you say to the taller Miss Rushbrooke?"

"Don't annoy me; and don't try to blind me. You don't care a straw for either of the Miss Rushbrookes. They are too ignorant."

The crisis was near. Major Falconer was a brave man; but his bravery did not in this instance save him from some slight feelings of trepidation. His mother had never even seen Jane Francis, and would, he knew well enough, receive the news of his engagement to the druggist's niece in much the same way as she would have received the news of his engagement to Sarah, the under-housemaid. But he did not lack courage. The thought of Jane was almost as her presence. And she was in trouble now—trouble that he could not reach, nor touch, nor comfort in any way. He had longed with a hungry, painful longing to do something for her; but this was the only thing he could do; and he had only very recently had her permission to do this.

"You are right, mother," he replied; "I couldn't stand so much ignorance and stateliness combined. But I had better tell you at once that the lady I have chosen to be my wife is not likely to please you much better—in *idea*—than either of the ladies you have named. Indeed, I know before I tell you that you would prefer Cecilia Rushbrooke to Jane Francis a thousand times over. But all I ask of you is, that you will wait and see her for yourself before you give way to any natural prejudice. Try not to think of her at all yet as my wife that is to be. Think of her as a woman, young, and in trouble, and alone; and go and see her with that thought uppermost, and make up your mind for yourself. But I need hardly ask you to do the latter. Your opinions don't usually run in grooves prepared by other people."

Lady Ursula took no notice of the compliment. She was looking pale and hard, and the lines on her face seemed to deepen even as she sat there.

"And who is Jane Francis?" she asked rigidly. She seemed to herself to have heard nothing that her son had said except



this one name, and this she had never heard before.

"Jane Francis is simply herself, mother. Had she the widest circle of relations, of the highest or lowest rank, she would still have been a woman who must have been accepted or rejected on her own account. Her father was a doctor, her mother was a sister of Nathan Dale's, the chemist in Whingate; but they have both been dead a great many years. Jane has lived ever since with her uncle, and ten days ago he died too, very suddenly. She hasn't a relation in the world now that she knows of."

Lady Ursula still seemed to be carrying on her own train of thought, bitterness, disappointment, and futile anger struggling and gaining the mastery by turns. She only realized so much of her son's meaning as suited her mood. But the strength born of pride could not quite overcome the natural weakness of age and womanhood. Her lips quivered slightly, and there were tremulous little breaks in her voice when she spoke again.

"Then am I to understand that it is the niece and adopted daughter of a Sedgeborough tradesman whom you are intending to bring here as the future mistress of Duncote Manor?" she inquired.

"Yes, mother."

"How long have you known her?"

"Over four years."

Every answer seemed fraught with new pain, and every question was put with effort. Yet she was impelled to go on questioning.

"How did you come to know such a person?" she asked, with not more contempt in her tone than seemed to her warrantable.

Major Falconer smiled as he replied, —

"She introduced herself, mother."

And Lady Ursula smiled too; but her smile was very different from the major's. It spared her the trouble of saying, "I thought as much."

There was a little pause, and then the major went on again, —

"It was when you were at Lausanne. Don't you remember my telling you that Firefly had thrown me in the road? Miss Francis found me there — unconscious, I suppose. My head was cut, and she's rather fond of surgery — inherits the taste perhaps. I believe firmly yet that she enjoyed doing what she did simply because it was having 'a case' all to herself. Leeson acknowledged afterward that he couldn't have done any better. I couldn't help being grateful, you know,"

the major added, suppressing one of his grim smiles, "especially as she had spoilt a new hat with bringing water in it."

It did not escape Major Falconer that the lines of his mother's face had relaxed a little, and that she was giving him her attention.

"How was it that you didn't tell me more about it when I came back?" she asked, with considerably less harshness in her tone.

"I don't know, mother. I suppose it would have been difficult to tell the whole of the truth by that time. Besides, I dare say I thought that your gratitude, in addition to mine, might be overwhelming for the poor little woman."

Lady Ursula's smile was grim and sad, but there was no scorn or bitterness in it. She sat a little while longer in silence, and the major was silent too. He did not know whether he had made any favourable impression or not, he only hoped, but he would not run the chance of destroying or weakening what he hoped for. It was in his mind a dozen times to beg once more that his mother would call upon Jane and judge for herself; but he doubted the expediency of saying any more on the subject, and wisely. Nothing so likely to turn Lady Ursula aside from such a step as undue pressure.

The homeward walk was not long. Lady Ursula was thoughtful, but less hard and silent than she might have been. She only alluded once to the subject that was uppermost in her mind.

"I suppose this person has no money?" she asked abruptly.

"She will have a little, mother — as much to her own surprise as to mine. She inherits somewhere about three hundred a year under her uncle's will."

Lady Ursula gave a little grunt, not altogether of satisfaction.

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From The Queen.

#### OUR CAKES.

"WE cannot eat our cake and have it." This is one of the earliest lessons taught by experience and learnt through suffering; one of the first practical comments on the necessity of moderation and the value of making up our mind as to what we really wish and the price which we are prepared to pay for the gratification of that wish. We cannot eat and still have. The cruse of oil and the barrel of wheat no longer exist; and no Fortunatus's

purse is now tumbling about the world waiting for the lucky finder to put into his pocket and draw from to any extent he likes without diminution of its contents. The sole representative of that inexhaustible cruse, that self-replenishing purse, known to us in these latter days, is capitalized property, on the interest of which we live, with care not to go beyond our income. This is a cake at which we can eat for the natural term of our lives, and be satisfied with our meal. But if we devour it all at a sitting; if, instead of capitalizing we scatter, and live on our gross sum as if it were income—what then? Is not this ruling the lines whereon we shall have to write the text: "We cannot eat our cake and have it?" When we have sold out hundred by hundred, and lived on the fat of the land when we ought only to have afforded ourselves the lean; when we have flourished in the sun like butterflies for whom life has no serious work, and honeymaking is a degrading occupation to be left only to those dull creatures the bees; when we have furnished our house, and bought our pictures, set up our carriage, and splashed into the glittering sea of fashion and luxury, then we have to fall down from our pleasant place of pride when our cake is all gone, and confess sorrowfully that we cannot eat and still have.

We all know people of this kind, to whom their cakes are as if they were everlasting; as if the slice taken off to-day were able to renew itself by some mysterious manner for to-morrow; people who never give an onlook to the future, but go on from hour to hour and day to day, as if life were eternal and circumstance unchangeable, and there were no such things as consumption, destruction, and decay. But we see them fall to the ground. It has to come, and it is inevitable. After having squandered in a few years what should have lasted them for life, they have to cast about mournfully for bread, which they are glad to accept stale and insufficient, in place of the richer cake which they devoured with so much uncalculating greed. Then there are regrets, self-reproaches, despair; and "How could I have been such a fool!" is the burden of a sad song of sorrow that has to be chanted forever after, in place of the mad chorus that once rang through the air. Sometimes, indeed, the burden is exchanged for another of futile reproaches against this and that, him or her, who helped to eat the cake that should have been preserved, and who thus comes in

for a share of the blame that belongs really only to the eater's own folly—or, it may be, worse than folly.

We eat our cakes too fast in other things beside money. We cannot eat them and have them, say, when we spend our intellect on that terrible temptation, "good paying work" for the immediate moment,—but though good and paying for the immediate moment, work that exhausts our wits and does not allow of renovation—work that degrades our better selves, and that loses in the long run, however well it seems to pay in the short, because it destroys our reputation and staying-power alike. But we cannot eat our cake and have it any more in brains than in guineas. If we spend all and harvest nothing we shall come to the bare bones before long; and if we sacrifice the future to the present, and prefer the success of the moment to the stability of after-time, we shall find that we have eaten to excess, and that our indigestion of to-day will end in vacuity to-morrow. We have to husband our working-powers and the brain-power whence they spring, as we have to husband everything else that we possess; and to eat up in a short time what ought to last for all our life is bad management, and the end will prove its evil.

We may do the same thing with friendship. We can eat up a friendship, as we can eat up everything else, and leave ourselves no crumbs to go on with out of all that large cake that once was ours. If we throw too much on our friends—make too many demands on their sympathy, their patience, their good-nature, their allowance, their generosity—we shall end by eating up in a short time the cake of love that should have lasted us to the end. Many a friendship has been squandered in this manner by excess of demands, and many a love has followed suit. By the folly of jealousy, which, once a stimulant, becomes at last a poison; by the folly of display which, once a delicious kind of enchantment, becomes at last an oppressive nightmare; by the folly of that uneasy need of perpetual assurance, which, once gladly responded to as the sign of delightful vitality, becomes at last a tyranny too onerous to be borne; by all these absurdities and extravagances is the food of love devoured and destroyed, and the cake which should have lasted for a lifetime eaten and done with before half the journey has been gone through. We eat our cake too greedily, too inconsiderately. When it is gone we sit down and cry, and

wonder how it has come about that we have nothing left to go on with. If we had husbanded our resources, they would have lasted; it was our excess which left us poor so soon, as many broken-hearted people find out when too late.

So with our health, our strength. If we eat it all up in youth by imprudence, by vicious courses, by foolish ignorance of the best laws of life, we have none to last us through maturity and old age. We eat it up in a few years, and have to go short for a time hereafter. We overtax ourselves by long walks, by heavy strains, by tremendous exertion of our powers somehow; and we are struck down by paralysis or some obscure form of spinal complaint. We live fast; and the grand vitality of youth which "pulled us through" at the time gives way before long, and we are wrecked forever on the shoals of dyspepsia or liver-disease. We have eaten our cake at a sitting, and we have none left

for the future. We have spent all our health and strength in the morning, and the evening finds us as weak and failing, crippled and laid aside. It is all a question of degree, of moderation. We may use our youth and enjoy it to the utmost limit of good sense, without eating up our capital on insane pleasures, that carry poison with them and leave destruction behind them. We need not be cowards nor ascetics, yet we need not exceed; and to devour all our cake of health and strength in the few years of early youth, leaving none for the future, is the act of a madman, and brings its own punishment with it. We must, if we are wise, make some kind of calculation in our life, and say what we shall spend now, and what we shall keep for the future. The rash say so much, which is all, and leaves them nothing; the cooler, and those able to forecast with judgment, say so much, which leaves them a sufficiency.

SOME NEW PLANTS FROM THE NICOBAR AND ANDAMAN ISLANDS. — Herr S. Kurtz has a very interesting paper on this subject in the *Journal of Botany* for November, 1875, from which, however, we only abstract some of the physical facts recorded. The most remarkable one is the nature of the clay. Herr Kurtz says that the interest which attaches to the Nicobar vegetation rests chiefly in the peculiar polycistine clay, which looks somewhat like meerscham, and is also nearly as light and porous. This clay covers large areas on those islands which form the so-called northern group. It contains, according to Dr. Rink's analysis —

Silica . . . . .	72.2
Oxide of iron . . . . .	8.3
Alumina . . . . .	12.3
Magnesia . . . . .	2.1
Water . . . . .	5.6

— 100.5

Here the total absence of alkalies is very remarkable. In places it becomes red from abundance of oxide of iron, and in this case it is usually literally filled with fossil seaweeds. A microscopical examination of the rock reveals abundance of silica, fragments of polycistines, and diatoms. One would say that on such substrata nothing but wretched scrub

and harsh grasses could vegetate; but an examination of the greater part of Kamorta has taught me that luxuriant tropical forests, with an average height of about eighty feet, not only cover the seaside, but the same forests form belts of considerable breadth over the island itself, while the inner hill plateau is covered by those peculiar park-like grasslands which Dr. Diedrichsen has called grass-heaths. The next rocks botanically influential are calcareous sea sand, raised coral banks, limestone and calcareous sandstones, which belong to the so-called southern group, in which, however, Katchall (an entirely calcareous island) is enumerated. Then come the plutonic rocks and their *detritus*, which, however, were only little developed in those parts which I visited. All islands consisting of the above rocks are characterized by the absence of grass-heaths, and are covered with forests from the bottom to the top. The four principal aspects of vegetation in these islands are — 1, mangrove swamps; 2, beach forests; 3, tropical forests, which fall under three groups, those growing on polycistine clay, those on calcareous or coralline strata, and those growing on plutonic formations; 4, grass-heaths.